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OLIVER CROMWELL'S

LETTERS AND SPEECHES

WITH ELUCIDATIONS

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

VOL. I.

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK:
BELFORD, CLARKE & COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS.

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE First Edition of this Work[1] having, contrary to expectation, spread itself abroad with some degree of impetus, has, as in that case was partly natural, brought me into correspondence with various possessors and collectors of Cromwell Letters; has brought obliging contributions, and indications true and fallacious, from far sources and from near; and, on the whole, has disinterred from their widespread slumber a variety of Letters not before known to me, or not before remembered by me. With which new Letters it became a rather complex question what was now to be done.

They were not, in general, of much, or almost of any intrinsic importance; might here and there have saved some ugly labour and research, had they been known in time; but did not now, as it turned out, tend to modify, in any essential particular, what had already been set down, and sent forth to the world as a kind of continuous connected Book. It is true, all clearly authentic Letters of Cromwell, never so unimportant, do claim to be preserved; and in this Book, by the title of it, are naturally to be looked for. But, on the other hand, how introduce them now? To unhoop your cask again, and try to insert new staves, when the old staves, better or worse, do already hang together, is what no cooper will recommend! Not to say, that your Set of Cromwell Letters can never, in this Second or in any other Edition, be considered as *complete:* an uncounted handful of needles to be picked from an unmeasured continent of hay,—how can you ever assure yourself that you have them all?

After deliberation, the law of the case seemed to be somewhat as follows: *First*, that whatever Letters would easily fit themselves into the Book as it stood,—easily, or even with labour if that were all,—should be duly admitted. *Secondly*, that for such Letters as tended to bring into better relief any feature of the Man or his Work,—much more, had they tended to correct or alter in any re-

[1] December 1845.

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spect any feature I had assigned to him or to it : that for these an effort should be made, if needful ; even a considerable effort ; effort, in fact, to be limited only by this consideration, Not to damage by it to a still greater degree the already extant, and so by one's effort accomplish only loss. *Thirdly*, that for such Cromwell Letters as did not fall under either of these descriptions, but were nevertheless clearly of his composition, there should be an *Appendix* provided. In which, without pretension to commentary, and not needing to be read along with the Text, but only apart from it if at all, they might at least stand correctly printed :—they, and certain other Pieces of more doubtful claim ; for most part Letters too, but of half, or in some of cases of wholly, official character ;—if by chance they were elucidative, brief, and not easily attainable elsewhere. Into which Appendix also, as into a loose back-room or lumber-room, not bound to be organic or habitable, bound only to be maintained in a reasonably swept condition, any still *new* Letters of Cromwell might without ceremony be disposed.

Upon these principles this Second Edition has been produced. New Letters intercalated into the Text, and Letters lying in loose rank in the Appendix, all that I had, or could hear of or get any trace of hitherto, are here given. For purchasers of the First Edition, the new matter has been detached, printed as a Supplement, which the Bookseller undertakes to sell at prime cost.—And now, having twice escaped alive from these detestable Dust-Abysses, let me beg to be allowed to consider this my small act of Homage to the Memory of a Hero as finished ;—this Second Edition of *Oliver's Letters and Speeches* as the final one. New Letters, should such still turn up, I will not, except they contradict some statement, or fibre of a statement, in the Text, undertake to introduce there ; but deposit them without ceremony in the loose lumber-room, in a more or less swept condition.

T. CARLYLE.

London, 11th May, 1846.

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE small leakage of new Cromwell matter that has oozed in upon me from the whole world, since the date of that Second Edition, has been disposed of according to the principles there laid down. Some small half-dozen of Authentic new *Letters*, pleasantly enough testifying (once they were cleared into legibility) how every new fact fits into perfect prëestablished correspondence with all old facts, but not otherwise either pleasant or important, have come to me; one or two of these, claiming more favour, or offering more facility, have been inserted into the Text; the rest, as was my bargain in regard to all of them, have been sent to the Appendix. In Text or Appendix there they stand, duly in their places; they, and what other smallest of authentic glimmerings of additional light (few in number, infinitesimally small in moment) came to me from any quarter: all new acquisitions have been punctually inserted;—generally indicated as new, where they occur; too insignificant for enumerating here, or indeed almost for indicating at all.

On the whole, I have to say that the new Contributions to this Third Edition are altogether slight and insignificant, properly of no real moment whatever. Nay, on looking back, it may be said that the new Contributions to any Edition have been slight; that, for learning intelligibly what the Life of Cromwell was, the First Edition is still perhaps as recommendable a Book as either of its followers. Exposed, since that, to the influx of new Cromwell matter from all the world, one finds it worth observing how little of the smallest real importance has come in; what of effort has had to expend itself, not in improving the Book as a practical Representation of Cromwell's Existence in this world, but in hindering it from being injured as such,—from being swollen out of shape by superfluous details, defaced with dilettante antiquarianisms, nugatory tagrags; and, in short, turned away from its real uses, instead of furthered towards them. An ungrateful kind of effort, and growing ever more so, the longer it lasts;—but one to

which the Biographer of Cromwell by this method has to submit, as to a clear law of nature, with what cheerfulness he can.

Certain Dictionary *Lists*, not immediately connected with Oliver, but useful for students of this Historical Period, a *List of the Long Parliament*, and *Lists of the Association Committees;* farther, a certain Contribution called *The Squire Papers*, which is for the present, and must for a long time remain, of doubtful authenticity to the world: these I have subjoined to the Second[1] Volume, which offered space for such a purpose; but have been careful, in Text, Appendix, Index, to make no reference to them, to maintain a perfect separation between all parts of the Book and them, and to signify that these are not even an Appendix, or thing hooked-on, but rather a mere Adjacency, or thing in some kind of contact,—kind of contact which can at any moment be completely dissolved, by the very Bookbinder if he so please.

And in general, for the reader's sake, let me again say plainly that all these Appendixes and Adjuncts are insignificant; that the Life of Cromwell lies in the Text; and that a serious reader, if he take advice of mine, will not readily stir from that on any call of the Appendixes &c., which can only be a call towards things unessential, intrinsically superfluous, if extrinsically necessary here, and worthy only of a later and more cursory attention, if of any whatever, from him.

T. C.

London, 16th October 1849.

[1] The *Lists* will be given at the end of the Third Volume in the present Edition; the Squire Papers are adjoined to the Second Volume.

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OLIVER CROMWELL'S

LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

INTRODUCTION.

CHAPTER I.

ANTI-DRYASDUST.

WHAT and how great are the interests which connect themselves with the hope that England may yet attain to some practical belief and understanding of its History during the Seventeenth Century, need not be insisted on at present; such hope being still very distant, very uncertain. We have wandered far away from the ideas which guided us in that Century, and indeed which had guided us in all preceding Centuries, but of which that Century was the ultimate manifestation: we have wandered very far; and must endeavour to return, and connect ourselves therewith again! It is with other feelings than those of poor peddling Dilettantism, other aims than the writing of successful or unsuccessful Publications, that an earnest man occupies himself in those dreary provinces of the dead and buried. The last glimpse of the Godlike vanishing from this England; conviction and veracity giving place to hollow cant and formalism,—antique 'Reign of God,' which all true men in their several dialects and modes have always striven for, giving place to modern Reign of the No-God, whom men name Devil: this, in its multitudinous meanings and results, is a sight to create reflections in the earnest men! One wishes there were a History of English Puritanism, the last of all our Heroisms; but sees small prospect of such a thing at present.

'Few nobler Heroisms,' says a well-known Writer long occupied

on this subject, 'at bottom perhaps no nobler Heroism ever transacted itself on this Earth; and it lies as good as lost to us; overwhelmed under such an avalanche of Human Stupidities as no Heroism before ever did. Intrinsically and extrinsically it may be considered inaccessible to these generations. Intrinsically, the spiritual purport of it has become inconceivable, incredible to the modern mind. Extrinsically, the documents and records of it, scattered waste as a shoreless chaos, are not legible. They lie there, printed, written, to the extent of tons and square miles, as shot-rubbish; unedited, unsorted, not so much as indexed; full of every conceivable confusion;—yielding light to very few; yielding darkness, in several sorts, to very many. Dull Pedantry, conceited idle Dilettantism,—prurient Stupidity in what shape soever,—is darkness and not light! There are from Thirty to Fifty Thousand unread Pamphlets of the Civil War in the British Museum alone: huge piles of mouldering wreck, wherein, at the rate of perhaps one pennyweight per ton, lie things memorable. They lie preserved there, waiting happier days; under present conditions they cannot, except for idle purposes, for dilettante excerpts and suchlike, be got examined. The Rushworths, Whitlockes, Nalsons, Thurloes; enormous folios, these and many others have been printed, and some of them again printed, but never yet edited,—edited as you edit wagonloads of broken bricks and dry mortar, simply by tumbling up the wagon! Not one of those monstrous old volumes has so much as an available Index. It is the general rule of editing on this matter. If your editor correct the press, it is an honourable distinction to him.

'Those dreary old records, they were complied at first by Human Insight, in part; and in great part, by Human Stupidity withal;—but then it was by Stupidity in a laudable diligent state, and doing its best; which was something:—and, alas, they have been successively elaborated by Human Stupidity in the *idle* state, falling idler and idler, and only pretending to be diligent; whereby now, for us, in these late days, they have grown very dim indeed! To Dryasdust Printing-Societies, and suchlike, they afford a sorrowful kind of pabulum; but for all serious purposes, they are as if non-extant; might as well, if matters are to rest as they are, not have been written or printed at all. The sound of them is not a *voice*, conveying knowledge or memorial of any earthly or heavenly thing; it is a wide-spread inarticulate slumberous mumblement, issuing as if from the lake of Eternal Sleep. *Craving* for oblivion, for abolition and honest silence, as a blessing in comparison!—

'This then,' continues our impatient friend, 'is the Elysium we English have provided for our Heroes! The Rushworthian Elysium. Dreariest continent of shot-rubbish the eye ever saw. Confusion piled on confusion to your utmost horizon's edge: obscure, in lurid twilight as of the shadow of Death; trackless, without index, without finger-post, or mark of any human foregoer;—where your human footstep, if you are still human, echoes bodeful through the gaunt solitude, peopled only by somnambulant Pedants, Dilettants, and doleful creatures, by Phantasms, errors, inconceivabilities, by Nightmares, pasteboard Norroys, griffins, wiverns, and chimeras dire! There, all vanquished, overwhelmed under such waste lumber-mountains, the wreck and dead ashes of some six unbelieving generations, does the Age of Cromwell and his Puritans lie hidden from us. This is what we, for our share, have been able to accomplish towards keeping our Heroic Ones in memory. By way of sacred poet they have found voluminous Dryasdust, and his Collections and Philosophical Histories.

'To Dryasdust, who wishes merely to compile torpedo Histories of the philosophical or other sorts, and gain immortal laurels for himself by writing about it and about it, all this is sport; but to us who struggle piously, passionately, to behold, if but in glimpses, the faces of our vanished Fathers, it is death!—O Dryasdust, my voluminous friend, had Human Stupidity continued in the diligent state, think you it had ever come to this? Surely at least you might have made an Index for these huge books! Even your genius, had you been faithful, was adequate to that. Those thirty thousand or fifty thousand old Newspapers and Pamphlets of the King's Library, it is you, my voluminous friend, that should have sifted them, many long years ago. Instead of droning out these melancholy scepticisms, constitutional philosophies, torpedo narratives, you should have sifted those old stacks of pamphlet-matter for us, and have had the metal grains lying here accessible, and the dross-heaps lying there avoidable; you have done the human memory a service thereby; some human remembrance of this matter had been more possible!'

Certainly this description does not want for emphasis: but all ingenuous inquirers into the Past will say there is too much truth in it. Nay, in addition to the sad state of our Historical Books, and what indeed is fundamentally the cause and origin of that, our common spiritual notions, if any notion of ours may still deserve to be called spiritual, are fatal to a right understanding of that Seventeenth Century. The Christian Doctrines which then dwelt alive in every heart, have now in a manner died out of all hearts,

—very mournful to behold; and are not the guidance of this world any more. Nay worse still, the Cant of them does yet dwell alive with us, little doubting that it is Cant;—in which fatal intermediate state the Eternal Sacredness of this Universe itself, of this Human Life itself, has fallen dark to the most of us, and we think that too a Cant and a Creed. Thus the old names suggest new things to us,—not august and divine, but hypocritical, pitiable, detestable. The old names and similitudes of belief still circulate from tongue to tongue, though now in such a ghastly condition: not as commandments of the Living God, which we must do, or perish eternally; alas, no, as something very different from that! Here properly lies the grand unintelligibility of the Seventeenth Century for us. From this source has proceeded our maltreatment of it, our miseditings, miswritings, and all the other 'avalanche of Human Stupidity,' wherewith, as our impatient friend complains, we have allowed it to be overwhelmed. We have allowed some other things to be overwhelmed! Would to Heaven that were the worst fruit we had gathered from our Unbelief and our Cant of Belief!—Our impatient friend continues:

'I have known Nations altogether destitute of printer's-types and learned appliances, with nothing better than old songs, monumental stoneheaps and Quipo-thrums to keep record by, who had truer memory of their memorable things than this! Truer memory, I say: for at least the voice of their Past Heroisms, if indistinct, and all awry as to dates and statistics, was still melodious to those Nations. The body of it might be dead enough; but the soul of it, partly harmonised, put in real accordance with the "Eternal Melodies," was alive to all hearts, and could not die. The memory of their ancient Brave Ones did not rise like a hideous huge leaden vapour, an amorphous emanation of Chaos, like a petrifying Medusa Spectre, on those poor Nations: no, but like a Heaven's Apparition, which it *was*, it still stood radiant beneficent before all hearts, calling all hearts to emulate it, and the recognition of it was a Psalm and Song. These things will require to be practically meditated by and by. Is human Writing, then, the art of burying Heroisms and highest Facts in Chaos; so that no man shall henceforth contemplate them without horror and aversion, and danger of locked-jaw? What does Dryasdust consider that he was born for; that paper and ink were made for?

'It is very notable, and leads to endless reflections, how the Greeks had their living *Iliad*, where we have such a deadly indescribable *Cromwelliad*. The old *Pantheon*, home of all the gods, has become a *Peerage-Book*,—with black and white surplice-con-

troversies superadded, not unsuitably. The Greeks had their Homers, Hesiods, where we have our Rymers, Rushworths, our Norroys, Garter-Kings, and Bishops Cobweb. Very notable, I say. By the genius, wants and instincts and opportunities of the one People, striving to keep themselves in mind of what was memorable, there had fashioned itself, in the effort of successive centuries, a *Homer's Iliad:* by those of the other People, in successive centuries, a *Collins's Peerage* improved by Sir Egerton Brydges. By their Pantheons ye shall know them! Have not we English a talent for Silence? Our very Speech and Printed-Speech, such a force of torpor dwelling in it, is properly a higher power of Silence. There is no Silence like the Speech you cannot listen to without danger of locked-jaw! Given a divine Heroism, to smother it well in human Dulness, to touch it with the mace of Death, so that no human soul shall henceforth recognise it for a Heroism, but all souls shall fly from it as from a chaotic Torpor, an Insanity and Horror,—I will back our English genius against the world in such a problem!

'Truly we have done great things in that sort; down from Norman William all the way, and earlier: and to the English mind at this hour, the past History of England is little other than a dull dismal labyrinth, in which the English mind, if candid, will confess that it has found of knowable (meaning even *conceivable*), of lovable, or memorable,—next to nothing. As if we had done no brave thing at all in this Earth;—as if not Men but Nightmares had written of our History! The English, one can discern withal, have been perhaps as brave a People as their neighbours; perhaps, for Valour of Action and true hard labour in this Earth, since brave Peoples were first made in it, there has been none braver anywhere or anywhen:—but, also, it must be owned, in Stupidity of Speech they have no fellow! What can poor English Heroisms do in such case, but fall torpid into the domain of the Nightmares? For of a truth, Stupidity is strong, most strong. As the Poet Schiller sings: "Against Stupidity the very gods fight unvictorious." There is in *it* an opulence of murky stagnancy, an inexhaustibility, a calm infinitude, which will baffle even the gods, —which will say calmly, "Yes, try all your lightnings here; see whether my dark belly cannot hold them!"

"Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens."'

Has our impatient friend forgotten that it is Destiny withal as well as 'Stupidity;' that such is the case more or less with Human

History always! By very nature it is a labyrinth and chaos, this that we call Human History; an *abatis* of trees and brushwood, a world-wide jungle, at once growing and dying. Under the green foliage and blossoming fruit-trees of Today, there lie, rotting slower or faster, the forests of all other Years and Days. Some have rotted fast, plants of annual growth, and are long since quite gone to inorganic mould; others are like the aloe, growths that last a thousand or three thousand years. You will find them in all stages of decay and preservation; down deep to the beginnings of the History of Man. Think where our Alphabetic Letters came from, where our Speech itself came from; the Cookeries we live by, the Masonries we lodge under! You will find fibrous roots of this day's Occurrences among the dust of Cadmus and Trismegistus, of Tubalcain and Triptolemus; the tap-roots of them are with Father Adam himself and the cinders of Eve's first fire! At bottom, there is no perfect History; there is none such conceivable.

All past Centuries have rotted down, and gone confusedly dumb and quiet, even as that Seventeenth is now threatening to do. Histories are *as* perfect as the Historian is wise, and is gifted with an eye and a soul! For the leafy blossoming Present Time springs from the whole Past, remembered and unrememberable, so confusedly as we say:—and truly the Art of History, the grand difference between a Dryasdust and a sacred Poet, is very much even this: To distinguish well what does still reach to the surface, and is alive and frondent for us; and what reaches no longer to the surface, but moulders safe underground, never to send forth leaves or fruit for mankind any more: of the former we shall rejoice to hear; to hear of the latter will be an affliction to us; of the latter only Pedants and Dullards, and disastrous *male*factors to the world, will find good to speak. By wise memory and by wise oblivion: it lies all there! Without oblivion, there is no remembrance possible. When both oblivion and memory are wise, when the general soul of man is clear, melodious, true, there may come a modern *Iliad* as memorial of the Past: when both are foolish, and the general soul is overclouded with confusions, with unveracities and discords, there is a 'Rushworthian chaos.' Let Dryasdust be blamed, beaten with stripes if you will; but let it be with pity, with blame to Fate chiefly. Alas, when sacred Priests are arguing about 'black and white surplices;' and sacred Poets have long *professedly* deserted Truth, and gone a woolgathering after 'Ideals' and suchlike, what can you expect of poor secular Pedants? The labyrinth of History must grow ever darker, more intricate and

dismal; vacant cargoes of 'Ideals' will arrive yearly, to be cast into the oven; and noble Heroisms of Fact, given up to Dryasdust, will be buried in a very disastrous manner!—

But the thing we had to say and repeat was this, That Puritanism is not of the Nineteenth Century, but of the Seventeenth; that the grand unintelligibility for us lies *there*. The Fast-day Sermons of St. Margaret's Church Westminster, in spite of printers, are all grown dumb! In long rows of little dumpy quartos, gathered from the bookstalls, they indeed stand here bodily before us: by human volition they can be read, but not by any human memory remembered. We forget them as soon as read; they have become a weariness to the soul of man. They are dead and gone, they and what they shadowed; the human soul, got into other latitudes, cannot now give harbour to them. Alas, and did not the honourable Houses of Parliament listen to them with rapt earnestness, as to an indisputable message from Heaven itself? Learned and painful Dr. Owen, learned and painful Dr. Burgess; Stephen Marshall, Mr. Spurstow, Adoniram Byfield, Hugh Peters, Philip Nye: the Printer has done for them what he could, and Mr. Speaker gave them the thanks of the House:—and no most astonishing Review-Article, or tenth-edition Pamphlet, of our day can have half such 'brilliancy,' such 'spirit,' 'eloquence,'—such *virtue to produce belief*, which is the highest and in reality the only literary success,—as these poor little dumpy quartos once had. And behold, they are become inarticulate quartos; spectral; and instead of speaking, do but screech and gibber! All Puritanism has grown inarticulate; its fervent preachings, prayings, pamphleteerings are sunk into one indiscriminate moaning hum, mournful as the voice of subterranean winds. So much falls silent: human Speech, unless by rare chance it touch on the 'Eternal Melodies,' and harmonise with them; human Action, Interest, if divorced from the Eternal Melodies, sinks all silent. The fashion of this world passeth away.

The Age of the Puritans is not extinct only and gone away from us, but it is as if fallen beyond the capabilities of Memory herself; it is grown unintelligible, what we may call incredible. Its earnest Purport awakens now no resonance in our frivolous hearts. We understand not even in imagination, one of a thousand of us, what it ever could have meant. It seems delirious, delusive; the sound of it has become tedious as a tale of past stupidities. Not the body of heroic Puritanism only, which was bound to die, but the soul of it also, which was and should have been, and yet shall be immortal, has for the present passed away. As Harrison said

of his Banner, and Lion of the Tribe of Judah: "Who shall rouse him up?"—

'For indisputably,' exclaims the above-cited Author in his vehement way, 'this too was a Heroism; and the soul of it remains part of the eternal soul of things! Here, of our own land and lineage, in practical English shape, were Heroes on the Earth once more. Who knew in every fibre, and with heroic daring laid to heart, That an Almighty Justice does verily rule this world; that it is good to fight on God's side, and bad to fight on the Devil's side! The essence of all Heroisms and Veracities that have been, or that will be.—Perhaps it was among the nobler and noblest Human Heroisms, this Puritanism of ours: but English Dryasdust could not discern it for a Heroism at all;—as the Heaven's lightning, born of its black tempest, and destructive to pestilential Mud-giants, is mere horror and terror to the Pedant species everywhere; which, like the owl in any sudden brightness, has to shut its eyes,—or hastily procure smoked-spectacles on an improved principle. Heaven's brightness would be intolerable otherwise. Only your eagle dares look direct into the fire-radiance; only your Schiller climbs aloft "to discover whence the lightning is coming." "Godlike men love lightning," says one. Our old Norse fathers called it a God; the sunny blue-eyed Thor, with his all-conquering thunder-hammer,—who again, in calmer season, is beneficent Summer-heat. Godless men love it not; shriek murder when they see it; shutting their eyes, and hastily procuring smoked-spectacles. O Dryasdust, thou art great and thrice-great!'— —

'But, alas,' exclaims he elsewhere, getting his eye on the real nodus of the matter, 'what is it, all this Rushworthian inarticulate rubbish-continent, in its ghastly dim twilight, with its haggard wrecks and pale shadows; what is it, but the common Kingdom of Death? This *is* what we call Death, this mouldering dumb wilderness of things once alive. Behold here the final evanescence of Formed human things; they had form, but they are changing into sheer formlessness;—ancient human speech itself has sunk into unintelligible maundering. This is the collapse,—the etiolation of human features into mouldy blank; *dis*solution; progress towards utter silence and disappearance; disastrous ever-deepening Dusk of Gods and Men!— —Why has the living ventured thither, down from the cheerful light, across the Lethe-swamps and Tartarean Phlegethons, onwards to these baleful halls of Dis and the three-headed Dog? Some Destiny drives him. It is his sins, I suppose:—perhaps it is his love, strong as that of

Orpheus for the lost Eurydice, and likely to have no better issue!'—

Well it would seem the resuscitation of a Heroism from the Past Time is no easy enterprise. Our impatient friend seems really getting sad! We can well believe him, there needs pious love in any 'Orpheus' that will risk descending to the Gloomy Halls;—descending, it may be, and fronting Cerberus and Dis, to no purpose! For it oftenest proves so; nay, as the Mythologists would teach us, always. Here is another Mythus. Balder the white Sungod, say our Norse Skalds, Balder, beautiful as the summer-dawn, loved of Gods and men, was dead. His brother Hermoder, urged by his Mother's tears and the tears of the Universe, went forth to seek him. He rode through gloomy winding valleys, of a dismal leaden colour, full of howling winds and subterranean torrents; nine days; ever deeper, down towards Hela's Death-realm: at Lonesome Bridge, which, with its gold gate, spans the River of Moaning, he found the Portress, an ancient woman, called Modgudr, 'the Vexer of Minds,' keeping watch as usual: Modgudr answered him, "Yes, Balder passed this way; but he is not here; he is down yonder,—far, still far to the North, within Hela's Gates yonder." Hermoder rode on, still dauntless, on his horse, named 'Swiftness' or 'Mane of Gold;' reached Hela's Gates; leapt sheer over them, mounted as he was; *saw* Balder, the very Balder, with his eyes:—but could not bring him back! The Nornas were inexorable; Balder was never to come back. Balder beckoned him mournfully a still adieu; Nanna, Balder's Wife, sent 'a thimble' to her mother as a memorial: Balder never could return!— —Is not this an emblem? Old Portress Modgudr, I take it, is Dryasdust in Norse petticoat and hood; a most unlovely beldame, the 'Vexer of Minds'!

We will here take final leave of our impatient friend, occupied in this almost desperate enterprise of his; we will wish him, which it is very easy to do, more *patience*, and better success than he seems to hope. And now to our own small enterprise, and solid despatch of business in plain prose!

CHAPTER II.

OF THE BIOGRAPHIES OF OLIVER.

OURS is a very small enterprise, but seemingly a useful one; preparatory perhaps to greater and more useful, on this same matter: The collecting of the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, and presenting them in natural sequence, with the still possible elucidation, to ingenuous readers. This is a thing that can be done; and after some reflection, it has appeared worth doing. No great thing: one other dull Book added to the thousand, dull every one of them, which have been issued on this subject! But situated as we are, new Dulness is unhappily inevitable; readers do not reascend out of deep confusions without some trouble as they climb.

These authentic utterances of the man Oliver himself—I have gathered them from far and near; fished them up from the foul Lethean quagmires where they lay buried; I have washed, or endeavoured to wash them clean from foreign stupidities (such a job of buckwashing as I do not long to repeat); and the world shall now see them in their own shape. Working for long years in those unspeakable Historic Provinces, of which the reader has already had account, it becomes more and more apparent to one, That this man Oliver Cromwell was, as the popular fancy represents him, the soul of the Puritan Revolt, without whom it had never been a revolt transcendently memorable, and an Epoch in the World's History; that in fact he, more than is common in such cases, does deserve to give his name to the Period in question, and have the Puritan Revolt considered as a *Cromwelliad*, which issue is already very visible for it. And then farther, altogether contrary to the popular fancy, it becomes apparent that this Oliver was not a man of falsehoods, but a man of truths; whose words do carry a meaning with them, and above all others of that time are worth considering. His words,—and still more his *silences*, and unconscious instincts, when you have spelt and lovingly deciphered these also out of his words,—will in several ways reward the study of an earnest man. An earnest man, I apprehend, may gather from these words of Oliver's, were there even no other evidence, that the character of Oliver, and of the Affairs he worked in, is much the reverse of that mad jumble of 'hypocrisies,' &c. &c., which at present passes current as such.

But certainly, on any hypothesis as to that, such a set of Documents may hope to be elucidative in various respects. Oliver's Character, and that of Oliver's Performance in this world: here best of all may we expect to read it, whatsoever it was. Even if false, these words, authentically spoken and written by the chief actor in the business, must be of prime moment for understanding of it. These are the words this man found suitablest to represent the Things themselves, around him, and in him, of which we seek a History. The newborn Things and Events, as they bodied themselves forth to Oliver Cromwell from the Whirlwind of the passing Time,—this is the name and definition he saw good to give of them. To get at these direct utterances of his, is to get at the very heart of the business; were there once light for us in these, the business had begun again at the heart of it to be luminous!—On the whole, we will start with this small service, the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell* washed into something of legibility again, as the preliminary of all. May it prosper with a few serious readers! The *heart* of that Grand Puritan Business once again becoming visible, even in faint twilight, to mankind, what masses of brutish darkness will gradually vanish from all fibres of it, from the whole body and environment of it, and trouble no man any more! Masses of foul darkness, sordid confusions not a few, as I calculate, which now bury this matter very deep, may vanish: the heart of this matter and the heart of serious men once again brought into approximation, to write some 'History' of it may be a little easier,—for my impatient friend or another.

To dwell on or criticise the particular *Biographies* of Cromwell, after what was so emphatically said above on the general subject, would profit us but little. Criticism of these poor Books cannot express itself except in language that is painful. They far surpass in 'stupidity' all the celebrations any Hero ever had in this world before. They are in fact worthy of oblivion,—of charitable Christian *burial*.

Mark Noble reckons up some half-dozen 'Original Biographies of Cromwell;'[1] all of which and some more I have examined; but cannot advise any other man to examine. There are several laudatory, worth nothing; which ceased to be read when Charles II. came back, and the tables were turned. The vituperative are

[1] Noble's Cromwell, i. 294-300. His list is very inaccurate and incomplete, but not worth completing or rectifying.

many: but the origin of them all, the chief fountain indeed of all the foolish lies that have circulated about Oliver since, is the mournful brown little Book called *Flagellum, or the Life and Death of O. Cromwell, the late Usurper*, by James Heath; which was got ready so soon as possible on the back of the *Annus Mirabilis* or Glorious Restoration,[1] and is written in such spirit as we may fancy. When restored potentates and high dignitaries had dug up 'above a hundred buried corpses, and flung them in a heap in St. Margaret's Churchyard,' the corpse of Admiral Blake among them, and Oliver's old Mother's corpse; and were hanging on Tyburn gallows, as some small satisfaction to themselves, the dead clay of Oliver, of Ireton, and Bradshaw;—when high dignitaries and potentates were in such a humour, what could be expected of poor pamphleteers and garreteers? Heath's poor little brown lying *Flagellum* is described by one of the moderns as a '*Flagitium;*' and Heath himself is called '*Carrion* Heath,'—as being 'an unfortunate blasphemous dullard, and scandal to Humanity;—blasphemous, I say; who when the image of God is shining through a man, reckons it in his sordid soul to be the image of the Devil, and acts accordingly; who in fact has no soul, except what saves him the expense of salt; who intrinsically is Carrion and not Humanity:' which seems hard measure to poor James Heath. 'He was the son of the King's Cutler,' says Wood, 'and wrote pamphlets,' the best he was able, poor man. He has become a dreadfully dull individual, in addition to all!—Another wretched old Book of his, called *Chronicle of the Civil Wars*, bears a high price in the Dilettante Sale-catalogues; and has, as that *Flagellum* too has, here and there a credible trait not met with elsewhere: but in fact, to the ingenuous inquirer, this too is little other than a tenebrific Book; cannot be read except with sorrow, with torpor and disgust,—and in fine, if you be of healthy memory, with *oblivion*. The latter end of Heath has been worse than the beginning was! From him, and his *Flagellums* and scandalous Human Platitudes, let no rational soul seek knowledge.

Among modern Biographies, the great original is that of Mark Noble above cited;[2] such 'original' as there is: a Book, if we must call it a Book, abounding in facts, and pretended-facts more than any other on this subject. Poor Noble has gone into much research of old leases, marriage-contracts, deeds of sale and such-like: he is learned in parish-registers and genealogies, has con-

[1] The First Edition seems to be of 1663.

[2] Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell, by the Rev. Mark Noble. 2 vols. London, 1787.

sulted pedigrees 'measuring eight feet by two feet four;' goes much upon heraldry;—in fact, has amassed a large heap of evidences and assertions, worthless and of worth, respecting Cromwell and his Connexions; from which the reader, by his own judgment, is to extract what he can. For Noble himself is a man of extreme imbecility; his judgment, for most part, seeming to lie dead asleep; and indeed it is worth little when broadest awake. He falls into manifold mistakes, commits and omits in all ways; plods along contented, in an element of perennial dimness, purblindness; has occasionally a helpless broad innocence of platitude which is almost interesting. A man indeed of extreme imbecility; to whom nevertheless let due gratitude be borne.

His Book, in fact, is not properly a Book, but rather an Aggregate of bewildered jottings; a kind of Cromwellian Biographical Dictionary, *wanting* the alphabetical, or any other, arrangement or index: which latter want, much more remediable than the want of judgment, is itself a great sorrow to the reader. Such as it is, this same Dictionary without judgment and without arrangement, 'bad Dictionary gone to pie,' as we may call it, is the storehouse from which subsequent Biographies have all furnished themselves. The reader, with continual vigilance of suspicion, once knowing what man he has to do with, digs through it, and again through it; covers the margins of it with notes and contradictions, with references, deductions, rectifications, execrations,—in a sorrowful, but not entirely unprofitable manner. Another Book of Noble's, called *Lives of the Regicides*, written some years afterwards, during the French Jacobin time, is of much more stupid character; nearly meaningless indeed; mere water bewitched; which no man need buy or read. And it is said he has a third Book, on some other subject, stupider still; which latter point, however, may be considered questionable.

For the rest, this poor Noble is of very impartial mind respecting Cromwell; open to receive good of him, and to receive evil, even inconsistent evil: the helpless, incoherent, but placid and favourable notion he has of Cromwell in 1787 contrasts notably with that which Carrion Heath had gathered of him in 1663. For, in spite of the stupor of Histories, it is beautiful, once more, to see how the Memory of Cromwell, in its huge inarticulate significance, not able to *speak* a wise word for itself to any one, has nevertheless been steadily growing clearer and clearer in the popular English mind; how from the day when high dignitaries and pamphleteers of the Carrion species did their ever-memorable feat at Tyburn, onwards to this day, the progress does not stop.

In 1698,[1] one of the earliest words expressly in favour of Cromwell was written by a Critic of *Ludlow's Memoirs*. The anonymous Critic explains to solid Ludlow that he, in that solid but somewhat wooden head of his, had not perhaps seen entirely into the centre of the Universe, and workshop of the Destinies; that, in fact, Oliver was a questionable uncommon man, and he Ludlow a common handfast, honest, dull and indeed partly wooden man,—in whom it might be wise to form no theory at all of Cromwell. By and by, a certain 'Mr. Banks,' a kind of Lawyer and Playwright, if I mistake not, produced a still more favourable view of Cromwell, but in a work otherwise of no moment; the exact date, and indeed the whole substance of which is hardly worth remembering.[2]

The *Letter* of 'John Maidston to Governor Winthrop,'—Winthrop Governor of Connecticut, a Suffolk man, of much American celebrity,—is dated 1659; but did not come into print till 1742, along with Thurloe's other Papers.[3] Maidston had been an Officer in Oliver's Household, a Member of his Parliaments, and knew him well. An Essex man he; probably an old acquaintance of Winthrop's; visibly a man of honest affections, of piety, decorum and good sense. Whose loyalty to Oliver is of a genuine and altogether manful nature,—mostly silent, as we can discern. His *Letter* gives some really lucid traits of those dark things and times; especially a short portraiture of the Protector himself, which, the more you know him, you ascertain the more to be a likeness. Another Officer of Oliver's Household, not to be confounded with this Maidston, but a man of similar position and similar moral character to Maidston's; a 'Groom of the Bedchamber,' whose name one at length dimly discovers to be Harvey,[4] not quite unknown otherwise; is also well worth listening to on this matter. He, in 1659, a few months before Maidston wrote, had published a credible and still interesting little Pamphlet, *Passages concerning his late Highness's last Sickness;* to which, if space permit, we shall elsewhere refer. In these two little offhand bits of writing, by two persons qualified to write and wit-

[1] So dated in Somers Tracts (London, 1811), vi. 416,—but liable to correction if needful. Poor Noble (i. 297) gives the same date, and then placidly, in the next line, subjoins a fact inconsistent with it. As his manner is!

[2] Short Critical Review of the Life of Oliver Cromwell, by a Gentleman of the Middle Temple. London, 1739.

[3] Thurloe, i. 763–8;—and correct Noble, i. 94.

[4] The 'Cofferer,' elsewhere called Steward of the Household, is 'Mr. Maidston;' 'Gentlemen of the Bedchamber, Mr. Charles Harvey, Mr. Underwood.' Prestwick's Funeral of the Protector (reprinted in Forster's British Statesmen, v. 436, &c.).

ness, there is a clear credibility for the reader; and more insight obtainable as to Oliver and his ways than in any of the express Biographies.

That anonymous *Life of Cromwell*, which Noble very ignorantly ascribes to Bishop Gibson, which is written in a neutral spirit, as an impartial statement of facts, but not without a secret decided leaning to Cromwell, came out in 1724. It is the *Life of Cromwell* found commonly in Libraries:[1] it went through several editions in a pure state; and I have seen a 'fifth edition' with foreign intermixtures, 'printed at Birmingham in 1778,' on gray paper, seemingly as a Book for Hawkers. The Author of it was by no means 'Bishop Gibson,' but one Kimber, a Dissenting Minister of London, known otherwise as a compiler of books. He has diligently gathered from old Newspapers and other such sources; narrates in a dull, steady, concise, but altogether unintelligent manner; can be read without offence, but hardly with any real instruction. Image of Cromwell's self there is none, express or implied, in this Book; for the man himself had none, and did not feel the want of any: nay in regard to external facts also, there are inaccuracies enough,—here too, what is the general rule in these books, you can find as many inaccuracies as you like: dig where you please, water will come! As a crown to all the modern Biographies of Cromwell, let us note Mr. Forster's late one:[2] full of interesting original excerpts, and indications of what is notablest in the old Books; gathered and set forth with real merit, with *energy* in abundance and superabundance; amounting in result, we may say, to a vigorous decisive tearing-up of all the old hypotheses on the subject, and an opening of the general mind for new.

Of Cromwell's actual biography, from these and from all Books and sources, there is extremely little to be known. It is from his own words, as I have ventured to believe, from his own Letters and Speeches well read, that the world may first obtain some dim glimpse of the actual Cromwell, and see him darkly face to face. What little is otherwise ascertainable, cleared from the circumambient inanity and insanity, may be stated in brief compass. So much as precedes the earliest still extant Letters, I subjoin here in the form most convenient.

[1] The Life of Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth; impartially collected &c. London, 1724. Distinguished also by a not intolerable Portrait.

[2] Statesmen of the Commonwealth, by John Forster (London, 1840), vols. iv. and v.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE CROMWELL KINDRED.

Oliver Cromwell, afterwards Protector of the Commonwealth of England, was born at Huntingdon, in St. John's Parish there, on the 25th of April, 1599. Christened on the 29th of the same month; as the old Parish-registers of that Church still legibly testify.[1]

His Father was Robert Cromwell, younger son of Sir Henry Cromwell, and younger brother of Sir Oliver Cromwell, Knights both; who dwelt successively, in rather sumptuous fashion, at the Mansion of Hinchinbrook hard by. His Mother was Elizabeth Steward, daughter of William Steward, Esquire, in Ely; an opulent man, a kind of hereditary Farmer of the Cathedral Tithes and Church lands round that city; in which capacity his son, Sir Thomas Steward, Knight, in due time succeeded him, resident also at Ely. Elizabeth was a young widow when Robert Cromwell married her; the first marriage, to one 'William Lynne, Esquire, of Bassingbourne in Cambridgeshire,' had lasted but a year: husband and only child are buried in Ely Cathedral, where their monument still stands; the date of their deaths, which followed near on one another, is 1589.[2] The exact date of the young widow's marriage to Robert Cromwell is nowhere given; but seems to have been in 1591.[3] Our Oliver was their fifth child; their second boy; but the first soon died. They had ten children in all; of whom seven came to maturity, and Oliver was their only son. I may as well print the little Note, smelted long ago out of huge dross-heaps in Noble's Book, that the reader too may have his small benefit of it.[4]

This Elizabeth Steward, who had now become Mrs. Robert

[1] Noble, i. 92. [2] Ibid. ii. 198, and MS. *penes me.* [3] Ibid. i. 88.

[4] Oliver Cromwell's Brothers and Sisters.

Oliver's Mother had been a widow (Mrs. Lynne of Bassingbourne) before marrying Robert Cromwell: neither her age nor his is discoverable here.

1. First child (seemingly), Joan, baptized 24th September 1592; she died in 1600 (Noble, i. 88.)

2. Elizabeth, 14th October 1593; died unmarried, thinks Noble, in 1672, at Ely.—See Appendix, No. 23, a Letter in regard to her, which has turned up. (Note of 1857.)

3. Henry, 31st August 1595; died young, 'before 1617.'

4. Catherine, 7th February 1596-7; married to Whitstone, a Parliamentary Officer, then to Colonel Jones.

5. Oliver, born 25th April 1599.

6. Margaret, 22d February 1600-1; she became Mrs. Wanton, or Walton, Huntingdonshire; her son was killed at Marston Moor,—as we shall see.

Cromwell, was, say the genealogists, 'indubitably descended from the Royal Stuart Family of Scotland;' and could still count kindred with them. 'From one Walter Steward, who had accompanied Prince James of Scotland,' when our inhospitable politic Henry IV. detained the poor Prince, driven in by stress of weather to him here. Walter did not return with the Prince to Scotland; having 'fought tournaments,'—having made an advantageous marriage-settlement here. One of his descendants, Robert Steward, happened to be Prior of Ely when Henry VIII. dissolved the Monasteries; and proving pliant on that occasion, Robert Steward, last Popish Prior, became the first Protestant Dean of Ely, and —'was remarkably attentive to his family,' says Noble. The profitable Farming of the Tithes at Ely, above mentioned; this, and other settlements, and good dotations of Church lands among his Nephews, were the fruits of Robert Steward's pliancy on that occasion. The genealogists say, there is no doubt of this pedigree; —and explain in intricate tables, how Elizabeth Steward, Mother of Oliver Cromwell, was indubitably either the ninth, or the tenth, or some other fractional part of half a cousin to Charles Stuart, King of England.

Howsoever related to Charles Stuart or to other parties, Robert Cromwell, younger son of the Knight of Hinchinbrook, brought her home, we see, as his Wife, to Huntingdon, about 1591; and settled with her there, on such portion, with such prospects as a cadet of the House of Hinchinbrook might have. Portion consisting of certain lands and messuages round and in that Town of Huntingdon,—where, in the current name 'Cromwell's Acre,' if not in other names applied to lands and messuages there, some feeble echo of him and his possessions still survives, or seems to survive. These lands he himself farmed: the income in all is guessed or computed to have been about 300*l.* a year; a tolerable fortune in those times; perhaps somewhat like 1,000*l.* now. Robert Cromwell's Father, as we said, and then his elder Brother, dwelt successively in good style at Hinchinbrook near by. It was the Father Sir Henry Cromwell, who from his sumptuosity was called the "Golden Knight," that built, or that enlarged, re-

7. Anna, 24 January 1602–3; Mrs. Sewster, Huntingdonshire; died 1st November 1646:—her Brother Oliver had just ended the 'first Civil War' then.

8. Jane, 19th January 1605-6; Mrs. Desborow, Cambridgeshire; died, seemingly, in 1656.

9. Robert, 18th January 1608–9; died same April.

10. Robina, so named for the above Robert: uncertain date: became Mrs. Dr. French; then wife of Bishop Wilkins: her daughter by French, her one child, was married to Archbishop Tillotson.

modelled, and as good as built, the Mansion of Hinchinbrook; which had been a Nunnery while Nunneries still were: it was the son, Sir Oliver, likewise an expensive man, that sold it to the Montagues, since Earls of Sandwich, whose seat it still is. A stately pleasant House, among its shady lawns and expanses, on the left bank of the Ouse river, a short half mile west of Huntingdon;—still stands pretty much as Oliver Cromwell's Grandfather left it; rather kept good and defended from the inroads of Time and Accident, than substantially altered. Several Portraits of the Cromwells, and other interesting portraits and memorials of the seventeenth and subsequent centuries, are still there. The Cromwell blazonry 'on the great bay window,' which Noble makes so much of, is now gone, destroyed by fire; has given place to Montague blazonry; and no dull man can bore us with that any more.

Huntingdon itself lies pleasantly along the left bank of the Ouse; sloping pleasantly upwards from Ouse Bridge, which connects it with the old village of Godmanchester; the Town itself consisting mainly of one fair street, which towards the north end of it opens into a kind of irregular market-place, and then contracting again soon terminates. The two churches of All-Saints and St. John's, as you walk up northward from the Bridge, appear successively on your left; the churchyards flanked with shops or other houses. The Ouse, which is of very circular course in this quarter, 'winding as if reluctant to enter the Fen-country,' says one Topographer, has still a respectable drab-colour, gathered from the clays of Bedfordshire; has not yet the Stygian black which in a few miles farther it assumes for good. Huntingdon, as it were, looks over into the Fens; Godmanchester, just across the river, already stands on black bog. The country to the East is all Fen (mostly unreclaimed in Oliver's time, and still of a very dropsical character); to the West it is hard green ground, agreeably broken into little heights, duly fringed with wood, and bearing marks of comfortable long-continued cultivation. Here, on the edge of the firm green land, and looking over into the black marshes with their alder-trees and willow-trees, did Oliver Cromwell pass his young years. Drunken Barnabee, who travelled, and drank, and made Latin rhymes, in that country about 1635, through whose glistening satyr-eyes one can still discern this and the other feature of the Past, represents to us on the height behind Godmanchester, as you approach the scene from Cambridge and the south, a big Oak-tree,—which has now disappeared, leaving do notable successor.

Veni Godmanchester, ubi
Ut Ixion captus nube,
Sic, &c.

And he adds in a Note,

Quercus anilis erat, tamen eminus oppida spectat;
Stirpe viam monstrat, plumea fronde tegit;—

Or in his own English version,

An aged Oak takes of this Town survey,
Finds birds their nests, tells passengers their way.[1]

If Oliver Cromwell climbed that Oak-tree, in quest of bird-nests or boy-adventures, the Tree, or this poor ghost of it, may still have a kind of claim to memory.

The House where Robert Cromwell dwelt, where his son Oliver and all his family were born, is still familiar to every inhabitant of Huntingdon: but it has been twice rebuilt since that date, and now bears no memorial whatever which even Tradition can connect with him. It stands at the upper or northern extremity of the Town,—beyond the Market-place we spoke of; on the left or river-ward side of the street. It is at present a solid yellow brick house, with a walled court-yard; occupied by some townsman of the wealthier sort. The little Brook of Hinchin, making its way to the Ouse which is not far off, still flows through the court-yard of the place,—offering a convenience for malting or brewing, among other things. Some vague but confident tradition as to Brewing attaches itself to this locality; and traces of evidence, I understand, exist that *before* Robert Cromwell's time, it had been employed as a Brewery: but of this or even of Robert Cromwell's own brewing, there is, at such a distance, in such an element of distracted calumny, exaggeration and confusion, little or no certainty to be had. Tradition, 'the Rev. Dr. Lort's Manuscripts,' Carrion Heath, and such testimonies, are extremely insecure as guides! Thomas Harrison, for example, is always called 'the son of a Butcher;' which means only that his Father, as farmer or owner, had grazing-lands, down in Staffordshire, wherefrom naturally enough proceeded cattle, fat cattle as the case might be, —well fatted, I hope. Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex in Henry Eight's time, is in like manner called always 'the son of a Blacksmith at Putney;'—and whoever figures to himself a man in black apron with hammer in hand, and tries to rhyme this with the rest

[1] Barnabæ Itinerarium (London, 1618), p. 96.

of Thomas Cromwell's history, will find that here too he has got into an insolubility. 'The splenetic credulity and incredulity, the calumnious opacity, the exaggerative ill-nature, and general flunkyism and stupidity of mankind,' says my Author, 'are ever to be largely allowed for in such circumstances.' We will leave Robert Cromwell's brewing in a very unilluminated state. Uncontradicted Tradition, and old printed Royalist Lampoons, do call him a Brewer: the Brook of Hinchin, running through his premises, offered clear convenience for malting or brewing;—in regard to which, and also to his Wife's assiduous management of the same, one is very willing to believe Tradition. The essential trade of Robert Cromwell was that of managing those lands of his in the vicinity of Huntingdon: the grain of them would have to be duly harvested, thrashed, brought to market; whether it was as corn or as malt that it came to market, can remain indifferent to us.

For the rest, as documents still testify, this Robert Cromwell, did Burgh and Quarter-Session duties; was not slack but moderately active as a country-gentleman; sat once in Parliament in his younger years;[1] is found with his elder or other Brothers on various Public Commissions for Draining the Fens of that region, or more properly for inquiring into the possibility of such an operation; a thing much noised of then; which Robert Cromwell, among others, reported to be very feasible, very promising, but did not live to see accomplished, or even attempted. His social rank is sufficiently indicated;—and much flunkyism, falsity and other carrion ought to be buried! Better than all social rank, he is understood to have been a wise, devout, stedfast and worthy man, and to have lived a modest and manful life in his station there.

Besides the Knight of Hinchinbrook, he had other Brothers settled prosperously in the Fen regions, where this Cromwell Family had extensive possessions. One Brother Henry was 'seated at Upwood,' a fenny district near Ramsay Mere; one of his daughters came to be the wife, second wife, of Oliver St. John, the Ship-money Lawyer, the political 'dark-lantern,' as men used to name him; of whom we shall hear farther. Another Brother 'was seated' at Biggin House between Ramsey and Upwood; a moated mansion, with ditch and painted paling round it. A third Brother was seated at—my informant knows not where! In fact I had better, as before, subjoin the little *smelted* Note which has already done its duty, and let the reader make of

[1] "35to Eliz.:" Feb.—April 1593 (Noble, i. 83; from Willis).

that what he can.[1] Of our Oliver's Aunts one was Mrs. Hampden of Great Hampden, Bucks: an opulent, zealous person, not without ambitions; already a widow and mother of two Boys, one of whom proved very celebrated as JOHN HAMPDEN;—she was Robert Cromwell's Sister. Another Cromwell Aunt of Oliver's was married to 'Whalley, heir of the Whalley family in Notts;' another to the 'heir of the Dunches of Pusey, in Berkshire;' another to—

[1] OLIVER'S UNCLES.

1. Sir Oliver of Hinchinbrook: his eldest son John, born in 1589 (ten years older than our Oliver), went into the army, 'Colonel of an English regiment in the Dutch service:' this is the Colonel Cromwell who is said, or fabled, to have sought a midnight interview with Oliver, in the end of 1648, for the purpose of buying-off Charles I.; to have 'laid his hand on his sword,' &c. &c. The story is in Noble, i. 51; with no authority but that of Carrion Heath. Other sons of his were soldiers, Royalists these: there are various Cousin Cromwells that confusedly turn-up on both sides of the quarrel.—Robert Cromwell, our Oliver's Father, was the next Brother of the Hinchinbrook Knight. The third Brother, second uncle, was

2. Henry Cromwell, of Upwood near Ramsey Mere: adventurer in the Virginia Company: sat in Parliament 1603-1611; one of his daughters Mrs. St. John. Died 1630 (Noble, i. 28).

3. Richard: 'buys in 1607' a bit of ground in Huntingdon; died 'at Ramsey,' 1628; was Member for Huntingdon in Queen Elizabeth's time:—*Lived* in Ramsey? Is buried at Upwood.

4. Sir Philip; Biggin House: knighted at Whitehall, 1604 (Noble, i. 31). His second son, Philip, was in Colonel Ingoldsby's regiment;—wounded at the storm of Bristol, in 1645. Third son, Thomas, was in Ireland with Strafford (signs Montnorris's deathwarrant there, in 1630); lived afterwards in London; became Major, and then Colonel, in the *King's* Army. Fourth son, Oliver, was in the Parliamentary Army; had watched the King in the Isle of Wight,—went with his cousin, our Oliver, to Ireland in 1649, and died or was killed there. Fifth son, Robert, 'poisoned his Master, an Attorney, and was *hanged at London*,'—if there be truth in 'Heath's Flagellum' (Noble, i. 35), 'and some Pedigrees;'—year not given; say about 1635, when the lad, 'born 1617,' was in his 18th year? I have found no hint of this affair in any other quarter, not in the wildest Royalist-Birkenhead or Walker's-Independency lampoon; and consider it very possible that, *a* Robert Cromwell having suffered 'for poisoning an Attorney,' he may have been *called* the cousin of Cromwell by 'Heath and some Pedigrees.' But of course anybody *can* 'poison an Attorney,' and be hanged for it!

Oliver's Aunt Elizabeth was married to William Hampden of Great Hampden, Bucks (year not given, Noble, i. 36, nor at p. 68 of vol. ii.; nor in ord LNugent's Memorials of Hampden): he died in 1597; she survived him 67 years, continuing a widow (Noble, ii. 69). Buried in Great Hampden Church, 1664, aged 90. She had two sons, John and Richard: John, born 1594.—Richard, an Oliverian too, died in 1659 (Noble, ii. 70).

Aunt Joan (elder than Elizabeth) was 'Lady Barrington:' Aunt Frances (younger) was Mrs. Whalley. Richard Whalley of Kerton, Notts; a man of mark; sheriff, &c., three wives, children only by his second, this 'Aunt Fanny.' Three children:—Thomas Whalley (no years given, Noble, ii. 141) died in his father's lifetime; left a son who was a kind of Royalist, but yet had a certain acceptance with Oliver too. Edward Whalley, the famed 'Colonel,' and Henry Whalley, 'the Judge-Advocate:' wretched *biographies* of these two are in Noble, pp. 141, 143-56. Colonel Whalley, and Colonel Goff, after the Restoration, fled to New England; lived in 'caves' there, and had a sore time of it: New England, in a vague manner, still remembers them.

Enough of the Cousinry!—

In short the stories of Oliver's 'poverty,' if they were otherwise of any moment, are all false; and should be mentioned here, if still here, for the *last* time. The family was of the rank of substantial gentry, and duly connected with such in the counties round, for three generations back. Of the numerous and now mostly forgettable cousinry we specify farther only the Mashams of Otes in Essex as like to be of some cursory interest to us by and by.

There is no doubt at all but Oliver the Protector's family *was* related to that of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the Putney 'Blacksmith's' or Iron-Master's son, transiently mentioned above; the *Malleus Monachorum*, or, as old Fuller renders it, 'Mauler of Monasteries,' in Henry Eighth's time. The same old Fuller, a perfectly veracious and most intelligent person, does indeed report as of 'his own knowledge,' that Oliver Protector, once upon a time when Bishop Goodman came dedicating to him some unreadable semi-popish jargon about the 'mystery of the Holy Trinity,' and some adulation about 'his Lordship's relationship to the former great Purifier of the Church,' and Mauler of Monasteries, —answered impatiently, "My family has no relation to his!" This old Fuller reports, as of his own knowledge. I have consulted the unreadable semi-popish jargon, for the sake of that Dedication; I find that Oliver's relationship to Thomas Cromwell is in any case stated *wrong* there, not right: I reflect farther that Bishop Goodman, oftener called 'Bishop Badman' in those times, went over to Popery; had become a miserable impoverished old piece of confusion, and at this time could appear only in the character of begging *bore*,—when, at any rate, for it was in the year 1653, Oliver himself, having just turned out the Long Parliament,[1] was busy enough! I infer therefore that Oliver said to him impatiently, without untruth, "You are quite wrong as to all that: good morning!"—and that old Fuller, likewise without untruth, reports it as above.

But, at any rate, there is other very simple evidence entirely

[1] The date of Goodman's Book is 25th June 1653; here is the correct title of it (King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 73, § 1): 'The two great Mysteries of Christian Religion; the Ineffable Trinity and Wonderful Incarnation: by G. G. C.' (meaning Godfrey Goodman, Glocestrensis). Unfortunate persons who have read Laud's writings are acquainted with this Bishop Goodman, or Badman; he died a declared Papist. Poor man, his speculations, now become jargon to us, were once very serious and eloquent to him! Such is the fate that soon overtakes all men who, quitting the 'Eternal Melodies,' take up their abode in the outer Temporary Discords, and seek their subsistence there! This is the part of the Dedication that concerns us:

'To his Excellency my Lord Oliver Cromwell, Lord General. My Lord,—Fifty years since, the name of Socinus,' &c.—'Knowing that the Lord Cromwell (your Lordship's great uncle) was then in great favour,' &c. 'GODFREE GOODMAN.'

conclusive. Richard or Sir Richard Cromwell, great-grandfather of Oliver Protector, was a man well known in his day; had been very active in the work of suppressing monasteries; a righthand man to Thomas the Mauler: and indeed it was on Monastic Property, chiefly or wholly, that he had made for himself a sumptuous estate in those Fen regions. Now, of this Richard Cromwell there are two Letters to Thomas Cromwell, 'Vicar-General,' Earl of Essex, which remain yet visible among the Manuscripts of the British Museum; in both of which he signs himself with his own hand, 'your most bounden Nephew,'—an evidence sufficient to set the point at rest. Copies of the Letters are in my possession; but I grudge to inflict them on the reader. One of them, the longer of the two, stands printed, with all or more than all its original misspelling and confused obscurity, in Noble:[1] it is dated 'Stamford,' without day or year; but the context farther dates it as contemporary with the Lincolnshire Rebellion, or Anti-reformation riot, which was directly followed by the more formidable 'Pilgrimage of Grace' in Yorkshire to the like effect, in the autumn of 1536.[2] Richard, in company with other higher official persons, represents himself as straining every nerve to beat down and extinguish this traitorous fanatic flame, kindled against the King's Majesty and his reform of the Church; has an eye in particular to a certain Sir John Thymbleby in Lincolnshire, whom he would fain capture as a ringleader; suggests that the use of arms should be prohibited to these treasonous populations, except under conditions;—and seems hastening on, with almost furious speed; towards Yorkshire and the Pilgrimage of Grace, we may conjecture. The second Letter, also without date except 'Tuesday,' shadows to us an official man, again on business of hot haste; journeying from Monastery to Monastery; finding this Superior disposed to comply with the King's Majesty, and that other not disposed, but capable of being made so; intimates farther that he will be at his own House (presumably Hinchinbrook), and then straightway 'home,' and will report progress to my Lord in person. On the whole, as this is the earliest articulate utterance of the Oliver Family; and casts a faint glimmer of light, as from a single flint-spark, into the dead darkness of the foregone century; and touches withal on an acquaintance of ours, the 'Prior of Ely,'—Robert Steward, last Popish Prior, first Protestant Dean of Ely, and brother of Mrs. Robert Cromwell's ancestor, which is curious to think of,—we will give the Letter, more especially as it is very short:

[1] i. 242.

[2] Herbert (in Kennet, ii. 204-5).

"To my Lord Cromwell.

"I have me most humbly commended unto your Lordship. I rode on Sunday to Cambridge to my bed;[1] and the next morning was up betimes, purposing to have found at Ely Mr. Pollard and Mr. Williams. But they were departed before my coming: and so, 'they' being at dinner at Somersham with the Bishop of Ely, I overtook them 'there.'[2] At which time, I opened your pleasure unto them in everything. Your Lordship, I think, shall shortly perceive the Prior of Ely to be of a froward sort, by evident tokens;[3] as, at our coming home, shall be at large related unto you.

"At the writing hereof we have done nothing at Ramsey; saving that one night I communed with the Abbot; whom I found conformable to everything, as shall be at this time put in act.[4] And then, as your Lordship's will is, as soon as we have done at Ramsey, we go to Peterborough. And from thence to my House; and so home.[5] The which, I trust, shall be at the farthest on this day come seven days.

"That the Blessed Trinity preserve your Lordship's health!

"Your Lordship's most bounden Nephew,

"RICHARD CROMWELL.

"From Ramsey, on Tuesday in the morning."[6]

The other Letter is still more express as to the consanguinity; it says, among other things, 'And longer than I may have heart so, as my most bounden duty is, to serve the King's Grace with body, goods, and all that ever I am able to make; and your Lordship, as Nature and also your manifold kindness bindeth,—I beseech God I no longer live.' 'As *Nature bindeth.*' Richard Cromwell then thanks him, with a bow to the very ground, for 'my poore wyef,' who has had some kind remembrance from his Lordship; thinks all his travail but a pastime;' and remains, 'at Stamford this Saturday at eleven of the clock, your humble Nephew most bounden,' as in the other case. A vehement, swift-riding man! Nephew,

[1] From London, we suppose.

[2] The words within *single commas*, 'they' and 'there,' are added for bringing out the sense; a plan we shall follow in all the Original Letters of this Collection.

[3] He proved tameable, Sir Richard,—and made *your* Great-grandson rich, for one consequence of that!

[4] Brought to legal black-on-white.

[5] To London.

[6] Mss. Cotton. Cleopatra E. IV. p. 204 b. The envelope and address are not here; but this docket of address, given in a sixteenth-century hand, and otherwise indicated by the text, is not doubtful. The signature alone, and line preceding that, are in Richard's hand. In the Letter printed by Noble the address *remains*, in the hand of Richard's clerk.

it has been suggested, did not mean in Henry the Eighth's time so strictly as it now does, brother's or sister's son; it meant *nepos* rather, or kinsman of a younger generation; but on all hypotheses of its meaning, the consanguinity of Oliver Protector of England and Thomas Mauler of Monastries is not henceforth to be doubted.

Another indubitable thing is, That this Richard, your Nephew most bounden, has signed himself in various Lawdeeds and Notarial papers still extant, 'Richard Cromwell *alias* Williams;' also that his sons and grandsons continued to sign Cromwell *alias* Williams; and even that our Oliver himself in his youth has been known to sign so. And then a third indubitable thing on this matter is, That Leland, an exact man, sent out by Authority in those years to take cognisance, and make report, of certain points connected with the Church Establishments in England, and whose well-known *Itinerary* is the fruit of that survey, has written in that Work these words; under the head, 'Commotes[1] in Glamorganshire:'

'Kibworth lieth,' extendeth, 'from the mouth of Remny up to an Hill in the same Commote, called Kevenon, a six miles from the mouth of Remny. This Hill goeth as a wall overthwart betwixt the Rivers of Thave and Remny. A two miles from this Hill by the south, and a two miles from Cardiff, be vestigia of a Pile or Manor Place decayed, at Egglis Newith in the Parish of Llandaff.[2] On the south side of this Hill was born Richard Williams alias Cromwell, in the Parish of Llanilsen.'[3]

That Richard Cromwell, then, was of kindred to Thomas Cromwell; that he, and his family after him, signed 'alias Williams;' and that Leland, an accurate man, said and printed, in the official scene where Richard himself was living and conspicuous, He was born in Glamorganshire: these three facts are indubitable;—but to these three we must limit ourselves. For, as to the origin of this same 'alias Williams,' whether it came from the general 'Williamses of Berkshire,'[4] or from 'Morgan Williams a Glamorganshire gentleman married to the sister of Thomas Crom-

[1] Commote is the Welsh word *Cwmwd*, now obsolete as an official division, equivalent to *cantred*, hundred. Kibworth commote is now Kibbor Hundred.

[2] 'Egglis Newith' is *Eglwys Newydd* New Church, as the Welsh peasants still name it, though officially it is now called White Church. River 'Thave' means Taff. The description of the wall-like Hill between the two streams, Taff and Remny, is recognisably correct: Kevenon, spelt Cevn-on, 'Ash-tree ridge,' is still the name of the Hill.

[3] Noble, i. 238, collated with Leland (Oxford, 1769), iv. fol. 56, pp. 37, 38. Leland gathered his records 'in six years,' between 1533 and 1540; he died, endeavouring to assort them, in 1552. They were long afterwards published by Hearne.

[4] Biographia Britannica (London, 1789), iv. 474.

well,' or from whom or what it came, we have to profess ourselves little able, and indeed not much concerned to decide. Williamses are many: there is Richard Cromwell, in that old Letter, hoping to breakfast with a Williams at Ely,—but finds both him and Pollard gone! Facts, even trifling facts, when indisputable may have significance; but Welsh Pedigrees, 'with seventy shields of arms,' 'Glothian Lord of Powys' (prior or posterior to the Deluge), though 'written on a parchment eight feet by two feet four, bearing date 1602, and belonging to the Miss Cromwells of Hampstead,'[1] are highly unsatisfactory to the ingenuous mind! We have to remark two things: First, that the Welsh Pedigree, with its seventy shields and ample extent of sheepskin, bears date London, 1602; was not put together, therefore, till about a hundred years after the birth of Richard, and at a great distance from the scene of that event: circumstances which affect the unheraldic mind with some misgivings. Secondly, that 'learned Dugdale,' upon whom mainly, apart from these uncertain Welsh sheepskins, the story of this Welsh descent of the Cromwells seems to rest, has unfortunately stated the matter in *two* different ways,—as being, and then also as not being,—in two places of his learned Lumber-Book.[2] Which circumstance affects the unheraldic mind with still fataler misgivings,—and in fact raises irrepressibly the question and admonition, "What boots it? Leave the vain region of blazonry, of rusty broken shields and genealogical marine-stores; let it remain forever doubtful! The Fates themselves have appointed it even *so*. Let the uncertain Simulacrum of a Glothian, prior or posterior so Noah's Deluge, hover between us and the utter Void; basing himself on a dust-chaos of ruined heraldries, lying genealogies, and saltires checky, the best he can?"

The small Hamlet and Parish Church of Cromwell, or Crumwell (the Well of Crum, whatever that may be), still stands on the Eastern edge of Nottinghamshire, not far from the left bank of the Trent; simple worshippers still doing in it some kind of divine service every Sunday. From this, without any ghost to teach us, we can understand that the Cromwell kindred all got their name,—in very old times indeed. From torpedo rubbish-records we learn also, without great difficulty, that the Barons Cromwell were summoned to Parliament from Edward Second's time and downward; that they had their chief seat at Tattershall in Lincolnshire; that there were Cromwells of distinction, and of no distinction, scattered in reasonable abundance over that Fen-

[1] Noble, i. 1. [2] Dugdale's Baronage, ii. 374, 393.

country,—Cromwells Sheriffs of their Counties there in Richard's own time.[1] The Putney Blacksmith, Father of the *Malleus*, or Hammer that smote Monasteries on the head,—a Figure worthy to take his place beside Hephaistos, or Smith Mimer, if we ever get a Pantheon in this Nation,—was probably enough himself a Fen-country man; one of the junior branches, who came to live by metallurgy in London here. Richard, also sprung of the Fens, might have been his kinsman in many ways, have got the name of Williams in many ways, and even been born on the Hill behind Cardiff, independently of Glothian. Enough: Richard Cromwell, on a background of heraldic darkness, rises clearly visible to us; a man vehemently galloping to and fro, in that sixteenth century; tourneying successfully before King Harry,[2] who loved a man; quickening the death-agonies of Monasteries; growing great on their spoil;—and fated, he also, to produce another *Malleus* Cromwell that smote a thing or two. And so we will leave this matter of the Birth and Genealogy.

CHAPTER IV.

EVENTS IN OLIVER'S BIOGRAPHY.

THE few ascertained, or clearly imaginable, Events in Oliver's Biography may as well be arranged, for our present purpose, in the form of annals.

1603.

Early in January of this year, the old Grandfather, Sir Henry, 'the Golden Knight,' at Hinchinbrook, died:[3] our Oliver, not quite four years old, saw funeralia and crapes, saw Father and Uncles with grave faces, and understood not well what it meant,—understood only, or tried to understand, that the good old Grandfather was gone away, and would never pat his head any more. The maternal Grandfather, at Ely, was yet, and for above a dozen years more, living.

The same year, four months afterwards, King James, coming from the North to take possession of the English crown, lodged two nights at Hinchinbrook; with royal retinue, with immense

[1] Fuller's Worthies, § Cambridgeshire, &c.

[2] Stowe's Chronicle (London, 1631), p. 580; Stowe's Survey, Holinshed, &c.

[3] Poor Noble, unequal sometimes to the copying of a Parish-register, with his judgment *asleep*, dates this event 1603–4 (at p. 20, vol. i.), and then placidly (at p. 40) states a fact inconsistent therewith.

sumptuosities, addressings, knight-makings, ceremonial exhibitions; which must have been a grand treat for little Oliver. His Majesty came from the Belvoir-Castle region, 'hunting all the way,' on the afternoon of Wednesday 27th April 1603; and set off, through Huntingdon and Godmanchester, towards Royston, on Friday forenoon.[1] The Cambridge Doctors brought him an Address while here; Uncle Oliver, besides the ruinously splendid entertainments, gave him hounds, horses and astonishing gifts at his departure. In return there were Knights created, Sir Oliver first of the batch, we may suppose; King James had decided that there should be no reflection for the want of Knights at least. Among the large batches manufactured next year was Thomas Steward of Ely, henceforth Sir Thomas, Mrs. Robert Cromwell's Brother, our Oliver's Uncle. Hinchinbrook got great honour by this and other royal visits; but found it, by and by, a dear-bought honour.—

Oliver's Biographers, or rather Carrion Heath his first Biographer whom the others have copied, introduce various tales into these early years of Oliver: of his being run away with by an ape along the leads of Hinchinbrook, and England being all but delivered from him, had the Fates so ordered it; of his seeing prophetic spectres; of his robbing orchards, and fightiug tyrannously with boys; of his acting in School Plays; of his &c. &c.—The whole of which, grounded on 'Human Stupidity' and Carrion Heath alone, begs us to give it Christian burial once for all. Oliver attended the Public School of Huntingdon, which was then conducted by a worthy Dr. Beard, of whose writing I possess a Book,[2] of whom we shall hear again: he learned, to appearance moderately well, what the sons of other gentlemen were taught in such places; went through the universal destinies which conduct all men from childhood to youth, in a way not particularised in any one point by an authentic record. Readers of lively imagination can follow him on his bird-nesting expeditions, to the top of 'Barnabee's big Tree,' and elsewhither, if they choose; on his

[1] Stowe's Chronicle, 812, &c.

[2] The Theatre of God's Judgments: by Thomas Beard, Doctor of Divinity, and Preacher of the Word of God in the Town of Huntingdon: Third Edition, increased by many new Examples ('Examples' of God's Justice vindicating itself openly on Violators of God's Law,—that is the purport of the Book): London, 1631.—A kindly ingenious little Book; still partly readable, almost lovable; some thin but real vein of perennial ingenuity and goodness recognisable in it. What one might call a Set of 'Percy-Anecdotes'; but Anecdotes authentic, solemnly select, and *with* a purpose: 'Percy-Anecdotes' for a more earnest Century than ours! Dedicated to the Mayor and Burgesses of Huntingdon,—for sundry good reasons; among others, 'because, Mr. Mayor, you were my scholar, and brought up in my house.'

fen-fowling expeditions, social sports and labours manifold; vacation-visits to his Uncles, to Aunt Hampden and Cousin John among others: all these things must have been; but how they specially were is forever hidden from all men. He had kindred of the sort above specified; parents of the sort above specified, rigorous yet affectionate persons, and very religious, as all rational persons then were. He had two sisters elder, and gradually four younger; the only boy among seven. Readers must fancy his growth there, in the North end of Huntingdon, in the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, as they can.

In January 1603–4,[1] was held at Hampton Court a kind of Theological Convention, of intense interest all over England, and doubtless at Huntingdon too; now very dimly known, if at all known, as the 'Hampton-Court Conference.' It was a meeting for the settlement of some dissentient humours in religion. The Millenary Petition,—what we should now call the 'Monster Petition,' for the like in number of signatures was never seen before,—signed by *near* a thousand Clergymen, of pious straitened consciences: this and various other Petitions to his Majesty, by persons of pious straitened consciences, had been presented; craving relief in some ceremonial points, which, as they found no warrant for them in the Bible, they suspected (with a very natural shudder in that case) to savour of Idol-worship and Mimetic Dramaturgy, instead of God-worship, and to be very dangerous indeed for a man to have concern with! Hampton-Court Conference was

[1] Here, more fitly perhaps than afterwards, it may be brought to mind, that the English year in those times did not begin till March; that New-Year's Day was the 25th of March. So in England, at that time, in all records, writings and books; as indeed in official records it continued so till 1752. In Scotland it was already not so; the year began with January there ever since 1600;—as in all Catholic countries it had done ever since the Papal alteration of the *Style* in 1582; and as in most Protestant countries, excepting England, it soon after that began to do. Scotland in respect of *the day of the month* still followed the Old Style.

'New-Year's Day the 25th of March:' this is the whole compass of the fact; with which a reader in those old books has, not without more difficulty than he expects, to familiarise himself. It has occasioned more misdatings and consequent confusions to modern editorial persons than any other as simple circumstance. So learned a man as Whitaker Historian of Whalley, editing Sir George Radcliffe's Correspondence (London, 1810), with the lofty air which sits well on him on other occasions, has altogether forgotten the above small circumstance: in consequence of which we have Oxford Carriers dying in January, or the first half of March, and to our great amazement going on to forward butter-boxes in the May following;—and similar miracles not a few occurring: and in short the whole Correspondence is jumbled to pieces; a due bit of topsy-turvy being introduced into the Spring of every year; and the learned Editor sits, with his lofty air, presiding over mere Chaos come again!——In the text here, we of course translate into the modern year, but leaving the day of the month as we find it: and if for greater assurance both forms be written down, as for instance 1603–4, the *last* figure is always the modern one; 1603–4 means *A*1604 for our calendar.

accordingly summoned. Four world-famous Doctors, from Oxford and Cambridge, represented the pious straitened class, now beginning to be generally conspicuous under the nickname *Puritans*. The Archbishop, the Bishop of London, also world-famous men, with a considerable reserve of other bishops, deans and dignitaries, appeared for the Church by itself Church. Lord Chancellor, the renowned Egerton, and the highest official persons, many lords and courtiers with a tincture of sacred science, in fact the flower of England, appeared as witnesses; with breathless interest. The King himself presided; having real gifts of speech, and being very learned in Theology,—which it was not then ridiculous but glorious for him to be. More glorious than the monarchy of what we now call Literature would be; glorious as the faculty of a Goethe holding *visibly* of Heaven: supreme skill in Theology then meant that. To know God, Θεός, the Maker,—to know the divine Laws and *inner* Harmonies of this Universe, must always be the highest glory for a man! And not to know them, always the highest disgrace for a man, however common it be!—

Awful devout Puritanism, decent dignified Ceremonialism (both always of high moment in this world, but not of equally high), appeared here facing one another for the first time. The demands of the Puritans seem to modern minds very limited indeed: That there should be a new correct Translation of the Bible (*granted*), and increased zeal in teaching (*omitted*); That 'lay impropriations' (tithes snatched from the old Church by laymen) might be made to yield a 'seventh part' of their amount, towards maintaining ministers in dark regions which had none (*refused*); That the Clergy in districts might be allowed to meet together, and strengthen one another's hands as in old times (*refused with indignation*);—on the whole (if such a thing durst be hinted at, for the tone is almost inaudibly low and humble), That pious straitened Preachers, in terror of offending God by Idolatry, and useful to human souls, might not be cast out of their parishes for genuflexions, white surplices and suchlike, but allowed some Christian liberty in mere external things: these were the claims of the Puritans;—but his Majesty eloquently scouted them to the winds, applauded by all bishops, and dignitaries lay and clerical; said, If the Puritans would not conform, he would 'hurry them out of the country;'—and so sent Puritanism and the Four Doctors home again, cowed into silence for the present. This was in January 1604.[1] News of this, speech enough about it, could not fail in Robert Crom-

[1] Neal's History of the Puritans (London, 1754), i. 411.

well's house among others. Oliver is in his fifth year,—always a year older than the Century.

In November 1605, there likewise came to Robert Cromwell's house, no question of it, news of the thrice-unutterable Gunpowder Plot. Whereby King, Parliament, and God's Gospel in England, were to have been, in one infernal moment, blown aloft; and the Devil's Gospel, and accursed incredibilities, idolatries, and poisonous confusions of the Romish Babylon, substituted in their room! The eternal Truth of the Living God to become an empty formula, a shamming grimace of the Three-hatted Chimera! These things did fill Huntingdon and Robert Cromwell's house with talk enough, in the winter of Oliver's sixth year. And again, in the summer of his eleventh year, in May 1610, there doubtless failed not news and talk, How the Great Henry was stabbed in Paris streets; assassinated by the Jesuits;—black sons of the scarlet woman, murderous to soul and to body.

Other things, in other years, the diligent Historical Student will supply according to faculty. The History of Europe, at that epoch, meant essentially the struggle of Protestantism against Catholicism,—a broader form of that same struggle, of devout Puritanism against dignified Ceremonialism, which forms the History of England then. Henry the Fourth of France, so long as he lived, was still to be regarded as the head of Protestantism; Spain, bound up with the Austrian Empire, as that of Catholicism. Henry's 'Grand Scheme' naturally strove to carry Protestant England along with it; James, till Henry's death, held on, in a loose way, by Henry; and his Political History, so far as he has any, may be considered to lie there. After Henry's death, he fell off to 'Spanish Infantas,' to Spanish interests; and, as it were, ceased to have any History, nay, began to have a *negative* one.

Among the events which Historical Students will supply for Robert Cromwell's house, and the spiritual pabulum of young Oliver, the Death of Prince Henry in 1612,[1] and the prospective accession of Prince Charles, fitter for a ceremonial Archbishop than a governing King, as some thought,—will not be forgotten. Then how the Elector Palatine was married; and troubles began to brew in Germany; and little Dr. Laud was made Archdeacon of Huntingdon;—such news the Historical Student can supply. And on the whole, all students and persons can know always that Oliver's mind was kept *full* of news, and never wanted for pabulum! But from the day of his Birth, which is jotted down, as above, in the Parish-register of St. John's Huntingdon, there is

[1] 6th Nov. (Camden's Annals).

no other authentic jotting or direct record concerning Oliver himself to be met with anywhere, till in the Admission-Book of Sidney-Sussex, Cambridge, we come to this.[1]

1616.

'*A Festo Annunciationis ad Festum Sancti Michaelis Archangeli*, 1616:' such (meaning merely, *From New-year's-day, or 25th March, to 29th September*) is the general Heading of the List of Scholars, or *Admissi*, for that Term;—and first in order there stands, '*Oliverius Cromwell Huntingdoniensis admissus ad commeatum Sociorum, Aprilis vicesimo tertio; Tutore Magistro Ricardo Howlet:*' Oliver Cromwell from Huntingdon admitted Fellow Commoner, 23d April 1616; Tutor Mr. Richard Howlet.—Between which and the next Entry some zealous individual of later date has crowded in these lines: '*Hic fuit grandis ille Impostor, Carnifex perditissimus, qui pientissimo Rege Carolo Primo nefariâ cæde sublato, ipsum usurpavit Thronum, et Tria Regna per quinque ferme annorum spatium, sub Protectoris nomine, indomitâ tyrannide vexavit.*' Had the zealous individual specifically dated this entry, it had been a slight improvement,—on a thing not much improvable. We can guess, After 1660, and not long after.

Curious enough, of all days, on this same day Shakspeare, as his stone monument still testifies, at Stratford-on-Avon, died:

Obiit Anno Domini 1616.
Ætatis 53. *Die* 23 *Apr.*[2]

While Oliver Cromwell was entering himself of Sidney-Sussex College, William Shakspeare was taking his farewell of this world. Oliver's Father had, most likely, come with him; it is but some fifteen miles from Huntingdon; you can go and come in a day. Oliver's Father saw Oliver write in the Album at Cambridge: at Stratford, Shakspeare's Ann Hathaway was weeping over his bed. The first world-great thing that remains of English History, the Literature of Shakspeare, was ending; the second world-great thing that remains of English History, the armed Appeal of Puritanism to the Invisible God of Heaven against many very visible Devils, on Earth and Elsewhere, was, so to speak, beginning. They have their exits and their entrances. And one People, in its time, plays many parts.

Chevalier Florian, in his *Life of Cervantes*, has remarked that Shakspeare's death-day, 23d of April 1616, was likewise that of

[1] Noble, i. 254;—corrected by the College Book itself.
[2] Collier's Life of Shakspeare (London, 1845), p. 253.

Cervantes at Madrid. 'Twenty-third of April' is, sure enough, the authentic Spanish date: but Chevalier Florian has omitted to notice that the English twenty-third is of *Old Style*. The brave Miguel died ten days before Shakspeare; and already lay buried, smoothed right nobly into his long rest. The Historical Student can meditate on these things.—

In the foregoing winter, here in England, there was much trying of Ker Earl of Somerset and my Lady once of Essex, and the prisoners of Overbury; and before Christmas the inferior murderers and infamous persons were mostly got hanged; and in these very days, while Oliver began his studies, my Lord of Somerset and my Lady were tried, and not hanged. And Chief-Justice Coke, Coke upon Lyttleton, had got into difficulties by the business. And England generally was overspread with a very fetid atmosphere of Court-news, murders, and divorce-cases, in those months; which still a little affects even the History of England. Poor Somerset Ker, King's favourite, 'son of the Laird of Ferniehirst,' he and his extremely unedifying affairs,—except as they might transiently affect the nostrils of some Cromwell of importance,—do not much belong to the History of England! Carrion ought at length to be *buried*. Alas, if 'wise memory' is ever to prevail, there is need of much 'wise oblivion' first.

Oliver's Tutor in Cambridge, of whom legible History and I know nothing, was 'Magister Richard Howlet:' whom readers must fancy a grave ancient Puritan and Scholar, in dark antiquarian clothes and dark antiquarian ideas, according to their faculty. The indubitable fact is, that he Richard Howlet did, in Sidney-Sussex College, with his best ability, endeavour to infiltrate something that he called instruction into the soul of Oliver Cromwell and of other youths submitted to him: but how, of what quality, with what method, with what result, will remain extremely obscure to every one. In spite of mountains of books, so are books written, all grows very obscure. About this same date, George Radcliffe, Wentworth Strafford's George, at Oxford, finds his green-baize table-cover, which his mother had sent him, too small —has it cut into 'stockings,' and goes about with the same.[1] So

[1] "University College, Oxford, 4th Dec. 1610.

"Loving Mother.—* * Send also, I pray you, by Briggs" (this is Briggs the Carrier, who dies in January, and continues forwarding butter in May), "a green table-cloth of a yard and half a quarter, and two linen table-cloths. * * If the green table-cloth be too little, I will make a pair of warm stockings of it. * *—Thus remembering my humble duty, I take my leave.—Your loving Son,

"GEORGE RADCLIFFE."

Radcliffe's Letters, by Whitaker (London, 1810), p. 64-5.

unfashionable were young Gentlemen Commoners! Queen Elizabeth was the first person in this country who ever wore knit stockings.

1617.

In March of this year, 1617, there was another royal visit at Hinchinbrook.[1] But this time, I conceive, the royal entertainment would be much more moderate; Sir Oliver's purse growing lank. Over in Huntingdon, Robert Cromwell was lying sick, somewhat indifferent to royal progresses.

King James, this time, was returning northward to visit poor old Scotland again, to get his Pretended-Bishops set into activity, if he could. It is well known that he could not, to any satisfactory extent, neither now nor afterwards: his Pretended-Bishops, whom by cunning means he did get instituted, had the name of Bishops, but next to none of the authority, of the respect, or, alas, even of the cash, suitable to the reality of that office. They were by the Scotch People derisively called *Tulchan* Bishops.—Did the reader ever see, or fancy in his mind, a Tulchan? A Tulchan is, or rather was, for the thing is long since obsolete, a Calf-skin stuffed into the rude similitude of a Calf,—similar enough to deceive the imperfect perceptive organs of a Cow. At milking-time the Tulchan, with head duly bent, was set as if to suck; the fond cow looking round fancied that her calf was busy, and that all was right, and so gave her milk freely, which the cunning maid was straining in white abundance into her pail all the while! The Scotch milkmaids in those days cried, "Where is the Tulchan; is the Tulchan ready?" So of the Bishops. Scotch Lairds were eager enough to 'milk' the Church Lands and Tithes, to get the rents out of them freely, which was not always easy. They were glad to construct a *Form* of Bishops to please the King and Church, and make the milk come without disturbance. The reader now knows what a Tulchan Bishop was. A piece of mechanism constructed not without difficulty, in Parliament and King's Council, among the Scots; and torn asunder afterwards with dreadful clamour, and scattered to the four winds, so soon as the Cow became awake to it!—

Villiers Buckingham, the new favourite, of whom we say little, was of the royal party here. Dr. Laud, too, King's Chaplain, Archdeacon of Huntingdon, attended the King on this occasion; had once more the pleasure of seeing Huntingdon, the cradle of his promotions, and the birthplace of Oliver. In Scotland, Dr. Laud, much to his regret, found "no religion at all," no surplices,

[1] Camden's Annals; Nichols's Progresses.

no altars in the east or anywhere ; no bowing, no responding ; not the smallest regularity of fuglemanship or devotional drill-exercise ; in short, "no religion at all that I could see,"—which grieved me much.[1]

What to us is greatly more momentous : while these royal things went on in Scotland, in the end of this same June at Huntingdon, Robert Cromwell died. His Will is dated 6th June.[2] His burial-day is marked in the Church of All-Saints, 24th June 1617. For Oliver, the chief mourner, one of the most pregnant epochs. The same year, died his old Grandfather Steward, at Ely. Mrs. Robert Cromwell saw herself at once fatherless and a second time widowed in this year of bereavement. Left with six daughters and an only son, of whom three were come to years.

Oliver was now, therefore, a young heir ; his age eighteen last April. How many of his Sisters, or whether any of them, were yet settled, we do not learn from Noble's confused searching of records or otherwise. Of this Huntingdon household, and its new head, we learn next to nothing by direct evidence ; but can decisively enough, by inference, discern several things. 'Oliver returned no more to Cambridge.' It was now fit that he should take his Father's place here at Huntingdon, that he should, by the swiftest method, qualify himself in some degree for that.

The universal very credible tradition is, that he, 'soon after,' proceeded to London, to gain some knowledge of Law. 'Soon after' will mean certain months, we know not how many, after July 1617. Noble says, he was entered 'of Lincoln's Inn.' The Books of Lincoln's Inn, of Gray's Inn, of all the Inns of Court have been searched ; and there is no Oliver Cromwell found in them. The Books of Gray's Inn contain these Cromwell Names, which are perhaps worth transcribing :

> Thomas Cromwell, 1524 ; Francis Cromwell, 1561 ;
> Gilbert Cromwell, 1609 ; Henry Cromwell, 1620 ;
> Henry Cromwell, 22d February 1653.

The first of which seems to me probably or possibly to mean Thomas Cromwell *Malleus Monachorum*, at that time returned from his Italian adventures, and in the service of Cardinal Wolsey ;—taking the opportunity of hearing the 'readers,' old Benchers who then actually read, and of learning Law. The Henry Cromwell of February 1653–4 is expressly entered as 'Second sonne to his Highness Oliver, Lord Protector : ' an interesting little fact, since it is an indisputable one. For the rest, Henry Cromwell was al-

[1] Wharton's Laud (London, 1695), pp. 97, 109, 138.

[2] Noble, i. 84.

ready a Colonel in the Army in 1651 : [1] in 1654, during the spring months he was in Ireland ; in the month of June he was at Chippenham in Cambridgeshire with his father-in-law, being already married ; [2] and next year he went again on political business to Ireland, where he before long became Lord Deputy : [3] if for a while, in the end of 1654, he did attend in Gray's Inn, it can only have been, like his predecessor the *Malleus*, to gain some inkling of Law for general purposes; and not with any view towards Advocateship, which did not lie in his course at all, and was never very lovely either to his Father or himself. Oliver Cromwell's, as we said, is not a name found in any of the Books in that period.

Whence is to be inferred that Oliver was never of any Inn ; that he never meant to be a professional Lawyer ; that he had entered himself merely in the chambers of some learned gentleman, with an eye to obtain some tincture of Law, for doing County Magistracy, and the other duties of a gentleman citizen, in a reputable manner. The stories of his wild living while in Town, of his gambling and so forth, rest likewise exclusively on Carrion Heath ; and solicit oblivion and Christian burial from all men. We cannot but believe he did go to Town to gain some knowledge of Law. But when he went, how long he stayed, cannot be known except approximately by years ; under whom he studied, with what fruit, how he conducted himself as a young man and law-student, cannot be known at all. Of evidence that he ever lived a wild life about Town or elsewhere, there exists no particle. To assert the affirmative was then a great reproach to him ; fit for Carrion Heath and others : it would be now, in our present strange condition of the Moral Law, one knows not what. With a Moral Law gone all to such a state of moonshine ; with the hard Stone-tables, the god-given Precepts and eternal Penalties, dissolved all in cant and mealy-mouthed official flourishings,—it might perhaps, with certain parties, be a credit ; the admirers and the censurers of Cromwell have alike no word to record on the subject.

1618.

Thursday, 29th October 1618. This morning, if Oliver, as is probable, were now in Town studying Law, he might be eye-witness

[1] Old Newspaper, in Cromwelliana, p. 91.

[2] '10th May 1653,—Mr. Henry Cromwell to Elizabeth Russel' (Registers of Kensington Church, in Faulkner's History of Kensington, p. 360).

[3] Here are the successive dates : 4th March 1653-4, he arrives at Dublin (Thurloe's State Papers, ii. 149) ; is at Chippenham, 18th June 1654 (*ib.* ii. 381) ; arrives at Chester on his way to Ireland again, 22d June 1655 (*ib.* iii. 581) ;—produces his commission as Lord Deputy, 24th or 25th November 1657 (Noble i. 202).

of a great and very strange scene; the last scene in the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh.[1] Raleigh was beheaded in Old Palaceyard; he appeared on the scaffold there 'about eight o'clock' that morning; 'an immense crowd,' all London, and in a sense all England, looking on. A cold hoarfrosty morning. Earl of Arundel, now known to us by his Greek Marbles; Earl of Doncaster ('Sardanapalus' Hay, ultimately Earl of Carlisle); these with other earls and dignitaries sat looking through windows near by; to whom Raleigh in his last brief manful speech appealed, with response from them. He had failed of finding Eldorados in the Indies lately; he had failed, and also succeeded, in many things in his time; he returned home 'with his brain and his heart broken,' as he said;—and the Spaniards, who found King James willing, now wished that he should die. A very tragic scene. Such a man, with his head grown gray; with his strong heart 'breaking,'—still strength enough in it to break with dignity. Somewhat proudly he laid his old gray head on the block; as if saying, in better than words, "there then!" The Sheriff offered to let him warm himself again, within doors again at a fire. "Nay, let us be swift," said Raleigh; "in few minutes my ague will return upon me, and if I be not dead before that, they will say I tremble for fear."—If Oliver, among the 'immense crowd,' saw this scene, as is conceivable enough, he would not want for reflections on it.

What is more apparent to us, Oliver in these days is a visitor in Sir James Bourchier's Town residence. Sir James Bourchier, Knight, a civic gentleman; not connected at all with the old Bourchiers Earls of Essex, says my heraldic friend; but seemingly come of City merchants rather, who by some of their quarterings and cognizances appear to have been 'Furriers,' says he:—Like enough. Not less but more important, it appears this Sir James Bourchier was a man of some opulence, and had daughters; had a daughter Elizabeth, not without charms for the youthful heart. Moreover, he had landed property near Felsted in Essex, where his usual residence was. Felsted, where there is still a kind of School or Free-School, which was of more note in those days than now. That Oliver visited in Sir James's in Town or elsewhere, we discover with great certainty by the next written record of him.

1620.

The Registers of St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, London, are written by a third party as usual, and have no autograph signa-

[1] Camden; Biog. Britan.

tures; but in the List of Marriages for 'August 1620,' stand these words, still to be read *sic:*

'Oliver Cromwell to Elizabeth Bourcher. 22.'

Milton's burial-entry is in another Book of the same memorable Church, '12 Nov. 1674;' where Oliver on the 22d of August 1620 was married.

Oliver is twenty-one years and four months old on this his wedding-day. He repaired, speedily or straightway we believe, to Huntingdon, to his Mother's house, which indeed was now his. His Law-studies, such as they were, had already ended, we infer: he had already set up house with his Mother; and was now bringing a wife home; the due arrangements for that end having been completed. Mother and Wife were to live together; the Sisters had got or were getting married,—Noble's researches and confused jottings do not say specially when: the Son, as new head of the house, an inexperienced head, but a teachable, ever-learning one, was to take his Father's place; and with a wise Mother and a good Wife, harmonising tolerably well we shall hope, was to manage as he best might. Here he continued, unnoticeable but easily imaginable by History, for almost ten years: farming lands; most probably attending quarter-sessions; doing the civic, industrial, and social duties, in the common way; —living as his Father before him had done. His first child was born here, in October 1621; a son, Robert, baptised at St. John's Church on the 13th of the month, of whom nothing farther is known.[1] A second child, also a son, Oliver, followed, whose baptismal date is 6th February 1623, of whom also we have almost no farther account,—except one that can be proved to be erroneous.[2] The List of his other children shall be given by and by.

1623.

In October 1623, there was an illumination of tallow lights, a ringing of bells, and gratulation of human hearts in all Towns in England, and doubtless in Huntingdon too; on the safe return

[1] Date of his burial discovered lately, in the old Parish-Register of Felsted in Essex; recorded in peculiar terms, and specially in the then Vicar's hand: '*Robertus Cromwell, Filius honorandi viri Mii*' (Militis) '*Oliveris Cromwell et Elizabethæ Uxoris ejus, sepultus fuit* 31° *die Maii* 1639. *Et Robertus fuit eximiè pius juvenis, Deum timens supra multos.*' (See Edinburgh Review, No 209. January 1856, p. 54.) So that Oliver's first great loss in his Family was of this Eldest Son, then in his 18th year; not of a Younger one as was hitherto supposed. (Note of 1857.)

[2] Noble, i. 134.

of Prince Charles from Spain *without* the Infanta.[1] A matter of endless joy to all true Englishmen of that day, though no Englishman of this day feels any interest in it one way or the other. But Spain, even more than Rome, was the chosen throne of Popery; which in that time meant temporal and eternal Damnability, Falsity to God's Gospel, love of prosperous Darkness rather than of suffering Light,—infinite baseness rushing short-sighted upon infinite peril for this world and for all worlds. King James, with his worldly-wise endeavourings to marry his son into some first-rate family, never made a falser calculation than in this grand business of the Spanish Match. The soul of England abhorred to have any concern with Spain or things Spanish. Spain was as a black Domdaniel, which, had the floors of it been paved with diamonds, had the Infanta of it come riding in such a Gig of Respectability as was never driven since Phaëton's Sun-Chariot took the road, no honest English soul could wish to have concern with. Hence England illuminated itself. The articulate tendency of this Solomon King had unfortunately parted company altogether with the inarticulate but ineradicable tendency of the Country he presided over. The Solomon King struggled one way; and the English Nation with its very life-fibres was compelled to struggle another way. The rent by degrees became wide enough!

For the present, England is all illuminated, a new Parliament is summoned; which welcomes the breaking of the Spanish Match, as one might welcome the breaking of a Dr. Faustus's Bargain, and a deliverance from the power of sorcerers. Uncle Oliver served in this Parliament, as was his wont, for Huntingdonshire. They and the Nation with one voice impelled the poor old King to draw out his fighting tools at last, and beard this Spanish Apollyon, instead of making marriages with it. No Pitt's crusade against French Sansculottism in the end of the Eighteenth Century could be so welcomed by English Preservers of the Game, as this defiance of the Spanish Apollyon was by Englishmen in general in the beginning of the Seventeenth. The Palatinate was to be recovered, after all; Protestantism, the sacred cause of God's Light and Truth against the Devil's Falsity and Darkness, was to be fought for and secured. Supplies were voted; 'drums beat in the City' and elsewhere, as they had done three years ago,[2] to the joy of all men, when the Palatinate was first to be 'defended:' but now it was to be 'recovered;' now a decisive effort was to be

[1] H. L. (Hammond l'Estrange), Reign of King Charles (London, 1656), p. 3. 'October 5th,' the Prince arrived.

[2] 11th June 1620 (Camden's Annals).

made. The issue, as is well known, corresponded ill with these beginnings. Count Mansfeldt mustered his levies here, and set sail; but neither France nor any other power would so much as let him land. Count Mansfeldt's levies died of pestilence in their ships; 'their bodies, thrown ashore on the Dutch coast, were eaten by hogs,' till half the armament was dead on shipboard: nothing came of it, nothing could come. With a James Stuart for Generalissimo, there is no good fighting possible. The poor King himself soon after died; [1] left the matter to develop itself in other still fataler ways.

In those years it must be that Dr. Simcott, Physician in Huntingdon, had to do with Oliver's hypochondriac maladies. He told Sir Philip Warwick, unluckily specifying no date, or none that has survived, "he had often been sent for at midnight;" Mr. Cromwell for many years was very "splenetic" (spleen-struck), often thought he was just about to die, and also "had fancies about the Town Cross." [2] Brief intimation; of which the reflective reader may make a great deal. Samuel Johnson too had hypochondrias; all great souls are apt to have,—and to be in thick darkness generally, till the eternal ways and the celestial guiding-stars disclose themselves, and the vague Abyss of Life knit itself up into Firmaments for them. Temptations in the Wilderness, Choices of Hercules, and the like, in succinct or loose form, are appointed for every man that will assert a soul in himself and be a man. Let Oliver take comfort in his dark sorrows and melancholies. The quantity of sorrow he has, does it not mean withal the quantity of *sympathy* he has, the quantity of faculty and victory he shall yet have? Our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness. The depth of our despair measures what capability and height of claim we have to hope. Black smoke as of Tophet filling all your universe, it can yet by true heart-energy become *flame*, and brilliancy of Heaven. Courage!

It is therefore in these years, undated by History, that we must place Oliver's clear recognition of Calvinistic Christianity; what he, with unspeakable joy, would name his Conversion; his deliverance from the jaws of Eternal Death. Certainly a grand epoch for a man: properly the one epoch; the turning-point which guides upwards, or guides downwards, him and his activity forevermore. Wilt thou join with the Dragons; wilt thou join with the Gods? Of thee too the question is asked;—whether by a man in Geneva gown, by a man in 'Four surplices at Allhallowtide,' with

[1] Sunday, 27th March 1625 (Wilson, in Kennet, ii. 790).
[2] Sir Philip Warwick's Memoirs (London, 1701), p. 249.

words very imperfect; or by no man and no words, but only by the Silences, by the Eternities, by the Life everlasting and the Death everlasting. That the 'Sense of difference between Right and Wrong' had filled all Time and all Space for man, and bodied itself forth into a Heaven and Hell for him: this constitutes the grand feature of those Puritan, Old-Christian Ages; this is the element which stamps them as Heroic, and has rendered their works great, manlike, fruitful to all generations. It is by far the memorablest achievement of our Species; without that element, in some form or other, nothing of Heroic had ever been among us.

For many centuries, Catholic Christianity, a fit embodiment of that divine Sense, had been current more or less, making the generations noble: and here in England, in the Century called the Seventeenth, we see the last aspect of it hitherto,—not the last of all, it is to be hoped. Oliver was henceforth a Christian man; believed in God, not on Sundays only, but on all days, in all places and in all cases.

1624.

The grievance of Lay Impropriations, complained of in the Hampton-Court Conference twenty years ago, having never been abated, and many parts of the country being still thought insufficiently supplied with Preachers, a plan was this year fallen upon to raise by subscription, among persons grieved at that state of matters, a Fund for *buying-in* such Impropriations as might offer themselves; for supporting good ministers therewith, in destitute places; and for otherwise encouraging the ministerial work. The originator of this scheme was 'the famous Dr. Preston,'[1] a Puritan College Doctor of immense 'fame' in those and in prior years; courted even by the Duke of Buckingham, and tempted with the gleam of bishoprics; but mouldering now in great oblivion, not famous to any man. His scheme, however, was found good. The wealthy London Merchants, almost all of them Puritans, took it up; and by degrees the wealthier Puritans over England at large. Considerable ever-increasing funds were subscribed for this pious object; were vested in 'Feoffees,'—who afterwards made some noise in the world, under that name. They gradually purchased some Advowsons or Impropriations, such as came to market; and hired, or assisted in hiring, a great many 'Lecturers,' persons not generally in full 'Priest's-orders' (having scruples about the ceremonies), but in 'Deacon's' or some other orders, with permission to preach, to 'lecture,' as it was called: whom accordingly we

[1] Heylin's Life of Laud.

find lecturing in various places, under various conditions, in the subsequent years ;—often in some market-town, 'on market-day ;' on 'Sunday-afternoon,' as supplemental to the regular Priest when he might happen to be idle, or given to black and white surplices ; or as 'running Lecturers,' now here, now there, over a certain district. They were greatly followed by the serious part of the community ; and gave proportional offence in other quarters. In some years hence, they had risen to such a height, these Lecturers, that Dr. Laud, now come into authority, took them seriously in hand, and with patient detail hunted them mostly out ; nay brought the Feoffees themselves and their whole Enterprise into the Star-Chamber, and there, with emphasis enough, and heavy damages, amid huge rumour from the public, suppressed them. This was in 1633 ; a somewhat strong measure. How would the Public take it now, if,—we say not the gate of Heaven, but the gate of the Opposition Hustings were suddenly shut against mankind,—if our Opposition Newspapers, and their morning Prophesyings, were suppressed !—That Cromwell was a contributor to this Feoffee Fund, and a zealous forwarder of it according to his opportunities, we might already guess ; and by and by there will occur some vestige of direct evidence to that effect.

Oliver naturally consorted henceforth with the Puritan Clergy in preference to the other kind ; zealously attended their ministry, when possible ;—consorted with Puritans in general, many of whom were Gentry of his own rank, some of them Nobility of much higher rank. A modest devout man, solemnly intent 'to make his calling and his election sure ;' to whom, in credible dialect, the Voice of the Highest had spoken. Whose earnestness, sagacity and manful worth gradually made him conspicuous in his circle among such.—The Puritans were already numerous. John Hampden, Oliver's Cousin, was a devout Puritan, John Pym the like ; Lord Brook, Lord Say, Lord Montague,—Puritans in the better ranks, and in every rank, abounded. Already, either in conscious act or in clear tendency, the far greater part of the serious Thought and Manhood of England had declared itself Puritan.

1625.

Mark Noble, citing Willis's *Notitia*, reports that Oliver appeared this year as Member 'for Huntingdon' in King Charles's first Parliament.[1] It is a mistake ; grounded on mere blunders and clerical errors. Browne Willis, in his *Notitia Parliamentaria*, does indeed specify as Member for Huntingdon*shire* an 'Oliver Crom-

[1] Noble, i. 100.

well, Esq.,' who might be our Oliver. But the usual member in former Parliaments is Sir Oliver, our Oliver's Uncle. Browne Willis must have made, or have copied, some slip of the pen. Suppose him to have found in some of his multitudinous parchments, an 'Oliver Cromwell, Knight of the Shire:' and in place of putting in the 'Sir,' to have put in 'Esq.;' it will solve the whole difficulty. Our Oliver, when he indisputably did afterwards enter Parliament, came in for Huntingdon *Town;* so that, on this hypothesis, he must have first been Knight of the Shire, and then have sunk (an immense fall in those days) to be a Burgh Member; which cannot without other ground be credited. What the original Chancery Parchments say of the business, whether the error is theirs or Browne Willis's, I cannot decide: on inquiry at the Roll's Office, it turns out that the Records, for some fifty years about this period, have vanished "a good while ago." Whose error it may be, we know not; but an error we may safely conclude it is. Sir Oliver was then still living at Hinchinbrook, in the vigour of his years, no reason whatever why he should not serve as formerly; nay, if he had withdrawn, his young Nephew, of no fortune for a Knight of the Shire, was not the man to replace him. The Members for Huntingdon Town in this Parliament, as in the preceding one, are a Mr. Mainwaring and a Mr. St. John. The County Members in the preceding Parliament, and in this too with the correction of the concluding syllable in this, are 'Edward Montague, Esquire,' and 'Oliver Cromwell, *Knight*.'

1626.

In the Ashmole Museum at Oxford stands catalogued a 'Letter from Oliver Cromwell to Mr. Henry Downhall, at St. John's College, Cambridge; dated, Huntingdon, 14 October 1626;'[1] which might perhaps, in some very faint way, have elucidated Dr. Simcott and the hypochondrias for us. On applying to kind friends at Oxford for a copy of this Letter, I learn that there is now no Letter, only a mere selvage of paper, and a leaf wanting between two leaves. It was stolen, none knows when; but stolen it is;—which forces me to continue my Introduction some nine years farther, instead of ending it at this point. Did some zealous Oxford Doctor cut the Letter out, as one weeds a hemlock from a parsley-bed; that so the Ashmole Museum might be cleansed, and yield only pure nutriment to mankind? Or was it some collector of autographs, eager beyond law? Whoever the thief may be, he is probably dead long since; and has answered for this,—and also,

[1] Bodleian Library: Codices Mss. Ashmoleani, no. 8398.

we may fancy, for heavier thefts, which were likely to be charged upon him. If any humane individual ever henceforth gets his eye upon the Letter, let him be so kind as send a copy of it to the Publishers of this Book, and no questions will be asked.[1]

1627.

A Deed of Sale, dated 20th of June 1627, still testifies that Hinchinbrook this year passed out of the hands of the Cromwells into those of the Montagues.[2] The price was 3000*l.*; curiously divided into two parcels, down to shillings and pence, —one of the parcels being already a creditor's. The Purchaser is 'Sir Sidney Montague, Knight, of Barnwell, one of his Majesty's Masters of the Requests.' Sir Oliver Cromwell, son of the Golden Knight, having now burnt out his splendour, disappeared in this way from Hinchinbrook; retired deeper into the Fens, to a place of his near Ramsey Mere, where he continued still thirty years longer to reside, in an eclipsed manner. It was to this house at Ramsey that Oliver, our Oliver, then Captain Cromwell in the Parliament's service, paid the domiciliary visit much talked of in the old Books. The reduced Knight, his Uncle, was a Royalist or Malignant; and his house had to be searched for arms, for munitions, for furnishings of any sort, which he might be minded to send off to the King, now at York, and evidently intending war. Oliver's dragoons searched with due rigour for the arms; while the Captain respectfully conversed with his Uncle; and even 'insisted' through the interview, say the old Books, 'on standing uncovered:' which latter circumstance may be taken as an astonishing hypocrisy in him, say the old blockhead Books. The arms, munitions, furnishings were with all rigour of law, not with more rigour and not with less, carried away; and Oliver parted with his Uncle, for that time, not 'craving his blessing,' I think, as the old blockhead Books say; but hoping he might, one day, either get it or a *better* than it, for what he had now done. Oliver, while in military charge of that country, had probably repeated visits to pay to his Uncle; and they know little of the man or of the circumstances, who suppose there was any likelihood or any need of either insolence or hypocrisy in the course of these.

As for the old Knight, he seems to have been a man of easy temper; given to sumptuosity of hospitality; and averse to severer duties.[3] When his eldest son, who also showed a turn for

[1] Letter found, worth nothing: Appendix, no. 1. (Note to Second Edition.)
[2] Noble, i. 43.
[3] Fuller's Worthies, § Huntingdonshire.

expense, presented him a schedule of debts, craving aid towards the payment of them, Sir Oliver answered with a bland sigh, "I wish they were paid." Various Cromwells, sons of his, nephews of his, besides the great Oliver, took part in the Civil War, some on this side, some on that, whose indistinct designations in the old Books are apt to occasion mistakes with modern readers. Sir Oliver vanishes now from Hinchinbrook, and all the public business records, into the darker places of the Fens. His name disappears from Willis:—in the next Parliament, the Knight of the Shire for Huntingdon becomes, instead of him, 'Sir Capell Bedall, Baronet.' The purchaser of Hinchinbrook, Sir Sidney Montague, was brother of the first Earl of Manchester, brother of the third Lord Montague of Boughton; and father of 'the valiant Colonel Montague,' valiant General Montague, Admiral Montague, who, in an altered state of circumstances, became first Earl of Sandwich, and perished, with a valour worthy of a better generalissimo than poor James Duke of York, in the Seafight of Solebay (Southwold Bay, on the coast of Suffolk) in 1672.[1]

In these same years, for the dates and all other circumstances of the matter hang dubious in the vague, there is record given by Dugdale, a man of very small authority on these Cromwell matters, of a certain suit instituted, in the Kings' Council, King's Court of Requests, or wherever it might be, by our Oliver and other relations interested, concerning the lunacy of his Uncle, Sir Thomas Steward of Ely. It seems they alleged, this Uncle Steward was incapable of managing his affairs, and ought to be restrained under guardians. Which allegation of theirs, and petition grounded on it, the King's Council saw good to deny: whereupon—Sir Thomas Steward continued to manage his affairs, in an incapable or semi-capable manner; and nothing followed upon it whatever. Which proceeding of Oliver's, if there ever was such a proceeding, we are, according to Dugdale, to consider an act of villany,—if we incline to take that trouble. What we know is, That poor Sir Thomas himself did not so consider it; for, by express testament some years afterwards, he declared Oliver his heir in chief, and left him considerable property, as if nothing had happened. So that there is this dilemma: If Sir Thomas was imbecile, then Oliver was right; and unless Sir Thomas was imbecile, Oliver was not wrong! Alas, all calumny and carrion, does it not incessantly cry, "Earth, oh, for pity's sake, a little earth!"

[1] Collins's Peerage (London, 1741), ii. 286-9.

1628.

Sir Oliver Cromwell has faded from the Parliamentary scene into the deep Fen-country, but Oliver Cromwell, Esq., appears there as Member for Huntingdon, at Westminster on 'Monday the 17th of March' 1627–8. This was the Third Parliament of Charles: by much the most notable of all Parliaments till Charles's Long Parliament met, which proved his last.

Having sharply, with swift impetuosity and indignation, dismissed two Parliaments, because they would not 'supply' him without taking 'grievances' along with them; and meanwhile and afterwards, having failed in every operation foreign and domestic, at Cadiz, at Rhé, at Rochelle; and having failed, too, in getting supplies by unparliamentary methods, Charles 'consulted with Sir Robert Cotton what was to be done;' who answered, Summon a Parliament again. So this celebrated Parliament was summoned. It met, as we said, in March 1628, and continued with one prorogation till March 1629. The two former Parliaments had sat but a few weeks each, till they were indignantly hurled asunder again; this one continued nearly a year. Wentworth (Strafford) was of this Parliament; Hampden too, Selden, Pym, Holles, and others known to us; all these had been of former Parliaments as well; Oliver Cromwell, Member for Huntingdon, sat there for the first time.

It is very evident, King Charles, baffled in all his enterprises, and reduced really to a kind of crisis, wished much this Parliament should succeed; and took what he must have thought incredible pains for that end. The poor King strives visibly throughout to control himself, to be soft and patient; inwardly writhing and rustling with royal rage. Unfortunate King, we see him chafing, stamping,—a very fiery steed, but bridled, checkbitted, by innumerable straps and considerations; struggling much to be composed. Alas, it would not do. This Parliament was more Puritanic, more intent on rigorous Law and divine Gospel, than any other had ever been. As indeed all these Parliaments grow strangely in Puritanism; more and ever more earnest rises from the hearts of them all, "O Sacred Majesty, lead us not to Antichrist, to Illegality, to temporal and eternal Perdition!" The Nobility and Gentry of England were then a very strange body of men. The English Squire of the Seventeenth Century clearly appears to have believed in God, not as a figure of speech, but as a very fact, very awful to the heart of the English Squire. 'He wore his Bible-doctrine round him,' says one,

'as our Squire wears his shot-belt; went abroad with it, nothing doubting.' King Charles was going on his father's course, only with frightful acceleration: he and his respectable Traditions and Notions, clothed in old sheepskin and respectable Church-tippets, were all pulling one way; England and the Eternal Laws pulling another;—the rent fast widening till no man could heal it.

This was the celebrated Parliament which framed the Petition of Right, and set London all astir with 'bells and bonfires' at the passing thereof; and did other feats not to be particularised here. Across the murkiest element in which any great Entity was ever shown to human creatures, it still rises, after much consideration, to the modern man, in a dim but undeniable manner, as a most brave and noble Parliament. The like of which were worth its weight in diamonds even now;—but has grown very unattainable now, next door to incredible now. We have to say that this Parliament chastised sycophant Priests, Mainwaring, Sibthorp, and other Arminian sycophants, a disgrace to God's Church; that it had an eye to other still more elevated Church-Sycophants, as the mainspring of all; but was cautious to give offence by naming them. That it carefully 'abstained from naming the Duke of Buckingham.' That it decided on giving ample subsidies, but not till there were reasonable discussion of grievances. That in manner it was most gentle, soft-spoken, cautious, reverential; and in substance most resolute and valiant. Truly with valiant patient energy, in a slow stedfast English manner, it carried, across infinite confused opposition and discouragement, its Petition of Right, and what else it had to carry. Four hundred brave men,—brave men and true, after their sort! One laments to find such a Parliament smothered under Dryasdust's shot-rubbish. The memory of it, could any real memory of it rise upon honourable gentlemen and us, might be admonitory,—would be astonishing at least. We must clip one extract from Rushworth's huge Rag-fair of a Book; the mournfulest torpedo rubbish-heap, of jewels buried under sordid wreck and dust and dead ashes, one jewel to the wagon-load;—and let the reader try to make a visual scene of it as he can. Here, we say, is an old Letter, which 'old Mr. Chamberlain of the Court of Wards,' a gentleman entirely unknown to us, received fresh and new, before breakfast, on a June morning of the year 1628: of which old Letter we, by a good chance,[1]

[1] Rushworth's Historical Collections (London, 1682). i. 609–10. (Note, vols. ii. and iii. of this Copy are of 1680, a *prior* edition seemingly; iv. and v. of 1692; vi. and vii. of 1701; viii., Strafford's Trial, of 1700.)

have obtained a copy for the reader. It is by Mr. Thomas Alured, a good Yorkshire friend, Member for Malton in that county;—written in a hand which, if it were not naturally stout, would tremble with emotion. Worthy Mr. Alured, called also 'Al'red' or 'Aldred;' uncle or father, we suppose, to a 'Colonel Alured,' well known afterwards to Oliver and us: he writes; we abridge and present, as follows:

"Friday, 6th June 1628.

"Sir,—Yesterday was a day of desolation among us in Parliament; and this day, we fear, will be the day of our dissolution.

"Upon Tuesday Sir John Eliot moved that as we intended to furnish his Majesty with money, we should also supply him with counsel. Representing the doleful state of affairs, he desired there might be a *Declaration* made to the King, of the danger wherein the Kingdom stood by the decay and contempt of religion, by the insufficiency of his Ministers, by the" &c, &c. "Sir Humphrey May, Chancellor of the Duchy, said 'it was a strange language;' yet the House commanded Sir John Eliot to go on. Whereupon the Chancellor desired, 'If he went on, *he* the Chancellor might go out.' They all bade him 'begone:' yet he stayed, and heard Sir John out. The House generally inclined to such a *Declaration;* which was accordingly resolved to be set about.

"But next day, Wednesday, he had a Message from his Majesty by the Speaker, That as the Session was positively to end in a week, we should husband the time, and despatch our old businesses without entertaining new!"——Intending nevertheless "to pursue our *Declaration*, we had, yesterday, Thursday morning, a new Message brought us, which I have here enclosed. Which requiring us *Not to cast or lay any aspersion upon any Minister of his Majesty*, the House was much affected thereby." Did they not in former times proceed by fining and committing John of Gaunt, the King's own son; had they not, in very late times, meddled with and sentenced the Lord Chancellor Bacon and others?—What are we arriving at!—

"Sir Robert Philips of Somersetshire spake, and mingled his words with weeping. Mr. Pym did the like. Sir Edward Cook" (old Coke upon Lyttleton), "overcome with passion, seeing the desolation likely to ensue, was forced to sit down when he began to speak by the abundance of tears." Oh, Mr. Chamberlain of the Court of Wards, was the like ever witnessed? "Yea, the Speaker in his speech could not refrain from weeping and shedding of tears. Besides a great many whose grief made them dumb.

But others bore up in that storm, and encouraged the rest." We resolved ourselves into a committee, to have freer scope for speech; and called Mr. Whitby to the chair.

The speaker, always in close communication with his Majesty, craves leave from us, with much humility, to withdraw "for half an hour;" which, though we knew well whither he was going, was readily granted him. It is ordered, "No other man leave the House upon pain of going to the Tower." And now the speaking commences, "freer and frequenter," being in Committee, and old Sir Edward Coke tries it again.

"Sir Edward Cook told us, 'He now saw God had not accepted of our humble and moderate carriages and fair proceedings; and he feared the reason was, We had not dealt sincerely with the King and Country, and made a *true* representation of the causes of all those miseries. Which he, for his part, repented that he had not done sooner. And therefore, not knowing whether he should ever again speak in this House, he would now do it freely; and so did here protest, That the author and cause of all those miseries was—THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.' Which was entertained and answered with a cheerful acclamation of the House." (Yea, yea! Well moved, well spoken! Yea, yea!) "As, when one good hound recovers the scent, the rest come in with full cry; so they (*we*) pursued it, and everyone came home, and laid the blame where he thought the fault was,"—on the Duke of Buckingham, to wit. "And as we were putting it to the question, Whether he should be *named* in our intended Remonstrance as the chief cause of all our miseries at home and abroad,—the Speaker, having been, not half an hour, but three hours absent, and with the King, returned; bringing this Message, That the House should then rise (being about eleven o'clock), adjourn till the morrow morning, and no Committees to sit, or other business to go on, in the interim." And so, ever since, King's Majesty, Speaker, Duke and Councillors, they have been meditating it all night!

"What we shall expect this morning, therefore, God of Heaven knows! We shall meet betimes this morning; partly for the business' sake; and partly because, two days ago, we made an order, That whoever comes in after Prayers shall pay twelvepence to the poor.

"Sir, excuse my haste:—and let us have your prayers; whereof both you and we have need.

"I rest,—affectionately at your service,

"THOMAS ALURED."

This scene Oliver saw, and formed part of; one of the memorablest he was ever in. Why did those old honourable gentlemen 'weep'? How came tough old Coke upon Lyttleton, one of the toughest men ever made, to melt into tears like a girl, and sit down unable to speak? The modern honourable gentleman cannot tell. Let him consider it, and try if he can tell! And then, putting off his Shot-belt, and striving to put on some Bible-doctrine, some earnest God's truth or other,—try if he can discover why he cannot tell!—

The Remonstrance against Buckingham was perfected; the hounds having got all upon the scent. Buckingham was expressly 'named,'—a daring feat: and so loud were the hounds, and such a tune in their baying, his Majesty saw good to confirm, and ratify beyond shadow of cavil, the invaluable Petition of Right, and thereby produce 'bonfires,' and bob-majors upon all bells. Old London was sonorous; in a blaze with joy-fires. Soon after which, this Parliament, as London, and England, and it, all still continued somewhat too sonorous, was hastily, with visible royal anger, prorogued till October next,—till January as it proved. Oliver, of course, went home to Huntingdon to his harvest-work; England continued simmering and sounding as it might.

The day of prorogation was the 26th of June.[1] One day in the latter end of August, John Felton, a short swart Suffolk gentleman of military air, in fact a retired lieutenant of grim serious disposition, went out to walk in the eastern parts of London. Walking on Tower Hill, full of black reflections on his own condition, and on the condition of England, and a Duke of Buckingham holding all England down into the jaws of ruin and disgrace,—John Felton saw, in evil hour, on some cutler's stall there, a broad sharp hunting-knife, price one shilling. John Felton, with a wild flash in the dark heart of him, bought the said knife; rode down to Portsmouth with it, where the great Duke then was; struck the said knife, with one fell plunge, into the great Duke's heart. This was on Saturday the 23d of August of this same year.[2]

Felton was tried; saw that his wild flashing inspiration had been not of God, but of Satan. It is known he repented: when the death-sentence was passed on him, he stretched out his right hand; craved that this too, as some small expiation, might first be stricken off; which was denied him, as against law. He died

[1] Common Journals, i. 920.

[2] Clarendon (i. 68); Hamond l'Estrange (p. 90); D'Ewes (MS. Autobiography), &c.; all of whom report the minute circumstances of the assassination, not one of them agreeing completely with another.

at Tyburn; his body was swinging in chains at Portsmouth;—and much else had gone awry, when the Parliament reassembled, in January following, and Oliver came up to Town again.

1629.

The Parliament Session proved very brief; bnt very energetic, very extraordinary. 'Tonnage and Poundage,' what we now call Customhouse Duties, a constant subject of quarrel between Charles and his Parliaments hitherto, had again been levied *without* Parliamentary consent; in the teeth of old *Tallagio non concedendo*, nay even of the late solemnly-confirmed Petition of Right; and naturally gave rise to Parliamentary consideration. Merchants had been imprisoned for refusing to pay it; Members of Parliament themselves had been '*supœna'd*': there was a very ravelled coil to deal with in regard to Tonnage and Poundage. Nay the Petition of Right itself had been altered in the Printing; a very ugly business too.

In regard to Religion also, matters looked equally ill. Sycophant Mainwaring, just censured in Parliament, had been promoted to a fatter living. Sycophant Montague, in the like circumstances, to a Bishopric: Laud was in the act of consecrating him at Croydon, when the news of Buckingham's death came thither. There needed to be a Committee of Religion. The House resolved itself into a Grand Committee of Religion; and did not want for matter. Bishop Neile of Winchester, Bishop Laud now of London, were a frightfully ceremonial pair of Bishops; the fountain they of innumerable tendencies to Papistry and the old-clothes of Babylon! It was in this Committee of Religion, on the 11th day of February 1628-9, that Mr. Cromwell, Member for Huntingdon, stood up and made his first Speech, a fragment of which has found its way into History, and is now known to all mankind. He said, "He had heard by relation from one Dr. Beard" (his old Schoolmaster at Huntingdon), "that Dr. Alablaster had preached flat Popery at Paul's Cross; and that the Bishop of Winchester" (Dr. Neile) "had commanded him as his Diocesan, He should preach nothing to the contrary. Mainwaring, so justly censured in this House for his sermons, was by the same Bishop's means preferred to a rich living. If these are the steps to Church-preferment, what are we to expect?"[1]

Dr. Beard, as the reader knows, is Oliver's old Schoolmaster at Huntingdon; a grave, speculative, theological old gentleman, seemingly,—and on a level with the latest news from Town. Of

[1] Parliamentary History (London, 1763), viii. 289.

poor Dr. Alablaster there may be found some indistinct, and instantly forgettable particulars in Wood's *Athenæ*. Paul's Cross, of which I have seen old Prints, was a kind of Stone Tent, 'with leaden roof,' at the north-east corner of Paul's Cathedral, where Sermons were still, and had long been, preached in the open air; crowded devout congregations gathering there, with forms to sit on, if you came early. Queen Elizabeth used to 'tune her pulpits,' she said, when there was any great thing on hand; as Governing Persons now strive to tune their Morning Newspapers. Paul's Cross, a kind of *Times Newspaper*, but edited partly by Heaven itself, was then a most important entity! Alablaster, to the horror of mankind, was heard preaching 'flat Popery' there,—'prostituting our columns,' in that scandalous manner! And Neile had forbidden him to preach against it: 'what are we to expect?'

The record of this world-famous utterance of Oliver still lies in manuscript in the British Museum, in Mr. Crewe's Note-book, or another's: it was printed in a wretched old Book called *Ephemeris Parliamentaria*, professing to be compiled by Thomas Fuller; and actually containing a Preface recognisable as his, but nothing else that we can so recognise: for 'quaint old Fuller' is a man of talent; and this Book looks as if compiled by some spiritual Nightmare, rather than a rational Man. Probably some greedy Printer's compilation; to whom Thomas, in ill hour, had sold his name. In the Commons Journals, of that same day, we are farther to remark, there stands, in perennial preservation, this notice: "Upon question, *Ordered*, That Dr. Beard of Huntingdon be written to by Mr. Speaker, to come up and testify against the Bishop; the order for Dr. Beard to be delivered to Mr. Cromwell." The first mention of Mr. Cromwell's name in the Books of any Parliament.—

A new *Remonstrance* behoves to be resolved upon; Bishops Neile and Laud are even to be *named* there. Whereupon, before they could get well 'named,' perhaps before Dr. Beard had well got up from Huntingdon to testify against them, the King hastily interfered. This Parliament, in a fortnight more, was dissolved; and that under circumstances of the most unparalleled sort. For Speaker Finch, as we have seen, was a Courtier, in constant communication with the King. one day while these high matters were astir, Speaker Finch refused to 'put the question' when ordered by the House! He said he had orders to the contrary; persisted in that;—and at last took to weeping. What was the House to do? Adjourn for two days, and consider what to do! On the second day, which was Wednesday, Speaker Finch signi-

fied that by his Majesty's command they were again adjourned till Monday next. On Monday next, Speaker Finch, still recusant, would not put the former nor indeed any question, having the King's order to adjourn *again* instantly. He refused; was reprimanded, menaced; once more took to weeping; then started up to go his ways. But young Mr. Holles, Denzil Holles, the Earl of Clare's second son, he and certain other honourable members were prepared for that movement: they seized Speaker Finch, set him down in his chair, and by main force held him there! A scene of such agitation as was never seen in Parliament before. 'The House was much troubled.' "Let him go!" cried certain Privy Councillors, Majesty's Ministers as we should now call them, who in those days sat in front of the Speaker; "Let Mr. Speaker go!" cried they imploringly.—"No!" answered Holles; "God's wounds, he shall sit there till it please the House to rise!" The House, in a decisive though almost distracted manner, with their Speaker thus held down for them, locked their doors; redacted Three emphatic Resolutions, their Protest against Arminianism, against Papistry, against illegal Tonnage and Poundage; and passed the same by acclamation; letting no man out, refusing to let even the King's Usher in; then swiftly vanishing so soon as the resolutions were passed, for they understood the Soldiery was coming.[1] For which surprising procedure, vindicated by Necessity the mother of Invention and Supreme of Lawgivers, certain honourable gentlemen, Denzil Holles, Sir John Eliot, William Strode, John Selden, and others less known to us, suffered fine, imprisonment and much legal tribulation: nay Sir John Eliot, refusing to submit, was kept in the Tower till he died.

This scene fell out on Monday 2d of March 1629. Directly on the back of which, we conclude, Mr. Cromwell quitted Town for Huntingdon again;—told Dr. Beard also that he was not wanted now; that he might at leisure go on with his *Theatre of God's Judgments* now.[2] His Majesty dissolved the Parliament by Proclamation; saying something about 'vipers' that had been there.

It was the last Parliament in England for above eleven years. The King had taken his course. The King went on raising supplies without Parliamentary law, by all conceivable devices; of which Shipmoney may be considered the most original, and sale of Monopolies the most universal. The monopoly of 'soap' itself was very grievous to men.[3] Your soap was dear, and it would not

[1] Rushworth, i. 667–9.

[2] Third Edition, 'increased with many new examples,' in 1631.

[3] See many old Pamphlets.

wash, but only blister. The ceremonial Bishops, Bishop or Archbishop Laud now chief of them,—they, on their side, went on diligently hunting out 'Lecturers,' erecting 'altars in the east-end of churches;' charging all clergymen to have, in good repair and order, 'Four surplices at Allhallowtide.'[1] Vexations spiritual and fiscal, beyond what we can well fancy now, afflicted the souls of men. The English Nation was patient; it endured in silence, with prayer that God in justice and mercy would look upon it. The King of England with his chief-priests was going one way; the Nation of England by eternal laws was going another: the split became too wide for healing. Oliver and others seemed now to have done with Parliaments; a royal Proclamation forbade them so much as to speak of such a thing.

1630.

In the 'new charter' granted to the Corporation of Huntingdon, and dated 8th July 1630, Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, Thomas Beard, D.D., his old Schoolmaster, and Robert Barnard, Esquire, of whom also we may hear again, are named Justices of the Peace for that Borough.[2] I suppose there was nothing new in this nomination; a mere confirming and continuing of what had already been. But the smallest authentic fact, any undoubted date or circumstance regarding Oliver and his affairs, is to be eagerly laid hold of.

1631.

In or soon after 1631, as we laboriously infer from the imbroglio records of poor Noble, Oliver decided on an enlarged sphere of action as a Farmer; sold his properties in Huntingdon, all or some of them; rented certain grazing-lands at St. Ives, five miles down the River, eastward of his native place, and removed thither. The Deed of Sale is dated 7th May 1631;[3] the properties are specified as in the possession of himself or his Mother; the sum they yielded was 1800*l.* With this sum Oliver stocked his Grazing-Farm at St. Ives. The Mother, we infer, continued to reside at Huntingdon, but withdrawn now from active occupation, into the retirement befitting a widow advanced in years. There is even some gleam of evidence to that effect: her properties are sold; but Oliver's children born to him at St. Ives are still christened at Huntingdon, in the Church he was used to; which may mean also that their good Grandmother was still there.

Properly this was no change in Oliver's old activities; it was an

[1] Laud's Diary, in Wharton's Laud. [2] Noble, i. 102. [3] Ibid. i. 103-4.

enlargement of the sphere of them. His Mother still at Huntingdon, within few miles of him, he could still superintend and protect her existence there, while managing his new operations at St. Ives. He continued here till the summer or spring of 1636.[1] A studious imagination may sufficiently construct the figure of his equable life in those years. Diligent grass-farming; mowing, milking, cattle-marketing: add 'hypochondria,' fits of the blackness of darkness, with glances of the brightness of very Heaven; prayer, religious reading and meditation; household epochs, joys and cares:—we have a solid substantial inoffensive Farmer of St. Ives, hoping to walk with integrity and humble devout diligence through this world; and, by his Maker's infinite mercy, to escape destruction, and find eternal salvation, in wider Divine Worlds. This latter, this is the grand clause in his Life, which dwarfs all other clauses. Much wider destinies than he anticipated were appointed him on Earth; but that, in comparison to the alternative of Heaven or Hell to all Eternity, was a mighty small matter.

The lands he rented are still there, recognisable to the Tourist; gross boggy lands, fringed with willow-trees, at the east end of the small Town of St. Ives, which is still noted as a cattle-market in those parts. The 'Cromwell Barn,' the pretended 'House of Cromwell,' the &c. &c. are, as is usual in these cases, when you come to try them by the documents, a mere jumble of incredibilities, and oblivious human platitudes, distressing to the mind.

But a Letter, one Letter signed Oliver Cromwell and dated St. Ives, does remain, still legible and undubitable to us. What more is to be said on St. Ives and the adjacent matters will best arrange itself round that Document. One or two entries here, and we arrive at that, and bring these imperfect Introductory Chronicles to a close.

1632.

In January of this year Oliver's seventh child was born to him; a boy, James; who died the day after baptism. There remained six children, of whom one other died young; it is not known at what date. Here subjoined is the List of them, and of those subsequently born; in a Note, elaborated, as before, from the imbroglios of Noble.[2]

[1] Noble, i. 106.

[2] OLIVER CROMWELL'S CHILDREN.

(Married to Elizabeth Bourchier, 22d August 1620.)

1. *Robert*; baptised 13th October 1621. Named for his Grandfather. No farther account of him (except, now, *supra*, p. 52 n.); he died before ripe years.

2. Oliver; baptised 6th February 1622-3; went to Felsted School. 'Captain in Har-

This same year, William Prynne first began to make a noise in England. A learned young gentleman 'from Swainswick, near Bath,' graduate of Oxford, now 'an Outer Barrister of Lincoln's Inn:' well read in English Law, and full of zeal for Gospel Doctrine and Morality. He, struck by certain flagrant scandals of the time, especially by that of Play-acting and Masking, saw good, this year, to set forth his *Histriomastix*, or Player's Scourge; a Book still extant, but never more to be read by mortal. For which Mr. William Prynne himself, before long, paid rather dear. The Book was licensed by old Archbishop Abbot, a man of Puritan tendencies, but now verging towards his end. Peter Heylin, 'lying Peter' as men sometimes call him, was already with hawk's eye and the intensest interest reading this now unreadable Book, and, by Laud's direction, taking excerpts from the same.—

rison's Regiment,'—no. At Peterborough in 1643 (Noble, i. 133–4). He died, or was killed during the War; date and place not yet discoverable. Noble says it was at Appleby; referring to Whitlocke. Whitlocke (p. 318 of 1st edition, 322 of 2d), on ransacking the old Pamphlets, turns out to be indisputably in error. The Protector on his death-bed alludes to this Oliver's death: "It went to my heart like a dagger, indeed it did."

3. Bridget; baptised 4th August 1624. Married to Ireton, 15th June 1646 (Noble, i. 134, is twice in error); widow, 26th November 1651. Married to Fleetwood (exact date, after long search, remains undiscovered: Noble, ii. 355, says 'before' June 1652,—at random seemingly). Died at Stoke Newington, near London, September 1681.

4. Richard; born 4th October 1626. At Felsted School. 'In Lincoln's Inn, 27th May 1647:' an error? Married, in 1649, Richard Mayor's daughter, of Hursley, Hants. First in Parliament, 1654. Protector, 1658. Dies, poor idle Triviality, at Cheshunt, 12th July 1712.

5. Henry; baptised at All-Saints (the rest are at St. John's), Huntingdon, 20th January 1627–8. Felsted School. In the army at sixteen. Captain, under Harrison I think, in 1647. Colonel in 1649, and in Ireland with his Father. Lord Deputy there in 1657. In 1660 retired to Spinney Abbey, 'near Soham,' nearer Wicken, in Cambridgeshire. Foolish story of Charles II. and the 'stable-fork' there (Noble, i. 212). Died 23d March 1673–4; buried in Wicken Church. A brave man and true: had *he* been named Protector, there had, most likely, been quite another History of England to write, at present!

6. Elizabeth; baptised 2d July 1629. Mrs. Claypole, 1645–6. Died at 3 in the morning, Hampton Court, 6th August 1658,—four weeks before her Father. A graceful, brave and amiable woman. The lamentation about Dr. Hewit and 'blood-shed' (in Clarendon and others) in fudge.

At St. Ives and Ely:

7. *James;* baptised 8th January 1631–2; died next day.

8. Mary; baptised (at Huntingdon still) 9th February 1636–7. Lady Fauconberg, 18th November 1657. Dean Swift knew her: 'handsome and like her Father.' (Journal to Stella, '13th Nov. 1710.') Died 14th March 1712 (1712–13? is not decided in Noble). Richard died within a few months of her.

9. Frances; baptised (at Ely now) 6th December 1638. 'Charles II. was for marrying her;' not improbable. Married Mr. Rich, Earl of Warwick's grandson, 11th November 1657: he died in three months, 16th February 1657–8. No child by Rich. Married 2d John Russel,—the Chequers Russels. Died 27th January 1719–20.

In all, 5 sons and 4 daughters; of whom 3 sons and all the daughters came to maturity.

The Protector's Widow died at Norborough, her son-in-law Claypole's place (now ruined, patched into a farmhouse; near Market-Deeping; it is itself in Northamptonshire), 8th October 1672.

It carries our thought to extensive world-transactions over sea, to reflect that in the end of this same year, '6th November 1632,' the great Gustavus died on the field of Lützen; fighting against Wallenstein; victorious for the last time. While Oliver Cromwell walked peacefully intent on cattle-husbandry, that winter-day, on the grassy banks of the Ouse at St. Ives, Gustavus Adolphus, shot through the back, was sinking from his horse in the battle-storm far off, with these words: "*Ich habe genug Bruder; rette Dich.* Brother, I have got enough; save thyself."[1]

On the 19th of the same month, November 1632, died likewise Frederick Elector Palatine, titular King of Bohemia, husband of King Charles's Sister, and father of certain Princes, Rupert and others, who came to be well known in our History. Elizabeth, the Widow, was left with a large family of them in Holland, very bare of money, of resource, or immediate hope; but conducted herself, as she had all along done, in a way that gained much respect. '*Alles für Ruhm und Ihr*, All for Glory and Her,' were the words Duke Bernhard of Weimar carried on his Flag, through many battles in that Thirty-Years War. She was of Puritan tendency; understood to care little about the Four surplices at Allhallowtide, and much for the root of the matter.

Attorney-General Noy, in these months, was busy tearing up the unfortunate old manufacturers of soap; tormenting mankind very much about soap.[2] He tore them up irresistibly, reduced them to total ruin; good soap became unattainable.

1633.

In May 1633, the second year of Oliver's residence in this new Farm, the King's Majesty, with train enough, passed through Huntingdonshire, on his way to Scotland to be crowned. The loud rustle of him disturbing, for a day, the summer husbandries and operations of mankind. His ostensible business was to be crowned; but his intrinsic errand was, what his Father's formerly had been, to get his Pretended-Bishops set on foot there; his *Tulchans* converted into real Calves;—in which, as we shall see, he succeeded still worse than his Father had done. Dr. Laud, Bishop Laud, now near upon Archbishophood, attended his Majesty thither as formerly; still found 'no religion' there, but trusted now to introduce one. The Chapel at Holyrood-house was fitted up with every equipment textile and metallic; and little Bishop Laud in person 'performed the service,' in a way to illu-

[1] Schiller, Geschichte des 3ojahrigen Krieges.
[2] Rushworth, ii. 135, 252, &c.

minate the benighted natives, as was hoped,—show them how an Artist could do it. He had also some dreadful travelling through certain of the savage districts of that country.

Crossing Huntingdonshire, on this occasion, in his way Northward, his Majesty had visited the Establishment of Nicholas Ferrar at Little Gidding, on the western border of that county.[1] A surprising Establishment, now in full flower; wherein above fourscore persons, including domestics, with Ferrar and his Brother and aged Mother at the head of them, had devoted themselves to a kind of Protestant Monachism, and were getting much talked of in those times. They followed celibacy, and merely religious duties; employed themselves in 'binding of Prayer-books,' embroidering of hassocks, in alms-giving also, and what charitable work was possible in that desert region; above all, they kept up, night and day, a continual repetition of the English liturgy; being divided into relays and watches, one watch relieving another as on shipboard; and never allowing at any hour the sacred fire to go out. This also, as a feature of the times, the modern reader is to meditate. In Izaac Walton's *Lives* there is some drowsy notice of these people, not unknown to the modern reader. A far livelier notice; record of an actual visit to the place, by an Anonymous Person, seemingly a religious Lawyer, perhaps returning from Circuit in that direction, at all events a most sharp distinct man, through whose clear eyes we also can still look;—is preserved by Hearne in very unexpected neighbourhood.[2] The Anonymous Person, after some survey and communing, suggested to Nicholas Ferrar, "Perhaps he had but *assumed* all this ritual mummery, in order to get a devout life led peaceably in these bad times?" Nicholas, a dark man, who had acquired something of the Jesuit in his Foreign travels, looked at him ambiguously, and said, "I perceive you are a person who know the world!" They did not ask the Anonymous Person to stay dinner, which he considered would have been agreeable.——

Note these other things, with which we are more immediately concerned. In this same year the Feoffees, with their Purchase of Advowsons, with their Lecturers and Running Lecturers, were fairly rooted out, and flung prostrate into total ruin; Laud having set Attorney-General Noy upon them, and brought them into the Starchamber. 'God forgive *them*,' writes Bishop Laud, 'and grant

[1] Rushworth, ii. 178.

[2] Thomæ Caii Vindiciæ Antiquitatis Academiæ Oxoniensis (Oxf. 1730), ii. 702–794. There are two Lives of Ferrar; considerable writings about him; but, except this, nothing that much deserves to be read.

me patience!'—on hearing that they spake harshly of him; not gratefully, but ungratefully, for all this trouble he took! In the same year, by procurement of the same zealous Bishop hounding-on the same invincible Attorney-General, William Prynne, our unreadable friend, Peter Heylin having read him, was brought to the Starchamber; to the Pillory, and had his ears cropt off, for the first time;—who also, strange as it may look, manifested no gratitude, but the contrary, for all that trouble![1]

1634.

In the end of this the third year of Oliver's abode at St. Ives, came out the celebrated Writ of Shipmoney. It was the last feat of Attorney-General Noy: a morose, amorphous, cynical Law-Pedant, and invincible living heap of learned rubbish; once a Patriot in Parliament, till they made him Attorney-General, and enlightened his eyes: who had fished-up from the dust-abysses this and other old shadows of 'precedents,' promising to be of great use in the present distressed state of the Finance Department. Parliament being in abeyance, how to raise money was now the grand problem. Noy himself was dead before the Writ came out; a very mixed renown following him. The Vintners, says Wood, illuminated at his death, made bonfires, and 'drank lusty carouses:' to them, as to every man, he had been a sore affliction. His heart, on dissection, adds old Anthony, was found 'all shrivelled up like a leather penny-purse;' which gave rise to comments among the Puritans.[2] His brain, said the pasquinades of the day, was found reduced to a mass of dust, his heart was a bundle of old sheep-skin writs, and his belly consisted of a barrel of soap.[3] Some indistinct memory of him still survives, as of a grisly Law Pluto, and dark Law Monster, kind of Infernal King, Chief Enchanter in the Domdaniel of Attorneys; one of those frightful men, who, as his contemporaries passionately said and repeated, dare to 'decree injustice *by a law*.'

The Shipmoney Writ has come out, then; and Cousin Hampden has decided not to pay it!—As the date of Oliver's St. Ives Letter is 1635-6, and we are now come in sight of that, we will here close our Chronology.

[1] Rushworth; Wharton's Laud.

[2] Wood's Athenæ (Bliss's edition, London, 1815), ii. 583.

[3] Rushworth.

CHAPTER V.

OF OLIVER'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

LETTERS and authentic Utterances of Oliver lie scattered, in print and manuscript, in a hundred repositories, in all varieties of condition and environment. Most of them, all the important of them, have already long since been printed and again printed; but we cannot in general say, ever read: too often it is apparent that the very editor of these poor utterances had, if reading mean understanding, never *read* them. They stand in their old spelling; mispunctuated, misprinted, unelucidated, unintelligible,—defaced with the dark incrustations too well known to students of that Period. The Speeches above all, as hitherto set forth in *The Somers Tracts*, in *The Milton State-Papers*, in *Burton's Diary*, and other such Books, excel human belief: certainly no such agglomerate of opaque confusions, printed and reprinted; of darkness on the back of darkness, thick and threefold; is known to me elsewhere in the history of things spoken or printed by human creatures. Of these Speeches, all except one, which was published by authority at the time, I have to believe myself, not very exultingly, to be the first actual reader for nearly two Centuries past.

Nevertheless these Documents do exist, authentic though defaced; and invite everyone who would know that Period, to study them till they become intelligible again. The words of Oliver Cromwell,—the meaning *they* had, must be worth recovering, in that point of view. To collect these Letters and authentic Utterances, as one's reading yielded them, was a comparatively grateful labour; to correct them, elucidate and make them legible again, was a good historical study. Surely 'a wise memory' would wish to preserve among men the written and spoken words of such a man;—and as for the 'wise oblivion,' that is already, by Time and Accident, done to our hand. Enough is already lost and destroyed; we need not, in this particular case, omit farther.

Accordingly, whatever words authentically proceeding from Oliver himself I could anywhere find yet surviving, I have here gathered; and will now, with such minimum of annotation as may suit that object, offer them to the reader. That is the purport of this Book. I have ventured to believe that, to certain patient earnest readers, these old dim Letters of a noble English Man might, as they had done to myself, become dimly legible again; might dimly present, better than all other evidence, the noble figure of

the Man himself again. Certainly there is Historical instruction in these Letters:—Historical, and perhaps other and better. At least, it is with Heroes and god-inspired men that I, for my part, would far rather converse, in what dialect soever they speak! Great, ever fruitful; profitable for reproof, for encouragement, for building-up in manful purposes and works, are the words of those that in their day were men. I will advise serious persons, interested in England past or present, to try if they can read a little in these Letters of Oliver Cromwell, a man once deeply interested in the same object. Heavy as it is, and dim and obsolete, there may be worse reading, for such persons in our time.

For the rest, if each Letter look dim, and have little light, after all study;—yet let the Historical reader reflect, such light as it has cannot be disputed at all. These words, expository of that day and hour, Oliver Cromwell did see fittest to be written down. The Letter hangs there in the dark abysses of the Past: if like a star almost extinct, yet like a real star; fixed; about which there is no cavilling possible. That autograph Letter, it was once all luminous as a burning beacon, every word of it a live coal, in its time; it was once a piece of the general fire and light of Human Life, that Letter! Neither is it yet entirely extinct: well read, there is still in it light enough to exhibit its own *self;* nay to diffuse a faint authentic twilight some distance round it. Heaped embers which in the daylight looked black, may still look *red* in the utter darkness. These Letters of Oliver will convince any man that the Past did exist! By degrees the combined small twilights may produce a kind of general feeble twilight, rendering the Past credible, the Ghosts of the Past in some glimpses of them visible! Such is the effect of contemporary letters always; and I can very confidently recommend Oliver's as good of their kind. A man intent to force for himself some path through that gloomy chaos called History of the Seventeenth Century, and to look face to face upon the same, may perhaps try it by this method as hopefully as by another. Here is an irregular row of beacon-fires, once all luminous as suns; and with a certain inextinguishable erubescence still, in the abysses of the dead deep Night. Let us look here. In shadowy outlines, in dimmer and dimmer crowding forms, the very figure of the old dead Time itself may perhaps be faintly discernible here!—

I called these Letters good,—but withal only good of their kind. No eloquence, elegance, not always even clearness of expression, is to be looked for in them. They are written with far other than literary aims; written, most of them, in the very flame and con-

flagration of a revolutionary struggle, and with an eye to the despatch of indispensable pressing business alone: but it will be found, I conceive, that for such end they are well written. Superfluity, as if by a natural law of the case, the writer has had to discard; whatsoever quality *can* be dispensed with is indifferent to him. With unwieldy movement, yet with a great solid step he presses through, towards his object; has marked out very decisively what the real steps towards it are; discriminating well the essential from the extraneous;—forming to himself, in short, a true, not an untrue picture of the business that is to be done. There is, in these Letters, as I have said above, a *silence* still more significant of Oliver to us than any speech they have. Dimly we discover features of an Intelligence, and Soul of a Man, greater than any speech. The Intelligence that can, with full satisfaction to itself, come out in eloquent speaking, in musical singing, is, after all, a small intelligence. He that works and *does* some Poem, not he that merely *says* one, is worthy of the name of Poet. Cromwell, emblem of the dumb English, is interesting to me by the very inadequacy of his speech. Heroic insight, valour and belief, without words,—how noble is it in comparison to the adroitest flow of words without heroic insight!—

I have corrected the spelling of these Letters; I have punctuated, and divided them into paragraphs, in the modern manner. The Originals, so far as I have seen such, have in general no paragraphs: if the Letter is short, it is usually found written on the first leaf of the sheet; often with the conclusion, or some postscript, subjoined crosswise on the margin,—indicating that there was no blotting-paper in those days; that the hasty writer was loath to turn the leaf. Oliver's spelling and pointing are of the sort common to educated persons in his time; and readers that so wish, may have specimens of him in abundance, and of all due dimness, in many printed Books: but to us, intent here to have the Letters read and understood, it seemed very proper at once and altogether to get rid of that encumbrance. Would that the rest were all as easily got rid of! Here and there, to bring out the struggling sense, I have added or rectified a word,—but taken care to point out the same; what words in the Text of the Letters are mine, the reader will find marked off by single commas: it was of course my supreme duty to avoid altering, in any respect, not only the sense, but the smallest feature in the physiognomy, of the Original. And so, 'a minimum of annotation' having been added, what minimum would serve the purpose,—here are the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell;* of which the reader, with

my best wishes, but not with any very high immediate hope of mine in that particular, is to make what he can.

Surely it is far enough from probable that these Letters of Cromwell, written originally for quite other objects, and selected not by the Genius of History, but by blind Accident which has saved them hitherto and destroyed the rest,—can illuminate for a modern man this Period of our Annals, which for all moderns, we may say, has become a gulf of bottomless darkness! Not so easily will the modern man domesticate himself in a scene of things every way so foreign to him. Nor could any measurable exposition of mine, on this present occasion, do much to illuminate the dead dark world of the Seventeenth Century, into which the reader is about to enter. He will gradually get to understand, as I have said, that the Seventeenth Century did exist; that it was not a waste rubbish-continent of Rushworth-Nalson State-papers, of Philosophical Scepticisms, Dilettantisms, Dryasdust Torpedoisms;—but an actual flesh-and-blood Fact; with colour in its cheeks, with awful august heroic thoughts in its heart, and at last with steel sword in its hand! Theoretically this is a most small postulate, conceded at once by everybody; but practically it is a very large one, seldom or never conceded; the due practical conceding of it amounts to much, indeed to the sure promise of all.—I will venture to give the reader two little pieces of advice, which, if his experience resemble mine, may prove furthersome to him in this inquiry: they include the essence of all that I have discovered respecting it.

The first is, By no means to credit the wide-spread report that these Seventeenth-Century Puritans were superstitious crack-brained persons; given up to enthusiasm, the most part of them; the minor ruling part being cunning men, who knew how to assume the dialect of the others, and thereby, as skilful Macchiavels, to dupe them. This is a wide-spread report; but an untrue one. I advise my reader to try precisely the opposite hypothesis. To consider that his Fathers, who had thought about this world very seriously indeed, and with very considerable thinking faculty indeed, were not quite so far behindhand in their conclusions respecting it. That actually their 'enthusiasms,' if well seen into, were not foolish but wise. That Macchiavelism, Cant, Official Jargon, whereby a man speaks openly what he does *not* mean, were, surprising as it may seem, much rarer then than they have ever since been. Really and truly it may in a manner be said, Cant, Parliamentary and other Jargon, were still to invent in this world. O Heavens, one could weep at the contrast! Cant was

not fashionable at all; that stupendous invention of 'Speech for the purpose of concealing Thought' was not yet made. A man wagging the tongue of him, as if it were the clapper of a bell to be rung for economic purposes, and not so much as attempting to convey any inner thought, if thought he have, of the matter talked of,—would at that date have awakened all the horror in men's minds, which at all dates, and at this date too, is due to him. The accursed thing! No man as yet dared to do it; all men believing that God would judge them. In the History of the Civil War far and wide, I have not fallen-in with one such phenomenon. Even Archbishop Laud and Peter Heylin meant what they say; through their words you do look direct into the scraggy conviction they have formed:—or if 'lying Peter' do lie, he at least *knows* that he is lying! Lord Clarendon, a man of sufficient unveracity of heart, to whom indeed whatsoever has direct veracity of heart is more or less horrible, speaks always in official language; a clothed, nay sometimes even *quilted* dialect, yet always with some considerable body in the heart of it, never with none! The use of the human tongue was then other than it now is. I counsel the reader to leave all that of Cant, Dupery, Macchiavelism, and so forth, decisively lying at the threshold. He will be wise to believe that these Puritans do mean what they say, and to try unimpeded if he can discover what that is. Gradually a very stupendous phenomenon may rise on his astonished eye. A practical world based on Belief in God;—such as many centuries had seen before, but as never any century since has been privileged to see. It was the last glimpse of it in our world, this of English Puritanism: very great, very glorious; tragical enough to all thinking hearts that look on it from these days of ours.

My second advice is, Not to imagine that it was Constitution, 'Liberty of the people to tax themselves,' Privilege of Parliament, Triennial or Annual Parliaments, or any modification of these sublime Privileges now waxing somewhat faint in our admirations, that mainly animated our Cromwells, Pyms, and Hampdens to the heroic efforts we still admire in retrospect. Not these very measurable 'Privileges,' but a far other and deeper, which could not be measured; of which these, and all grand social improvements whatsoever, are the corollary. Our ancient Puritan Reformers were, as all Reformers that will ever much benefit this Earth are always, inspired by a Heavenly Purpose. To see God's own Law, then universally acknowledged for complete as it stood in the holy Written Book, made good in this world; to see this, or the true unwearied aim and struggle towards this: it was a

thing worth living for and dying for! Eternal Justice; that God's Will *be* done on Earth as it is in Heaven: corollaries enough will flow from that, if that be there; if that be not there, no corollary good for much will flow. It was the general spirit of England in the Seventeenth Century. In other somewhat sadly disfigured form we have seen the same immortal hope take practical shape in the French Revolution, and once more astonish the world. That England should all become a Church, if you like to name it so: a Church presided over not by sham-priests in 'Four surplices at All-hallowtide,' but by true god-consecrated ones, whose hearts the Most High had touched and hallowed with his fire:—this was the prayer of many, it was the godlike hope and effort of some.

Our modern methods of Reform differ somewhat,—as indeed the issue testifies. I will advise my reader to forget the modern methods of Reform; not to remember that he has ever heard of a modern individual called by the name of Reformer, if he would understand what the old meaning of the word was. The Cromwells, Pyms, Hampdens, who were understood on the Royalist side to be firebrands of the Devil, have had still worse measure from the Dryasdust Philosophies, and sceptical Histories, of later times. They really did resemble firebrands of the Devil, if you looked at them through spectacles of a certain colour. For fire is always fire. But by no spectacles, only by mere blinders and *wooden-eyed* spectacles, can the flame-girt Heaven's-messenger pass for a poor mouldy Pedant and Constitution-monger, such as this would make him out to be!

On the whole, say not, good reader, as is often done, "It was then all one as now." Good reader, it was considerably different then from now. Men indolently say, "The Ages are all alike; ever the same sorry elements over again, in new vesture; the issue of it always a melancholy farce-tragedy, in one Age as in another!" Wherein lies very obviously a truth; but also in secret a very sad error withal. Sure enough, the highest Life touches always, by large sections of it, on the vulgar and universal: he that expects to see a Hero, or a Heroic Age, step forth into practice in yellow Drury-lane stage-boots, and speak in blank verse for itself, will look long in vain. Sure enough, in the Heroic Century as in the Unheroic, knaves and cowards, and cunning greedy persons were not wanting,—were, if you will, extremely abundant. But the question always remains, Did they lie chained, subordinate in this world's business; coerced by steel-whips, or in whatever other effectual way, and sent whimpering into their due subterranean abodes, to beat hemp and repent; a true never-ending attempt

going on to handcuff, to silence and suppress them? Or did they walk openly abroad, the envy of a general valet-population, and bear sway; professing, without universal anathema, almost with general assent, that they were the Orthodox Party, that they, even they, were such men as you had right to look for?—

Reader, the Ages differ greatly, even infinitely, from one another. Considerable tracts of Ages there have been, by far the majority indeed, wherein the men, unfortunate mortals, were a set of mimetic creatures rather than men; without heart-insight as to this Universe, and its Heights and Abysses: without conviction or belief of their own regarding it, at all;—who walked merely by hearsays, traditionary cants, black and white surplices, and inane confusions;—whose whole Existence accordingly was a grimace; nothing *original* in it, nothing genuine or sincere but this only, Their greediness of appetite and their faculty of digestion. Such unhappy Ages, too numerous here below, the Genius of Mankind indignantly seizes, as disgraceful to the Family, and with Rhadamanthine ruthlessness—annihilates; tumbles large masses of them swiftly into Eternal Night. These are the Unheroic Ages; which cannot serve, on the general field of Existence, except as *dust*, as inorganic manure. The memory of such Ages fades away forever out of the minds of all men. Why should any memory of *them* continue? The fashion of them has passed away; and as for genuine substance, they never had any. To no heart of a man any more can these Ages become lovely. What melodious loving heart will search into *their* records, will sing of them, or celebrate them? Even torpid Dryasdust is forced to give over at last, all creatures declining to hear him on that subject; whereupon ensues composure and silence, and Oblivion has her own.

Good reader, if you be wise, search not for the secret of Heroic Ages, which have done great things in this Earth, among their falsities, their greedy quackeries and *un*heroisms! It never lies and never will lie there. Knaves and quacks,—alas, we know they abounded: but the Age was Heroic even because it had declared war to the death with these, and would have neither truce nor treaty with these; and went forth, flame-crowned, as with bared sword, and called the Most High to witness that it would not endure these!——But now for the Letters of Cromwell themselves.

PART FIRST.

TO THE BEGINNING OF THE CIVIL WAR.

1636–1642.

LETTER I.

St. Ives, a small Town of perhaps fifteen hundred souls, stands on the left or Northeastern bank of the River Ouse, in flat grassy country, and is still noted as a Cattle-market in those parts. Its chief historical fame is likely to rest on the following one remaining Letter of Cromwell's, written there on the 11th of January 1635-6.

The little Town, of somewhat dingy aspect, and very quiescent except on market-days, runs from Northwest to Southeast, parallel to the shore of the Ouse, a short furlong in length: it probably, in Cromwell's time, consisted mainly of a *row* of houses fronting the River; the now opposite row, which has its back to the river, and still is shorter than the other, still defective at the upper end, was probably built since. In that case, the locality we hear of as the 'Green' of St. Ives would then be the space which is now covered mainly with cattle-pens for market-business, and forms the middle of the *street*. A narrow steep old Bridge, probably the same which Cromwell travelled, leads you over, westward, towards Godmanchester, where you again cross the Ouse, and get into Huntingdon. Eastward out of St. Ives, your route is towards Earith, Ely and the heart of the Fens.

At the upper or Northwestern extremity of the place stands the Church; Cromwell's old fields being at the opposite extremity. The Church from its Churchyard looks down into the very River, which is fenced from it by a brick wall. The Ouse flows here, you cannot without study tell in which direction, fringed with gross reedy herbage and bushes; and is of the blackness of Acheron, streaked with foul metallic glitterings and plays of colour. For

a short space downwards here, the banks of it are fully visible; the western row of houses being somewhat the shorter, as already hinted: instead of houses here, you have a rough wooden balustrade, and the black Acheron of an Ouse River used as a washing-place or watering-place for cattle. The old Church, suitable for such a population, stands yet as it did in Cromwell's time, except perhaps the steeple and pews; the flagstones in the interior are worn deep with the pacing of many generations. The steeple is visible from several miles distance; a sharp high spire, piercing far up from amid the willow-trees. The country hereabouts has all a clammy look, clayey and boggy; the produce of it, whether bushes and trees, or grass and crops, gives you the notion of something lazy, dropsical, gross.—This is St. Ives, a most ancient Cattle-market by the shores of the sable Ouse, on the edge of the Fen-country; where, among other things that happened, Oliver Cromwell passed five years of his existence as a Farmer and Grazier. Who the primitive *Ives* himself was, remains problematic; Camden says he was 'Ivo a Persian;'—surely far out of his road here! From him however, Phantasm as he is (being indeed Nothing,—except an ancient 'stone-coffin,' with bones, and tatters of 'bright cloth' in it, accidentally ploughed up in this spot, and acted on by opaque human wonder, miraculous 'dreams,' and the 'Abbot of Ramsey'),[1] Church and Village indisputably took rise and name; about the Year 1000 or later;—and have stood ever since; being founded on Cattle-dealing and the firm Earth withal. Ives or Yves, the worthy Frenchman, Bishop of Chartres in the time of our Henry Beauclerk; neither he nor the other French Yves, Patron Saint of Attorneys, have anything to do with this locality; but miraculous 'Ivo the Persian Bishop' and that anonymous stone-coffin alone.—

Oliver, as we observed, has left hardly any memorial of himself at St. Ives. The ground he farmed is still partly capable of being specified, certain records or leases being still in existence. It lies at the lower or Southeast end of the Town; a stagnant flat tract of land, extending between the houses or rather kitchen-gardens of St. Ives in that quarter, and the banks of the River, which, very tortuous always, has made a new bend here. If well drained, this land looks as if it would produce abundant grass, but naturally it must be little other than a bog. Tall bushy ranges of willow-trees and the like, at present, divide it into fields; the River, not visible till you are close on it, bounding them all to the South.

[1] His Legend (De Beato Yvone, Episcopo Persâ), with due details, in Bollandus, Acta Sanctorum, Junii, tom. ii. (Venetiis, 1742), pp. 288–92.

At the top of the fields next to the Town is an ancient massive Barn, still used as such; the people call it 'Cromwell's Barn:'—and nobody can prove that it was not his! It was evidently some ancient man's or series of ancient men's.

Quitting St. Ives Fen-ward or Eastward, the last house of all, which stands on your right hand among gardens, seemingly the best house in the place, and called Slepe Hall, is confidently pointed out as 'Oliver's House.' It is indisputably Slepe-Hall House, and Oliver's Farm was rented from the estate of Slepe Hall. It is at present used for a Boarding-school: the worthy inhabitants believe it to be Oliver's; and even point out his 'Chapel' or secret Puritan Sermon-room in the lower story of the house: no Sermon-room, as you may well discern, but to appearance some sort of scullery or wash-house or bake-house. "It was here he used to preach," say they. Courtesy forbids you to answer, "Never!" But in fact there is no likelihood that this was Oliver's House at all: in its present state it does not seem to be a century old; and[1] originally, as is like, it must have served as residence to the Proprietors of Slepe-Hall estate, not to the Farmer of a part thereof. Tradition makes a sad blur of Oliver's memory in his native country! We know, and shall know, only this, for certain here, That Oliver farmed part or whole of these Slepe-Hall Lands, over which the human feet can still walk with assurance; past which the River Ouse still slumberously rolls, towards Earith Bulwark and the Fen-country. Here of a certainty Oliver did walk and look about him habitually, during those five years from 1631 to 1636; a man studious of many temporal and many eternal things. His cattle grazed here, his ploughs tilled here, the heavenly skies and infernal abysses overarched and underarched him here.

In fact there is, as it were, nothing whatever that still decisively to every eye attests his existence at St. Ives, except the following old Letter, accidentally preserved among the Harley Manuscripts in the British Museum. Noble, writing in 1787, says the old branding-irons, 'O. C.,' for marking sheep, were still used by some Farmer there; but these also, many years ago, are gone. In the Parish-Records of St. Ives, Oliver appears twice among some other ten or twelve respectable rate-payers; appointing, in 1633 and 1634, for 'St. Ives cum Slepa' fit annual overseers for the 'Highway and Green:'—one of the Oliver signatures is now cut out. Fifty years ago, a vague old Parish-clerk had heard from very vague old persons, that Mr. Cromwell had been seen attend-

[1] Noble, i. 102, 106.

ing divine service in the Church with 'a piece of red flannel round his neck, being subject to inflammation."[1] Certain letters 'written in a very kind style from Oliver Lord Protector to persons in St. Ives,' do not now exist; probably never did. Swords 'bearing the initials of O. C.,' swords sent down in the beginning of 1642, when War was now imminent, and weapons were yet scarce,—do any such still exist? Noble says they were numerous in 1787; but nobody is bound to believe him. Walker[2] testifies that the Vicar of St. Ives, Rev. Henry Downhall, was ejected with his curate in 1642; an act which Cromwell could have hindered, had he been willing to testify that they were fit clergymen. Alas, had he been able! He attended them in red flannel, but had not exceedingly rejoiced in them, it would seem.—There is, in short, nothing that renders Cromwell's existence completely visible to us, even through the smallest chink, but this Letter alone, which, copied from the Museum Manuscripts, worthy of Mr. Harris[3] has printed for all people. We slightly rectify the spelling, and reprint.

To my very loving friend Mr. Storie, at the Sign of the Dog in the Royal Exchange London: Deliver these.

St. Ives, 11th January 1635.

Mr. Storie,

Amongst the catalogue of those good works which your fellow-citizens and our countrymen have done, this will not be reckoned for the least, That they have provided for the feeding of souls. Building of hospitals provides for men's bodies; to build material temples is judged a work of piety; but they that procure spiritual food, they that build-up spiritual temples, they are the men truly charitable, truly pious. Such a work as this was your erecting the Lecture in our Country; in the which you placed Dr. Wells, a man of goodness and industry, and ability to do good every way; not short of any I know in England: and I am persuaded that,

[1] See Noble: his confused gleanings and speculations concerning St. Ives are to be found, i. 105-6, and again, i. 258-61.

[2] Sufferings of the Clergy. See also Appendix, No. 1.

[3] Life of Cromwell: a blind farrago, published in 1761, 'after the manner of Mr. Bayle,'—a very bad 'manner,' more especially when a Harris presides over it! Yet poor Harris's Book, his three Books (on Cromwell, Charles and James I.) have worth: cart-loads of Excerpts, carefully transcribed,—and edited, in the way known to us, 'by shoving-up the shafts.' The increasing interest of the subject brought even these to a second edition in 1814.

sithence his coming, the Lord hath by him wrought much good among us.

It only remains now that He who first moved you to this, put you forward in the continuance thereof: it was the Lord; and therefore to Him lift we up our hearts that He would perfect it. And surely, Mr. Storie, it were a piteous thing to see a Lecture fall, in the hands of so many able and godly men, as I am persuaded the founders of this are; in these times, wherein we see they are suppressed, with too much haste and violence, by the enemies of God his Truth. Far be it that so much guilt should stick to your hands, who live in a city so renowned for the clear shining light of the Gospel. You know, Mr. Storie, to withdraw the pay is to let fall the Lecture: for who goeth to warfare at his own cost? I beseech you therefore in the bowels of Jesus Christ, put it forward, and let the good man have his pay. The souls of God's children will bless you for it; and so shall I; and ever rest, your loving Friend in the Lord,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Commend my hearty love to Mr. Busse, Mr. Beadly, and my other good friends. I would have written to Mr. Busse; but I was loath to trouble him with a long letter, and I feared I should not receive an answer from him: from you I expect one so soon as conveniently you may. *Vale.**

Such is Oliver's first extant Letter. The Royal Exchange has been twice burned since this piece of writing was left at the Sign of the Dog there. The Dog Tavern, Dog Landlord, frequenters of the Dog, and all their business and concernment there, and the hardest stone masonry they had, have vanished irrecoverable. Like a dream of the Night; like that transient *Sign* or Effigies of the Talbot *Dog*, plastered on wood with oil pigments, which invited men to liquor and house-room in those days! The personages of Oliver's Letter may well be unknown to us.

Of Mr. Story, strangely enough, we have found one other notice:

* Harris (London, 1814), p. 12. This Letter, for which Harris, in 1761, thanks 'the Trustees of the British Museum,' is not now discoverable in that Establishment; a search of three hours through all the Catalogues, assisted by one of the Clerks, reports itself to me as fruitless. — — Does exist safe, nevertheless (Sloane MSS. no. 2035, f. 125, a venerable brown Autograph); and in the 'new Catalogue' will be better indicated. 'Busse' is by no means 'Bunse,' as some have conjectured. (Note to Third Edition.)

he is amongst the Trustees, pious and wealthy citizens of London for most part, to whom the sale of Bishops' Lands is, by act of Parliament, committed, with many instructions and conditions, on the 9th of October 1646.[1] 'James Story' is one of these; their chief is Alderman Fowke. From Oliver's expression, 'our Country,' it may be inferred or guessed that Story was of Huntingdonshire: a man who had gone up to London, and prospered in trade, and addicted himself to Puritanism;—much of him, it is like will never be known! Of Busse and Beadly (unless Busse be a misprint for Bunse, Alderman Bunce, another of the above 'Trustees'), there remains no vestige.

Concerning the 'Lecture,' however, the reader will recall what was said above, of Lecturers, and of Laud's enmity to them; of the Feoffees who supported Lecturers, and of Laud's final suppression and ruin of those Feoffees in 1633. Mr. Story's name is not mentioned in the List of the specific Feoffees; but it need not be doubted he was a contributor to their fund, and probably a leading man among the subscribers. By the light of this Letter we may dimly gather that they still continued to subscribe, and to forward Lectureships where possible, though now in a less ostentatious manner.

It appears there was a Lecture at Huntingdon: but his Grace of Lambeth, patiently assiduous in hunting down such objects, had managed to get that suppressed in 1633,[2] or at least to get the King's consent for suppressing it. This in 1633. So that 'Mr. Wells' could not, in 1636, as my imbecile friend supposes,[3] be 'the Lecturer in Huntingdon,' wherever else he might lecture. Besides Mr. Wells is not in danger of suppression by Laud, but by want of cash! Where Mr. Wells lectured, no mortal knows, or will ever know. Why not at St. Ives on the market-days? Or he might be a 'Running Lecturer,' not tied to one locality: that is as likely a guess as any.

Whether the call of this Wells Lectureship and Oliver's Letter got due return from Mr. Story we cannot now say; but judge that the Lectureship,—as Laud's star was rapidly on the ascendant, and Mr. Story and the Feoffees had already lost 1,800*l.* by the work, and had a fine in the Starchamber still hanging over their heads,—did in fact come to the ground, and trouble no Archbishop or Market Cattle-dealer with God's Gospel any more. Mr. Wells, like the others, vanishes from History, or nearly so. In the chaos of the King's Pamphlets one seems to discern dimly that he sailed

[1] Scobell's Acts and Ordinances (London, 1658), p. 99.
[2] Wharton's Laud (London, 1695), p. 527. [3] Noble, i. 259.

for New England, and that he returned in better times. Dimly once, in 1641 or 1642, you catch a momentary glimpse of a 'Mr. Wells' in such predicament, and hope it was this Wells,—preaching for a friend, 'in the afternoon,' in a Church in London.[1]

Reverend Mark Noble says, the above Letter is very curious, and a convincing proof how far gone Oliver was, at that time, in religious enthusiasm.[2] Yes, my reverend imbecile friend, he is clearly one of those singular Christian enthusiasts, who believe that they have a soul to be saved, even as you do, my reverend imbecile friend, that you have a stomach to be satisfied,—and who likewise, astonishing to say, actually take some trouble about that. Far gone indeed, my reverend imbecile friend!

This, then, is what we known of Oliver at St. Ives. He wrote the above Letter there. He had sold his Properties in Huntingdon for 1,800*l.*; with the whole or with part of which sum he stocked certain Grazing-Lands on the Estate of Slepe Hall, and farmed the same for a space of some five years. How he lived at St. Ives: how he saluted men on the streets; read Bibles; sold cattle; and walked, with heavy footfall and many thoughts, through the Market Green or old narrow lanes in St. Ives, by the shore of the black Ouse River,—shall be left to the reader's imagination. There is in this man talent for farming; there are thoughts enough, thoughts bounded by the Ouse River, thoughts that go beyond Eternity,—and a great black sea of things that he has never yet been able to *think*.

I count the children he had at this time; and find them six: Four boys and two girls; the eldest a boy of fourteen, the youngest a girl of six; Robert, Oliver, Bridget, Richard, Henry, Elizabeth. Robert and Oliver, I take it, are gone to Felsted School, near Bourchier their Grandfather's in Essex. Sir Thomas Bourchier the worshipful Knight, once of London, lives at Felsted; Sir William Masham, another of the same, lives at Otes hard by, as we shall see.

Cromwell at the time of writing this Letter was, as he himself might partly think probable, about to quit St. Ives. His mother's brother Sir Thomas Steward, Knight, lay sick at Ely in those very days. Sir Thomas makes his will in this same month of January, leaving Oliver his principal heir; and on the 30th it was all over, and he lay in his last home: 'Buried in the Cathedral of Ely, 30 January 1635–6.'

Worth noting, and curious to think of, since it is indisputable: On the very day while Oliver Cromwell was writing this Letter at

[1] Old Pamphlet: Title mislaid and forgotten. [2] Noble, i. 259.

St. Ives, two obscure individuals, 'Peter Aldridge and Thomas Lane, Assessors of Shipmoney,' over in Buckinghamshire, had assembled a Parish Meeting in the Church of Great Kimble, to assess and rate the Shipmoney of the said Parish: there, in the cold weather, at the foot of the Chiltern Hills, '11 January 1635,' the Parish did attend, 'John Hampden, Esquire,' at the head of them, and by a Return still extant,[1] refused to pay the same or any portion thereof,—witness the above 'Assessors,' witness also two 'Parish Constables' whom we remit from such unexpected celebrity. John Hampden's share for this Parish is thirty-one shillings and sixpence; for another Parish it is twenty shillings; on which latter sum, not on the former, John Hampden was tried.

LETTER II.

Oliver removed to Ely very soon after writing the foregoing Letter. There is a 'receipt for 10*l.*' signed by him, dated 'Ely, 10 June 1636;'[2] and other evidence that he was then resident there. He succeeded to his Uncle's Farming of the Tithes; the Leases of these, and new Leases of some other small lands or fields granted him, are still in existence. He continued here till the time of the Long Parliament; and his family still after that, till some unascertained date, seemingly about 1647,[3] when it became apparent that the Long Parliament was not like to rise for a great while yet, and it was judged expedient that the whole household should remove to London. His Mother appears to have joined him in Ely; she quitted Huntingdon, returned to her native place, an aged grandmother,—was not, however, to end her days there.

As Sir Thomas Steward, Oliver's Uncle, farmed the tithes of Ely, it is reasonable to believe that he, and Oliver after him, occupied the house set apart for the Tithe-Farmer there; as Mark Noble, out of dim Tradition, confidently testifies. This is 'the house occupied by Mr. Page;'[4] under which name, much better than under that of Cromwell, the inhabitants of Ely now know it. The House, though somewhat in a frail state, is still standing; close to St. Mary's Churchyard; at the corner of the great Tithe-barn of Ely, or great Square of tithe-barns and offices,—which 'is the biggest barn in England but one,' say the Ely people. Of this

[1] Facsimile Engraving of it in Lord Nugent's Memorials of Hampden (London, 1832), i. 231.
[2] Noble, i. 107.
[3] See Appendix, No. 8, last Letter there. (Note to Third Edition.)
[4] Noble, i. 106.

House, for Oliver's sake, some Painter will yet perhaps take a correct likness :—it is needless to go to Stuntney, out on the Soham road, as Oliver's Painters usually do ; Oliver never lived there, but only his Mother's cousins ! Two years ago this House in Ely stood empty ; closed finally up, deserted by all the Pages, as 'the Commutation of Tithes' had rendered it superfluous : this year (1845), I find it is an Alehouse, with still some chance of standing. It is by no means a sumptuous mansion ; but may have conveniently held a man of three or four hundred a year, with his family, in those simple times. Some quaint air of gentility still looks through its ragged dilapidation. It is of two stories, more properly of one and a half ; has many windows, irregular chimneys and gables. Likely enough Oliver lived here ; likely his Grandfather may have lived here, his Mother have been born here. She was now again resident here. The tomb of her first husband and child, *Johannes Lynne* and poor little *Catharine Lynne*, is in the Cathedral hard by. 'Such are the changes which fleeting Time procureth.'—

The Second extant Letter of Cromwell's is dated Ely, October 1638.[1] It will be good to introduce, as briefly as possible, a few Historical Dates, to remind the reader what o'clock on the Great Horologe it is, while this small Letter is a-writing. Last year in London there had been a very strange spectacle ; and in three weeks after, another in Edinburgh, of still more significance in English History.

On the 30th of June 1637, in Old Palaceyard, three men, gentlemen of education, of good quality, a Barrister, a Physician and a Parish Clergyman of London were set on three Pillories ; stood openly, as the scum of malefactors, for certain hours there ; and then had their ears cut off,—bare knives, hot branding-irons,—and their cheeks stamped 'S. L.,' Seditious Libeller ; in the sight of a great crowd, 'silent' mainly, and looking 'pale.'[2] The men were our old friend William Prynne,—poor Prynne, who had got into new trouble, and here lost his ears a *second* and final time, having had them 'sewed on again' before : William Prynne, Barrister ; Dr. John Bastwick ; and the Rev. Henry Burton, Minister of Friday-street Church. Their sin was against Laud and his surplices at Allhallowtide, not against any other man or thing. Prynne, speaking to the people, defied all Lambeth, with Rome at the back of it, to argue with him, William Prynne alone, that

[1] In Appendix, No. 2, another Note of his. (Third Edition.)
[2] State Trials (Cobbett's, London, 1809), iii. 746.

these practices were according to the Law of England; "and if I fail to prove it," said Prynne, "let them hang my body at the door of that Prison there," the Gate-house Prison. 'Whereat the people gave a great shout,'—somewhat of an ominous one, I think. Bastick's wife, on the scaffold, received his ears in her lap, and kissed him.[1] Prynne's ears the executioner 'rather sawed than cut.' "Cut me, tear me," cried Prynne; "I fear thee not; I fear the fire of Hell, not thee!" The June sun had shone hot on their faces. Burton, who had discoursed eloquent religion all the while, said, when they carried him, near fainting, into a house in King-street, "It is too hot to last."

Too hot indeed. For at Edinburgh, on Sunday the 23d of July following, Archbishop Laud having now, with great effort and much manipulation, got his Scotch Liturgy and Scotch Pretended-Bishops ready,[2] brought them fairly out to action,—and Jenny Geddes hurled her stool at their head. "Let us read the Collect of the Day," said the Pretended-Bishop from amid his tippets;—"De'il *colic* the wame of thee!" answered Jenny, hurling her stool at his head. "Thou foul thief, wilt thou say *mass* at my lug?"[3] I thought we had got done with the mass some time ago; and here it is again! "A Pape, a Pape!" cried others: "Stane him!"[4] —In fact the service could not go on at all. This passed in St. Giles's Kirk, Edinburgh, on Sunday 23d July 1637. Scotland had endured much in the bishop way for above thirty years bygone, and endeavoured to say nothing, bitterly feeling a great deal. But now, on small signal, the hour was come. All Edinburgh, all Scotland, and behind that all England and Ireland, rose into un-

[1] Tower's British Biography.

[2] Rushworth, ii. 321, 343; iii. Appendix, 153-5; &c.

[3] — — 'No sooner was the Book opened by the Dean of Edinburgh, but a number of the meaner sort, with clapping of their hands and outcries, made a great uproar; and one of them, called *Jane* or *Janot Gaddis* (yet living at the writing of this relation), flung a little folding-stool, whereon she sat, at the Dean's head, saying, "Out, thou false thief! dost thou say the mass at my lug?" Which was followed with so great a noise,' &c. These words are in the continuation of Baker's Chronicle, by Phillips (Milton's Nephew): fifth edition of Baker (London, 1670), p. 478. They are *not* in the fourth edition of Baker, 1665, which is the first that contains the Continuation; they follow as here in all the others. Thought to be the first grave mention of Jenny Geddes in Printed History; a heroine still familiar to Tradition everywhere in Scotland.

In a foolish Pamphlet, printed in 1661, entitled Edinburgh's Joy, &c.,—Joy for the Blessed Restoration and Annus Mirabilis,—there is mention made of 'the immortal Janet Geddis,' whom the writer represents as rejoicing exceedingly in that miraculous event; she seems to be a well known person, keeping 'a cabbage-stall at the Tron Kirk,' at that date. Burns, in his Highland Tour, named his mare *Jenny Geddes*. Helen of Troy, for practical importance in Human History, is but a small Heroine to Jenny:—but she has been luckier in the recording!—For these bibliographical notices I am indebted to the friendliness of Mr. David Laing of the Signet Library, Edinburgh.

[4] Rushworth, Kennet, Balfour.

appeasable commotion on the flight of this stool of Jenny's; and his Grace of Canterbury, and King Charles himself, and many others had lost their heads before there could be peace again. The Scotch People had sworn their Covenant, not without 'tears;' and were in these very days of October 1638, while Oliver is writing at Ely, busy with their whole might electing their General Assembly, to meet at Glasgow next month. I think the *Tulchan* Apparatus is likely to be somewhat sharply dealt with, the Cow having become awake to it! Great events are in the wind; out of Scotland vague news, of unappeasable commotion risen there.

In the end of that same year, too, there had risen all over England huge rumour concerning the Shipmoney Trial at London. On the 6th of November 1637, this important Process of Mr. Hampden's began. Learned Mr. St. John, a dark tough man, of the toughness of leather, spake with irrefragable law-eloquence, law-logic, for three days running, on Mr. Hampden's side; and learned Mr. Holborn for three other days;—preserved yet by Rushworth in acres of typography, unreadable now to all mortals. For other learned gentlemen, tough as leather, spoke on the opposite side; and learned judges animadverted;—at endless length, amid the expectancy of men. With brief pauses, the Trial lasted for three weeks and three days. Mr. Hampden became the most famous man in England,[1]—by accident partly. The sentence was not delivered till April 1638; and then it went against Mr. Hampden: judgment in Exchequer ran to this effect. '*Consideratum est per eosdem Barones, quod prædictus Johannes Hampden de iisdem viginti solidis oneretur*,' He must pay the Twenty shillings, '*et inde satisfaciat*.'[2] No hope in Law-Courts, then; Petition of Right and *Tallagio non concedendo* have become an old song. If there be not hope in Jenny Geddes's stool and 'De'il colic the wame of thee,' we are in a bad way!—

During which great public Transactions, there had been in Cromwell's own Fen-country a work of immense local celebrity going on: the actual Drainage of the Fens, so long talked about; the construction, namely, of the great *Bedford Level*, to carry the Ouse River direct into the sea; holding it forcibly aloft in strong embankments, for twenty straight miles or so; not leaving it to meander and stagnate, and in the wet season drown the country, as heretofore. This grand work began, Dryasdust in his bewildered manner knows not when; but it 'went on rapidly,' and had ended in 1637.[3] Or rather had *appeared*, and strongly *endeavoured*,

[1] Clarendon. [2] Rushworth, iii. Appendix, 159–216; ib. ii. 480.

[3] Dugdale's Hist. of Embankments; Cole's, Wells's, &c. &c. Hist. of the Fens.

to end in 1637; but was not yet by any means settled and ended; the whole Fen-region clamouring that it could not, and should not, end so. In which wide clamour, against injustice done in high places, Oliver Cromwell, as is well known, though otherwise a most private quiet man, saw good to interfere; to give the universal inarticulate clamour a voice, and gain a remedy for it. He approved himself, as Sir Philip Warwick will testify,[1] 'a man that would set well at the mark,' that took sure aim, and had a stroke of some weight in him. We cannot here afford room to disentangle that affair from the dark rubbish-abysses, old and new, in which it lies deep buried: suffice it to assure the reader that Oliver did by no means 'oppose' the Draining of the Fens, but was and had been, as his Father before him, highly favourable to it; that he opposed the King in Council wishing to do a public injustice in regard to the Draining of the Fens; and by a 'great meeting at Huntingdon,' and other good measures, contrived to put a stop to the same. At a time when, as Old Palaceyard might testify, that operation of going in the teeth of the royal will was somewhat more perilous than it would be now! This was in 1638, according to the good testimony of Warwick.[2] Cromwell acquired by it a great popularity in the Fen-country, acquired the name or nickname 'Lord of the Fens;' and what was much more valuable, had done the duty of a good citizen, whatever he might acquire by it. The disastrous public Events which soon followed put a stop to all farther operations in the Fens for a good many years.

These clamours of local grievance near at hand, these rumours of universal grievance from the distance,—they were part of the Day's noises, they were sounding in Cromwell's mind, along with many others now silent, while the following Letter went off towards 'Sir William Masham's House called Otes, in Essex,' in the year 1638.—Of Otes and the Mashams in Essex, there must likewise, in spite of our strait limits, be a word said. The Mashams were distant Cousins of Oliver's; this Sir William Masham, or Massam as he is often written, proved a conspicuous busy man in the Politics of his time; on the Puritan side;—rose into Oliver's Council of State at last.[3] The Mashams became Lords Masham in the next generations, and so continued for a while; one Lady Masham was a daughter of Philosopher Cudworth, and is still re-

[1] Warwick's Memoirs (London, 1701), p. 250.

[2] Ibid.: poor Noble blunders as he is apt to do.

[3] His Great-grandson's *wife* was, withal, a famous woman; the Abigail Masham of Queen Anne,—most renowned of Waiting-women, or 'Abigails,' in English History! (Note of 1869.)

membered as the friend of John Locke, whom she tended in his old days; who lies buried, as his monument still shows, at the Church of High Laver, in the neighbourhood of which Otes Mansion stood. High Laver, Essex, not far from Harlow Station on the Notheastern Railway. The Mashams are all extinct, and their Mansion is swept away as if it had not been. 'Some forty years ago,' says my kind informant, 'a wealthy Maltster of Bishop's Stortford became the proprietor by purchase; and pulled the Manorhouse down; leaving the outhouses as cottages to some poor people.' The name Otes, the tomb of Locke, and this undestroyed and now indestructible fraction of Rag-paper alone preserve the memory of Mashamdom in this world. We modernise the spelling; let the reader, for it may be worth his while, endeavour to modernise the sentiment and subject matter.

There is only this farther to be premised, That St. John, the celebrated Shipmoney Barrister, has married for his second wife a Cousin of Oliver Cromwell's, a Daughter of Uncle Henry's, whom we knew at Upwood long ago;[1] which Cousin, and perhaps her learned husband reposing from his arduous law-duties along with her, is now on a Summer or Autumn visit at Otes, and has lately seen Oliver there.

To my beloved Cousin Mrs. St. John, at Sir William Masham his House called Otes, in Essex: Present these.

Ely 13th October 1638.

DEAR COUSIN,

I thankfully acknowledge your love in your kind remembrance of me upon this opportunity. Alas, you do too highly prize my lines, and my company. I may be ashamed to own your expressions, considering how unprofitaable I am, and the mean improvement of my talent.

Yet to honour my God by declaring what He hath done for my soul, in this I am confident, and I will be so. Truly, then, this I find: That He giveth springs in a dry barren wilderness where no water is. I live, you know where,—in Meshec, which they say signifies *Prolonging;* in Kedar, which signifies *Blackness:* yet the Lord forsaketh me not. Though He do prolong, yet He will I trust bring me to His tabernacle, to His resting-place. My soul is with the Congregation of the Firstborn, my body rests in hope; and if here I may honour

[1] Antea, p. 34.

my God either by doing or by suffering, I shall be most glad.

Truly no poor creature hath more cause to put himself forth in the cause of his God than I. I have had plentiful wages beforehand; and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite. The Lord accept me in His Son, and give me to walk in the light,—and give us to walk in the light, as He is the light! He it is that enlighteneth our blackness, our darkness. I dare not say, He hideth His face from me. He giveth me to see light in His light. One beam in a dark place hath exceeding much refreshment in it:—blessed be His Name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine! You know what my manner of life hath been. Oh, I lived in and loved darkness, and hated light; I was a chief, the chief of sinners. This is true: I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me. O the riches of His mercy! Praise Him for me;—pray for me, that He who hath begun a good work would perfect it in the day of Christ.

Salute all my friends in that Family whereof you are yet a member. I am much bound unto them for their love. I bless the Lord for them; and that my Son, by their procurement, is so well. Let him have your prayers, your counsel; let me have them.

Salute your Husband and Sister from me:—He is not a man of his word! He promised to write about Mr. Wrath of Epping; but as yet I receive no letters:—put him in mind to do what with conveniency may be done for the poor Cousin I did solicit him about.

Once more farewell. The Lord be with you: so prayeth your truly loving Cousin, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

There are two or perhaps three sons of Cromwell's at Felsted School by this time: a likely enough guess is, that he might have been taking Dick over to Felsted on that occasion when he came round by Otes, and gave such comfort by his speech to the pious Mashams, and to the young Cousin, now on a summer visit at Otes. What glimpses of long-gone summers; of long-gone human beings in fringed trouser-breeches, in starched ruff, in hood and fardingale;—alive they, within their antiquarian cos-

[1] Thurloe's State Papers (London, 1742), i. 1.

tumes, living men and women; instructive, very interesting to one another! Mrs. St. John came down to breakfast every morning in that summer visit of the year 1638, and Sir William said grave grace, and they spake polite devout things to one another; and they are vanished, they and their things and speeches,—all silent, like the echoes of the old nightingales that sang that season, like the blossoms of the old roses. O Death, O Time!—

For the soul's furniture of these brave people is grown not less unintelligible, antiquarian, than their spanish boots and lappet caps. Reverend Mark Noble, my reverend imbecile friend, discovers in this Letter evidence that Oliver was once a very dissolute man; that Carrion Heath spake truth in that *Flagellum* Balderdash of his. O my reverend imbecile friend, hadst thou thyself never any moral life, but only a sensitive and digestive? Thy soul never longed towards the serene heights, all hidden from thee; and thirsted as the hart in dry places wherein no waters be? It was never a sorrow for thee that the eternal pole-star had gone out, veiled itself in dark clouds;—a sorrow only that this or the other noble Patron forgot thee when a living fell vacant? I have known Christians, Moslems, Methodists,—and, alas, also reverend irreverent Apes by the Dead Sea!

O modern reader, dark as this Letter may seem, I will advise thee to make an attempt towards understanding it. There is in it a 'tradition of humanity' worth all the rest. Indisputable certificate that man once had a soul; that man once walked with God,—his little Life a sacred island girdled with Eternities and Godhoods. Was it not a time for heroes? Heroes were then possible. I say, thou shalt understand that Letter; thou also, looking out into a too brutish world, wilt then exclaim with Oliver Cromwell,—with Hebrew David, as old Mr. Rouse of Truro, and the Presbyterian populations, still sing him in the Northern Kirks:

> Woe's me that I in Meshec am
> A sojourner so long,
> Or that I in the tents do dwell
> To Kedar that belong!

Yes, there is a tone in the soul of this Oliver that holds of the Perennial. With a noble sorrow, with a noble patience, he longs towards the mark of the prize of the high calling. He, I think, has chosen the better part. The world and its wild tumults,—if they will but let him alone! Yet he too will venture, will do and suffer for God's cause, if the call come. What man with better reason? He hath had plentiful wages beforehand; snatched out

of darkness into marvellous light: he will never earn the least mite. Annihilation of self; *Selbsttödtung*, as Novalis calls it; casting yourself at the footstool of God's throne, "To live or to die forever; as Thou wilt, not as I will." Brother, hadst thou never, in any form, such moments in thy history? Thou knowest them not, even by credible rumour? Well, thy earthly path was peaceabler, I suppose. But the Highest was never in thee, the Highest will never come out of thee. Thou shalt at best abide by the stuff; as cherished housedog, guard the stuff,—perhaps with enormous gold-collars and provender: but the battle, and the hero-death, and victory's fire-chariot carrying men to the Immortals, shall never be thine. I pity thee; brag not, or I shall have to despise thee.

TWO YEARS.

Such is Oliver's one Letter from Ely. To guide us a little through the void gulf towards his next Letter, we will here intercalate the following small fractions of Chronology.

1639.

May—July. The Scots at their Glasgow Assembly[1] had rent their *Tulchan* Apparatus in so rough a way, and otherwise so ill comported themselves, his Majesty saw good, in the beginning of this year, immense negotiation and messaging to and fro having proved so futile, to chastise them with an Army. By unheard-of exertions in the Extra-Parliamentary way, his Majesty got an Army ready; marched with it to Berwick,—is at Newcastle, 8th May 1639.[2] But, alas, the Scots, with a much better Army, already lay encamped on Dunse Law; every nobleman with his tenants there, as a drilled regiment, round him; old Fieldmarshal Lesley for their generalissimo; at every Colonel's tent this pennant flying, *For Christ's Crown and Covenant:* there was no fighting to be thought of.[3] Neither could the Pacification there patched up be of long continuance. The Scots disbanded their soldiers; but kept the officers, mostly Gustavus-Adolphus men, still within sight.

1640.

The Scotch Pacification, hastily patched up at Dunse Hill, did not last; discrepancies arose as to the practical meaning of this

[1] Nov. 1638; Baillie's Letters (Edinburgh, 1841), i. 118–176. [2] Rushworth, iii. 930.
[3] Ib. iii. 926–49; Baillie, i. 184–221; King's Army 'dismissed' (*after* Pacification) 24th June (Rushworth, iii. 946).

and the other clause in it. Discrepancies which the farther they were handled, embroiled themselves the more. His Majesty having burnt Scotch paper Declarations 'by the hands of the common hangman,' and almost cut off the poor Scotch Chancellor Loudon's head, and being again resolute to chastise the rebel Scots with an Army, decides on summoning a Parliament for that end, there being no money attainable otherwise. To the great and glad astonishment of England; which, at one time, thought never to have seen another Parliament! Oliver Cromwell sat in this Parliament for Cambridge;[1] recommended by Hampden, say some; not needing any recommendation in those Fen-countries, think others. Oliver's Colleague was a Thomas Meautys, Esquire. This Parliament met, 13th April 1640: it was by no means prompt enough with supplies against the rebel Scots; the King dismissed it in a huff, 5th May; after a Session of three weeks: Historians call it the *Short Parliament.* His Majesty decides on raising money and an Army 'by other methods;' to which end, Wentworth, now Earl Strafford and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, who had advised that course in the Council, did himself subscribe 20,000*l.* Archbishop Laud had long ago seen 'a cloud rising' against the Four surplices at Allhallowtide; and now it is covering the whole sky, in a most dismal and really thundery-looking manner.

His Majesty by 'other methods,' commission of array, benevolence, forced-loan, or how he could, got a kind of Army on foot,[2] and set it marching out of the several Counties in the South towards the Scotch Border: but it was a most hopeless Army. The soldiers called the affair a *Bishops' War;* they mutinied against their officers, shot some of their officers: in various Towns on their march, if the Clergyman were reputed Puritan, they went and gave him three cheers; if of Surplice tendency, they sometimes threw his furniture out of window.[3] No fighting against poor Scotch Gospellers was to be hoped for from these men.—Meanwhile the Scots, not to be behindhand, had raised a good Army of their own; and decided on going *into* England with it, this time, 'to present their grievances to the King's Majesty.' On the 20th of August 1640, they cross the Tweed at Coldstream; Montrose wading in the van of them all. They wore uniform of hodden gray, with blue caps; and each man had a moderate haversack of oatmeal on his back.[4]

August 28th. The Scots force their way across the Tyne, at Newburn, some miles above Newcastle; the King's Army making

[1] Browne Willis, pp. 229 30; Rushworth, iii. 1105.
[2] Rushworth, iii. 1241.
[3] Vicar's Parliamentary Chronicle (Lond. 1644), p. 20.
[4] Old Pamphlets.

small fight, most of them no fight ; hurrying from Newcastle, and all town and country quarters, towards York again, where his Majesty and Strafford were.[1] The *Bishops' War* was at an end. The Scots, striving to be gentle as doves in their behaviour, and publishing boundless brotherly Declarations to all the brethren that loved Christ's Gospel and God's Justice in England,—took possession of Newcastle next day ; took possession gradually of all Northumberland and Durham,—and stayed there, in various towns and villages, about a year. The whole body of English Puritans looked upon them as their saviours : some months afterwards, Robert Baillie heard the London ballad-singers, on the streets, singing copiously with strong lungs, "Gramercy, good Master Scot," by way of burden.[2]

His Majesty and Strafford, in a fine frenzy at this turn of affairs, found no refuge, except to summon a 'Council of Peers,' to enter upon a 'Treaty' with the Scots ; and alas, at last, summon a New Parliament. Not to be helped in any way. Twelve chief Peers of the summoned 'Council' petitioned for a Parliament ; the City of London petitioned for a Parliament, and would not lend money otherwise. A Parliament was appointed for the 3d of November next ;—whereupon London cheerfully lent 200,000*l.* ; and the treaty with the Scots at Ripon, 1st October 1640,[3] by and by transferred to London, went peaceably on at a very leisurely pace. The Scotch Army lay quartered at Newcastle, and over Northumberland and Durham, on an allowance of 850*l.* a-day ; an Army indispensable for Puritan objects ; no haste in finishing its Treaty. The English Army lay across in Yorkshire ; without allowance except from the casualties of the King's Exchequer ; in a dissatisfied manner, and occasionally getting into 'Army-Plots.'

This Parliament, which met on the 3d of November 1640, has become very celebrated in History by the name of the *Long Parliament.* It accomplished and suffered very singular destinies ; suffered a Pride's Purge, a Cromwell's Ejectment ; suffered Reinstatements, Re-ejectments ; and the *Rump* or Fag-end of it did not finally vanish till 16th March 1659–60. Oliver Cromwell sat again in this Parliament for Cambridge Town ; Meautys, his old Colleague, is now changed for 'John Lowry, Esquire,'[4] probably a more Puritanic man. The Members for Cambridge University are the same in both Parliaments.

[1] Rushworth, iii. 1236, &c. [2] Baillie's Letters. [3] Rushworth, iii. 1282.

[4] Willis ; Rushworth, iv. 3. See Cooper's Annals of Cambridge (London, 1845), iii. 303–4.

LETTER III.

To my loving friend Mr. Willingham, at his house in Swithin's Lane : These.

'London, February 1640.' [1]

SIR,

I desire you to send me the Reasons of the Scots to enforce their desire of Uniformity in Religion, expressed in their 8th Article ; I mean that which I had before of you. I would peruse it against we fall upon that Debate, which will be speedily. Yours, OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

There is a great quantity of intricate investigation requisite to date this small undated Note, and make it entirely transparent! The Scotch Treaty, begun at Ripon, is going on,—never ended: the agitation about abolishing Bishops has just begun, in the House and out of it.

On Friday 11th December 1640, the Londoners present their celebrated 'Petition,' signed by 15,000 hands, craving to have Bishops and their Ceremonies radically reformed. Then on Saturday 23d January 1640–1, comes the still more celebrated 'Petition and Remonstrance from 700 Ministers of the Church of England,' [3] to the like effect. Upon which Documents, especially upon the latter, ensue strenuous debatings,[4] ensues a 'Committee of Twenty-four;' a Bill to abolish Superstition and Idolatry; and, in a week or two, a Bill to take away the Bishops' Votes in Parliament: Bills recommended by the said Committee. A diligent Committee; which heard much evidence, and theological debating, from Dr. Burgess and others. Their Bishops Bill, not without hot auguing, passed through the Commons; was rejected by the Lords;—took effect, however, in a much heavier shape, within year and day. Young Sir Ralph Varney, son of Edmund the Standard-bearer, has preserved very careful Notes of the theological revelations and profound arguments, heard in this Committee from Dr. Burgess and others; intensely interesting at that time to all ingenuous young gentlemen; a mere torpor now to all persons.

[1] The words within single commas, here as always in the Text of Cromwell's Letters, are mine, not his; the date in this instance is conjectural or inferential.

[2] Harris, p. 517; Sloane MSS. no. 2035, f. 126.

[3] Commons Journals, ii. 72.

[4] Ibid. ii. 81; 8th and 9th of February. See Baillie's Letters, i. 302; and Rushworth, iv. 93 and 174.

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In fact, the whole world, as we perceive, in this Spring of 1641, is getting on fire with episcopal, anti-episcopal emotion ; and the Scotch Commissioners, with their Desire of Uniformity, are naturally the centre of the latter. Bishop Hall, Smectymnuus, and one Mr. Milton 'near St. Bride's Church,' are all getting their Pamphlets ready.—The assiduous contemporary individual who collected the huge stock of loose Printing now known a *King's Pamphlets* in the British Museum, usually writes the date on the title-page of each ; but has, with a curious infelicity, omitted it in the case of Milton's Pamphlets, which accordingly remain undateable except approximately.

The exact copy of the Scotch Demands towards a Treaty I have not yet met with, though doubtless it is in print amid the unsorted Rubbish-Mountains of the British Museum. Notices of it are to be seen in Baillie, also in Rushworth.[1] The first Seven Articles relate to secularities ; payment of damages ; punishment of incendiaries, and so forth : the Seventh is the 'recalling' of the King's Proclamations against the Scots. The Eighth, 'anent a solid peace betwixt the Nations,' involves this matter of Uniformity in Religion, and therefore is of weightier moment. Baillie says : 'For the Eighth great Demand some days were spent in preparation.' The Lords would have made no difficulty about dismantling Berwick and Carlisle, or suchlike ; but finding that the other points of this Eighth Article were to involve the *permanent* relations of England, they delayed. 'We expect it this very day,' says Baillie (28th February 1640–1). Oliver Cromwell also expects it this very day, or 'speedily,'—and therefore writes to Mr. Willingham for a sight of the Documents again.

Whoever wishes to trace the emergence, re-emergence, slow ambiguous progress and dim issue of this 'Eighth Article,' may consult the opaque but authentic Commons Journals, and strive to elucidate the same by poor old brown Pamphlets, in the places cited below.[2] It was not finally voted in the affirmative till the middle of May ; and then still it was far from being ended. It *ended*, properly, in the Summoning of a 'Westminster Assembly of Divines,' To ascertain for us *how* 'the two Nations' may best attain to 'Uniformity of Religion.'

This 'Mr. Willingham my loving friend,' of whom I have found no other vestige anywhere in Nature, is presumably a London

[1] Baillie, i. 297, and antea et postea ; Rushworth, iv. 166.

[2] Commons Journals, ii. 84, 85 : Diurnal Occurrences in Parliament (Printed for William Cooke, London, 1641,—often erroneous as to the day), 10th February, 7th March, 15th May.

Puritan concerned in the London Petition and other such matters, to whom the Member for Cambridge, a man of known zeal, good connexion, and growing weight, is worth convincing.

Oliver St. John the Shipmoney Lawyer, now Member for Totness, has lately been made Solicitor-General; on the 2d of February 1640–1, D'Ewes says of him, 'newly created;'[1] a date worth attending to. Strafford's Trial is coming on; to begin on the 22d of March: Strafford and Laud are safe in the Tower long since; Finch and Windebank, and other Delinquents in high places, have fled rapidly beyond seas.

IN THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

That little Note, despatched by a servant to Swithin's Lane in the Spring of 1641, and still saved by capricious destiny while so much else has been destroyed,—is all of Autographic that Oliver Cromwell has left us concerning his proceedings in the first three-and-twenty months of the Long Parliament. Months distinguished, beyond most others in History, by anxieties and endeavours, by hope and fear and swift-vicissitude, to all England as well as him: distinguished on his part by much Parliamentary activity withal; of which, unknown hitherto in History, but still capable of being known, let us wait some other opportunity of speaking. Two vague appearances of his in that scene, which are already known to most readers, we will set in their right date and place, making them faintly visible at last; and therewith leave this part of the subject.

In D'Ewes's Manuscript above cited[2] are these words, relating to *Monday 9th November* 1640, the sixth day of the Long Parliament: 'Mr. Cromwell delivered the Petition of John Lilburn,'—young Lilburn, who had once been Prynne's amanuensis, among other things, and whose 'whipping with 200 stripes from Westminster to the Fleet Prison,' had already rendered him conspicuous. This is the record of D'Ewes. To which let us now annex the following well-known passage of Sir Philip Warwick; and if the reader fancy the Speeches on the previous Saturday,[3] and how the 'whole of this Monday was spent in hearing grievances' of

[1] Sir Simond D'Ewes's Notes of the Long Parliament (Harleian MSS., nos. 162-6), fol. 189 a; p. 156 of Transcript *penes me.*

[2] D'Ewes, fol. 4.

[3] Commons Journals, 7th Nov. 1640; Rushworth, iv. 24, &c.

the like sort, some dim image of a strange old scene may perhaps rise upon him.

'The first time I ever took notice of Mr. Cromwell,' says Warwick, 'was in the very beginning of the Parliament held in November 1640; when I,' Member for Radnor, 'vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman,—for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes! I came into the House one morning,' Monday morning, 'well clad; and perceived a gentleman speaking, whom I knew not,—very ordinarily apparelled; for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country-tailor; his linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hatband. His stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side: his countenance swoln and reddish, his voice sharp and untuneable, and his eloquence full of fervour. For the subject matter would not bear much of *reason;* it being on behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne's who had dispersed Libels;'—yes, *Libels,* and had come to Palaceyard for it, as we saw: 'I sincerely profess, it lessened much my reverence unto that Great Council, for this gentleman was very much hearkened unto;'[1] which was strange, seeing he had no gold lace to his coat, nor frills to his band; and otherwise, to me in my poor featherhead, seemed a somewhat unhandy gentleman!

The reader may take what of these Warwick traits he can along with him, and also omit what he cannot take; for though Warwick's veracity is undoubted, his memory after many years, in such an element as his had been, may be questioned. The 'band,' we may remind our readers, is a linen tippet, properly the shirt-collar of those days, which, when the hair was worn long, needed to fold itself with a good expanse of washable linen over the upper-works of the coat, and defend these and their velvets from harm. The 'specks of blood,' if not fabulous, we, not without general sympathy, attribute to bad razors: as for the 'hatband,' one remarks that men did not speak with their hats *on;* and therefore will, with Sir Philip's leave, *omit* that. The 'untuneable voice,' or what a poor young gentleman in these circumstances would consider as such, is very significant to us.

Here is the other vague appearance; from Clarendon's Life.[2] 'He,' Mr. Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon, 'was often heard to mention one private Committee, in which he was put accidentally into the chair; upon an Enclosure which had been made of great

[1] Warwick, p. 247.

[2] i. 78 (Oxford, 1761).

wastes, belonging to the Queen's Manors, without the consent of the tenants, the benefit whereof had been given by the Queen to a servant of near trust, who forthwith sold the lands enclosed to the Earl of Manchester, Lord Privy Seal; who together with his Son Mandevil were now most concerned to maintain the Enclosure; against which, as well the inhabitants of other manors, who claimed Common in those wastes, as the Queen's tenants of the same, made loud complaints, as a great oppression, carried upon them with a very high hand, and supported by power.

'The Committee sat in the Queen's Court; and Oliver Cromwell being one of them, appeared much concerned to countenance the Petitioners, who were numerous together with their Witnesses; the Lord Mandevil being likewise present as a party, and by the direction of the Committee sitting covered. Cromwell, who had never before been heard to speak in the House of Commons,'—at least not by *me*, though he had often spoken, and was very well known there,—'ordered the Witnesses and Petitioners in the method of the proceeding; and seconded, and enlarged upon what they said, with great passion; and the Witnesses and persons concerned, who were a very rude kind of people, interrupted the Counsel and Witnesses on the other side, with great clamour, when they said anything that did not please them; so that Mr. Hyde (whose office it was to oblige men of all sorts to keep order) was compelled to use some sharp reproofs, and some threats, to reduce them to such a temper that the business might be quietly heard. Cromwell, in great fury, reproached the Chairman for being partial, and that he discountenanced the Witnesses by threatening them: the other appealed to the Committee; which justified him, and declared that he behaved himself as he ought to do; which more inflamed him,' Cromwell, 'who was already too much angry. When upon any mention of matter-of-fact, or of the proceeding before and at the Enclosure, the Lord Mandevil desired to be heard, and with great modesty related what had been done, or explained what had been said, Mr. Cromwell did answer, and reply upon him with so much indecency and rudeness, and in language so contrary and offensive, that every man would have thought, that as their natures and their manners were as opposite as it is possible, so their interest could never have been the same. In the end, his whole carriage was so tempestuous, and his behaviour so insolent, that the Chairman found himself obliged to reprehend him: and to tell him, That if he' Mr. Cromwell 'proceeded in the same manner, he' Mr. Hyde 'would presently adjourn the Committee, and the next morning complain to the House of him.

Which he never forgave; and took all occasions afterwards to pursue him with the utmost malice and revenge, to *his* death,'—not Mr. Hyde's, happily, but Mr. Cromwell's, who at length did cease to cherish 'malice and revenge' against Mr. Hyde!

Tracking this matter, by faint indications, through various obscure courses, I conclude that it related to 'the Soke of Somersham,'[1] near St. Ives; and that the scene in the Queen's Court probably occurred in the beginning of July 1641.[2] Cromwell knew this Soke of Somersham, near St. Ives, very well; knew these poor rustics, and what treatment they had got; and wished, not in the imperturbablest manner it would seem, to see justice done them. Here too, subtracting the due subtrahend from Mr. Hyde's Narrative, we have a pleasant visuality of an old summer afternoon 'in the Queen's Court' two hundred years ago.

Cromwell's next Letters present him to us, not debating, or about to debate, concerning Parliamentary Propositions and Scotch 'Eighth Articles,' but with his sword drawn to enforce them; the whole Kingdom divided now into two armed conflicting masses, the argument to be by pike and bullet henceforth.

[1] Commons Journals, ii. 172.

[2] Ibid. 87, 150, 172, 192, 215, 218, 319,—the dates extend from 17th February to 21st July 1641.

PART SECOND.

TO THE END OF THE FIRST CIVIL WAR.

1642–1646.

PRELIMINARY.

THERE is therefore a great dark void, from February 1641 to January 1643, through which the reader is to help himself from Letter III. over to Letter IV., as he best may. How has pacific England, the most solid pacific country in the world, got all into this armed attitude; and decided itself to argue henceforth by pike and bullet till it get some solution? Dryasdust, if there remained any shame in him, ought to look at those wagonloads of Printed Volumes, and blush! We, in great haste, offer the necessitous reader the following hints and considerations.

It was mentioned above that Oliver St. John, the noted Puritan Lawyer, was already, in the end of January 1641, made Solicitor-General. The reader may mark that as a small fraction of an event showing itself above ground, completed; and indicating to him a grand subterranean attempt on the part of King Charles and the Puritan Leaders, which unfortunately never could become a fact or event. Charles, in January last, or earlier (for there are no dates discoverable but this of St. John's), perceiving how the current of the Nation ran, and what a humour men were getting into, had decided on trying to adopt the Puritan leaders, Pym, Hampden, Holles, and others, as what we should now call his 'Ministers:' these Puritan men, under the Earl of Bedford as chief, might have hoped to become what we should now call a 'Majesty's Ministry,' and to execute peaceably, with their King presiding over them, what reforms had grown inevitable. A most desirable result, if a possible one; for of all men these had the least notion of revolting, or rebelling against their King!

This negotiation had been entered into, and entertained as a

possibility by both parties: so much is indubitable; so much and nothing more, except that it ended without result.[1] It would in our days be the easiest negotiation; but it was then an impossible one. For it meant that the King should content himself with the Name of King, and see measures the reverse of what *he* wished and willed take effect by his sanction. Which, in sad truth, had become a necessity for Charles I. in the England of 1641. His tendency and effort has long been the reverse of England's; he cannot govern England, whatever he may govern! And yet to have admitted this necessity,—alas, was it not to have settled the whole Quarrel, *without* the eight-and-forty years of fighting, and confused bickering and oscillation, which proved to be needful first? The negotiation dropped; leaving for visible result only this appointment of St. John's. His Majesty on that side saw no course possible for him.

Accordingly he tried it in the opposite direction, which also, on failure by this other, was very natural for him. He entered into secret tamperings with the Officers of the English Army; which, lying now in Yorkshire, ill-paid, defeated, and in neighbourhood of a Scotch army victoriously furnished with 850*l.* a-day, was very apt for discontent. There arose a 'first Army-Plot' for delivering Strafford from the Tower; then a second Army-Plot for some equally wild achievement, tending to deliver majesty from thraldom, and send this factious Parliament about its business. In which desperate schemes, though his Majesty strove not to commit himself beyond what was necessary, it became and still remains indubitable that he did participate;—as indeed, the former course of listening to his Parliament having been abandoned, this other of coercing or awing it by armed force was the only remaining one.

These Army-Plots, detected one after another, and investigated and commented upon, with boundless interest, in Parliament and out of it, kept the Summer and Autumn of 1641 in continual alarm and agitation; taught all Opposition persons, and a factious Parliament in general, what ground they were standing on;—and in the factious Parliament especially, could not but awaken the liveliest desire of having the Military Force put in such hands as would be safe for them. 'The Lord-Lieutenants of Counties,' this factious Parliament conceived an unappeasable desire of knowing who these were to be:—this is what they mean by 'Power of the Militia;' on which point, as his Majesty would not yield a jot, his Parliament and he,—the point becoming daily more impor-

[1] Whitlocke, Clarendon; see Forster's Statesmen, ii. 150–7.

tant, new offences daily accumulating, and the split ever widening, —ultimately rent themselves asunder, and drew swords to decide it.

Such was the well-known consummation; which in Cromwell's next Letter we find to have arrived. Here are a few dates which may assist the reader to grope his way thither. From 'Mr. Willingham in Swithin's Lane' in February 1641, to the Royal Standard at Nottingham in August 1642, and 'Mr. Barnard at Huntingdon' in January 1643, which is our next stage, there is a long vague road; and the lights upon it are mostly a universal dance of will-o'-wisps, and distracted fire-flies in a state of excitement—not good guidance for the traveller!

1641.

Monday 3d May. Strafford's Trial being ended, but no sentence yet given, Mr. Robert Baillie, Minister of Kilwinning, who was here among the Scotch Commissioners at present, saw in Palaceyard, Westminster, 'some thousands of citizens and Apprentices' (Miscellaneous Persons and City Shopmen, as we should now call them), who rolled about there 'all day,' bellowing to every Lord as he went in or came out, 'with a loud and hideous voice:' "Justice on Strafford! Justice on Traitors!" [1] —which seemed ominous to the Rev. Mr. Baillie.

In which same hours, amid such echoes from without, the honourable House of Commons within doors, all in great tremor about Army-Plots, Treasons, Death-perils, was busy redacting a 'Protestation;' a kind of solemn Vow, or miniature *Scotch Covenant*, the first of a good many such in those earnest agitated times,—to the effect: "We take the Supreme to witness that we will stand by one another to the death in prosecution of our just objects here; in defence of Law, Loyalty and Gospel here." To this effect; but couched in very mild language, and with a 'Preamble,' in which our Terror of Army-Plots, the moving principle of the affair, is discreetly almost shaded out of sight; it being our object that the House should be 'unanimous' in this Protestation. As accordingly the House was; the House, and to a great extent the Nation. Hundreds of honourable Members, Mr. Cromwell one of them, signed the Protestation this day; the others on the following days: their names all registered in due succession in the Books.[2] Nay, it is ordered that the whole Nation be invited to sign it; that each honourable Member send it down to his constituents, and invite them to sign it. Which, as

[1] Baillie i. 351. [2] Commons Journals, ii. 132-3, &c.; Rushworth, iv. 241-4.

we say, the constituents, all the reforming part of them, everywhere in England, did; with a feeling of solemnity very strange to the modern mind. Striking terror into all Traitors; quashing down Army-Plots for the present, and the hopes of poor Strafford forever. A Protestation held really sacred; appealed to, henceforth, as a thing from which there was no departing. Cavalcades of Freeholders, coming up from the country to petition the Honourable House,—for instance, the Four-thousand Petitioners from Buckinghamshire, about ten months hence,—rode with this Protestation 'Stuck in their hats.'[1] A very great and awe-inspiring matter in those days; till it was displaced by greater of the like kind,—Solemn League and Covenant, and others.[2]

Monday next, 10*th May*, his Majesty accordingly signed sentence on Strafford; who was executed on the Wednesday following. No help for it. A terrible example; the one supremely able man the King had.

On the same Monday 10th May, his Majesty signed likewise another Bill, That this Parliament should not be dissolved without its own consent. A Bill signed in order that the City might lend him money on good Security of Parliament; money being most pressingly wanted, for our couple of hungry Armies Scotch and English, and other necessary occasions. A Bill which seemed of no great consequence except financial; but which, to a People reverent of Law, and never, in the wildest clash of battle-swords, giving up its religious respect for the constable's baton, proved of infinite consequence. His Majesty's hands are tied; he cannot dismiss this Parliament, as he has done the others,—no, not without its own consent.

August 10*th*. Army-Plotters having fled beyond seas; the Bill for Triennial Parliaments being passed; the Episcopacy-Bill being got to sleep; and by the use of royal *varnish* a kind of composure, or hope of composure, being introduced: above all things, money being now borrowed to pay the Armies and disband them,—his Majesty, on the 10th of the month,[3] set out for Scotland. To hold a Parliament, and compose matters there, as his Majesty gave out. To see what old or new elements of malign Royalism could still be awakened to life there, as the Parliament surmised, who greatly opposed his going.—Mr. Cromwell got home to Ely again, for six weeks, this autumn; there being a recess from 9th September when the business was got gathered up, till 20th October when his Majesty was expected back. An Interim Committee, and

[1] 12th January 1641–2; Rushworth, iv. 486.

[2] Copy of it, sent to Cambridge: Appendix, No. 3.

[3] Wharton's Laud, p. 62.

Pym, from his 'lodging at Chelsea,'[1] managed what of indispensable might turn up.

November 1*st*. News came to London, to the re-assembled Parliament,[2] that an Irish Rebellion, already grown to be an Irish Massacre, had broken out. An Irish Catholic imitation of the late Scotch Presbyterian achievements in the way of 'religious liberty;' —one of the best models, and one of the worst imitations ever seen in this world. Erasmus's Ape, observing Erasmus shave himself, never doubted but it too could shave. One knows what a hand the creature made of itself, before the edgetool could be wrenched from it again! As this poor Irish Rebellion unfortunately began in lies and bluster, and proceeded in lies and bluster, hoping to make itself good that way, the ringleaders had started by pretending or even forging some warrant from the King; which brought much undeserved suspicion on his Majesty, and greatly complicated his affairs here for a long while.

November 22*d*. The Irish Rebellion blazing up more and more into an Irish Massacre, to the terror and horror of all antipapist men; and in England, or even in Scotland, except by the liberal use of *varnish*, nothing yet being satisfactorily mended, nay all things hanging now, as it seemed, in double and treble jeopardy, —the Commons had decided on a 'Grand Petition and Remonstrance,' to set forth what their griefs and necessities really were, and really would require to have done for them. The Debate upon it, very celebrated in those times, came on this day, Monday 22d November.[3] The longest Debate ever yet known in Parliament; and the stormiest,—nay, had it not been for Mr. Hampden's soft management, 'we had liked to have sheathed our swords in each other's bowels,' says Warwick; which I find otherwise to be true. The Remonstrance passed by a small majority. It can be read still in Rushworth,[4] drawn up in precise business order; the whole 206 Articles of it,—every line of which once thrilled electrically into all men's hearts, as torpid as it has now grown. 'The chimes of Margaret's were striking two in the morning when we came out.'—It was on this occasion that Oliver, 'coming down stairs,' is reported to have said, He would have sold all and gone to New England, had the Remonstrance not passed;[5]—a vague report, gathered over dining-tables long after, to which the reader need not pay more heed than it merits. His Majesty returned

[1] His Report, Commons Journals, ii. 289.
[2] Laud, p. 62; Commons Journals, in die
[3] Commons Journals, in die: D'Ewes MSS. f. 179 b.
[4] Rushworth, iv 438–51; see also 436–7. [5] Clarendon.

from Scotland on the Thursday following, and had from the City a thrice-glorious Civic Entertainment.[1]

December 10th. The Episcopal business, attempted last Spring in vain, has revived in December, kindled into life by the Remonstrance; and is raging more fiercely than ever; crowds of Citizens petitioning, Corporation 'going in sixty coaches' to petition;[2] the Apprentices, or City Shopmen, and miscellaneous persons, petitioning:—Bishops 'much insulted' in Palaceyard as they go in or out. Whereupon hasty Welsh Williams, Archbishop of York, once Bishop of Lincoln and Lord Keeper, he with Eleven too hasty Bishops, Smectymnuus Hall being one of them, give in a Protest, on this 10th of December,[3] That they cannot get to their place in Parliament; that all shall be null and void till they do get there. A rash step; for which, on the 30th of the same month, they are, by the Commons, voted guilty of Treason; and 'in a cold evening, with small ceremony, are bundled, the whole dozen of them, into the Tower. For there is again rioting, again are cries 'loud and hideous;'—Colonel Lunsford, a truculent one-eyed man, having 'drawn his sword' upon the Apprentices in Westminster Hall, and truculently slashed some of them; who of course responded in a loud and hideous manner, by tongue, by fist, and single-stick; nay, on the morrow, 28th of December,[4] they came marching many thousands strong, with sword and pistol, out of the City. "Slash us now! while we wait on the Honourable House for an answer to our petition!"—and insulted his Majesty's Guard at Whitehall. What a Christmas of that old London, of that old year! On the 6th of February following, Episcopacy will be voted down, with blaze of 'bonfires,' and 'ringing' of all the bells,—very audible to poor old Dr. Laud[5] over in the Tower yonder.

1642.

January 4th. His Majesty seeing these extremities arrive, and such a conflagration begin to blaze, thought now the time had come for snatching the main livecoals away, and so quenching the same. Such coals of strife he counts to the number of Five in the Commons House, and One in the Lords: Pym, Hampden, Haselrig, with Holles and Strode (who held down the Speaker fourteen years ago), these are the Five Commons; Lord Kimbolton, better known to us as Mandevil, Oliver's friend, of the 'Soke of Somersham,' and Queen's-Court Committee, he is the Lord. His Majesty

[1] Rushworth, iv. 429.
[2] Vicars, p. 56.
[3] Rushworth, iv. 467.
[4] Ib. iv. 464.
[5] Wharton's Laud, p. 62; see also p. 65.

flatters himself he has gathered evidence concerning these individual firebrands, That they 'invited the Scots to invade us' in 1640: he sends, on Monday 3d January,[1] to demand that they be given up to him as Traitors. Deliberate, slow and, as it were, evasive reply. Whereupon, on the morrow, he rides down to St. Stephen's himself, with an armed very miscellaneous force, of Five-hundred or of Three-hundred truculent braggadocio persons at his back; enters the House of Commons, the truculent persons looking in after him from the lobby,—with intent to seize the said Five Members, five principal hot coals; and trample *them* out, for one thing. It was the fatalest step this poor King ever took. The Five Members, timefully warned, were gone into the City; the whole Parliament removed itself into the City, 'to be safe from armed violence.' From London City, and from all England, rose one loud voice of lamentation, condemnation: Clean against law! Paint an inch thick, there is, was, or can be, no shadow of law in *this*. Will you grant us the Militia now; we seem to need it now!—His Majesty's subsequent stages may be dated with more brevity.

January 10th. The King with his Court quits Whitehall; the Five Members and Parliament purposing to return tomorrow, with the whole City in arms round them.[2] He left Whitehall; never saw it again till he came to lay down his head there.

March 9th. The King has sent away his Queen from Dover, 'to be in a place of safety,'—and also to pawn the Crown Jewels in Holland, and get him arms. He returns Northward again, avoiding London. Many Messages between the Houses of Parliament and him: "Will your Majesty grant us Power of the Militia; accept this list of Lord-Lieutenants?" On the 9th of March, still advancing Northward without affirmative response, he has got to Newmarket; where another Message overtakes him, earnestly urges itself upon him: Could not your Majesty please to grant us Power of the Militia for a limited time? "No, by God!" answers his Majesty, "not for an hour!"[3]—On the 19th of March he is at York; where his Hull Magazine, gathered for service against the Scots, is lying near; where a great Earl of Newcastle, and other Northern potentates, will help him; where at least London and its Puritanism, now grown so fierce, is far off.

There we will leave him; attempting Hull Magazine, in vain; exchanging messages with his Parliament; messages, missives, printed and written Papers without limit:—Law-pleadings of both parties before the great tribunal of the English Nation, each party

[1] Commons Journals, ii. 367. [2] Vicars, p. 64. [3] Rushworth, iv. 533.

striving to prove itself right, and within the verge of Law: preserved still in acres of typography, once thrillingly alive in every fibre of them; now a mere torpor, readable by few creatures, not rememberable by any. It is too clear his Majesty will have to get himself an army, by Commission of Array, by subscriptions of loyal plate, pawning of crown jewels, or how he can. The Parliament by all methods is endeavouring to do the like. London subscribed 'Horses and Plate,' every kind of plate, even to women's thimbles, to an unheard-of amount;[1] and when it came to actual enlisting, in London alone there were 'Four-thousand, enlisted in a day.'[2] Four-thousand, some call it Five-thousand, in a day: the reader may meditate that one fact. Royal messages, Parliamentary messages; acres of typography thrillingly alive in every fibre of them,—these go on slowly abating, and military preparations go on steadily increasing till the 23d of October next. The King's 'Commission of Array for Leicestershire' came out on the 12th of June, commissioners for other counties following as convenient; the Parliament's 'Ordinance for the Militia,' rising cautiously pulse after pulse towards clear emergence, had attained completion the week before.[3] The question puts itself to every English soul, Which of these will you obey?—and in all quarters of English ground, with swords getting out of their scabbards, and yet the constable's baton still struggling to rule supreme, there is a most confused solution of it going on.

Of Oliver in these months we find the following things noted; which the imaginative reader is to spread out into significance for himself the best he can.

February 7th. 'Mr. Cromwell,' among others, 'offers to lend Three-hundred Pounds for the service of the Commonwealth,'[4] —towards reducing the Irish Rebellion, and relieving the afflicted Protestants there, or here. Rushworth, copying a List of such subscribers, of date 9th April 1642, has Cromwell's name written down for '500*l.*'[5]—seemingly the same transaction; Mr. Cromwell having now mended his offer: or else Mr. Rushworth, who uses the arithmetical cipher in this place, having misprinted. Hampden's subscription there is 1,000*l.* In Mr. Cromwell it is clear there is no backwardness, far from that; his activity in these months notably increases. In the *D'Ewes* MSS.[6] he appears and

[1] Vicars, pp. 93, 109; see Commons Journals, 10th June 1642.
[2] Wood's Athenæ, iii. 193.
[3] Husbands the Printer's First Collection (Lond. 1643), pp. 346, 331.
[4] Commons Journals, ii. 408. [5] Rushworth, iv. 564. [6] February—July 1642.

reappears; suggesting this and the other practical step, on behalf of Ireland oftenest; in all ways zealously urging the work.

July 15th. 'Mr. Cromwell moved that we might make an order to allow the Townsmen of Cambridge to raise two Companies of Volunteers, and to appoint Captains over them.'[1] On which same day, 15th July, the Commons Clerk writes these words: 'Whereas Mr. Cromwell has sent down arms into the County of Cambridge, for the defence of that County, it is this day ordered,'[2]—that he shall have the '100*l.*' expended on that service repaid him by and by. Is Mr. Cromwell aware that there lies a colour of high treason in all this; risk not of one's purse only, but of one's head? Mr. Cromwell is aware of it, and pauses not. The next entry is still stranger.

August 15th. 'Mr. Cromwell in Cambridgeshire has seized the Magazine in the Castle at Cambridge; and hath hindered the carrying of the Plate from that University; which, as some report, was to the value of 20,000*l.* or thereabouts.' So does Sir Philip Stapleton, member for Aldborough, member also of our new 'Committee for Defence of the Kingdom,' report this day. For which let Mr. Cromwell have indemnity.[3]—Mr. Cromwell has gone down into Cambridgeshire in person, since they began to train there, and assumed the chief management,—to some effect, it would appear.

The like was going on in all shires of England; wherever the Parliament had a zealous member, it sent him down to his shire in these critical months, to take what management he could or durst. The most confused months England ever saw. In every shire, in every parish; in courthouses, alehouses, churches, markets, wheresoever men were gathered together, England, with sorrowful confusion in every fibre, is tearing itself into hostile halves, to carry on the voting by pike and bullet henceforth.

Brevity is very urgent on us, nevertheless we must give this other extract. Bramston the Shipmoney Judge, in trouble with the Parliament and sequestered from his place, is now likely to get into trouble with the King, who in the last days of July has ordered him to come to York on business of importance. Judge Bramston sends his two sons, John and Frank, fresh young men, to negotiate some excuse. They ride to York in three days; stay a day at York with his Majesty; then return, 'on the same horses,' in three days,—to Skreens in Essex; which was good

[1] D'Ewes MSS. f. 658–661.

[2] Commons Journals, ii. 674.

[3] Ibid. ii. 720. 6. See likewise Tanner MSS. lxiii. 116; *Querela Cantabrigiensis* (and wipe away its blubberings and inexactitudes a little), Life of Dr. Barwick, &c.,—Cambridge Portfolio (London, 1840), ii. 386–8.

riding. John, one of them, has left a most watery incoherent *Autobiography*, now printed, but not edited,—nor worth editing, except by *fire* to ninety-nine hundredths of it; very distracting; in which, however, there is this notable sentence; date about the middle of August, not discoverable to a day. Having been at York, and riding back on the same horses in three days:

'In our return on Sunday, near Huntingdon, between that and Cambridge, certain musketeers start out of the corn, and command us to stand; telling us we must be searched, and to that end must go before Mr. Cromwell, and give account from whence we came and whither we were going. I asked where Mr. Cromwell was? A soldier told us, He was four miles off. I said, it was unreasonable to carry us out of our way; if Mr Cromwell had been there, I should have willingly given him all the satisfaction he could desire;—and putting my hand into my pocket, I gave one of them Twelvepence, who said, we might pass. By this I saw plainly it would not be possible for my Father to get to the King with his coach;'[1]—neither did he go at all, but stayed at home till he died.

September 14th. Here is a new phasis of the business. In a 'List of the Army under the command of the Earl of Essex,'[2] we find that Robert Earl of Essex is 'Lord General for King *and* Parliament' (to deliver the poor beloved King from traitors, who have misled him, and clouded his fine understanding, and rendered him as it were a beloved Parent fallen *insane*); that Robert Earl of Essex, we say, is Lord General for King and Parliament; that William the new Earl of Bedford is General of the Horse, and has, or is every hour getting to have, 'seventy-five troops of 60 men each;' in every troop a Captain, a Lieutenant, a Cornet and Quartermaster, whose names are all given. In *Troop Sixty-seven*, the Captain is 'Oliver Cromwell,'—honourable member for Cambridge; many honourable members having now taken arms; Mr. Hampden, for example, having become Colonel Hampden,—busy drilling his men in Chalgrove Field at this very time. But moreover, in *Troop Eight* of Earl Bedford's Horse, we find another 'Oliver Cromwell, Cornet;"—and with real thankfulness for this poor flint-spark in the great darkness, recognise him for our honourable member's Son. His eldest Son Oliver,[3] now a stout young man of twenty. "Thou too, Boy Oliver, thou art fit to swing a sword. If there ever was a battle worth fighting, and to

[1] Autobiography of Sir John Bramston, Knt. (Camden Society, 1845), p. 86.
[2] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 73.
[3] Antea, p. 69.

be called God's battle, it is this; thou too wilt come!" How a staid, most pacific, solid Farmer of three-and-forty decides on girding himself with warlike iron, and fighting, he and his, against principalities and powers, let readers who have formed any notion of this man conceive for themselves.

On *Sunday 23d October*, was Edgehill Battle, called also Keinton Fight, near Keinton on the south edge of Warwickshire. In which Battle Captain Cromwell *was* present, and did his duty, let angry Denzil say what he will.[1] The Fight was indecisive; victory claimed by both sides. Captain Cromwell told Cousin Hampden, They never would get on with a set of poor tapsters and town-apprentice people fighting against men of honour. To cope with men of honour they must have men of religion. 'Mr. Hampden answered me, It was a good notion, if it could be executed.' Oliver himself set about executing a bit of it, his share of it, by and by.

'We all thought one battle would decide it," says Richard Baxter;[2]—and we were all much mistaken! This winter there arise among certain Counties 'Associations' for mutual defence, against Royalism and plunderous Rupertism; a measure cherished by the Parliament, condemned as treasonable by the King. Of which 'Associations,' countable to the number of five or six, we name only one, that of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridge, Herts; with Lord Grey of Wark for Commander; where, and under whom, Oliver was now serving. This 'Eastern Association' is alone worth naming. All the other Associations, no man of emphasis being in the midst of them, fell in few months to pieces; only this of Cromwell's subsisted, enlarged itself, grew famous;—and indeed kept its own borders clear of invasion during the whole course of the War. Oliver, in the beginning of 1643, is serving there, under the Lord Grey of Wark. Besides his military duties, Oliver, as natural, was nominated of the Committee for Cambridgeshire in this Association; he is also of the Committee for Huntingdonshire, which as yet belongs to another 'Association.' Member for the Committee of Huntingdonshire; to which also has been nominated a 'Robert Barnard, Esquire,'[3]—who, however, does not sit, as I have reason to surmise!

[1] Vicars, p. 198; Denzil Holles's Memoirs (in Mazeres's Tracts, vol. i.).

[2] Life (London, 1696), Part i. p. 43.

[3] Husbands, i. 892; see for the other particulars, ii. 183, 327, 864, 869; Commons Journals, &c.

LETTER IV.

THE reader recollects Mr. Robert Barnard, how, in 1630, he got a Commission of the Peace for Huntingdon, along with 'Dr. Beard and Mr. Oliver Cromwell,' to be fellow Justices there. Probably they never sat much together, as Oliver went to St. Ives soon after, and the two men were of opposite politics, which in those times meant opposite religions. But here in twelve-years space is a change of many things!

To my assured friend Robert Barnard, Esquire: Present these.

'Huntingdon,' 23d January 1642.

MR. BARNARD,

It's most true, my Lieutenant with some other soldiers of my troop were at your House. I dealt 'so' freely 'as' to inquire after you; the reason was, I had heard you reported active against the proceedings of Parliament, and *for* those that disturb the peace of this Country and the Kingdom, —*with* those of this Country who have had meetings not a few, to intents and purposes too-too full of suspect.[1]

It's true, Sir, I know you have been wary in your carriages: be not too confident thereof. Subtlety may deceive you; integrity never will. With my heart I shall desire that your judgment may alter, and your practice. I come only to hinder men from increasing the rent,—from doing hurt; but not to hurt any man: nor shall I you; I hope you will give me no cause. If you do, I must be pardoned what my relation to the Public calls for.

If your good parts be disposed that way, know me for your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Be assured fair words from me shall neither deceive you of your houses nor of your liberty.[2]

My Copy, two Copies, of this Letter I owe to kind friends, who have carefully transcribed it from the Original at Lord Gosford's. The present Lady Gosford is 'granddaughter of Sir Robert Barnard,' to whose lineal ancestor the Letter is addressed. The date

[1] *Country* is equivalent to *county* or *region*: *too-too*, in those days, means little more than *too*; *suspect* is *suspectability*, almost as proper as our modern *suspicion*.

[2] Original in the possession of Lord Gosford, at Worlingham in Suffolk.

of time is given; there never was any date or address of place,—which probably means that it was written in Huntingdon and addressed to Huntingdon, where Robert Barnard, who became Recorder of the place, is known to have resided. Oliver, in the month of January 1642–3, is present in the Fen-country, and all over the Eastern Association, with his troop or troops; looking after disaffected persons; ready to disperse royalist assemblages, to seize royalist plate, to keep down disturbance, and care in every way that the Parliament Cause suffer no damage.[1] A Lieutenant and party have gone to take some survey of Robert Barnard, Esquire; Robert Barnard, standing on the right of injured innocence, innocent till he be proved guilty, protests: Oliver responds as here, in a very characteristic way.

It was precisely in these weeks, that Oliver from Captain became Colonel: Colonel of a regiment of horse, raised on his own principles so far as might be, in that 'Eastern Association;' and is henceforth known in the Newspapers as Colonel Cromwell. Whether on this 23d of January, he was still Captain, or had ceased to be so, no extant accessible record apprises us. On the 2d March 1642–3, I have found him named as 'Col. Cromwell,'[2] and hitherto not earlier. He is getting 'men of religion' to serve in this Cause,—or at least would fain get such if he might.

LETTER V.

CAMBRIDGE.

In the end of February 1642–3, 'Colonel' Cromwell is at Cambridge; 'great forces from Essex, Norfolk and Suffolk' having joined him, and more still coming in.[3] There has been much alarm and running to and fro, over all those counties. Lord Capel hanging over them with an evident intent to plunder Cambridge, generally to plunder and ravage in this region; as Prince Rupert has cruelly done in Gloucestershire, and is now cruelly doing in Wilts and Hants. Colonel Cromwell, the soul of the whole business, must have had some bestirring of himself; some swift riding and resolving, now here, now there. Some '12,000 men,' however, or say even '23,000 men' (for rumour runs very high!), from the Associated Counties, are now at last got together about Cambridge, and Lord Capel has seen good to vanish again.[4] 'He was

[1] Appendix No. 4. [2] Cromwelliana, p. 2. [3] Ib. p. 2; Vicars, p. 273.
[4] Vicars: Newspapers, 6th–15th March (in Cromwelliana, p. 2).

the first man that rose to complain of Grievances, in this Parliament;' he, while still plain Mr. Capel, member for Herts: but they have made a Lord of him, and the wind sits now in another quarter!—

Lord Capel has vanished; and the 12,000 zealous Volunteers of the Association are dismissed to their counties, with monition to be ready when called for again. Moreover, to avoid like perils in future, it is now resolved to make a Garrison of Cambridge; to add new works and the Castle, and fortify the Town itself. This is now going on in the early spring days of 1643; and Colonel Cromwell and all hands are busy!—Here is a small Document, incidentally preserved to us, which becomes significant if well read.

Fen Drayton is a small Village on the Eastern edge of Cambridgeshire, between St. Ives and Cambridge,—well known to Oliver. In the small Church of Fen Drayton, after divine service on Sunday the 12th of March 1642-3, the following Warrant, 'delivered to the Churchwardings' (by one Mr. Norris, a constable, who spells very ill), and by them to the Curate, is read to a rustic congregation,—who sit, somewhat agape, I apprehend, and uncertain what to do about it.

COM. CANT. ('CAMBRIDGESHIRE TO WIT').

To all and every the Inhabitants of Fen Drayton in the Hundred of Papworth.

WHEREAS we have been enforced, by apparent grounds of approaching danger, to begin to fortify the Town of Cambridge, for preventing the Enemy's inroad, and the better to maintain the peace of this County:

Having in part seen your good affections to the Cause, and now standing in need of your further assistance to the perfecting of the said Fortifications, which will cost at least Two-thousand pounds, We are encouraged as well as necessitated to desire a Freewill Offering of a Liberal Contribution from you, for the better enabling of us to attain our desired ends,—viz. the Preservation of our County;—knowing that every honest and well-affected man, considering the vast expenses we have already been at, and our willingness to do according

to our ability, will be ready to contribute his best assistance to a work of so high concernment and so good an end.

We do therefore desire that what shall be by you freely given and collected may with all convenient speed be sent to the Commissioners at Cambridge, to be employed to the use aforesaid. And so you shall further engage us to be yours ready to serve,

OLIVER CROMWELL.
THOMAS MARTYN.[1]
('and Six others.')

Cambridge, this 8th of March 1642.

The Thomas Martyn, Sir Thomas, and six others whom we suppress, are all of the Cambridge Committees of those times ;[2] zealous Puritan men, not known to us otherwise. Norris did not raise much at Fen Drayton ; only 1*l.* 19*s.* 2*d.*, 'subscribed by Fifteen persons, according to his Endorsement ;—the general public at Fen Drayton, and probably in other such places, hesitates a little to draw its purse as yet ! One way or other, however, the work of fortifying Cambridge was got done.[3] A regular Force lies henceforth in Cambridge : Captains Fleetwood, Desborow, Whalley, new soldiers who will become veterans and known to us, are on service here. Of course the Academic stillness is much fluttered by the war-drum, and many a confused brabble springs up between Gown and Garrison ; college tippets, and on occasion still more venerable objects, getting torn by the business ! The truth is, though Cambridge is not so Malignant as Oxford, the Surplices at Allhallowtide have still much sway there ; and various Heads of Houses are by no means what one could wish : of whom accordingly Oliver has had, and still occasionally has, to send,—by instalments as the cases ripen,—a select batch up to Parliament : Reverend Dr. This and then also Reverend Dr. That ; who are lodged in the Tower, in Ely House, in Lambeth or elsewhere, in a tragic manner, and pass very troublous years.[4]

Cambridge continues henceforth the Bulwark and Metropolis of the Association ; where the Committees sit, where the centre of all business is. 'Colonel Cook,' I think, is Captain of the Garrison ; but the soul of the Garrison, and of the Association generally, is

[1] Cooper's Annals of Cambridge (Cambridge, 1845), iii. 340.
[2] Husbands' Second Collection (London, 1646) p. 329 ; Commons Journals, iii 153 ; &c.
[3] Reported complete, 15th July 1643 (Cooper's Annals, iii. 350).
[4] Querela Cantabrigiensis, &c. &c. in Cooper, ubi suprà.

probably another Colonel. Now here, now swiftly there, wherever danger is to be fronted, or prompt work is to be done :—for example, off to Norwich just now, on important businesses ; and, as is too usual, very ill supplied with money.

LETTER V.

Of Captain Nelson I know nothing ; seem to see an uncertain shadow of him turn up again, after years of industrious fighting under Irish Inchiquin and others, still a mere Captain, still terribly in arrear even as to pay.[1] 'It's pity a Gentleman of his affections should be discouraged!' 'The Deputy Lieutenants,' Suffolk Committee, could be named, if there were room.[2] The 'business for Norfolk' we guess to be, as usual, Delinquents,—symptoms of delinquent Royalists getting to a head.

To my honoured Friends the Deputy Lieutenants for the County of Suffolk.

Gentlemen, Cambridge, 10th March 1642.

I am sorry I should so often trouble you about the business of money : it's no pleasant subject to be too frequent upon. But such is Captain Nelson's occasion, for want thereof, that he hath not wherewith to satisfy for the billet of his soldiers ; and so this Business for Norfolk, so hopeful to set all right there, may fail. Truly he hath borrowed from me, else he could not have paid to discharge this Town at his departure.

It's pity a Gentleman of his affections should be discouraged! Wherefore I earnestly beseech you to consider him and the Cause. It's honourable that you do so.—What you can help him to, be pleased to send into Norfolk ; he hath not wherewith to pay a Troop one day, as he tells me. Let your return be speedy,—to Norwich. Gentlemen, command your servant, Oliver Cromwell.

'P.S.' I hope to serve you in my return : with your conjunction, we shall quickly put an end to these businesses, the Lord assisting.[3]

[1] Commons Journals, v. 524, 530. [2] Husbands, ii. 171, 193.

[3] Autograph, in the possession of C. Meadows, Esq., Great Bealing, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

By certain official docketings on this same Letter, it appears that Captain Nelson did receive his 100*l.*; touched it promptly on the morrow, '11th March;—I say received: JOHN NELSON.' How the Norfolk businesses proceeded, and what end they came to in Suffolk itself, we shall now see.

LOWESTOFF.

THE Colonel has already had experience in such Delinquent matters; has, by vigilance, by gentle address, by swift audacity if needful, extinguished more than one incipient conflagration. Here is one such instance,—coming to its sad maturity, and bearing fruit at Westminster in these very hours.

On *Monday 13th March* 1642–3, Thomas Conisby, Esquire, High Sheriff of Herts, appears visibly before the House of Commons, to give account of a certain 'Pretended Commission of Array,' which he had been attempting to execute one Market-day, some time since, at St. Albans in that county.[1] Such King's Writ, or Pretended Commission of Array, the said High Sheriff had, with a great *Posse Comitatus* round him, been executing one Market day at St. Albans (date irrecoverably lost),—when Cromwell's Dragoons dashed suddenly in upon him; laid him fast,—not without difficulty: he was first seized by 'six troopers,' but rescued by his royalist multitude; then 'twenty troopers' again seized him; 'barricaded the inn-yard;'[2] conveyed him off to London to give what account of the matter he could. There he is giving account of it,—a very lame and withal an 'insolent' one, as seems to the Honourable House; which accordingly sends him to the Tower, where he had to lie for several years. Commissions of Array are not handy to execute in the Eastern Association at present! Here is another instance; general result of this ride into Norfolk,—'end of these businesses,' in fact.

The 'Meeting at Laystoff,' or Lowestoff in Suffolk, is mentioned in all the old Books; but John Cory, Merchant Burgess of Norwich, shall first bring us face to face with it. Assiduous Sir Symond got a copy of Mr. Cory's Letter,[3] one of the thousand Letters which Honourable Members listened to in those mornings; and

[1] Commons Journals, ii. 1000–1.

[2] Vicars, p. 246; May's History of the Long Parliament (Guizot's French Translation), ii. 196.

[3] D'Ewes MSS. f. 1139; Transcript, p. 378.

here now is a copy of it for the reader,—news all fresh and fresh, after waiting two hundred and two years. Colonel Cromwell is in Norwich: old Norwich becomes visible and audible, the vanished moments buzzing again with old life,—if the reader will read well. Pots, we should premise, and Palgrave, were lately appointed Deputy Lieutenants of Norwich City;[1] Cory I reckon to be almost a kind of Quasi-Mayor, the real Mayor having lately been seized for Royalism; Knyvett of Ashwellthorpe we shall perhaps transiently meet again. The other royalist gentlemen also are known to antiquaries of that region, and what their 'seats' and connexions were: but our reader here can without damage consider merely that they were Sons of Adam, furnished in general with due seats and equipments; and read the best he can:

"*To Sir John Potts, Knight Baronet, of Mannington, Norfolk:*
"*These. Laus Deo.*

"Norwich, 17° Martii 1642.[2]

"Right honourable and worthy Sir,— I hope you came in due time to the end of your journey in health and safety; which I shall rejoice to hear. Sir, I might spare my labour in now writing; for I suppose you are better informed from other hands; only to testify my respects:

"Those sent out on Monday morning, the 13th, returned that night, with old Mr. Castle of Raveningham, and some arms of his, and of Mr. Loudon's of Alby, and of Captain Hamond's, with his leading staff-ensign and drum. Mr. Castle is secured at Sheriff Greenwood's. That night letters from Yarmouth informed the Colonel,[3] That they had, that day, made stay of Sir John Wentworth, and of one Captain Allen from Lowestoff, who had come thither to change dollars; both of whom are yet secured;—and further, That the Town of Lowestoff had received-in divers strangers, and was fortifying itself.

"The Colonel advised no man might enter in or out the gates 'of Norwich,' that night. And the next morning, between five and six, with his five troops, with Captain Fountain's, Captain Rich's, and eighty of our Norwich Volunteers, he marched toward Lowestoff; where he was to meet with the Yarmouth Volunteers, who brought four or five pieces of ordnance. The Town 'of Lowestoff' had blocked themselves up; all except where they had

[1] Commons Journals, 10th December 1642.
[2] Means 1643 of our Style. There are yet seven days of the Old Year to run.
[3] 'viz. Cromwell,' adds D'Ewes.

placed their ordnance, which were three pieces; before which a chain was drawn to keep off the horse.

"The Colonel summoned the Town, and demanded, If they would deliver-up their strangers, the Town and their army?—promising them then favour, if so; if not, none. They yielded to deliver-up their strangers, but not to the rest. Whereupon our Norwich dragoons crept under the chain before mentioned; and came within pistol-shot of their ordnance; proffering to fire upon their cannoneer,—who fled: so they gained the two pieces of ordnance, and broke the chain; and they and the horse entered the Town without more resistance. Where presently eighteen strangers yielded themselves; among whom were, of Suffolk men: Sir T. Barker, Sir John Pettus;—of Norfolk: Mr. Knyvett of Ashwellthorpe, 'whom we are to meet again;' Mr. Richard Catelyn's Son,—some say his Father too was there in the morning; Mr. F. Cory, my unfortunate cousin, who I wish would have been better persuaded.

"Mr. Brooke, the sometime minister of Yarmouth, and some others, escaped, over the river. There was good store of pistols, and other arms: I hear, above fifty cases of pistols. The Colonel stayed there Tuesday and Wednesday night. I think Sir John Palgrave and Mr. Smith went yesterday to Berks. It is rumoured Sir Robert Kemp had yielded to Sir John Palgrave; how true it is I know not, for I spoke not Sir John yesterday as he came through Town. I did your message to Captain Sherwood. Not to trouble you further, I crave leave; and am ever your Worship's at command, JOHN CORY.

"*Postscriptum*, 20th March 1642.—Right worthy Sir, The abovesaid, on Friday, was unhappily left behind; for which I am sorry; as also that I utterly forgot to send your plate. On Friday night the Colonel brought in hither with him the prisoners taken at Lowestoff, and Mr. Trott of Beccles. On Saturday night, with one troop, they sent all the prisoners to Cambridge. Sir John Wentworth is come off with the payment of 1000*l.* On Saturday, Dr. Corbett of Norwich, and Mr. Henry Cooke [1] the Parliament-man, and our old 'Alderman' Daniell were taken in Suffolk. Last night, several troops went out; some to Lynn-ward, it's thought; others to Thetford-ward, it's supposed,—because they had a prisoner with them. Sir, I am in great haste, and remember nothing else at present. JOHN CORY."

[1] Corbett is or was 'Chancellor of Norwich Diocese:' Henry Cooke is Son of Coke upon Lyttleton,—has left his place in Parliament, and got into dangerous courses.

Cory still adds: "Sir Richard Berney sent to me, last night, and showed and gave me the Colonel's Note to testify he had paid him the 50*l.*"—a forced contribution levied by the Association Committee upon poor Berney, who had shown himself 'backward:' let him be quiet henceforth, and study to conform.

This was the last attempt at Royalism in the Association where Cromwell served. The other 'Associations,' no man duly forward to risk himself being present in them, had already fallen, or were fast falling, to ruin; their Counties had to undergo the chance of War as it came. Huntingdon County soon joined itself with this Eastern Association.[1] Cromwell's next operations, as we shall perceive, were to deliver Lincolnshire, and give it the power of joining, which in September next took effect.[2] Lincoln, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridge, Herts, Hunts: these are thenceforth the 'Seven Associated Counties,' called often the 'Association' simply, which make a great figure in the old Books,—and kept the War wholly out of their own borders, having had a man of due forwardness among them.

LETTERS VI.—VIII.

The main brunt of the War, during this year 1643, is in the extreme Southwest, between Sir Ralph Hopton and the Earl of Stamford; and in the North, chiefly in Yorkshire, between the Earl of Newcastle and Lord Fairfax. The Southwest, Cornwall or Devonshire transactions do not much concern us in this place; but with the Yorkshire we shall by and by have some concern. A considerable flame of War burns conspicuous in those two regions: the rest of England, all in a hot but very dim state, may be rather said to *smoke*, everywhere ready for burning, and incidentally catch fire here and there.

Essex, the Lord General, lies at Windsor, all spring, with the finest Parliamentary Army we have yet had; but unluckily can undertake almost nothing, till he see. For his Majesty in Oxford is also quiescent mostly; engaged in a negotiation with his Parliament; in a Treaty,—of which Colonel Hampden and other knowing men, though my Lord of Essex cannot, already predict the issue. And the Country is all writhing in dim conflict, suffering manifold distress. And from his Majesty's headquarters ever and anon there darts out, now hither now thither, across the

[1] 26th May,—Husbands, ii. 183. [2] Ib. p. 327.

dim smoke-element, a swift fierce Prince Rupert, plundering and blazing; and then suddenly darts in again;—too like a streak of sudden *fire*, for he plunders, and even *burns*, a good deal! Which state of things Colonel Hampden and others witness with much impatience; but cannot get the Lord General to undertake anything, till he see.

An obscure entangled scene of things; all manner of War-movements and swift-shooting electric influences crossing one another, with complex action and reaction;—as happens in a scene of War; much more of Civil War, where a whole People and its affairs have become *electric*.—Here are Three poor Letters, reunited at last from their long exile, resuscitated after long interment: not in a very luminous condition! Vestiges of Oliver in the Eastern Association; which, however faint, are welcome to us.

LETTER VI.

THE Essex people, at least the Town of Colchester and Langley their Captain have, in some measure, sent their contingent to Cambridge; but money is short. Cromwell, home rapidly again from Norfolk, must take charge of it; has an order from the Lord General;—nay it seems a Great Design is in view; and Cromwell too, like Richard Baxter and the rest of us, imagines one grand effort might perhaps end these bleeding miseries.

'*To the Mayor &c. of Colchester, By Captain Dodsworth: These.*'

'Cambridge,' 23d March 1642.

GENTLEMEN,

Upon the coming down of your Townsmen to Cambridge, Captain Langley not knowing how to dispose of them, desired me to nominate a fit Captain: which I did,—an honest, religious, valiant Gentleman, Captain Dodsworth, the Bearer hereof.

He hath diligently attended the service, and much improved his men in their exercise; but hath been unhappy beyond others in not receiving any pay for himself, and what he had for his soldiers is out long ago. He hath, by his prudence, what with fair and winning carriage, what with money borrowed, kept them together. He is able to do so no longer: they will presently disband, if a course be not taken.

It's pity it should be so! For I believe they are brought into as good order as most Companies in the Army. Besides, at this instant there is great need to use them; I have received a special command from my Lord General, To advance with what force we can, to put an end, if it may be, to this Work,—God so assisting, from whom all help cometh.

I beseech you, therefore, consider this Gentleman, and the soldiers; and if it be possible, make up his Company a Hundred-and-twenty; and send them away with what expedition is possible. It may, through God's blessing, prove very happy. One month's pay may prove all your trouble. I speak to wise men:—God direct you. I rest, yours to serve you, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

The present Great Design, though it came to nothing, is not without interest for us. Some three days before the date of this Letter, as certain Entries in the Commons Journals still testify,[2] there had risen hot alarm in Parliament; my Lord General writing from Windsor, 'at three in the morning:' Prince Rupert out in one of his forays; in terrible force before the Town of Aylesbury: ought not one to go and fight him?—Without question! eagerly answer Colonel Hampden and others: Fight him, beat him; beat more than him! Why not rise heartily from Windsor with this fine Army; calling the Eastern Association and all friends to aid us; and storm-in upon Oxford itself? It may perhaps quicken the negotiations there!—

This Design came to nothing, and soon sank into total obscurity again. But it seems Colonel Hampden did entertain such a Design, and even take some steps in it. And this Letter of Oliver's, coupled with the Entries in the Commons Journals, is perhaps the most authentic proof we yet have of that fact; an interesting fact, which has rested hitherto on the vague testimony of Clarendon,[3] who seems to think the Design might have succeeded. But it came to nothing; Colonel Hampden could not rouse the Lord General to do more than 'write at three in the morning,' and send 'special commands,' for the present.

[1] Morant's History of Colchester (London, 1748), book i. p. 55; 'from the Original,' he says, but not where that was or is.

[2] Commons Journals, iii. 10, 12.

[3] History of the Rebellion (Oxford, 1819), ii. 319; see also May's Long Parliament (Maseres's edition, London, 1812), p. 192.

LETTER VII.

And now here is a new horde of 'Plunderers' threatening the Association with new infall from the North. The old Newspapers call them 'Camdeners;' followers of a certain Noel, Viscount Camden, from Rutlandshire; who has seized Stamford, is driving cattle at a great rate, and fast threatening to become important in those quarters.—'Sir John Burgoyne' is the Burgoyne of Potton in Bedfordshire, chief Committee-man in that County: Bedford is not in our Association; but will perhaps lend us help in this common peril.

'*To my honoured Friend Sir John Burgoyne, Baronet: These.*'

'Huntingdon,' 10th April 1643.

Sir,

These Plunderers draw near. I think it will do well if you can afford us any assistance of Dragooners, to help in this great Exigence. We have here about Six or Seven Troops of Horse; such, I hope, as will fight. It's happy to resist such beginnings betimes.

If you can contribute anything to our aid, let us speedily participate thereof. In the meantime, and ever, command your humble servant, Oliver Cromwell.[1]

Concerning these Camdeners at Stamford and elsewhere, so soon as Colonel Cromwell has got himself equipt, we shall hear tidings again. Meanwhile, say the old Newspapers,[2] 'there is a regiment of stout Northfolk blades gone to Wisbeach, Croyland, and so into Holland' of Lincolnshire, 'to preserve those parts,'—if they may. Colonel Cromwell will follow; and give good account of that matter by and by.

Lincolnshire in fact ought to be all subdued to the Parliament; added to the Association. We could then coöperate with Fairfax across the Humber, and do good service! So reason the old Committees, as one dimly ascertains.—The Parliament appointed a Lieutenant of Lincolnshire, Lord Willoughby of Parham, a year ago;[3] but he is much infested with Camdeners, with enemies in all quarters, and has yet got no secure footing there. Cromwell's

[1] Communicated (from an old Copy) by H. C. Cooper, Esq., Cambridge.

[2] In Cooper's Annals, iii. 343.

[3] Commons Journals (ii. 496), 25th March 1642. New encouragement and sanction given him (Rushworth, v. 108), of date 9th Jan. 1642-3.

work, and that of the Association, for the next twelvemonth, as we shall perceive, was that of clearing Lincolnshire from enemies, and accomplishing this problem.

LETTER VIII.

MEANWHILE enter Robert Barnard, Esquire, again. Barnard, getting ever deeper into trouble, has run up to Town; has been persuading my Lord of Manchester and others, That he is not a disaffected man; that a contribution should not be inflicted on him by the County Committee.

To my very loving Friend Robert Barnard, Esquire: Present these.

'Huntingdon,' 17th April 1643.

SIR,

I have received two Letters, one from my Lord of Manchester, the other from yourself; much to the same effect: I hope therefore one answer will serve them both.

Which is in short this: That we *know* you are disaffected to the Parliament;—and truly if the Lords, or any Friends, may take you off from a reasonable Contribution, for my part I should be glad to be commanded to any other employment. Sir, you may, if you will, "come freely into the country about your occasions." For my part, I have protected you in your absence; and shall do so to you.

This is all,—but that I am ready to serve you, and rest, your loving friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Let Barnard return, therefore; take a lower level, where the ways are more sheltered in stormy weather;—and so save himself, and 'become Recorder after the Restoration.' Subtlety may deceive him; integrity never will!—

LETTERS IX.—XI.

CROMWELL, we find, makes haste to deal with these 'Camdeners.' His next achievement is the raising of their Siege of Croyland (in

[1] Gentleman's Magazine (London, 1791), lxi. 41: no notice whence, no criticism or commentary there: Letter undoubtedly genuine.

the end of April, exact date not discoverable); concerning which there are large details in loud-spoken Vicars:[1] How the reverend godly Mr. Ram and godly Sergeant Horne, both of Spalding, were 'set upon the walls to be shot at,' when the Spalding people rose to deliver Croyland; how 'Colonel Sir Miles Hobart' and other Colonels rose also to deliver it,—and at last how 'the valiant active Colonel Cromwell' rose, and did actually deliver it.[2]

Cromwell has been at Lynn, he has been at Nottingham, at Peterborough, where the Soldiers were not kind to the Cathedral and its Surplice-furniture:[3] he has been here and then swiftly there; encountering many things. For Lincolnshire is not easy to deliver; dangers, intricate difficulties abound in those quarters, and are increasing. Lincolnshire, infested with infalls of Camdeners, has its own Malignancies too;—and, much more, is sadly overrun with the Marquis of Newcastle's Northern 'Popish Army' at present. An Army 'full of Papists,' as is currently reported; officered by renegade Scots, 'Sir John Henderson,' and the like unclean creatures. For the Marquis, in spite of the Fairfaxes, has overflowed Yorkshire; flowed across the Humber; has fortified himself in Newark-on-Trent, and is a sore affliction to the well-affected thereabouts. By the Queen's interest he is now, from Earl, made Marquis, as we see. For indeed, what is worst of all, the Queen in late months has landed in these Northern parts, with Dutch ammunition purchased by English Crown Jewels; is stirring up all manner of 'Northern Papists' to double animation; tempting Hothams and other waverers to meditate treachery, for which they will pay dear. She is the centre of these new perils. She marches Southward, much agitating the skirts of the Eastern Association; joins the King 'on Keinton field' or Edgehill field, where he fought last autumn.—She was impeached of treason by the Commons. She continued in England till the following summer;[4] then quitted it for long years.

Let the following Three Letters,—one of which is farther distinguished as the first of Cromwell's ever published in the Newspapers,—testify what progress he is making in the difficult problem of delivering Lincolnshire in this posture of affairs.

[1] 'Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Prynne and *Vicars*.'
Hudibras, canto i. 645.

[2] Vicars, p. 332–5; Newspapers (25th April—2d May), in Cromwelliana, p. 4.

[3] Royalist Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 4); Querela Cantab; &c. &c.

[4] From February 1642–3 till July 1644 (Clarendon, iii. 195; Rushworth, v. 684).

LETTER IX.

THERE was in those weeks, as we learn from the old Newspapers, a combined plan, of which Cromwell was an element, for capturing Newark; there were several such; but this and all the rest proved abortive, one element or another of the combination always failing. That Cromwell was not the failing element we could already guess, and may now definitely read.

'Lord Grey,' be it remembered, is Lord Grey of Groby, once Military Chief of the Association,—though now I think employed mainly elsewhere, nearer home: a Leicestershire man; as are 'Hastings' and 'Hartop:' well known all of them in the troubles of that County. Hastings, strong for the King, holds 'Ashby-de-la-Zouch, which is his Father's House, well fortified;'[1] and shows and has shown himself a pushing man. 'His Excellency' is my Lord General Essex. 'Sir John Gell' is Member and Commander for Derbyshire, has Derby Town for Garrison. The Derbyshire forces, the Nottinghamshire forces, the Association forces: if all the 'forces' could but be united! But they never rightly can.

'*To the Honourable the Committee at Lincoln: These.*'

'Lincolnshire,' 3d May 1643.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I must needs be hardly thought on; because I am still the messenger of unhappy tidings and delays concerning you,—though I know my heart is to assist you with all expedition!

My Lord Grey hath now again failed me of the rendezvous at Stamford,—notwithstanding that both he and I received Letters from his Excellency, commanding us both to meet, and, together with Sir John Gell and the Nottingham forces, to join with you. My Lord Grey sent Sir Edward Hartop to me, To let me know he could not meet me at Stamford according to our agreement; fearing the exposing of Leicester to the forces of Mr. Hastings and some other Troops drawing that way.

Believe it, it were better, in my poor opinion, Leicester were not, than that there should not be found an immediate taking of the field by our forces to accomplish the common ends. Wherein I shall deal as freely with him, when I meet him, as you

[1] Clarendon, ii. 202.

can desire. I perceive Ashby-de-la-Zouch sticks much with him. I have offered him now another place of meeting ;[1] to come to which I suppose he will not deny me ; and that to be to-morrow. If you shall therefore think fit to send one over unto us to be with us at night,—you do not know how far we may prevail with him : To draw speedily to a head, with Sir John Gell and the other forces, where we may all meet at a general rendezvous, to the end you know of. And then you shall receive full satisfaction concerning my integrity ;[2]—and if no man shall help you, yet will not I be wanting to do my duty, God assisting me.

If we could unite those forces 'of theirs ;' and with them speedily make Grantham the general rendezvous, both of yours and ours, I think it would do well. I shall bend my endeavours that way. Your concurrence by some able instrument to solicit this, might probably exceedingly hasten it ; especially having so good a foundation to work upon as my Lord General's commands. Our Norfolk forces, which will not prove so many as you may imagine by six or seven hundred men, will lie conveniently at Spalding ; and, I am confident, be ready to meet at Grantham at the general rendezvous.

I have no more to trouble you ; but begging of God to take away the impediments that hinder our conjunction, and to prosper our designs, take leave. Your faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

Some rendezvous at Grantham does take place, some uniting of forces, more or fewer ; and strenuous endeavour thereupon. As the next Letter will testify.

LETTER X.

THIS Letter is the first of Cromwell's ever published in the Newspapers. 'That valiant soldier Colonel Cromwell has written on this occasion to an official Person of name not now discoverable :

[1] Name, not so fit to be *written* for fear of accidents, is very much unknown now !

[2] Means 'that the blame was not in me.'

[3] Tanner MSS. (Oxford), lxii. 94 : the address lost, the date of place never given : the former clearly restorable from Commons Journals, ii. 75.

'*To* —— ——: *These.*'

'Grantham, 13th May 1643.'

SIR,

God hath given us, this evening, a glorious victory over our enemies. They were, as we are informed, one-and-twenty colours of horse-troops, and three or four of dragoons.

It was late in the evening when we drew out; they came and faced us within two miles of the town. So soon as we had the alarm, we drew out our forces, consisting of about twelve troops,—whereof some of them so poor and broken, that you shall seldom see worse: with this handful it pleased God to cast the scale. For after we had stood a little, above musket-shot the one body from the other; and the dragooners had fired on both sides, for the space of half an hour or more; they not advancing towards us, we agreed to charge them. And, advancing the body after many shots on both sides, we came on with our troops a pretty round trot; they standing firm to receive us: and our men charging fiercely upon them, by God's providence they were immediately routed, and ran all away, and we had the execution of them two or three miles.

I believe some of our soldiers did kill two or three men apiece in the pursuit; but what the number of dead is we are not certain. We took forty-five Prisoners, besides divers of their horse and arms, and rescued many Prisoners whom they had lately taken of ours; and we took four or five of their colours. 'I rest' * * *

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'[1]

On inquiry at Grantham, there is no vestige of tradition as to the scene of this skirmish; which must have been some two miles out on the Newark road. Thomas May, a veracious intelligent man, but vague as to dates, mentions two notable skirmishes of Cromwell's 'near to Grantham,' in the course of this business; one especially in which 'he defeated a strong party of the Newarkers, where the odds of number on their side was so great that it seemed almost a miraculous victory:' that probably is the one

[1] Perfect Diurnal of the Passages in Parliament, 22d-29th May 1643; completed from Vicars, p. 332, whose copy, however, is not, except as to sense and facts, to be relied on.

now in question. Colonel Cromwell, we farther find, was very 'vigilant of all sallies that were made, and took many men and colours at several times;'[1] and did what was in Colonel Cromwell;—but could not take Newark at present. One element or other of the combination always fails. Newark, again and again besieged, did not surrender until the end of the War. At present, it is terribly wet weather, for one thing; 'thirteen days of continual rain.'

The King, as we observed, is in Oxford: Treaty, of very slow gestation, came to birth in March last, and was carried on there by Whitlocke and others till the beginning of April; but ended in absolute nothing.[2] The King still continues in Oxford,—his head-quarters for three years to come. The Lord General Essex did at one time think of Oxford, but preferred to take Reading first; is lying now scattered about Thame, and Brickhill in Buckinghamshire, much drenched with the unseasonable rains, in a very dormant, discontented condition.[3] Colonel Hampden is with him. There is talk of making Colonel Hampden Lord General. The immediate hopes of the world, however, are turned on 'that valiant soldier and patriot of his country' Sir William Waller, who has marched to discomfort the Malignants of the West.

On the 4th of this May, Cheapside Cross, Charing Cross, and other Monuments of Papist Idolatry were torn down by authority, 'troops of soldiers sounding their trumpets, and all the people shouting;' the Book of Sports was also burnt on the ruins of the same.[4] In which days, too, all the people are working at the Fortification of London.

LETTER XI.

THE 'great Service,' spoken of in this Letter, we must still understand to be the deliverance of Lincolnshire in general; or if it were another, it did not take effect. No possibility yet of getting over into Yorkshire to coöperate with the Fairfaxes,—though they much need help, and there have been speculations of that and of other kinds.[5] For the War-tide breaks in very irregular billows upon our shores; at one time we are pretty clear of Newark and its Northern Papists; and anon 'the Queen has got into Newark,'

[1] History of Long Parliament, p. 208.
[2] Whitlocke, 1st edition, pp. 63-5; Husbands, ii. 48-119.
[3] Rushworth, v. 290; May, p. 192.
[4] Lithgow (in Somers Tracts, iv. 536); Vicars (date incorrect), p. 327.
[5] Old Newspapers (30th May—12th June 1643), in Cromwelliana, p. 6.

and we are like to be submerged by them. As a general rule, intricate perilous difficulties abound; and cash is scarce. The Fairfaxes, meanwhile, last week, have gained a Victory at Wakefield;[1] which is a merciful encouragement.

'To the Mayor &c. of Colchester: These.'

'Lincolnshire,' 28th May 1643.

GENTLEMEN,

I thought it my duty once more to write unto you For more strength to be speedily sent unto us, for this great Service.

I suppose you hear of the great Defeat given by my Lord Fairfax to the Newcastle Forces at Wakefield. It was a great mercy of God to us. And had it not been bestowed upon us at this very present, my Lord Fairfax had not known how to have subsisted. We assure you, should the Force we have miscarry,—expect nothing but a speedy march of the Enemy up unto you.

Why you should not strengthen us to make us subsist,—judge you the danger of the neglect; and how inconvenient this improvidence, or unthrift, may be to you! I shall never write but according to my judgment: I tell you again, It concerns you exceedingly to be persuaded by me. My Lord Newcastle is near Six-thousand foot, and above Sixty troops of horse; my Lord Fairfax is about Three-thousand foot, and Nine troops of horse; and we have about Twenty-four troops of horse and dragooners. The Enemy draws more to the Lord Fairfax: our motion and yours must be exceeding speedy, or else it will do you no good at all.

If you send, let your men come to Boston. I beseech you hasten the supply to us:—forget not money! I press not hard; though I do so need that, I assure you, the foot and dragooners are ready to mutiny. Lay not too much upon the back of a poor gentleman, who desires, without much noise, to lay down his life, and bleed the last drop to serve the Cause and you. I ask not your money for myself: if that were my end and hope,—viz. the pay of my place,—I would not open my mouth at this time. I desire to deny myself;

[1] 21st May 1643: Letter by Lord Fairfax (in Rushworth, v. 268); Short Memorials, by the younger Fairfax (in Somers Tracts, v. 380).

but others will not be satisfied. I beseech you hasten supplies. Forget not your prayers. Gentlemen, I am yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

'Lay not too much upon a poor gentleman,'—who is really doing what he can; shooting swiftly, now hither, now thither, wheresoever the tug of difficulty lies; struggling very sore, as beseems the Son of Light and Son of Adam, not to be vanquished by the mud-element!

Intricate struggles; sunk almost all in darkness now:—of which take this other as a token, gathered still luminous from the authentic but mostly inane opacities of the *Commons Journals:*[2] '21 June 1643, Mr. Pym reports from the Committee of the Safety of the Kingdom,' our chief authority at present, to this effect, That Captain Hotham, son of the famed Hull Hotham, had, as appeared by Letters from Lord Grey and Colonel Cromwell, now at Nottingham, been behaving very ill; had plundered divers persons without regard to the side they were of; had, on one occasion, 'turned two pieces of ordnance *against* Colonel Cromwell;' nay, once, when Lord Grey's quartermaster was in some huff with Lord Grey 'about oats,' had privily offered to the said quartermaster that they two should draw out their men, and have a fight for it with Lord Grey;—not to speak of frequent correspondences with Newark, with Newcastle, and the Queen now come back from Holland: wherefore he is arrested there in Nottingham, and locked up for trial.

This was on the Wednesday, this report of Pym's: and, alas, while Pym reads it, John Hampden, mortally wounded four days ago in a skirmish at Chalgrove Field, lies dying at Thame;—died on the Saturday following!

LETTERS XII.—XV.

'On Thursday July the 27th,' on, or shortly before that day, 'news reach London' that Colonel Cromwell has taken Stamford,—retaken it, I think; at all events taken it. Whereupon the Cavaliers from Newark and Belvoir Castle came hovering about him: he drove them into Burleigh House, near by, and laid siege to the same; 'at three in the morning,' battered it with all his shot, and stormed it at last.[3] Which is 'a good help we have had this week.'

[1] Morant's History of Colchester, book i. p. 56. [2] iii. 138.
[3] Vicars: Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 6).

On the other hand, at Gainsborough we are suffering siege; indisputably the Newarkers threaten to get the upper hand in that quarter of the County. Here is Cromwell's Letter,—happily now the original itself;—concerning Lord Willoughby of Parham, and the relief of Gainsborough 'with powder and match.'

LETTER XII.

In Rushworth and the old Newspaper copies of this Letter, along with certain insignificant, perhaps involuntary variations, there are two noticeable omissions; the whole of the *first* paragraph, and nearly the whole of the *last*, omitted for cause by the old official persons; who furthermore have given only the virtual address '*To the Committee of the Association sitting at Cambridge*,' not the specific one as here:

To my noble Friends, Sir Edmund Bacon, Knight and Baronet, Sir William Spring, Knight and Baronet, Sir Thomas Barnardiston, Knight, and Maurice Barrow, Esquire: Present these.

Huntingdon, 31st July 1643.

Gentlemen,

No man desires more to present you with encouragement than myself, because of the forwardness I find in you,—to your honour be it spoken,—to promote this great Cause. And truly God follows us with encouragements, who is the God of blessings:—and I beseech you let Him not lose His blessings upon us! They come in season, and with all the advantages of heartening: as if God should say, "Up and be doing, and I will stand by you, and help you!" There is nothing to be feared but our own sin and sloth.[1]

It hath pleased the Lord to give your servant and soldiers a notable victory now at Gainsborough. I marched after the taking of Burleigh House upon Wednesday to Grantham, where I met about 300 horse and dragooners of Nottingham. With these, by agreement, we met the Lincolners at North Scarle, which is about ten miles from Gainsborough, upon Thursday in the evening; where we tarried until two of the

[1] This paragraph is omitted in Rushworth and the Newspapers.

clock in the morning; and then with our whole body advanced towards Gainsborough.

About a mile and a half from the Town, we met a forlorn hope of the enemy of near 100 horse. Our dragooners laboured to beat them back; but not alighting off their horses, the enemy charged them, and beat some four or five of them off their horses: our horse charged them, and made them retire unto their main body. We advanced, and came to the bottom of a steep hill: we could not well get up but by some tracks; which our men essaying to do, a body of the enemy endeavoured to hinder; wherein we prevailed, and got the top of the hill. This was done by the Lincolners, who had the vanguard.

When we all recovered the top of the hill, we saw a great Body of the enemy's horse facing us, at about a musket-shot or less distance; and a good Reserve of a full regiment of horse behind it. We endeavoured to put our men into as good order as we could. The enemy in the mean time advanced towards us, to take us at disadvantage; but in such order as we were, we charged their great body, I having the right wing; we came up horse to horse; where we disputed it with our swords and pistols a pretty time; all keeping close order, so that one could not break the other. At last, they a little shrinking, our men perceiving it, pressed-in upon them, and immediately routed this whole body; some flying on one side and others on the other of the enemy's Reserve; and our men, pursuing them, had chase and execution about five or six miles.

I perceiving this body which was the Reserve standing still unbroken, kept back my Major, Whalley, from the chase; and with my own troop and the other of my regiment, in all being three troops, we got into a body. In this Reserve stood General Cavendish; who one while faced me, another while faced four of the Lincoln troops, which was all of ours that stood upon the place, the rest being engaged in the chase. At last General Cavendish charged the Lincolners, and routed them. Immediately I fell on his rear with my three troops; which did so astonish him, that he gave over the chase, and

would fain have delivered himself from me. But I pressing on forced them down a hill, having good execution of them; and below the hill, drove the General with some of his soldiers into a quagmire; where my Captain-lieutenant slew him with a thrust under his short ribs. The rest of the body was wholly routed, not one man staying upon the place.

We then, after this defeat which was so total, relieved the Town with such powder and provision as we brought. Which done, we had notice that there were six troops of horse and 300 foot on the other side of the Town, about a mile off us: we desired some foot of my Lord Willoughby's, about 400; and, with our horse and these foot, marched towards them: when we came towards the place where their horse stood, we beat back with my troops about two or three troops of the enemy's, who retired into a small village at the bottom of the hill. When we recovered the hill, we saw in the bottom, about a quarter of a mile from us, a regiment of foot; after that another; after that the Marquis of Newcastle's own regiment; consisting in all of about 50 foot colours, and a great body of horse;—which indeed was Newcastle's Army. Which, coming so unexpectedly, put us to new consultations. My Lord Willoughby and I, being in the Town, agreed to call off our foot. I went to bring them off: but before I returned, divers of the foot were engaged; the enemy advancing with his whole body. Our foot retreated in disorder; and with some loss got the Town; where now they are. Our horse also came off with some trouble; being wearied with the long fight, and their horses tired; yet faced the enemy's fresh horse, and by several removes got off without the loss of one man; the enemy following the rear with a great body. The honour of this retreat is due to God, as also all the rest: Major Whalley did in this carry himself with all gallantry becoming a gentleman and a Christian.

Thus you have this true relation, as short as I could. What you are to do upon it, is next to be considered.[1] If I could speak words to pierce your hearts with the sense of our

[1] The rest of this paragraph, all except the last sentence, is omitted: Postscript, too, omitted.

and your condition, I would! If you will raise 2,000 Foot at present to encounter this Army of Newcastle's, to raise the siege, and to enable us to fight him,—we doubt not, by the grace of God, but that we shall be able to relieve the Town, and beat the Enemy on [1] the other side of Trent. Whereas if somewhat be not done in this, you will see Newcastle's Army march up into your bowels; being now, as it is, on this side Trent. I know it will be difficult to raise thus many in so short time: but let me assure you, it's necessary, and therefore to *be* done. At least do what you may, with all possible expedition! I would I had the happiness to speak with one of you:—truly I cannot come over, but must attend my charge; the Enemy is vigilant. The Lord direct you what to do. Gentlemen, I am your faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. Give this Gentleman credence: he is worthy to be trusted, he knows the urgency of our affairs better than myself. If he give you intelligence, in point of time, of haste to be made,—believe him: he will advise for your good.[2]

About two miles south of Gainsborough, on the North-Scarle road, stands the Hamlet and Church of Lea; near which is a 'Hill,' or expanse of upland, of no great height, but sandy, covered with furze, and full of rabbit-holes, the ascent of which would be difficult for horsemen in the teeth of an enemy. This is understood to be the 'Hill' of the fight referred to here. Good part of it is enclosed, and the ground much altered, since that time; but one of the fields is still called '*Redcoats* Field,'[3] and another at some distance nearer Gainsborough '*Graves* Field;' beyond which latter 'on the other or western face of the Hill, a little over the boundary of Lea Parish with Gainsborough Parish, on the left hand (as you go North) between the Road and the River,' is a morass or meadow still known by the name of *Cavendish's Bog*, which points-out the locality.[4]

Of the 'Hills' and 'Villages' rather confusedly alluded to in the second part of the Letter, which probably lay across Trent

[1] Means 'to.'

[2] Rushworth, v. 278;—given now (Third Edition) according to Autograph in the possession of Dawson Turner, Esq., Great Yarmouth. (Papers of Norfolk Archæological Society, Jan. 1848; and Athenæum, London, 11th March 1848.)

[3] See Squire Papers, no. xxxiv., end of vol. ii.

[4] MS. *penes me.*

Bridge on the Newark side of the river, I could obtain no elucidation,—and must leave them to the guess of local antiquaries interested in such things.[1]

'General Cavendish, whom some confound with the Earl of Newcastle's brother, was his *Cousin*, 'the Earl of Devonshire's second son;' an accomplished young man of three-and-twenty; for whom there was great lamenting;—indeed a general emotion about his death, of which we, in these radical times, very irreverent of human quality itself, and much more justly of the *dresses* of human quality, cannot even with effort form any adequate idea. This was the first action that made Cromwell to be universally talked of: He dared to kill this honourable person found in arms against him! 'Colonel Cromwell gave assistance to the Lord Willoughby, and performed very gallant service against the Earl of Newcastle's forces. This was the beginning of his great fortunes, and now he began to appear in the world.'[2]

Waller has an Elegy, not his best, upon 'Charles Ca'ndish.'[3] It must have been written some time afterwards: poor Waller, in these weeks, very narrowly escapes death himself, on account of the 'Waller Plot;'—makes an abject submission; pays 10,000*l.* fine; and goes upon his travels into foreign parts!—

LETTER XIII.

HERE meanwhile is a small noteworthy thing. Consider these 'Young Men and Maids,' and that little joint-stock company of theirs! Amiable young persons, may it prosper with you! Twelve-score pounds and so many stand of muskets,—well, this little too, in the great Cause, will help. For a pure preached Gospel, and the ancient liberties of England, who would not try to help? Fine new cloaks and fardingales are good; but a company of musketeers busy on the right side, how much better!—Colonel Cromwell, now home again, has received a Deputation on the matter; and suggests improvements. 'Country' which will take your muskets, means *County*. Three pounds, we perceive by calculation, will buy a war-saddle and pistols. Who the 'Sir' is, guessable as some Chairman of this 'Young Men and Maids' Society; and in what Town he sits, whether in Huntingdon itself or

[1] Two other Letters on this Gainsborough Action, in Appendix, No. 5.

[2] Whitlocke (1st edition, London, 1682,—as always, unless the contrary be specified), p. 68.

[3] Fenton's Waller, p. 209.

in another,—must remain forever uncertain. His Address, by negligence, has vanished; his affair wholly has vanished; the body of it gone all to air, and only the *soul* of it now surviving, and like to survive!

To —— ——.

'Huntingdon,' 2d August 1643.

SIR,

I understand by these Gentlemen the good affections of your Young Men and Maids; for which God is to be praised.

I approve of the business: only I desire to advise you that your "foot company" may be turned into a troop of horse; which indeed will, by God's blessing, far more advantage the Cause than two or three companies of foot; especially if your men be honest godly men, which by all means I desire. I thank God for stirring-up the youth to cast-in their mite, which I desire may be employed to the best advantage; therefore my advice is, that you would employ your Twelve-score Pounds to buy pistols and saddles, and I will provide Four-score horses; for 400*l.* more will not raise a troop of horse. As for the muskets that are bought, I think the Country will take them of you. Pray raise honest godly men, and I will have them of my regiment. As for your Officers, I leave it as God shall or hath directed to choose;—and rest, your loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

LETTER XIV.

GAINSBOROUGH was directly taken, after this relief of it; Lord Willoughby could not resist the Newarkers with Newcastle at their head. Gainsborough is lost, Lincoln is lost; unless help come speedily, all is like to be lost. The following Letter, with its enclosure from the Lord Lieutenant Willoughby of Parham, speaks for itself. Read the Enclosure first.

[1] Fairfax Correspondence (London, 1849), iii. 56: the Original is Autograph; address quite gone; docketed 'Colonel Cromwell's Letter to' (in regard to) 'the Bachelors and Maids, 2d August 1643, from Huntingdon.'

"*To my noble Friend Colonel Cromwell, at Huntingdon: These.*

"Boston, 5th August 1643.

"NOBLE SIR,—Since the business of Gainsborough, the hearts of our men have been so deaded that we have lost most of them by running away. So that we were forced to leave Lincoln upon a sudden:—and if I had not done it then, I should have been left alone in it. So that now I am at Boston; where we are very poor in strength;—so that without some speedy supply, I fear we shall not hold this long neither.

"My Lord General, I perceive, hath writ to you, To draw all the forces together. I should be glad to see it: for if that will not be, there can be no good to be expected. If you will endeavour to stop my Lord of Newcastle, you must presently draw them to him and fight him! For without we be masters of the field, we shall be pulled out by the ears, one after another.

"The Foot, if they will come on, may march very securely to Boston; which, to me, will be very considerable to your Association. For if the Enemy get that Town, which is now very weak for defence for want of men, I believe they will not be long out of Norfolk and Suffolk.

"I can say no more: but desire you to hasten;—and rest, your servant, FRANCIS WILLOUGHBY." [1]

To my honoured Friends the Commissioners at Cambridge: These present.

Huntingdon, 6th August 1643.

GENTLEMEN,

You see by this Enclosed how sadly your affairs stand. It's no longer Disputing, but Out instantly all you can! Raise all your Bands;[2] send them to Huntingdon;—get up what Volunteers you can; hasten your Horses.

Send these Letters to Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex, without delay. I beseech you spare not, but be expeditious and industrious! Almost all our Foot have quitted Stamford: there is nothing to interrupt an Enemy, but our Horse, that is considerable. You must act lively; do it without distraction. Neglect no means!—I am, your faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

[1] Baker MSS. (Trinity-College Library, Cambridge), xxxiv. 429; is in Tanner MSS. too, together with the following.

[2] Trainbands.

[3] Cooper's Annals of Cambridge, iii. 355; Tanner MSS. lxii. 229.

In the Commons Journals, *August 4th*,[1] are various Orders, concerning Colonel Cromwell and his affairs, of a comfortable nature: as, 'That he shall have the Three-thousand Pounds, already levied in the Associated Counties, for payment of his men;' likewise privilege of 'Free Quarter on the march he is now upon;' and lastly, 'That the Six Associated Counties do forthwith raise Two-thousand men more' for his behoof and that of the Cause. On which occasion Speaker Lenthall, as we otherwise find, writes to him on the part of the House, in these encouraging terms: 'The House hath commanded me to send you these enclosed Orders; and to let you know that nothing is more repugnant to the sense of this House, and dangerous to this Kingdom, than the unwillingness of their forces to march out of their several Counties.'—For yourself, they do exceedingly approve of your faithful endeavours to God and the Kingdom.'[2]

LETTER XV.

THE Committee's answer, 'my return from you,' will find Cromwell at Stamford; to which, as to the place of danger, he is already speeding and spurring. Here is his next Letter to these Honoured Friends:

To my honoured Friends the Commissioners at Cambridge: These present.

'Peterborough,' 8th August 1643.

GENTLEMEN,

Finding our foot much lessened at Stamford, and having a great train and many carriages, I held it not safe to continue there, but presently after my return from you, I ordered the foot to quit that place and march into Holland, 'to Spalding;' which they did on Monday last.[3] I was the rather induced so to do because of the Letter I received from my Lord Willoughby, a copy whereof I sent you.

I am now at Peterborough, whither I came this afternoon. I was no sooner come but Lieutenant-Colonel Wood sent me word, from Spalding, That the Enemy was marching, with twelve flying colours of horse and foot, within a mile of Swin-

[1] Commons Journals, iii. 193. [2] Tanner MSS. lxii. (i.), 224. [3] Yesterday.

stead: so that I hope it was a good providence of God that our foot were at Spalding.

It much concerns your Association, and the Kingdom, that so strong a place as Holland is be not possessed by them. If you have any foot ready to march, send them away to us with all speed. I fear lest the Enemy should press in upon our foot:—he being thus far advanced towards you, I hold it very fit that you should hasten your horse at Huntingdon, and what you can speedily raise at Cambridge, unto me. I dare not go into Holland with my horse, lest the enemy should advance with his whole body of horse, this way, into your Association; but remain ready here, endeavouring [1] my Lord Grey's and the Northamptonshire horse towards me; that so, if we be able, we may fight the enemy, or retreat unto you, with our whole strength. I beseech you hasten your levies, what you can; especially those of foot! Quicken all our friends with new letters upon this occasion;—which I believe you will find to be a true alarm. The particulars I hope to be able to inform you speedily of, more punctually; having sent, in all haste, to Colonel Wood for that purpose.

The money I brought with me is so poor a pittance when it comes to be distributed amongst all my troops that, considering their necessity,—it will not half clothe them, they were so far behind,—if we have not more money speedily, they will be exceedingly discouraged. I am sorry you put me to it to write thus often. It makes it seem a needless importunity in me; whereas, in truth, it is a constant neglect of those that should provide for us. Gentlemen, make them able to live and subsist that are willing to spend their blood for you!—I say no more; but rest, your faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

Sir William Waller, whom some called William the Conqueror, has been beaten all to pieces on Lansdown Heath, about three weeks ago. The Fairfaxes too are beaten from the field; glad to get into Hull,—which Hotham the Traitor was about delivering

[1] 'but am ready endeavouring,' in orig.
[2] Fairfax Correspondence, iii. 58.

to her Majesty, when vigilant persons laid him fast.[1] And, in the end of May, Earl Stamford was defeated in the Southwest; and now Bristol has been suddenly surrendered to Prince Rupert,—for which let Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes (says Mr. Prynne, still very zealous) be tried by Court-Martial, and if possible, shot.

LETTERS XVI.—XVIII.

In the very hours while Cromwell was storming the sand-hill near Gainsborough 'by some tracks,' honourable gentlemen at St. Stephen's were voting him Governer of the Isle of Ely. Ely in the heart of the Fens, a place of great military capabilities, is much troubled with 'corrupt ministers,' with 'corrupt trainbands,' and understood to be in a perilous state; wherefore they nominate Cromwell to take charge of it.[2] We understand his own Family to be still resident in Ely.

The Parliament affairs, this Summer, have taken a bad course; and, except it be in the Eastern Association, look everywhere declining. They have lost Bristol, their footing in the Southwest and in the North is mostly gone; Essex's Army has melted away, without any action of mark all Summer, except the *loss* of Hampden in a skirmish. In the beginning of August the King breaks out from Oxford, very clearly superior in force; goes to settle Bristol; and might thence, it was supposed, have marched direct to London, if he had liked. He decides on taking Gloucester with him before he quit those parts. The Parliament, in much extremity, calls upon the Scots for help; who, under conditions, will consent.

In these circumstances, it was rather thought a piece of heroism in our old friend Lord Kimbolton, or Mandevil, now become Earl of Manchester, to accept the command of the Eastern Association: he is nominated 'Sergeant-Major of the Associated Counties,' 10th August 1643; is to raise new force, infantry and cavalry; has four Colonels of Horse under him; Colonel Cromwell, who soon became his second in command, is one of them; Colonel Norton, whom we shall meet afterwards, is another.[3] 'The Associated

[1] Of Hotham: 29th June 1643 (Rushworth, v. 275-6); —of the Fairfaxes, at Adderton Moor: 30th June (ib. 279); —of Waller: 13th July (ib. 285; Clarendon, ii. 376-9). Stratton Fight in Cornwall, defeat of Stamford by Hopton, was 16th May; Bristol is 22d July (Rushworth, v. 271, 284).

[2] Commons Journals, iii. 186 (of 28th July 1643); ib. 153, 167, 180, &c. to 657 (9th October 1644).

[3] Ibid. iii. 199, 200; Husbands, ii. 286, 276-8.

Counties are busy listing,' intimates the old Newspaper; 'and so soon as their harvest is over, which for the present much retardeth them, the Earl of Manchester will have a very brave and considerable Army, to be a terror to the Northern Papists,' Newarkers and Newcastles, 'if they advance Southward.'[1] When specially it was that Cromwell listed his celebrated body of *Ironsides* is of course not to be dated, though some do carelessly date it, as from the very 'beginning of the War;' and in Bates[2] and others are to be found various romantic details on the subject, which deserve no credit. Doubtless Cromwell, all along, in the many changes his body of men underwent, had his eye upon this object of getting good soldiers and dismissing bad; and managed the matter by common practical vigilance, not by theatrical claptraps as Dr. Bates represents. Some months ago, it was said in the Newspapers, of Colonel Cromwell's soldiers, 'not a man swears but he pays his twelvepence;' no plundering, no drinking, disorder, or impiety allowed.[3] We may fancy, in this new levy, as Manchester's Lieutenant and Governor of Ely, when the whole force was again winnowed and sifted, he might complete the process, and see his Thousand Troopers ranked before him, worthy at last of the name of *Ironsides*. They were men that had the fear of God; and gradually lost all other fear. "Truly they were never beaten at all," says he.—Meanwhile:

1643.

August 21*st*. The shops of London are all shut for certain days:[4] Gloucester is in hot siege; nothing but the obdurate valour of a few men there prevents the King, with Prince Rupert, called also Prince Robert and Prince *Robber*, from riding roughshod over us.[5] The City, with much emotion, ranks its Trained Bands under Essex; making up an Army for him, despatches him to relieve Gloucester. He marches on the 26th; steadily along, in spite of rainy weather and Prince Rupert; westward, westward: on the night of the tenth day, September 5th, the Gloucester people see his signal-fire flame up, amid the dark rain, 'on the top of Presbury Hill;' —and understand that they shall live and not die. The King 'fired his huts,' and marched off without delay. He never again had any real chance of prevailing in this War. Essex, having re-

[1] 29th August 1643, Cromwelliana, p. 7.
[2] Elenchus Motuum.
[3] May 1643, Cromwelliana, p. 5.
[4] Rushworth, v. 291.
[5] See Webb's Bibliotheca Gloucestrensis, a Collection &c. (Gloucester, 1823), of Corbet's contemporary Siege of Gloucester (Somers Tracts, v. 296), which forms the main substance of Mr. Webb's Book.

lieved the West, returns steadily home again, the King's forces hanging angrily on his rear; at Newbury in Berkshire, he had to turn round, and give them battle,—*First* Newbury Battle, 20th September 1643,—wherein he came off rather superior.[1] Poor Lord Falkland, in his 'clean shirt,' was killed here. This steady march, to Gloucester and back again, by Essex, was the chief feat he did during the War; a considerable feat, and very characteristic of him, the slow-going, inarticulate, indignant, somewhat elephantine man.

Here, however, in the interim, are some glimpses of the Associated Counties; of the 'listing' that now goes on there, a thing attended with its own confused troubles.

LETTER XVI.

LETTER Sixteenth is not dated at all; but incidentally names its place; and by the tenor of it sufficiently indicates these autumn days, first days of September, as the approximate time. 'Our handful,' to be known by and by as *Ironsides*, they are ready and steady; but we see what an affair the listing of the rest is: cash itself like to be dreadfully short; men difficult to raise, worth little when raised;—add seizure of Malignant neighbours' horses, proclamations, reclamations, and the Lawyers' tongues, and all men's, everywhere set wagging! Spring and Barrow are leading Suffolk Committee-men, whom we shall see again in that capacity. Of Captain Margery, elsewhere than in that Suffolk Troop now mustering, I know nothing; but Colonel Cromwell knows him, can recommend him as a man worth something: if Margery, to mount himself in this pressure, could 'raise the horses from Malignants,' in some measure,—were it not well?

To my noble Friends, Sir William Spring, Knight and Baronet, and Maurice Barrow, Esquire: Present these.

'Cambridge,—September 1643.'

GENTLEMEN,

I have been now two days at Cambridge, in expectation to hear the fruit of your endeavors in Suffolk towards the public assistance. Believe it, you will hear of a storm in a few days! You have no Infantry at all considerable; hasten your Horses; a few hours may undo you, neglected.—I beseech you be careful what Captains of Horse you

[1] Clarendon, ii.4 60; Whitlocke, p. 70.

choose, what men be mounted: a few honest men are better than numbers. Some time they must have for exercise. If you choose godly honest men to be Captains of Horse, honest men will follow them; and they will be careful to mount such.

The King is exceeding strong in the West. If you be able to foil a force at the first coming of it, you will have reputation; and that is of great advantage in our affairs. God hath given it to our handful; let us endeavour to keep it. I had rather have a plain russet-coated Captain that knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows, than that which you call "a Gentleman" and is nothing else. I honour a *Gentleman* that is so indeed!—

I understand Mr. Margery hath honest men will follow him: if so, be pleased to make use of him; it much concerns your good to have conscientious men. I understand that there is an Order for me to have 3,000*l.* out of the Association; and Essex hath sent their part, or near it. I assure you we need exceedingly. I hope to find your favour and respect. I protest, if it were for myself, I would not move you. That is all, from your faithful servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. If you send such men as Essex hath sent, it will be to little purpose. Be pleased to take care of their march; and that such may come along with them as will be able to bring them to the main Body; and then I doubt not but we shall keep them, and make good use of them.—I beseech you, give countenance to Mr. Margery! Help him in raising his Troop; let him not want your favour in whatsoever is needful for promoting this work;—and *command* your servant. If he can raise the horses from Malignants, let him have your warrant: it will be of special service.[1]

LETTER XVII.

LISTING still; and with more trouble than ever. Matters go not well: 'Nobody to *put-on*,' nobody to *push*; cash too is and remains defective:—here, however, is another glimpse of the *Ironsides*, first specific glimpse, which is something.

[1] Original in the possession of Dawson Turner, Esq., Great Yarmouth; printed in Papers of Norfolk Archæological Society (Norwich, January 1848).

To my honoured Friend Oliver St. John, Esquire, at Lincoln's Inn: These present.

'Eastern Association,' 11th Sept. '1643.'

SIR,

Of all men I should not trouble you with money matters,—did not the heavy necessities my Troops are in, press me beyond measure. I am neglected exceedingly!

I am now ready for[1] my march towards the Enemy; who hath entrenched himself over against Hull, my Lord Newcastle having besieged the Town. Many of my Lord of Manchester's Troops are come to me: very bad and mutinous, not to be confided in;—*they* paid to a week almost; *mine* noways provided-for to support them, except by the poor Sequestrations of the County of Huntingdon!—My Troops increase. I have a lovely company; you would respect them, did you know them. They are no "Anabaptists;" they are honest sober Christians;—they expect to be used as men!

If I took pleasure to write to the House in bitterness, I have occasion. 'Of' the 3,000*l.* allotted me, I cannot get the Norfolk part nor the Hertfordshire: it was gone before I had it.—I have minded your service to forgetfulness of my own and Soldiers' necessities. I desire not to seek myself:—'but' I have little money of my own to help my Soldiers. My estate is little. I tell you, the business of Ireland and England hath had of me, in money, between Eleven and Twelve Hundred pounds;—therefore my Private can do little to help the Public. You have had my money: I hope in God I desire to venture my skin. So do mine. Lay weight upon their patience; but break it not! Think of that which may be a real help. I believe 5,000*l.*[2] is due.

If you lay aside the thought of me and my Letter, I expect no help. Pray for your true friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' There is no care taken how to maintain that Force of Horse and Foot raised and a-rising for my Lord of Man-

[1] 'upon' crossed out as ambiguous; 'ready for' written over it.

[2] Erased, as not the correct sum.

chester. He hath not one able to put-on 'that business.' The Force will fall if some help not. Weak counsels and weak actings undo all!—[*two words crossed out*] :—all will be lost, if God help not! Remember who tells you.[1]

In Lynn Regis there arose 'distractions,' last Spring; distractions ripening into open treason, and the seizure of Lynn by Malignant forces,—Roger L'Estrange, known afterwards as Sir Roger the busy Pamphleteer, being very active in it. Lynn lies strong amid its marshes; a gangrene in the heart of the Association itself. My Lord of Manchester is now, with all the regular Foot, and what utmost effort of volunteers the Country can make, besieging Lynn, does get it, at last, in a week hence. Ten days hence the Battle of Newbury is got; and much joy for Gloucester and it. But here in the Association, with such a weight of enemies upon us, and such a stagnancy and staggering want of pith within us, things still look extremely questionable!—

Monday, 25th September. The House of Commons and the Assembly of Divines take the Covenant, the old Scotch Covenant, slightly modified now into a 'Solemn League and Covenant;' in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.[2] They lifted up their hands *seriatim*, and then 'stept into the chancel to sign.' The List yet remains in Rushworth,—incorrect in some places. There sign in all about 220 Honourable Members that day. The whole Parliamentary Party, down to the lowest constable or drummer in their pay, gradually signed. It was the condition of assistance from the Scotch; who are now calling out 'all fencible men from sixteen to sixty,' for a third expedition into England. A very solemn Covenant, and Vow of all the People; of the awfulness of which, we, in these days of Custom-house oaths and loose regardless talk, cannot form the smallest notion.—Duke Hamilton, seeing his painful Scotch diplomacy end all in this way, flies to the King at Oxford,—is there 'put under arrest,' sent to Pendennis Castle near the Land's End.[3]

LETTER XVIII.

In Rushworth's List of Members covenanting in St. Margaret's Church on Monday September 25th, the name of Oliver Cromwell

[1] Additional Ayscough MSS. 5015, art. 25: printed, with some errors, in Annual Register, xxxv. 358.

[2] Commons Journals, iii. 252–4; Rushworth (incorrect in various particulars,—unusual with Rushworth), v. 475, 480; the Covenant itself, ib. 478.

[3] Burnet, Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton,

stands visible: but it is an error; as this Letter and other good evidences still remain to show. Indeed some singular oscitancy must have overtaken the watchful Rushworth, on that occasion of the Covenant; or what is likelier, some inextricable shuffle had got among his Paper-masses there, when he came to redact them long after,—the indefatigable painful man! Thus he says furthermore, and again says, the signing took place 'on September 22d,' which was Friday; whereas the Rhadamanthine Commons Journals still testify, that on Friday September 22d there was merely order and appointment made to sign on the 25th; and that the signing itself took place, accordingly, on Monday September 25th, as we have given it. With other errors,—incident to the exactest Rushworth, when his Paper-masses get shuffled!—Here is another entry of his, confirmable beyond disputing; which is of itself fatal to that of 'Oliver Cromwell' among 'those who signed the Covenant that day.' Oliver Cromwell had quite other work to do than signing of Covenants, many miles away from him just now; and indeed, I guess, did not sign this one for many days and weeks to come; not till he got to his place in Parliament again, with more leisure on his hands than now.

Tuesday, '26th September. The Lord Willoughby' of Parham 'and Colonel Cromwell came to Hull, to consult with the Lord Fairfax; but made no stay: and the same day, Sir Thomas Fairfax crossed Humber with Twenty Troops of Horse, to join Cromwell's forces in Lincolnshire.'[1] For the Marquis of Newcastle is begirdling, and ever more closely besieging, the Lord Fairfax in Hull; which has obliged him to ship his brave Son, with all the horse, across the Humber, in this manner: horse are useless here; under the Earl of Manchester, on the other side, they may be of use.

The landing took place at Saltfleet that same afternoon, say the Newspapers: here now is what followed thereupon,—successful though rather dangerous march into the safe parts of Lincolnshire, and continuance of the drillings, fightings, and enlistments there. Committee-men 'Spring and Barrow' are known to us; of Margery and 'the Malignants' horses' we have also had some inkling once.

To his honoured Friends, Sir William Spring and Mr. Barrow: These present.

GENTLEMEN, 'Holland, Lincolnshire,' 28th Sept. 1643.

It hath pleased God to bring off Sir Thomas Fairfax his Horse over the river from Hull, being about One-

[1] Rushworth, v. 280.

and-twenty Troops of Horse and Dragoons. The Lincolnshire horse laboured to hinder this work, being about Thirty-four Colours of Horse and Dragoons: we marched up to their landing-place, and the Lincolnshire Horse retreated.

After they were come over, we all marched toward Holland; and when we came to our last quarter upon the edge of Holland, the Enemy quartered within four miles of us, and kept the field all night with his whole body: his intendment, as we conceive, was to fight us;—or hoping to interpose betwixt us and our retreat; having received, to his Thirty-four Colours of Horse, Twenty fresh Troops, ten Companies of 'Dragoons;'[1] and about a Thousand Foot, being General King's own Regiment. With these he attempted our guards and our quarters; and, if God had not been merciful, had ruined us before we had known of it; the Five Troops we set to keep the watch failing much of their duty. But we got to horse; and retreated in good order, with the safety of all our Horse of the Association; not losing four of them that I hear of, and we got five of theirs. And for this we are exceedingly bound to the goodness of God, who brought our troops off with so little loss.

I write unto you to acquaint you with this; the rather that God may be acknowledged; and that you may help forward, in sending such force away unto us as lie unprofitably in your country. And especially that Troop of Captain Margery's, which surely would[2] not be wanting, now we so much need it!

I hear there hath been much exception taken to Captain Margery and his Officers, for taking of horses. I am sorry you should discountenance those who (not to make benefit to themselves, but to serve their Country) are willing to venture their lives, and to purchase to themselves the displeasure of bad men, that they may do a Public benefit. I undertake not to justify all Captain Margery's actions: but his own conscience knows whether he hath taken the horses of any but Malignants;—and it were somewhat too hard to put it upon the consciences of your fellow Deputy Lieutenants, whether they have not *freed* the

[1] Word torn. [2] should.

horses of known Malignants? A fault not less, considering the sad estate of this Kingdom, than to take a horse from a known Honest man; the offence being against the Public, which is a considerable aggravation! I know not the measure every one takes of Malignants. I think it is not fit Captain Margery should be the judge: but if he, in this taking of horses, hath observed the plain character of a Malignant, and cannot be charged for one horse otherwise taken,—it had been better that some of the bitterness wherewith he and his have been followed had been spared! The horses that his Cornet[1] Boulry took, he will put himself upon that issue for them all.

If these men be accounted "troublesome to the Country," I shall be glad you would send them all to me. I'll bid them welcome. And when they have fought for you, and endured some other difficulties of war which your "honester" men will hardly bear, I pray you then let them go for honest men! I protest unto you, many of those men which are of your Country's choosing, under Captain Johnson, are so far from serving you, that,—were it not that I have honest Troops to master them,—although they be well paid, yet they are so mutinous that I may justly fear they would cut my throat!—Gentlemen, it may be it provokes some spirits to see such plain men made Captains of Horse. It had been well that men of honour and birth had entered into these employments:—but why do they not appear? Who would have hindered them? But seeing it was necessary the work must go on, better plain men than none;—but best to have men patient of wants, faithful and conscientious in their employment. And such, I hope, these will approve themselves to be. Let them therefore, if I be thought worthy of any favour, leave your Country with your good wishes and a blessing. I am confident they[2] will be well bestowed. And I believe before it be long, you will be in their debt; and then it will not be hard to quit scores.

What arms you can furnish them withal, I beseech you do it. I have hitherto found your kindness great to me:—I know not what I have done to lose it; I love it so well, and

[1] 'Coronett' in orig. [2] your wishes.

price it so high, that I would do my best to gain more. You have the assured affection of your most humble and faithful servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S.—I understand there were some exceptions taken at a Horse that was sent to me, which was seized out of the hands of one Mr. Goldsmith of Wilby. If he be not by you judged a Malignant, and that you do not approve of my having of the Horse, I shall as willingly return him again as you shall desire. And therefore, I pray you, signify your pleasure to me herein under your hands. Not that I would, for ten thousand horses, have the Horse to my own private benefit, saving to make use of him for the Public:—for I will most gladly return the value of him to the State. If the Gentleman stand clear in your judgments,—I beg it as a special favour that, if the Gentleman be freely willing to let me have him for my money, let him set his own price: I shall very justly return him the money. Or if he be unwilling to part with him, but keeps him for his own pleasure, be pleased to send me an answer thereof: I shall instantly return him his Horse; and do it with a great deal more satisfaction to myself than keep him.—Therefore I beg it of you to satisfy my desire in this last request; it shall exceedingly oblige me to you. If you do it not, I shall rest very unsatisfied, and the Horse will be a burden to me so long as I shall keep him.'

The Earl of Manchester, recaptor of Lynn Regis lately, is still besieging and retaking certain minor strengths and Fen garrisons,—sweeping the intrusive Royalists out of those Southern Towns of Lincolnshire. This once done, his Foot once joined to Cromwell's and Fairfax's Horse, something may be expected in the Midland parts too.

WINCEBY FIGHT.

LINCOLNSHIRE, which has now become one of the Associated Seven,[2] and is still much overrun by Newarkers and Northern Papists, shall at last be delivered.

[1] Original in the possession of Dawson Turner, Esq., Great Yarmouth; printed in Papers of Norfolk Archæological Society (Norwich, January 1848).

[2] 20th September 1643, Husbands, ii. 327.

Hull siege still continues, with obstinate sally and onslaught; on the other hand, Lynn siege, which the Earl of Manchester was busy in, has prosperously ended; and the Earl himself, with his foot regiments, is now also here; united, in loose quarters, with Cromwell and Fairfax, in the Boston region, and able probably to undertake somewhat. Cromwell and Fairfax with the horse, we perceive, have still the brunt of the work to do. Here, after much marching and skirmishing, is an account of Winceby Fight, their chief exploit in those parts, which cleared the country of the Newarkers, General Kings, and renegade Sir John Hendersons;—as recorded by loud-spoken Vicars. In spite of brevity we must copy the Narrative. Cromwell himself was nearer death in this action than ever in any other; the victory too made its due figure, and 'appeared in the world.'

Winceby, a small upland Hamlet, in the Wolds, not among the Fens, of Lincolnshire, is some five miles west of Horncastle. The confused memory of this Fight is still fresh there; the Lane along which the chase went bears ever since the name of '*Slash* Lane,' and poor Tradition maunders about it as she can. Hear Vicars, a poor human soul zealously prophesying as if through the organs of an ass,—in a not mendacious, yet loud-spoken, exaggerative, more or less asinine manner:[1]

* * * 'All that night,' Tuesday 10th October 1643, 'we were drawing our horse to the appointed rendezvous; and the next morning, being Wednesday, my Lord' Manchester 'gave order that the whole force, both horse and foot, should be drawn up to Bolingbroke Hill, where he would expect the enemy, being the only convenient ground to fight with him. But Colonel Cromwell was no way satisfied that we should fight; our horse being extremely wearied with hard duty two or three days together.

'The enemy also drew, that' Wednesday 'morning, their whole body of horse and dragooners into the field, being 74 colours of horse, and 21 colours of dragoons, in all 95 colours. We had not many more than half so many colours of horse and dragooners; but I believe we had as many men,—besides our foot, which indeed could not be drawn up until it was very late. The enemy's word was "Cavendish;"'—he that was killed in the Bog; 'and ours was "Religion." I believe that as we had no notice of the

[1] Third form of Vicars: God's Ark overtopping the World's Waves, or the Third Part of the Parliamentary Chronicle: by John Vicars (London, printed by M. Simonds and J. Meecock, 1646), p. 45. There are three editions or successive forms of this Book of Vicars's (see Bliss's Wood, *in voce*): it is always, unless the contrary be expressed, the *second* (of 1644) that we refer to here.

enemy's coming towards us, so they had as little of our preparation to fight with them. It was about twelve of the clock ere our horse and dragooners were drawn up. After that we marched about a mile nearer the enemy; and then we began to descry him, by little and little, coming towards us. Until this time we did not know we should fight; but so soon as our men had knowledge of the enemy's coming, they were very full of joy and resolution, thinking it a great mercy that they should now fight with him. Our men went on in several bodies, singing Psalms. Quartermaster-General Vermuyden with five troops had the forlorn-hope, and Colonel Cromwell the van, assisted with other of my Lord's troops, and seconded by Sir T. Fairfax. Both armies met about Ixbie, if I mistake not the Town's name,'—you do mistake, Mr. Vicars; it is Winceby, a mere hamlet and not a town.

'Both they and we had drawn-up our dragooners; who gave the first charge; and then the horse fell in. Colonel Cromwell fell with brave resolution upon the enemy, immediately after their dragooners had given him the first volley; yet they were so nimble, as that, within half pistol-shot, they gave him another: his horse was killed under him at the first charge, and fell down upon him; and as he rose up, he was knocked down again by the Gentleman who charged him, who 'twas conceived was Sir Ingram Hopton: but afterwards he' the Colonel 'recovered a poor horse in a soldier's hands, and bravely mounted himself again. Truly this first charge was so home-given, and performed with so much admirable courage and resolution by our troops, that the enemy stood not another; but were driven back upon their own body, which was to have seconded them; and at last put these into a plain disorder; and thus, in less than half an hour's fight, they were all quite routed, and'—driven along Slash Lane at a terrible rate, unnecessary to specify. Sir Ingram Hopton, who had been so near killing Cromwell, was himself killed. 'Above a hundred of their men were found drowned in ditches,' in quagmires that would not bear riding; the 'dragooners now left on foot' were taken prisoners; the chase lasted to Horncastle or beyond it,—and Henderson the renegade Scot was never heard of in those parts more. My Lord of Manchester's foot did not get up till the battle was over.

This very day of Winceby Fight, there has gone on at Hull a universal sally, tough sullen wrestle in the trenches all day; with important loss to the Marquis of Newcastle; loss of ground, loss of lives, loss still more of invaluable guns, brass drakes, sackers, what not:—and on the morrow morning the Townsfolk, looking

out, discern with emotion that there is now no Marquis, that the Marquis has marched away under cloud of night, and given up the siege. Which surely are good encouragements we have had ; two in one day.

This will suffice for Winceby Fight, or Horncastle Fight, of 11th October 1643 ;[1] and leave the reader to imagine that Lincolnshire too was now cleared of the 'Papist Army,' as we violently nickname it,—all but a few Towns on the Western border, which will be successfully besieged when the Spring comes.

LETTERS XIX. XX.

In the month of January 1643–4, Oliver, as Governor of Ely, is present for some time in that City ; lodges, we suppose, with his own family there ; doing military and other work of government : —makes a transient appearance in the Cathedral one day ; memorable to the Reverend Mr. Hitch and us.

The case was this. Parliament, which, ever since the first meeting of it, had shown a marked disaffection to Surplices at All-hallowtide and 'monuments of Superstition and Idolatry,' and passed Order after Order to put them down,—has in August last come to a decisive Act on the subject, and specifically explained that go they must and shall.[2] Act of Parliament which, like the previous Orders of Parliament, could only have gradual partial execution, according to the humour of the locality ; and gave rise to scenes. By the Parliament's directions, the Priest, Churchwardens, and proper officers were to do it, with all decency : failing the proper officers, *im*proper officers, military men passing through the place, these and suchlike, backed by a Puritan populace and a Puritan soldiery, had to do it ;—not always in the softest manner. As many a *Querela*, Peter Heylin's (lying Peter's) *History*, and *Persecutio Undecima*, still testifies with angry tears. You cannot pull the shirt off a man, the skin off a man, in a way that will please him !—Our Assembly of Divines, sitting earnestly deliberative ever since June last,[3] will direct us what Form of Wor-

[1] Account of it from the other side, in Rushworth, v. 282 : Hull Siege, &c. ib. 280.

[2] 28th August 1643 (Scobell, i. 53 : Commons Journals, iii. 220) : 2d November 1642 (Commons Journals, and Husbands, ii. 119) : 31st August 1641 ; 23d January 1641 (Commons Journals, in diebus).

[3] Bill for convocation of them, read a third time, 6th January 1642-3 (Commons Journals, ii. 916) ; Act itself, with the Names, 13th June 1643 (Scobell, i. 42-4).

ship we are to adopt,—some form, it is to be hoped, not grown dramaturgic to us, but still awfully symbolic for us. Meanwhile let all Churches, especially all Cathedrals, be stript of whatever the general soul so much as suspects to be stage-property and prayer by machinery,—a thing we very justly hold in terror and horror, and dare not live beside!—

Ely Cathedral, it appears, had still been overlooked,—Ely, much troubled with scandalous ministers, as well as with disaffected trainbands,—and Mr. Hitch, under the very eyes of Oliver, persists in his Choir-service there. Here accordingly is an official Note, copies of which still sleep in some repositories.

LETTER XIX.

'*To the Reverend Mr. Hitch, at Ely : These.*

'Ely,' 10th January 1643.

MR. HITCH,

Lest the Soldiers should in any tumultuary or disorderly way attempt the reformation of the Cathedral Church, I require you to forbear altogether your Choir-service, so unedifying and offensive:—and this as you shall answer it, if any disorder should arise thereupon.

I advise you to catechise, and read and expound the Scripture to the people; not doubting but the Parliament, with the advice of the Assembly of Divines, will direct you farther. I desire your Sermons 'too,' where usually they have been,—but more frequent. Your loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Mr. Hitch paid no attention; persisted in his Choir-service:—whereupon enter the Governor of Ely with soldiers, 'with a rabble at his heels,' say the old *Querelas*. With a rabble at his heels, with his hat on, he walks up to the Choir; says audibly: "I am a man under Authority; and am commanded to dismiss this Assembly,"—then draws back a little, that the Assembly may dismiss with decency. Mr. Hitch has paused for a moment; but seeing Oliver draw back, he starts again: "As it was in the be-

[1] Gentleman's Magazine (London 1788). lviii. 225: copied 'from an old Copy, by a Country Rector,' who has had some difficulty in reading the name of Hitch, and knows nothing farther about him or it.

ginning"—!—"Leave off your fooling, and come down, Sir!"[1] said Oliver, in a voice still audible to this Editor; which Mr. Hitch did now instantaneously give ear to. And so, 'with his whole congregation,' files out, and vanishes from the field of History.

Friday, 19th January. The Scots enter England by Berwick, 21,000 strong; on Wednesday they left Dunbar 'up to the knees in snow;' such a heart of forwardness was in them.[2] Old Lesley, now Earl of Leven, was their General, as before; a Committee of Parliamenteers went with him. They soon drove-in Newcastle's 'Papist Army' within narrower quarters; in May, got Manchester with Cromwell and Fairfax brought across the Humber to join them, and besieged Newcastle himself in York. Which, before long, will bring us to Marston Moor, and *Letter Twenty-first.*

In this same month of January, 22d day of it, directly after Hitch's business, Colonel Cromwell, now more properly Lieutenant-General Cromwell, Lieutenant to the Earl of Manchester in the Association, transiently appeared in his place in Parliament; complaining much of my Lord Willoughby, as of a backward General, with strangely dissolute people about him, a great sorrow to Lincolnshire;[3]—and craving that my Lord Manchester might be appointed there instead: which, as we see, was done; with good result.

LETTER XX.

About the end of next month, February 1644, the Lieutenant-General, we find, has been in Gloucester, successfully convoying Ammunition thither; and has taken various strong-houses by the road,—among others, Hilsden-House in Buckinghamshire, with important gentlemen, and many prisoners; which latter, 'Walloons, French, and other outlandish men,' appear in Cambridge streets in a very thirsty condition; and are, in spite of danger, refreshed according to ability by the loyal Scholars, and especially by 'Mrs. Cumber's maid,' with a temporary glass of beer.[4] In this expedition there had gone with Cromwell a certain Major-General Crawford, whom he has left behind in the Hilsden neighbourhood; to whom there is a Letter, here first producible to modern readers, and connected therewith a tale otherwise known.

Letter Twentieth, which exists as a Copy, on old dim paper, in

[1] Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy (London, 1714), Part ii. p. 23.
[2] Rushworth, v. 603–6.
[3] D'Ewes Mss. vol. iv. f. 280 b.
[4] Querela (in Cooper's Annals, iii. 370); Cromwelliana, p. 8 (5th March 1643).

the Kimbolton Archives, addressed on the back of the sheet, with all reverence, *To the Earl of Manchester*, and forms a very opaque puzzle in that condition,—turns out, after due study, to have been a Copy *by* that Crawford of a Letter addressed to himself: Copy hastily written off, along with other hasty confused sheets still extant beside it, for the Earl of Manchester's use, on a certain Parliamentary occasion, which will by and by concern us too for a moment.

A 'Lieutenant-Colonel,' Packer I dimly apprehend is the name of him, has on this Hilsden-and-Gloucester expedition given offence to Major-General Crawford; who again, in a somewhat prompt way, has had Packer laid under arrest, under suspension at Cambridge; in which state Packer still painfully continues. And may, seemingly, continue: for here has my Lord of Manchester just come down with a Parliamentary Commission 'to reform the University,' a thing of immense noise and moment, and 'is employed in regard of many occasions;' is, in fact, precisely in these hours,[1] issuing his Summonses to the Heads of Houses; and cannot spare an instant for Packer and his pleadings. Crawford is still in Buckinghamshire; nevertheless the shortest way for Packer will be to go to Crawford, and take this admonitory Letter from his superior in command:

'*To Major-General Crawford: These.*'

Cambridge, 10th March '1643.'[2]

SIR,

The complaints you preferred to my Lord against your Lieutenant-Colonel, both by Mr. Lee and your own Letters, have occasioned his stay here:—my Lord being 'so' employed, in regard of many occasions which are upon him, that he hath not been at leisure to hear him make his defence: which, in pure justice, ought to be granted him or any man before a judgment be passed upon him.

During his abode here and absence from you, he hath acquainted me what a grief it is to him to be absent from his charge, especially now the regiment is called forth to action: and therefore, asking of me my opinion, I advised him speedily to repair unto *you*. Surely you are not well advised thus to turn-off one so faithful to the Cause, and so able to

[1] 11th March (Cooper, iii. 371; details in Neal, ii. 79–89).

[2] In Appendix, No. 6 (infrà, vol. v.): Letter from Oliver, notably busy, and not yet got to Cambridge.

serve you as this man is. Give me leave to tell you, I cannot be of your judgment; 'cannot understand,' if a man notorious for wickedness, for oaths, for drinking, hath as great a share in your affection as one who fears an oath, who fears to sin,—that this doth commend your election of men to serve as fit instruments in this work!—

Ay, but the man "is an Anabaptist." Are you sure of that? Admit he be, shall that render him incapable to serve the Public? "He is indiscreet." It may be so, in some things: we have all human infirmities. I tell you, if you had none but such "indiscreet men" about you, and would be pleased to use them kindly, you would find as good a fence to you as any you have yet chosen.

Sir, the State, in choosing men to serve it, takes no notice of their opinions; if they be willing faithfully to serve it,—that satisfies. I advised you formerly to bear with men of different minds from yourself: if you had done it when I advised you to it, I think you would not have had so many stumblingblocks in your way. It may be you judge otherwise; but I tell you my mind.—I desire you would receive this man into your favour and good opinion. I believe, if he follow my council, he will deserve no other but respect from you. Take heed of being sharp, or too easily sharpened by others, against those to whom you can object little but that they square not with you in every opinion concerning matters of religion. If there be any other offence to be charged upon him,—that must in a judicial way receive determination. I know you will not think it fit my Lord should discharge an Officer of the Field but in a regulate way. I question whether you or I have any precedent for that.

I have not farther to trouble you:—but rest, your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Adjoined to this Letter, as it now lies,—in its old repository at Kimbolton, copied and addressed in the enigmatic way above mentioned,—there is, written in a Clerk's hand, but corrected in the hand which copied the Letter, a confused loud-spoken recrim-

[1] Communicated, with much politeness, by the Duke of Manchester, from Family Papers at Kimbolton.

inatory Narrative, of some length, about the Second Battle of Newbury; touching also, in a loud confused way, on the case of Packer and others:—evidently the raw material of the Earl's *Speech in defence of himself*,[1] in the time of the *Self-denying Ordinance;* of which the reader will hear by and by. Assiduous Crawford had provided the Earl with these helps to prove Cromwell an insubordinate person, and what was equally terrible, a favourer of Anabaptists. Of the *Letter*, Crawford, against whom also there lay accusations, retains the Original; but furnishes this Copy;—of which, unexpectedly, we too have now obtained a reading.

This sharp Letter may be fancied to procure the Lieutenant-Colonel's reinstatement; who, we have some intimation, does march with his regiment again, in hopes to take the Western Towns of Lincolnshire. Indeed Lieutenant-Colonel Packer, if this were verily Packer as he seems to be, became a distinguished Colonel afterwards, and gave Oliver himself some trouble with his Anabaptistries.[2] In the Letter itself, still more in the confused Papers adjoined to it, of Major-General Crawford's writing, there is evidence enough of smouldering fire-elements in my Lord's Eastern-Association Army! The Lieutenant-General Cromwell, one perceives, is justly suspected of a lenity for Sectaries, Independents, Anabaptists themselves, provided they be 'men that fear God,' as he phrases it. Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn (Freeborn John), Lieutenant-Colonel Fleetwood risen from Captaincy now: these and others, in the Crawford Documents, come painfully to view in this Lincolnshire campaign and afterwards; with discontents, with 'Petitions,' and one knows not what; all tending to Sectarian courses, all countenanced by the Lieutenant-General.[3] Most distasteful to Scotch Crawford, to my Lord of Manchester, not to say criminal and unforgivable to the respectable Presbyterian mind.

Reverend Mr. Baillie is now up in Town again with the Scotch Commissioners,—for there is again a Scotch Commission here, now that their Army has joined us: Reverend Mr. Baillie, taking good note of things, has this pertinent passage some six months hence: 'The Earl of Manchester, a sweet meek man, did formerly permit Lieutenant-General Cromwell to guide all the Army at his pleasure: the man Cromwell is a very wise and active head'—yes, Mr. Robert!—'universally well beloved as religious and stout; but a known Independent or favourer of Sects,'—the issues of which might have been frightful! 'But now our

[1] Rushworth, v. 733-6. [2] Ludlow (London, 1721), ii. 599.
[3] MS. by Crawford at Kimbolton.

countryman Crawford has got a great hand with Manchester, stands high with all that are against Sects;' which is a blessed change indeed,[1]—and may partly explain this Letter and some other things to us!

Of Major-General Crawford, who was once a loud-sounding well-known man, but whose chance for being remembered much longer will mainly ground itself on a Letter he copied with very different views, let us say here what little needs to be said. He is Scotch; of the Crawfords of Jordan-Hill, in Renfrewshire; has seen service in the German Wars, and is deeply conscious of it; —paints himself to us as a headlong audacious fighter, of loose loud tongue, much of a pedant and braggart, somewhat given to sycophancy too. Whose history may sum itself up practically in this one fact, That he helped Cromwell and the Earl of Manchester to quarrel; and his character in this other, That he knew Lieutenant-General Cromwell to be a coward. This he, Crawford, knew; had seen it; was wont to assert it, and could prove it. Nay once, in subsequent angry months, talking to the Honourable Denzil Holles in Westminster Hall, he asserted it within earshot of Cromwell himself; 'who was passing into the House, and I am very sure did hear it, as intended;'—who, however, heard it as if it had been no affair of his at all; and quietly walked on, as if *his* affairs lay elsewhere than there![2] From which I too, the knowing Denzil, drew my inferences,—ignominious to the human character!—Poor Crawford, after figuring much among the Scotch Committee-men and Presbyterian Grandees for a time, joined or rejoined the Scotch Army under Lesley; and fell at the Siege of Hereford in 1645, fighting gallantly I doubt not, and was quiet thenceforth.[3]

In these same weeks there is going on a very famous Treaty once more, 'Treaty of Uxbridge:' with immense apparatus of King's Commissioners and Parliament and Scotch Commissioners;[4] of which, however, as it came to nothing, there need nothing here be said. Mr. Christopher Love, a young eloquent divine, of hot Welsh blood, of Presbyterian tendency, preaching by appointment in the place, said, He saw no prospect of an agreement, he for one; "Heaven might as well think of agreeing with

[1] Baillie, ii. 229 (16th Sept. 1644).

[2] Holles's Memoirs: in Maseres's Select Tracts (London, 1815), i. 199.

[3] Wood's Athenæ (Life, p. 8); Baillie, ii. 235 and sæpius (correct ib. ii. p. 218 n. and Godwin, i. 380); Holles; Scotch Peerages; &c. &c.

[4] 29th Jan.—5th March, Rushworth, v. 844–946; Whitlocke, p. 122–3.

Hell;"[1] words which were remembered against Mr. Christopher. The King will have nothing to do with Presbyterianism, will not stir a step without his Surplices at Allhallowtide; there remains only War; a supreme managing 'Committee of Both Kingdoms;' combined forces, and war. On the other hand, his Majesty, to counterbalance the Scots, had agreed to a 'Cessation in Ireland,' sent for his 'Irish Army' to assist him here,—and indeed already got them as good as ruined, or reduced to a mere marauding apparatus.[2] A new 'Papist' or partly 'Papist Army,' which gave great scandal in this country. By much the remarkablest man in it was Colonel George Monk; already captured at Nantwich, and lodged in the Tower.

But now the Western Towns of Lincolnshire are all taken; Manchester with Cromwell and Fairfax are across the Humber, joined with the Scots besieging York, where Major-General Crawford again distinguishes himself;[3]—and we are now at Marston Moor.

LETTER XXI.

MARSTON MOOR.

In the last days of June 1644, Prince Rupert, with an army of some 20,000 fierce men, came pouring over the hills from Lancashire, where he had left harsh traces of himself, to relieve the Marquis of Newcastle, who was now with a force of 6,000 besieged in York, by the united forces of the Scots under Leven, the Yorkshiremen under Lord Fairfax, and the Associated Counties under Manchester and Cromwell. On hearing of his approach, the Parliament Generals raised the Siege; drew out on the Moor of Long Marston, some four miles off, to oppose his coming. He avoided them by crossing the river Ouse; relieved York, Monday 1st July; and might have returned successful; but insisted on Newcastle's joining him, and going out to fight the Roundheads. The Battle of Marston Moor, fought on the morrow evening, Tuesday 2d July 1644, from 7 to 10 o'clock, was the result,—entirely disastrous for him.

Of this Battle, the bloodiest of the whole War, I must leave the

[1] Wood, iii. 281; Commons Journals, &c.

[2] Rushworth, v. 547 (Cessation, 15th September 1643); v. 299–303 (Siege of Nantwich, and ruin of the Irish Army, 21st November).

[3] Fires a mine without orders; Storms-in, hoping to take the City himself; and is disastrously repulsed (Rushworth, v. 631; Baillie, ii. 200).

reader to gather details in the sources indicated below;[1] or to imagine it in general as the most enormous hurlyburly, of fire and smoke, and steel-flashings and death-tumult, ever seen in those regions: the end of which, about ten at night, was 'Four-thousand one-hundred-and-fifty bodies' to be buried, and total ruin to the King's affairs in those Northern parts.

The Armies were not completely drawn-up till after five in the evening; there was a ditch between them; they stood facing one another, motionless except the exchange of a few cannon-shots, for an hour and half. Newcastle thought there would be no fighting till the morrow, and had retired to his carriage for the night. There is some shadow of surmise that the stray cannon-shot which, as the following Letter indicates, proved fatal to Oliver's Nephew, did also, rousing Oliver's humour to the charging point, bring on the general Battle. 'The Prince of Plunderers,' invincible hitherto, here first tasted the steel of Oliver's Ironsides, and did not in the least like it. 'The Scots delivered their fire with such constancy and swiftness, it was as if the whole air had become an element of fire,'—in the ancient summer gloaming there.

'*To my loving Brother, Colonel Valentine Walton: These.*'

'Leaguer before York,' 5th July 1644.

DEAR SIR,

It's our duty to sympathise in all mercies; and to praise the Lord together in chastisements or trials, that so we may sorrow together.

Truly England and the Church of God hath had a great favour from the Lord, in this great Victory given unto us, such as the like never was since this War began. It had all the evidences of an absolute Victory obtained by the Lord's blessing upon the Godly Party principally. We never charged but we routed the enemy. The Left Wing, which I commanded, being our own horse, saving a few Scots in our rear, beat all the Prince's horse. God made them as stubble to our swords. We charged their regiments of foot with our horse, and routed all we charged. The particulars I cannot relate now; but I believe, of Twenty-thousand the Prince hath not Four-thousand left. Give glory, all the glory, to God.—

[1] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 164 (various accounts by eye-witnesses); no. 168, one by Simeon Ash, the Earl of Manchester's Chaplain; no. 167, &c.: Rushworth, v. 632: Carte's Ormond Papers (London, 1739), i. 56: Fairfax's Memorials (Somers Tracts, v. 389). Modern accounts are numerous, but of no value.

Sir, God hath taken away your eldest Son by a cannon-shot. It brake his leg. We were necessitated to have it cut off, whereof he died.

Sir, you know my own trials this way:[1] but the Lord supported me with this, That the Lord took him into the happiness we all pant for and live for. There is your precious child full of glory, never to know sin or sorrow any more. He was a gallant young man, exceedingly gracious. God give you His comfort. Before his death he was so full of comfort that to Frank Russel and myself he could not express it, "It was so great above his pain." This he said to us. Indeed it was admirable. A little after, he said, One thing lay upon his spirit. I asked him, What that was? He told me it was, That God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of His enemies. At his fall, his horse being killed with the bullet, and as I am informed three horses more, I am told he bid them, Open to the right and left, that he might see the rogues run. Truly he was exceedingly beloved in the Army, of all that knew him. But few knew him; for he was a precious young man, fit for God. You have cause to bless the Lord. He is a glorious Saint in Heaven; wherein you ought exceedingly to rejoice. Let this drink-up your sorrow; seeing these are not feigned words to comfort you, but the thing is so real and undoubted a truth. You may do all things by the strength of Christ. Seek that, and you shall easily bear your trial. Let this public mercy to the Church of God make you to forget your private sorrow. The Lord be your strength: so prays your truly faithful and loving brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My love to your Daughter, and my Cousin Perceval, Sister Desborow and all friends with you.[2]

[1] I conclude, the poor Boy Oliver has already fallen in these Wars.—none of us knows where, though his Father well knew!— —Note to Third Edition: In the Squire Papers (Fraser's Magazine, December 1847) is this passage: 'Meeting Cromwell again after some absence, just on the edge of Marston Battle, Squire says, "I thought he looked sad and wearied, for he had had a sad loss; young Oliver got killed to death not long before, I heard: it was near Knaresborough, and 30 more got killed."'— —Note of 1857: see antea, p. 41 n.

[2] Seward's Anecdotes (London, 1798), i. 362; reproduced in Ellis's Original Letters (First Series), iii. 299. 'Original once in the possession of Mr. Langton of Welbeck Street,' says Ellis;—'in the Bodleian Library,' says Seward.

Colonel Valentine Walton, already a conspicuous man, and more so afterwards, is of Great-Staughton, Huntingdonshire, a neighbour of the Earl of Manchester's; Member for his County, and a Colonel since the beginning of the War. There had long been an intimacy between the Cromwell Family and his. His Wife, the Mother of this slain youth, is Margaret Cromwell, Oliver's younger Sister, next to him in the family series. 'Frank Russel' is of Chippenham, Cambridgeshire, eldest son of the Baronet there; already a Colonel; soon afterwards Governor of Ely in Oliver's stead.[1] It was the daughter of this Frank that Henry Cromwell, some ten years hence, wedded.

Colonel Walton, if he have at present some military charge of the Association, seems to attend mainly on Parliament; and this Letter, I think, finds him in Town. The poor wounded youth would have to lie on the field at Marston while the Battle was fought; the whole Army had to bivouac there, next to no food, hardly even water to be had. That of 'Seeing the rogues run,' occurs more than once at subsequent dates in these Wars:[2] who first said it, or whether anybody ever said it, must remain uncertain.

York was now captured in a few days: Prince Rupert had fled across into Lancashire, and so 'south to Shropshire, to recruit again;' Marquis Newcastle with 'about eighty gentlemen,' disgusted at the turn of affairs, had withdrawn beyond seas. The Scots moved Northward to attend the Siege of Newcastle,—ended it by storm in October next. On the 24th of which same month, 24th October 1644, the Parliament promulgated its Rhadamanthine Ordinance, To 'hang any Irish Papist taken in arms in this country;'[3] a very severe Ordinance, but not uncalled for by the nature of the 'marauding apparatus' in question there.

LETTERS XXII. XXIII.

The next Two Letters represent the Army and Lieutenant-General got home to the Association again; and can be read with little commentary. 'The Committee for the Isle of Ely,' we are to remark, consists of Honourable Members connected with that region, and has its sittings in London. Of 'Major Ireton' we shall

[1] See Noble, ii. 407–8,—with vigilance against his blunders.
[2] Ludlow.
[3] Rushworth, v. 783.

hear farther; 'Husband' also is slightly met with elsewhere; and 'Captain Castle' grew, I think, to be Colonel Castle, and perished at the storm of Tredah, some years afterwards.

LETTER XXII.

For my noble Friends the Committee for the Isle of Ely: Present these.

Lincoln, 1st September 1644.

GENTLEMEN,

I understand that you have lately released some persons committed by Major Ireton and Captain Husband, and one committed by Captain Castle,—all 'committed' upon clear and necessary grounds as they are represented unto me; 'grounds' rendering them as very enemies as any we have, and as much requiring to have them continued secured.

I have given order to Captain Husband to see them recommitted to the hands of my Marshal, Richard White. And I much desire you, for the future, Not to entrench upon me so much as to release them,—or any committed in the like case by myself, or my Deputy and Commanders in the Garrison, —until myself or some Superior Authority[1] be satisfied in the cause, and do give order in allowance of their enlargement. For I profess I will be no Governor, nor engage any other under me to undertake such a charge, upon such weak terms!—

I am so sensible of the need we have to improve the present opportunity of our being masters in the field and having no Enemy near the Isle, and to spare whatever charge we can towards the making of those Fortifications, which may render it more defensible hereafter if we shall have *more* need,—I shall desire you, for that end, to ease the Isle and Treasury from the superfluous charge of 'having' Two several Committees for the several parts of the Isle; and that one Committee, settled at March, may serve for the whole Isle.

Wherefore I wish that one of your number may, in your

[1] Not inferior!

courses, intend[1] and appear at that Committee, to manage and uphold it the better for all parts of the Isle.

Resting upon your care herein, I remain, your friend to serve you, OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

LETTER XXIII.

SLEAFORD is in Lincolnshire, a march farther South. Lieutenant-General Cromwell with the Eastern-Association Horse, if the 'Foot' were once settled,—might not he dash down to help the Lieutenant-General Essex and his 'Army in the West?' Of whom, and of whose sad predicament amid the hills of Cornwall there, we shall see the issue anon. Brother Walton, a Parliament-man, has written, we perceive, to Cromwell, suggesting such a thing; urging haste if possible. In Cromwell is no delay: but the Eastern-Association Army, horse or foot, is heavy to move,—beset, too, with the old internal discrepancies, Crawfordisms, Scandals at Sectaries, and what not.

For Colonel Valentine Walton: These, in London.

Sleaford, 6th or 5th September '1644.'

SIR,

We do with grief of heart resent the sad condition of our Army in the West, and of affairs there. That business has our hearts with it; and truly had we wings, we would fly thither! So soon as ever my Lord and the Foot set me loose, there shall be in me no want to hasten what I can to that service.

For indeed all other considerations are to be laid aside and to give place to *it*, as being of far more importance. I hope the Kingdom shall see that, in the midst of our necessities, we shall serve them without disputes. We hope to forget our wants, which are exceeding great, and ill cared for; and desire to refer the many slanders heaped upon us by false tongues to God,—who will, in due time, make it appear to the world

[1] 'intend' means 'take pains;' March is a *Town* in the Ely region.

[2] Old Copy, now (January 1846) on sale at Mr. Graves's, Pall-Mall: printed in the Athenæum of 13th December 1845. Old copy, such as the Clerks of Honourable Members were wont to take of Letters read in the House, or officially elsewhere;—worth copying for certain parties, in a time without Newspapers like ours.

that we study the glory of God, and the honour and liberty of the Parliament. For which we unanimously fight; without seeking our own interests.

Indeed, we never find our men so cheerful as when there is work to do. I trust you will always hear so of them. The Lord is our strength, and in Him is all our hope. Pray for us. Present my love to my friends: I beg their prayers. The Lord still bless you.

We have some amongst us much[1] slow in action:—if we could all intend our own ends less, and our ease too, our business in this Army would go on wheels for expedition! 'But' because some of us are enemies to rapine and other wickedness, we are said to be "factious," to "seek to maintain our opinions in religion by force,"—which we detest and abhor. I profess I could never satisfy myself of the justness of this War, but from the Authority of the Parliament to maintain itself in its rights: and in this Cause I hope to approve myself an honest man and single-hearted.

Pardon me that I am thus troublesome. I write but seldom: it gives me a little ease to pour my mind, in the midst of calumnies, into the bosom of a friend.

Sir, no man more truly loves you than your brother and servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

THREE FRAGMENTS OF SPEECHES.

SELF-DENYING ORDINANCE.

THE following Three small Fragments of Speeches will have to represent for us some six months of occasional loud debating, and continual anxious gestation and manipulation, in the Two Houses, in the Committee of Both Kingdoms, and in many other houses and places;—the ultimate outcome of which was the celebrated 'Self-denying Ordinance,' and 'New Model' of the Parliament's Army; which indeed brings on an entirely New Epoch in the Parliament's Affairs.

Essex and Waller had, for the third or even fourth time, chiefly by the exertions of ever-zealous London, been fitted out with

[1] 'much' is old for *very*.

[2] Seward's Anecdotes, ut supra, i. 362.

Armies; had marched forth together to subdue the West;—and ended in quite other results than that. The two Generals differed in opinion; did not march long together: Essex, urged by a subordinate, Lord Roberts, who had estates in Cornwall and hoped to get some rents out of them,[1] turned down thitherwards to the left; Waller bending up to the right;—with small issue either way. Waller's last action was an indecisive, rather unsuccessful Fight, or day of skirmishing, with the King, at Cropredy Bridge on the border of Oxford and Northampton Shires,[2] three days before Marston Moor. After which both parties separated: the King to follow Essex, since there was now no hope in the North; Waller to wander London-wards, and gradually 'lose his Army by desertion,' as the habit of him was. As for the King, he followed Essex into Cornwall with effect; hemmed him in among the hills there, about Bodmin, Lostwithiel, Foy, with continual skirmishing, with ever-growing scarcity of victual; forced poor Essex to escape to Plymouth by the Fleet,[3] and *leave* his Army to shift for itself as best might be: the horse under Balfour to cut their way through; the foot under Skippon to lay-down their arms, cease to be soldiers, and march away 'with staves in their hands' into the wide world. This surrender was effected 1st September 1644, two months after Marston Moor. The Parliament's and Cromwell's worst anticipation, in that quarter, is fulfilled.

The Parliament made no complaint of Essex; with a kind of Roman dignity, they rather thanked him. They proceeded to recruit Waller and him, summoned Manchester with Cromwell his Lieutenant-General to join them; by which three bodies, making again a considerable army, under the command of Manchester and Waller (for Essex lay 'sick,' or seeming to be sick), the King, returning towards Oxford from his victory, was intercepted at Newbury; and there, on Sunday 27th October 1644, fell out the *Second* Battle of Newbury.[4] Wherein his Majesty, after four-hours confused fighting, rather had the worse; yet contrived to march off, unmolested, 'by moonlight, at 10 o'clock,' towards Wallingford, and got safe home. Manchester refused to pursue; though urged by Cromwell, and again urged. Nay twelve days after, when the King came back, and openly revictualled Donnington Castle, an important strong-place hard by,—Manchester, in spite of Cromwell's urgency, still refused to interfere.

They, in fact, came to a quarrel here, these two:—and much

[1] Clarendon.

[2] 29th June 1644, Clarendon, ii. 655.

[3] His own distinct, downright and somewhat sulky Narrative, in Rushworth, v. 701.

[4] Clarendon, ii. 717.

else that was represented by them came to a quarrel; Presbytery and Independency, to wit. Manchester was reported to have said, If they lost this Army pursuing the King, they had no other; the King 'might hang them all.' To Cromwell and the thorough-going party, it had become very clear that high Essexes and Manchesters, of limited notions and large estates and anxieties, who besides their fear of being themselves beaten utterly, and forfeited and 'hanged,' were afraid of beating the King too well, would never end this Cause in a good way. Whereupon ensue some six months of very complex manipulation, and public and private consultation, which these Three Fragments of Speeches are here to represent for us.

I. *In the House of Commons, on Monday 25th November* 1644, *Lieutenant-General Cromwell did, as ordered on the Saturday before, exhibit a charge against the Earl of Manchester, to this effect:*

That the said Earl hath always been indisposed and backward to engagements, and the ending of the War by the sword; and 'always' *for* such a Peace as a 'thorough' victory would be a disadvantage to;—and hath declared this by principles express to that purpose, and 'by' a continued series of carriage and actions answerable.

That since the taking of York,[1] as if the Parliament had now advantage fully enough, he hath declined whatsoever tended to farther advantage upon the Enemy; 'hath' neglected and studiously shifted-off opportunities to that purpose, as if he thought the King too low, and the Parliament too high,—especially at Dennington Castle.

That he hath drawn the Army into, and detained them in, such a posture as to give the Enemy fresh advantages; and this, before his conjunction with the other Armies,[2] by his own absolute will, against or without his Council of War, against many commands of the Committee of Both Kingdoms, and with contempt and vilifying of those commands;—and, *since* the conjunction, sometimes against the Councils of War, and sometimes by persuading and deluding the Council to neglect one opportunity with pretence of another, and this

[1] Directly after Marston Moor.

[2] Waller's and Essex's at Newbury.

again of a third, and at last by persuading 'them' that it was not fit to fight at all.[1]

To these heavy charges, Manchester,—furnished with his confused Crawford Documents, and not forgetting Letter *Twentieth* which we lately read,—makes heavy answer, at great length, about a week after: of which we shall remember only this piece of countercharge, How his Lordship had once, in those very Newbury days, ordered Cromwell to proceed to some rendezvous with the horse, and Cromwell, very unsuitably for a Lieutenant-General, had answered, The horses were already worn off their feet; "if your Lordship want to have the *skins* of the horses, this is the way to get them!"—Through which small slit, one looks into large seas of general discrepancy in those old months! Lieutenant-General Cromwell is also reported to have said, in a moment of irritation surely, "There would never be a good time in England till we had done with Lords."[2] But the most appalling report that now circulates in the world is this, of his saying once, "If he met the King in battle, he would fire his pistol at the King, as at another;"—pistol, at our poor semi-divine misguided Father fallen insane: a thing hardly conceivable to the Presbyterian human mind![3]

II. *In the House of Commons, on Wednesday 9th December, all sitting in Grand Committee, 'there was a general silence for a good space of time,' one looking upon the other to see who would break the ice, in regard to this delicate point of getting our Essexes and Manchesters softly ousted from the Army; a very delicate point indeed;—when Lieutenant-General Cromwell stood up, and spake shortly to this effect:*

It is now a time to speak, or forever hold the tongue. The important occasion now, is no less than To save a Nation, out of a bleeding, nay almost dying condition: which the long continuance of this War hath already brought it into; so that without a more speedy, vigorous and effectual prosecution of the War,—casting off all lingering proceedings like 'those of' soldiers-of-fortune beyond sea, to spin out a war,—we shall make the kingdom weary of us, and hate the name of a Parliament.

[1] Rushworth, v. 732; Commons Journals, iii. 703–5.
[2] Rushworth, v. 734.
[3] Old Pamphlets *sæpius*, onwards to 1649.

For what do the Enemy say? Nay, what do many say that were friends at the beginning of the Parliament? Even this, That the Members of both Houses have got great places and commands, and the sword into their hands; and, what by interest in Parliament, what by power in the Army, will perpetually continue themselves in grandeur, and not permit the War speedily to end, lest their own power should determine with it. This 'that' I speak here to our own faces, is but what others do utter abroad behind our backs. I am far from reflecting on any. I know the worth of those Commanders, Members of both Houses, who are yet in power: but if I may speak my conscience without reflection upon any, I do conceive if the Army be not put into another method, and the War more vigorously prosecuted, the People can bear the War no longer, and will enforce you to a dishonourable Peace.

But this I would recommend to your prudence, Not to insist upon any complaint or oversight of any Commander-in-chief upon any occasion whatsoever; for as I must acknowledge myself guilty of oversights, so I know they can rarely be avoided in military affairs. Therefore, waving a strict inquiry into the causes of these things, let us apply ourselves to the remedy; which is most necessary. And I hope we have such true English hearts, and zealous affections towards the general weal of our Mother Country, as no Members of either House will scruple to *deny* themselves, and their own private interests, for the public good; nor account it to be a dishonour done to them, whatever the Parliament shall resolve upon in this weighty matter.[1]

III. *On the same day, seemingly at a subsequent part of the debate, Lieutenant-General Cromwell said likewise, as follows:*

Mr. Speaker,—I am not of the mind that the calling of the Members to sit in Parliament will break or scatter our Armies. I can speak this for my own soldiers, that they look not upon me, but upon you; and for you they will fight, and live and die in your Cause; and if others be of that mind that they are of, you need not fear them. They do not idolise me, but look upon the Cause they fight for. You may lay upon them

[1] Rushworth, vi. 4.

what commands you please, they will obey your commands in that Cause they fight for.[1]

To be brief, Mr. Zouch Tate, Member for Northampton, moved this day a Self-denying Ordinance; which, in a few days more, was passed in the Commons. It was not so easily got through the Lords; but there too it had ultimately to pass. One of the most important clauses was this, introduced not without difficulty, That religious men might now serve *without* taking the Covenant as a *first* preliminary,—perhaps they might take it by and by. This was a great ease to tender consciences, and indicates a deep split, which will grow wider and wider, in our religious affairs. The Scots Commissioners have sent for Whitlocke and Maynard to the Lord General's, to ask in judicious Scotch dialect, Whether there be not ground to prosecute Cromwell as an 'incendiary'? "You ken varry weel!"—The two learned gentlemen shook their heads.[2]

This Self-denying Ordinance had to pass; it and the New Model wholly; by the steps indicated below.[3] Essex was gratified by a splendid Pension,—very little of it ever actually paid; for indeed he died some two years after: Manchester was put on the Committee of Both Kingdoms: the Parliament had its New-Model Army, and soon saw an entirely new epoch in its affairs.

LETTER XXIV.

BEFORE the old Officers laid down their commissions, Waller with Cromwell and Massey were sent on an expedition into the West against Goring and Company; concerning which there is some echo in the old Books and Commons Journals, but no definite vestige of it, except the following Letter, read in the House of Commons, 9th April 1645; which D'Ewes happily had given his Clerk to copy. The Expedition itself, which proved successful, is now coming towards an end. Fairfax the new General is at Windsor all April; full of business, regimenting, discharging, enlisting, new-modelling.

[1] Cromwelliana, p. 12.

[2] Whitlocke, iii. p. 111 (December 1644).

[3] Rushworth, vi. 7, 8: Self-denying Ordinance *passed* in the Commons 19th December, and is sent to the Lords; Conference about it, 7th January; *rejected* by the Lords 15th January,—because "we do not know what *shape* the Army will now suddenly take." Whereupon, 21st January, 'Fairfax is nominated General;' and on the 19th February, the New Model is completed and passed: "*This* is the shape the Army is to take." A second Self-denying Ordinance, now introduced, got itself finally passed 3d April 1645.

LETTER XXIV.

For the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Army: Haste, Haste: These: At Windsor.

'Salisbury,' 9th April (ten o'clock at night) 1645.

SIR,

Upon Sunday last we marched towards Bruton in Somersetshire, which was General Goring's headquarter: but he would not stand us; but marched away, upon our appearance, to Wells and Glastonbury. Whither we held it unsafe to follow him; lest we should engage our Body of Horse too far into that enclosed country, not having foot enough to stand by them; and partly because we doubted the advance of Prince Rupert with his force to join with Goring; having some notice from Colonel Massey of the Prince his coming this way.

General Goring hath 'Sir Richard' Greenvil in a near posture to join with him. He hath all their Garrisons in Devon, Dorset and Somersetshire, to make an addition to him. Whereupon, Sir William Waller having a very poor Infantry of about 1,600 men,—lest they, being so inconsiderable, should engage[1] our Horse,—we came from Shaftesbury to Salisbury to secure our Foot; to prevent our being necessitated to a too unequal engagement, and to be nearer a communication with our friends.

Since our coming hither, we hear Prince Rupert is come to Marshfield, a market-town not far from Trowbridge. If the enemy advance all together, how far we may be endangered,—that I humbly offer to you; entreating you to take care of us, and to send us with all speed such an assistance, to Salisbury, as may enable us to keep the field and repel the enemy, if God assist us: at least to secure and countenance us so, as that we be not put to the shame and hazard of a retreat; which will lose the Parliament many friends in these parts, who will think themselves abandoned on our departure from them. Sir, I beseech you send what Horse and Foot you can spare towards Salisbury, by way of Kingscleere, with what convenient expedition may be. Truly we look to be attempted upon every day.

[1] entangle or encumber.

These things being humbly represented to your knowledge and care, I subscribe myself, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

In Carte's Ormond Papers (i. 79) is a Letter of the same date on the same subject, somewhat illustrative of this. See also Commons Journals *in die*.

LETTERS XXV.—XXVII.

PRINCE RUPERT had withdrawn without fighting; was now at Worcester with a considerable force, meditating new infall. For which end, we hear, he has sent 2,000 men across the country to his Majesty at Oxford, to convoy 'his Majesty's person and the Artillery' over to Worcester to him,—both of which objects are like to be useful there. The Committee of Both Kingdoms order the said Convoy to be attacked.

'The charge of this service they recommended particularly to General Cromwell, who, looking on himself now as discharged of military employment by the New Ordinance, which was to take effect within few days, and to have no longer opportunity to serve his country in that way,—was, the night before, come to Windsor, from his service in the West, to kiss the General's hand and take leave of him: when, in the morning ere he was come forth of his chamber, those commands, than which he thought of nothing less in all the world, came to him from the Committee of Both Kingdoms.'[2]

'The night before' must mean, to all appearance, the 22d of April. How Cromwell instantly took horse; plunged into Oxfordshire, and on the 24th, at Islip Bridge, attacked and routed this said Convoy; and the same day, 'merely by dragoons' and fierce countenance, took Bletchington House, for which poor Colonel Windebank was shot, so angry were they: all this is known from Clarendon, or more authentically from Rushworth;[3] and here now is Cromwell's own account of it:

[1] D'Ewes MSS. vol. v. p. 189; p. 445 of Transcript.

[2] Sprigge's Anglia Rediviva (London, 1647), p. 10. Sprigge was one of Fairfax's Chaplains; his Book, a rather ornate work, gives florid but authentic and sufficient account of this New-Model Army in all its features and operations, by which 'England' had 'come alive again.' A little sparing in dates; but correct where they are given. None of the old Books is better worth reprinting.—For some glimmer of notice concerning Joshua Sprigge himself, see Wood *in voce*,—and disbelieve altogether that 'Nat. Fiennes' had anything to do with this Book.

[3] vi. 23–4.

LETTER XXV.

'COMMITTEE of Both Kingdoms,' first set up in February gone a year, when the Scotch Army came to help, has been the Executive in the War-department ever since; a great but now rapidly declining authority. Sits at Derby House: Four Scotch; Twenty-one English, of whom Six a quorum. Johnston of Warriston is the notablest Scotchman; among the leading English are Philip Lord Wharton and the Younger Vane.[1]

'Watlington' is in the Southeast nook of Oxfordshire; a day's march from Windsor. 'Major-General Browne' commands at Abingdon; a City Wood-merchant once; a zealous soldier, of Presbyterian principles at present. The rendezvous at Watlington took place on Wednesday night; the 25th of April is Friday.

To the Right Honourable the Committee of Both Kingdoms, at Derby House: These.

Bletchington, 25th April 1645.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

According to your Lordships' appointment, I have attended your Service in these parts; and have not had so fit an opportunity to give you an account as now.

So soon as I received your commands, I appointed a rendezvous at Watlington. The body being come up, I marched to Wheatley Bridge, having sent before to Major-General Browne for intelligence; and it being market-day at Oxford, from whence I likewise hoped, by some of the market-people, to gain notice where the Enemy was.

Towards night I received certain notice by Major-General Browne, that the Carriages were not stirred, that Prince Maurice was not here; and by some Oxford scholars, that there were Four Carriages and Wagons ready in one place, and in another Five; all, as I conceived, fit for a march.[2]

I received notice also that the Earl of Northampton's Regiment was quartered at Islip; wherefore in the evening

[1] List, and light as to its appointment, in Commons Journals (7th Feb. 1643-4), iii. 391; Baillie, ii. 141 et sæpius. Its Papers and Correspondence, a curious set of records, lie in very tolerable order in the State-Paper Office.

[2] 'march,' out towards Worcester.

I marched that way, hoping to have surprised them ; but, by the mistake and failing of the forlorn-hope, they had an alarm there, and to all their quarters, and so escaped me ; by means whereof they had time to draw all together.

I kept my body all night at Islip : and, in the morning, a party of the Earl of Northampton's Regiment, the Lord Wilmot's, and the Queen's, came to make an infall upon me. Sir Thomas Fairfax's Regiment[1] was the first that took the field ; the rest drew out with all possible speed. That which is the General's Troop charged a whole squadron of the Enemy, and presently broke it. Our other Troops coming seasonably on, the rest of the Enemy were presently put into confusion ; so that we had the chase of them three or four miles ; wherein we killed many, and took near Two-hundred prisoners, and about Four-hundred horse.

Many of them escaped towards Oxford and Woodstock ; divers were drowned ; and others got into a strong House in Bletchington, belonging to Sir Thomas Cogan ; wherein Colonel Windebank kept a garrison with near Two-hundred men. Whom I presently summoned ; and after a long Treaty he went out, about twelve at night, with these Terms here enclosed ; leaving us between Two and Three-hundred muskets, besides horse arms, and other ammunition, and about Threescore-and-eleven horses more.

This was the mercy of God ; and nothing is more due than a real acknowledgment. And though I have had greater mercies, yet none clearer : because, in the first 'place,' God brought them to our hands when we looked not for them ; and delivered them out of our hands when we laid a reasonable design to surprise them, and which we carefully endeavoured. His mercy appears in this also, That I did much doubt the storming of the House, it being strong and well manned, and I having few dragoons, and this being not my business ;—and yet we got it.

I hope you will pardon me if I say, God is not enough owned. We look too much to men and visible helps : this

[1] 'which was once mine,' he might have added, but modestly does not ; only alluding to it from afar, in the next sentence.

hath much hindered our success. But I hope God will direct all to acknowledge Him alone in all 'things.' Your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Poor Windebank was shot by sudden Court-martial, so enraged were they at Oxford,—for Cromwell had not even foot-soldiers, still less a battering gun. It was his poor young Wife, they said, she and other 'ladies on a visit there,' that had confused poor Windebank: he set his back to the wall of Merton College, and received his death-volley with a soldier's stoicism.[2] The Son of Secretary Windebank, who fled beyond seas long since.

LETTER XXVI.

How Cromwell, sending off his new guns and stores to Abingdon, now shot across westward to 'Radcot Bridge' or 'Bampton-in-the-Bush;' and on the 26th gained a new victory there; and on the whole made a rather brilliant sally of it:—this too is known from Clarendon, or more authentically from Rushworth; but only the concluding unsuccessful part of this, the fruitless Summons to Farringdon, has left any trace in autograph.

To the Governor of the Garrison in Farringdon.

29th April 1645.

SIR,

I summon you to deliver into my hands the House wherein you are, and your Ammunition, with all things else there; together with your persons, to be disposed of as the Parliament shall appoint. Which if you refuse to do, you are to expect the utmost extremity of war. I rest, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

THIS Governor, 'Roger Burgess,' is not to be terrified with fierce countenance and mere dragoons; he refuses. Cromwell condenses himself about Farringdon Town, 'sends for infantry' (but, we fear, gets none), and again summons:

[1] Pamphlet, in Parliamentary History, xiii. 459: read in the House, Monday 28th April (Commons Journals, iv. 124).—Letter to Fairfax on the same subject. Appendix, No. 7.

[2] Heath's Chronicle, p. 122.

[3] Rushworth, vi. 26.

LETTER XXVII.

To the same ; same date.

SIR,

I understand by forty or fifty poor men whom you forced into your House, that you have many there whom you cannot arm, and who are not serviceable to you.

If these men should perish by your means, it were great inhumanity surely. Honour and honesty require this, That though you be prodigal of your own lives, yet not to be so of theirs. If God give you into my hands, I will not spare a man of you, if you put me to a storm. OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Roger Burgess, still unawed, refuses ; Cromwell waits for infantry from Abingdon 'till 3 next morning,' then storms ; loses fourteen men, with a captain taken prisoner ;—and draws away, leaving Burgess to crow over him. The Army, which rose from Windsor yesterday, gets to Reading this day, and he must hasten thither.[2]

Yesterday, Wednesday, Monthly-fast day, all Preachers, by Ordinance of Parliament, were praying for 'God's merciful assistance to this New Army now on march, and His blessing upon their endeavours.'[3] Consider it ; actually 'praying'! It was a capability old London and its Preachers and Populations had ; to us the incrediblest.

LETTER XXVIII.

BY Letter Twenty-eight it will be seen that Lieutenant-General Cromwell has never yet resumed his Parliamentary duty. In fact, he is in the Associated Counties, raising force ; 'for protection of the Isle of Ely,' and other purposes. To Fairfax and his Officers, to the Parliament, to the Committee of Both Kingdoms, to all persons, it is clear that Cromwell cannot be dispensed with. Fairfax and the Officers petition Parliament[4] that he may be appointed their Lieutenant-General, Commander-in-Chief of the Horse. There is a clear necessity in it. Parliament, the Commons, somewhat more readily than the Lords, continue, by instal-

[1] Rushworth, vi. 26. [2] For Bampton, &c. see Appendix, No. 7.
[3] Rushworth, vi. 25.
[4] Their Letter (Newspapers, 9–16th June), in Cromwelliana, p. 18.

ments of 'forty days,' of 'three months,' his services in the Army; and at length grow to regard him as a constant element there. A few others got similar leave of absence, similar dispensation from the Self-denying Ordinance. Sprigge's words, cited above, are no doubt veracious; yet there is trace of evidence[1] that Cromwell's continuance in the Army had, even by the framers of the Self-denying Ordinance, been considered a thing possible, a thing desirable. As it well might! To Cromwell himself there was no overpowering felicity in getting out to be shot at, except where wanted; he very probably, as Sprigge intimates, did let the matter in silence take its own course.

'*To the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army: These.*'

Huntingdon, 4th June 1645.

SIR,

I most humbly beseech you to pardon my long silence. I am conscious of the fault, considering the great obligations lying upon me. But since my coming into these parts, I have been busied to secure that part of the Isle of Ely where I conceived most danger to be.

Truly I found it in a very ill posture: and it is yet but weak; without works, ammunition or men considerable,—and of money least: and then, I hope, you will easily conceive of the defence: and God has preserved us all this while to a miracle. The party under Vermuyden waits the King's Army, and is about Deeping; has a command to join with Sir John Gell, if he commands him. So 'too' the Nottingham Horse. I shall be bold to present you with intelligence as it comes to me.

I am bold to present this as my humble suit: That you would be pleased to make Captain Rawlins, this Bearer, a Captain of Horse. He has been so before; was nominated to the Model; is a most honest man. Colonel Sidney leaving his regiment, if it please you to bestow *his* Troop on him, I am confident he will serve you faithfully. So, by God's assistance, will your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

[1] Godwin's History of the Commonwealth (London, 1824), i. 405.
[2] Rushworth, vi. (London, 1701), p. 37.

The 'Vermuyden' mentioned here, who became Colonel Vermuyden, is supposed to be a son of the Dutch Engineer who drained the Fens. 'Colonel Sidney' is the celebrated Algernon; he was nominated in the 'Model,' but is 'leaving his regiment;' having been appointed Governor of Chichester.[1] Captain Rawlins does obtain a Company of Horse; under 'Colonel Sir Robert Pye.'[2]—Colonel Montague, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, has a Foot-Regiment here. Hugh Peters is 'Chaplain to the Train.'

BY EXPRESS.

FAIRFAX, with his New-Model Army, has been beleaguering Oxford for some time past; but in a loose way, and making small progress hitherto. The King, not much apprehensive about Oxford, is in the Midland Counties; has just stormed Leicester ('last night of May,' says Clarendon,[3] a terrible night, and still more terrible 'daybreak' and day following it), which perhaps may itself relieve Oxford. His Majesty is since at halt, or in loose oscillating movement, 'hunting' on the hills, 'driving large herds of cattle before him,'—nobody, not even himself, yet knows whitherward. Whitherward? This is naturally a very agitating question for the neighbouring populations; but most of all, intensely agitating for the Eastern Association,—though Cromwell, in that Huntingdon Letter, occupied with Ely and other Garrisons, seems to take it rather quietly. But two days later, we have trace of him at Cambridge, and of huge alarm round him there. Here is an old Piece of Paper still surviving; still emblematic of old dead days and their extinct agitations, when once we get to decipher it! They are the Cambridge Committee that write; 'the Army about Oxford,' we have seen, is Fairfax's.

'*To the Deputy-Lieutenants of Suffolk: These.*'

Cambridge, 6th June 1645.

GENTLEMEN,

The cloud of the Enemy's Army hanging still upon the borders, and drawing towards Harborough, make some supposals that they aim at the Association. In regard whereof, we having information that the Army about Oxford was not yesterday advanced, albeit it was ordered so to do,

[1] Commons Journals, iv. 136 (9th May 1645)
[2] Army-List, in Sprigge (p. 330). [3] ii. 857.

we thought meet to give you intelligence thereof;—and therewith earnestly to propound to your consideration, That you will have in readiness what Horse and Foot may be had, that so a proportion may be drawn forth for this service, such as may be expedient.

And because we conceive that the exigence may require Horse and Dragoons, we desire That all your Horse and Dragoons may hasten to Newmarket; where they will receive orders for farther advance, according as the motion of the Enemy and of our Army shall require. And To allow both the several Troops of Dragoons and Horse one week's pay, to be laid down by the owner; which shall be repaid out of the public money out of the County; the pay of each Trooper being 14 shillings per week, and of a Dragoon 10*s.* 6*d.* per week. Your servants,

H. Mildmay, W. Spring,
W. Heveningham, Maurice Barrow,
Ti. Midlton (*sic*), Nathaniel Bacon,
Francis Russell,
Oliver Cromwell,
Hum. Walcot,
Isaak Puller,
Ed - - - [*illegible.*]

'P.S.' The Place of Rendezvous for the Horse and Dragoons is to be at Newmarket; and for the Foot Bury.—Since the writing hereof, we received certain intelligence that the Enemy's Body, with 60 carriages, was upon his march towards the Association, 3 miles on this side Harborough, last night at 4 of the clock.[1]

The Original, a hasty, blotted Paper, with the Signatures in two unequal columns (as imitated here), and with the Postscript crammed hurriedly into the corner, and written from another ink-bottle as is still apparent,—represents to us an agitated scene in the old Committee-rooms at Cambridge that Friday. In *Rushworth* (see vi. 36–8), of the same date, and signed by the same parties, with some absentees (Oliver among them, probably now gone on other business) and more new arrivals,—is a Letter to Fairfax himself, urging him to speed over, and help them in their peril. They say, 'We had formerly written to the Counties to raise their Horse and Dragoons, and have now written,' as above

[1] Original, long stationary at Ipswich, is now (Jan. 1849) the property of John Wodderspoon, Esq., Mercury Office, Norwich.

for one instance, 'to quicken them.'—The Suffolk and other Horse, old Ironsides not hindmost, did muster; and in about a week hence, there came other news from 'this side Harborough last night'!

LETTER XXIX.

NASEBY.

THE old Hamlet of Naseby stands yet, on its old hill-top, very much as it did in Saxon days, on the Northwestern border of Northamptonshire; some seven or eight miles from Market-Harborough in Leicestershire; nearly on a line, and nearly midway, between that Town and Daventry. A peaceable old Hamlet, of some eight-hundred souls; clay cottages for labourers, but neatly thatched and swept; smith's shop, saddler's shop, beer-shop, all in order; forming a kind of square, which leads off Southwards into two long streets: the old Church, with its graves, stands in the centre, the truncated spire finishing itself with a strange old Ball, held up by rods; a 'hollow copper Ball, which came from Boulogne in Henry the Eighth's time,'—which has, like Hudibras's breeches, 'been at the Siege of Bullen.' The ground is upland, moorland, though now growing corn; was not enclosed till the last generation, and is still somewhat bare of wood. It stands nearly in the heart of England: gentle Dulness, taking a turn at etymology, sometimes derives it from *Navel;* 'Navesby, quasi *Navels*by, from being' &c.: Avon Well, the distinct source of Shakspeare's Avon, is on the Western slope of the high grounds; Nen and Welland, streams leading towards Cromwell's Fen-country, begin to gather themselves from boggy places on the Eastern side. The grounds, as we say, lie high; and are still, in their new subdivisions, known by the name of 'Hills,' 'Rutput Hill,' 'Mill Hill,' 'Dust Hill,' and the like, precisely as in Rushworth's time: but they are not properly hills at all; they are broad blunt clayey masses, swelling towards and from each other, like indolent waves of a sea, sometimes of miles in extent.

It was on this high moor-ground, in the centre of England, that King Charles, on the 14th of June 1645, fought his last battle; dashed fiercely against the New-Model Army, which he had despised till then; and saw himself shivered utterly to ruin thereby. 'Prince Rupert, on the King's right wing, charged *up* the hill, and carried all before him;' but Lieutenant-General Cromwell charged downhill on the other wing, likewise carrying all before

him,—and did *not* gallop off the field to plunder, he. Cromwell, ordered thither by the Parliament, had arrived from the Association two days before, 'amid shouts from the whole Army:' he had the ordering of the Horse this morning. Prince Rupert, on returning from his plunder, finds the King's infantry a ruin; prepares to charge again with the rallied Cavalry; but the Cavalry too, when it came to the point, 'broke all asunder,'—never to reassemble more. The chase went through Harborough; where the King had already been that morning, when in an evil hour he turned back, to revenge some 'surprise of an outpost at Naseby the night before,' and give the Roundheads battle.

Ample details of this Battle, and of the movements prior and posterior to it, are to be found in Sprigge, or copied with some abridgment into Rushworth; who has also copied a strange old Plan of the Battle; half plan, half picture, which the Sale-Catalogues are very chary of, in the case of Sprigge. By assiduous attention, aided by this Plan, as the old names yet stick to the localities, the Narrative can still be, and has lately been, pretty accurately verified, and the Figure of the old Battle dimly brought back again.[1] The reader shall imagine it, for the present.—On the crown of Naseby Height stands a modern Battle-monument; but, by an unlucky oversight, it is above a mile to the east of where the Battle really was. There are likewise two modern Books about Naseby and its Battle; both of them without value.

The Parliamentary Army stood ranged on the Height still partly called 'Mill Hill,' as in Rushworth's time, a mile and half from Naseby; the King's Army, on a parallel 'Hill,' its back to Harborough;—with the wide table of upland now named *Broad Moor* between them; where indeed the main brunt of the action still clearly enough shows itself to have been. There are hollow spots, of a rank vegetation, scattered over that Broad Moor; which are understood to have once been burial *mounds*;—some of which, one to my knowledge, have been (with more or less of sacrilege) verified as such. A friend of mine has in his cabinet two ancient grinder-teeth, dug lately from that ground,—and waits for an opportunity to rebury them there. Sound effectual grinders, one of them very large; which ate their breakfast on the fourteenth morning of June two hundred years ago, and except to be clenched once in grim battle, had never work to do more in this world!—'A stack of dead bodies, perhaps about 100, had been buried in this Trench; piled as in a wall, a man's length thick: the skeletons lay in courses, the heads of one course to the heels of

[1] Appendix, No. 8.

the next; one figure, by the strange position of the bones, gave us the hideous notion of its having been thrown in *before* death! We did not proceed far:—perhaps some half-dozen skeletons. The bones were treated with all piety; watched rigorously, over Sunday, till they could be covered in again.[1] Sweet friends, for Jesus' sake forbear!— .

At this Battle Mr. John Rushworth, our Historical Rushworth, had unexpectedly, for some instants, sight of a very famous person. Mr. John is Secretary to Fairfax; and they have placed him to-day among the Baggage-wagons, near Naseby Hamlet, above a mile from the fighting, where he waits in an anxious manner. It is known how Prince Rupert broke our left wing, while Cromwell was breaking their left. 'A Gentleman of Public Employment in the late Service near Naseby' writes next day, 'Harborough, 15th June, 2 in the morning,' a rough graphic Letter in the Newspapers,[2] wherein is this sentence:

* * 'A party of theirs, that broke through the left wing of horse, came quite behind the rear to our Train; the Leader of them being a person somewhat in habit like the General, in a red montero, as the General had. He came as a friend; our commander of the guard of the Train went with his hat in his hand, and asked him, How the day went? thinking it had been the General: the Cavalier, who we since heard was Rupert, asked him and the rest, If they would have quarter? They cried No; gave fire, and instantly beat them off. It was a happy deliverance,'—without doubt.

There were taken here a good few 'ladies of quality in carriages;'—and above a hundred Irish ladies not of quality, tattery camp-followers 'with long skean-knives about a foot in length,' which they well knew how to use; upon whom I fear the Ordinance against Papists pressed hard this day.[3] The King's Carriage was also taken, with a Cabinet and many Royal Autographs in it, which when printed made a sad impression against his Majesty,—gave, in fact, a most melancholy view of the veracity of his Majesty, "On the word of a King."[4] All was lost!—

Here is Cromwell's Letter, written from Harborough, or 'Haverbrowe' as he calls it, that same night; after the hot Battle and hot chase were over. The original, printed long since in

[1] MS. *penes me.*

[2] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 212, § 26, p. 2: the punctual contemporaneous Collector has named him with his pen: 'Mr. Rushworth's Letter, being the Secretary to his Excellency.'

[3] Whitlocke.

[4] The King's Cabinet opened; or, Letters taken in the Cabinet at Naseby Field (London, 1645):—reprinted in Harleian Miscellany (London, 1810), v. 514.

Rushworth, still lies in the British Museum,—with 'a strong steady signature,' which one could look at with interest. 'The Letter consists of two leaves; much worn, and now supported by pasting; red seal much defaced; is addressed on the second leaf:'

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament: These.

Harborough, 14th June 1645.

Sir,

Being commanded by you to this service, I think myself bound to acquaint you with the good hand of God towards you and us.

We marched yesterday after the King, who went before us from Daventry to Harborough; and quartered about six miles from him. This day we marched towards him. He drew-out to meet us; both Armies engaged. We, after three-hours fight very doubtful, at last routed his Army; killed and took about 5,000,—very many officers, but of what quality we yet know not. We took also about 200 carriages, all he had; and all his guns, being 12 in number, whereof two were demi-cannon, two demi-culverins, and I think the rest sackers. We pursued the Enemy from three miles short of Harborough to nine beyond, even to the sight of Leicester, whither the King fled.

Sir, this is none other but the hand of God; and to Him alone belongs the glory, wherein none are to share with Him. The General served you with all faithfulness and honour: and the best commendation I can give him is, That I daresay he attributes all to God, and would rather perish than assume to himself. Which is an honest and thriving way:—and yet as much for bravery may be given to him, in this action, as to a man. Honest men served you faithfully in this action. Sir, they are trusty; I beseech you, in the name of God, not to discourage them. I wish this action may beget thankfulness and humility in all that are concerned in it. He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he trust

God for the liberty of his conscience, and you for the liberty he fights for. In this he rests, who is your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

John Bunyan, I believe, is this night in Leicester,—not yet writing his *Pilgrim's Progress* on paper, but acting it on the face of the Earth, with a brown matchlock on his shoulder. Or rather, *without* the matchlock just at present; Leicester and he having been taken the other day. 'Harborough Church' is getting 'filled with prisoners,' while Oliver writes,—and an immense contemporaneous tumult every where going on!

The 'honest men who served you faithfully' on this occasion are the considerable portion of the Army who have not yet succeeded in bringing themselves to take the Covenant. Whom the Presbyterian Party, rigorous for their own formula, call 'Schismatics,' 'Sectaries,' 'Anabaptists,' and other hard names; whom Cromwell, here and elsewhere, earnestly pleads for. To Cromwell, perhaps, as much as to another, order was lovely, and disorder hateful; but he discerned better than some others what order and disorder really were. The forest-trees are not in 'order' because they are all clipt into the same shape of Dutch-dragons, and forced to die or grow in that way; but because in each of them there is the same genuine unity of life, from the inmost pith to the outmost leaf, and they do grow according to that!—Cromwell naturally became the head of this Schismatic Party, intent to grow not as Dutch-dragons, but as real trees; a Party which naturally increased with the increasing earnestness of events and of men.—

The King stayed but a few hours in Leicester; he had taken Leicester, as we saw, some days before, and now it was to be retaken from him some days after:—he stayed but a few hours here; rode on, that same night, to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, which he reached 'at daybreak,'—poor wearied King!—then again swiftly Westward, to Wales, to Ragland Castle, to this place and that; in the hope of raising some force, and coming to fight again; which, however, he could never do.[2] Some ten months more of roaming, and he, 'disguised as a groom,' will be riding with Parson Hudson towards the Scots at Newark.

The New-Model Army marched into the Southwest; very soon

[1] Harl. MSS. no. 7502, art. 5, p. 7; Rushworth, vi. 45.

[2] Ilex Carolinum: being a succinct Relation of the necessitated Marches, Retreats and Sufferings of his Majesty Charles the First, from 10th January 1641 till the time of his Death, 1648: Collected by a daily Attendant upon his Sacred Majesty during all the said time. London, 1660.—It is reprinted in Somers Tracts (v. 263), but, as usual there, without any editing except a nominal one, though it somewhat needed more.

'relieved Colonel Robert Blake' (Admiral Blake), and many others;—marched to ever new exploits and victories, which excite the pious admiration of Joshua Sprigge; and very soon swept all its enemies from the field, and brought this War to a close.[1]

The following Letters exhibit part of Cromwell's share in that business, and may be read with little commentary.

LETTER XXX.

THE CLUBMEN.

The victorious Army, driving all before it in the Southwest, where alone the King had still any considerable fighting force, found itself opposed by a very unexpected enemy, famed in the old Pamphlets by the name of *Clubmen*. The design was at Bottom Royalist; but the country-people in those regions had been worked upon by the Royalist Gentry and Clergy, on the somewhat plausible ground of taking up arms to defend themselves against the plunder and harassment of *both* Armies. The great mass of them were Neutrals; there even appeared by and by various transient bodies of 'Clubmen' on the Parliament side, whom Fairfax entertained occasionally to assist him in pioneering and other such services. They were called Clubmen, not, as M. Villemain supposes,[2] because they united in *Clubs*, but because they were armed with rough country weapons, mere bludgeons if no other could be had. Sufficient understanding of them may be gained from the following Letter of Cromwell, prefaced by some Excerpts.

From Rushworth: 'Thursday July 3d, Fairfax marched from Blandford to Dorchester, 12 miles; a very hot day. Where Colonel Sidenham, Governor of Weymouth, gave him information of the condition of those parts; and of the great danger from the Club-risers;' a set of men 'who would not suffer either contribution or victuals to be carried to the Parliament's garrisons. And the same night Mr. Hollis of Dorsetshire, the chief leader of the Clubmen, with some others of their principal men, came to Fairfax: and Mr. Hollis owned himself to be one of their leaders; affirming that it was fit the people should show their grievances

[1] A Journal of every day's March of the Army under his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax (in Sprigge, p. 331).

[2] Our French friends ought to be informed that M. Villemain's Book on Cromwell is, unluckily, a rather ignorant and shallow one. Of M. Guizot, on the other hand, we are to say that his Two Volumes, so far as they go, are the fruit of real ability and solid studies applied to those Transactions.

and their strength. Fairfax treated them civilly, and promised they should have an answer the next morning. For they were so strong at that time, that it was held a point of prudence to be fair in demeanour towards them for a while; for if he should engage with General Goring and be put to the worst, these Clubmen would knock them on the head as they should fly for safety.—That which they desired from him was a safe-conduct for certain persons to go to the King and Parliament with Petitions:[1] which Fairfax in a very mild but resolute manner *refused*.

From Sprigge,[2] copied also into Rushworth with some inaccuracies: 'On Monday August 4th, Lieutenant-General Cromwell, having intelligence of some of their places of rendezvous for their several divisions, went forth' from Sherborne 'with a party of Horse to meet these Clubmen; being well satisfied of the danger of their design. As he was marching towards Shaftesbury with the party, they discovered some colours upon the top of a high Hill, full of wood and almost inaccessible. A Lieutenant with a small party was sent to them to know their meaning, and to acquaint them that the Lieutenant-General of the Army was there; whereupon Mr. Newman, one of their leaders, thought fit to come down, and told us, The intent was to desire to know why the gentlemen were taken at Shaftesbury on Saturday? The Lieutenant-General returned him this answer: That he held himself not bound to give him or them an account; what was done was by Authority; and they that did it were not responsible to them that had none: but not to leave them wholly unsatisfied, he told him, Those persons so met had been the occasion and stirrers of many tumultuous and unlawful meetings; for which they were to be tried by law; which trial ought not by them to be questioned or interrupted. Mr. Newman desired to go up to return the answer; the Lieutenant-General with a small party went with him; and had some conference with the people; to this purpose: That whereas they pretended to meet there to save their goods, they took a very ill course for that: to leave their houses was the way to *lose* their goods; and it was offered them, That justice should be done upon any who offered them violence: and as for the gentlemen taken at Shaftesbury, it was only to answer some things they were accused of, which they had done contrary to law and the peace of the Kingdom.—Herewith they seeming to be well satisfied, promised to return to their houses; and accordingly did so.

'These being thus quietly sent home, the Lieutenant-General

[1] Rushworth, vi. 52. [2] pp. 78–9.

advanced farther, to a meeting of a greater number, of about 4000, who betook themselves to Hambledon Hill, near Shrawton. At the bottom of the Hill ours met a man with a musket, and asked, Whither he was going? he said, To the Club Army; ours asked, What he meant to do? he asked, What they had to do with that? Being required to lay-down his arms, he said He would first lose his life; but was not so good as his word, for though he cocked and presented his musket, he was prevented, disarmed, and wounded, but not'—Here, however, is Cromwell's own Narrative:

To the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Fairfax, Commander-in-Chief of the Parliament's Forces, 'at Sherborne: These.'

'Shaftesbury,' 4th August 1645.

Sir,

I marched this morning towards Shaftesbury. In my way I found a party of Clubmen gathered together, about two miles on this side of the Town, towards you; and one Mr. Newman in the head of them,—who was one of those who did attend you at Dorchester, with Mr. Hollis. I sent to them to know the cause of their meeting: Mr. Newman came to me; and told me, That the Clubmen in Dorset and Wilts, to the number of ten-thousand, were to meet about their men who were taken away at Shaftesbury, and that their intendment was to secure themselves from plundering. To the first I told them, That although no account was due to them, yet I knew the men were taken by your authority, to be tried judicially for raising a Third Party in the Kingdom; and if they should be found guilty, they must suffer according to the nature of their offence; if innocent, I assured them you would acquit them. Upon this they said, If they have deserved punishment, they would not have anything to do with them; and so were quieted as to that point. For the other 'point,' I assured them, That it was your great care, not to suffer them in the least to be plundered, and that they should defend themselves from violence, and bring to your Army such as did them any wrong, where they should be punished with all severity: upon this, very quietly and peaceably they marched away to their houses, being very well satisfied and contented.

We marched on to Shaftesbury, where we heard a great

body of them was drawn together about Hambledon Hill ;—where indeed near two-thousand were gathered. I sent 'up' a forlorn-hope of about fifty Horse ; who coming very civilly to them, they fired upon them ; and ours desiring some of them to come to me, were refused with disdain. They were drawn into one of the old Camps,[1] upon a very high Hill : I sent one Mr. Lee[2] to them, To certify the peaceableness of my intentions, and To desire them to peaceableness, and to submit to the Parliament. They refused, and fired at us. I sent him a second time, To let them know, that if they would lay-down their arms, no wrong should be done them. They still (through the animation of their leaders, and especially two vile Ministers) refused ; I commanded your Captain-Lieutenant to draw-up to them, to be in readiness to charge ; and if upon his falling on, they would lay-down arms, to accept them and spare them. When we came near, they refused his offer, and let-fly at him ; killed about two of his men, and at least four horses. The passage not being for above three a-breast, kept us out : whereupon Major Desborow wheeled about ; got in the rear of them, beat them from the work, and did some small execution upon them ;—I believe killed not twelve of them, but cut very many, 'and put them all to flight.' We have taken about 300 ; many of which are poor silly creatures, whom if you please to let me send home, they promise to be very dutiful for time to come, and "will be hanged before they come out again."

The ringleaders which we have, I intend to bring to you. They had taken divers of the Parliament soldiers prisoners, besides Colonel Fiennes his men ; and used them most barbarously ; bragging, They hoped to see my Lord Hopton, and that he is to command them. They expected from Wilts great store ; and gave out they meant to raise the siege at Sherborne, when 'once' they were all met. We have gotten great store of their arms, and they carried few or none home. We quarter about ten miles off, and purpose to draw our quarters near to you tomorrow. Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

[1] Roman Camps (Gough's Camden, i. 52).

[2] 'One Mr. Lee, who, upon the approach of ours, had come from them.' (Sprigge p. 79.)

[3] Newspapers (Cromwelliana, p. 20).

'On Tuesday at night, August 5th, the Lieutenant-General' Cromwell 'with his party returned to Sherborne,' where the General and the rest were very busy besieging the inexpugnable Sir Lewis Dives.

'This work,' which the Lieutenant-General had now been upon, continues Sprigge, 'though unhappy, was very necessary.'[1] No messenger could be sent out but he was picked-up by these Clubmen; these once dispersed, 'a man might ride very quietly from Sherborne to Salisbury.' The inexpugnable Sir Lewis Dives (a thrasonical person known to the readers of Evelyn), after due battering, was now soon stormed: whereupon, by Letters found on him, it became apparent how deeply Royalist this scheme of Clubmen had been; 'Commissions for raising regiments of Clubmen;' the design to be extended over England at large, 'yea into the Associated Counties.' However, it has now come to nothing; and the Army turns Northward to the Siege of Bristol, where Prince Rupert is doing all he can to entrench himself.

LETTER XXXI.

STORM OF BRISTOL.

'On the Lord's Day September 21, according to Order of Parliament, Lieutenant-General Cromwell's Letter on the taking of Bristol was read in the several Congregations about London, and thanks returned to Almighty God for the admirable and wonderful reducing of that city. The Letter of the renowned Commander is well worth observation.'[2] For the Siege itself, and what preceded and followed it, see, besides this Letter, Rupert's own account,[3] and the ample details of Sprigge copied with abridgment by Rushworth: Sayer's *History of Bristol* gives Plans, and all manner of local details, though in a rather vague way.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament: These.

Bristol, 14th September 1645.

Sir,

It has pleased the General to give me in charge to represent unto you a particular account of the taking of Bristol; the which I gladly undertake.

[1] Sprigge, p. 81. [2] Newspapers (Cromwelliana, p. 24). [3] Rushworth, vi. 69, &c.

After the finishing of that service at Sherborne, it was disputed at a council of War, Whether we should march into the West or to Bristol? Amongst other arguments, the leaving so considerable an enemy at our backs, to march into the heart of the Kingdom, the undoing of the country about Bristol, which was 'already' exceedingly harassed by the Prince his being thereabouts but a fortnight; the correspondency he might hold in Wales; the possibility of uniting the Enemy's forces where they pleased, and especially of drawing to an head the disaffected Clubmen of Somerset, Wilts and Dorset, when once our backs were towards them: these considerations, together with 'the hope of' taking so important a place, so advantageous for the opening of trade to London,—did sway the balance, and beget that conclusion.

When we came within four miles of the City, we had a new debate, Whether we should endeavour to block it up, or make a regular siege? The latter being overruled, Colonel Welden with his brigade marched to Pile Hill, on the South side of the City, being within musket-shot thereof:—where in a few days they made a good quarter, overlooking the City. Upon our advance, the enemy fired Bedminster, Clifton, and some other villages lying near to the City; and would have fired more, if our unexpected coming had not hindered. The General caused some Horse and Dragoons under Commissary-General Ireton, to advance over Avon, to keep-in the enemy on the North side of the Town, till the foot could come up: and after a day, the General, with Colonel Montague's and Colonel Rainsborough's Brigades, marched over at Kensham to Stapleton, where he quartered that night. The next day, Colonel Montague, having this post assigned with his brigade, To secure all between the Rivers Froom and Avon; he came up to Lawford's Gate,[1] within musket-shot thereof. Colonel Rainsborough's post was near to Durdham Down, whereof the Dragoons and three regiments of Horse made good a post upon the Down, between him and the River Avon, on his right hand. And from Colonel Rainsborough's quarters to Froom River, on his left, a part of Colonel Birch's, and

[1] One of the Bristol Gates.

'the whole of' General Skippon's regiment were to maintain that post.

These posts thus settled, our Horse were forced to be upon exceeding great duty; to stand-by the Foot, lest the Foot, being so weak in all their posts, might receive an affront. And truly herein we were very happy, that we should receive so little loss by sallies; considering the paucity of our men to make good the posts, and strength of the Enemy within. By sallies (which were three or four) I know not that we lost thirty men, in all the time of our siege. Of officers of quality, only Colonel Okey was taken by mistake (going 'of himself' to the Enemy, thinking they had been friends), and Captain Guilliams slain in a charge. We took Sir Bernard Astley; and killed Sir Richard Crane,—one very considerable with the Prince.

We had a council of war concerning the storming of the Town, about eight days before we took it; and in that there appeared great unwillingness to the work, through the unseasonableness of the weather, and other apparent difficulties. Some inducement to bring us thither had been the report of the good affection of the Townsmen to us; but that did not answer expectation. Upon a second consideration, it was overruled for a storm. And all things seemed to favour the design;—and truly there hath been seldom the like cheerfulness to any work like to this, after it was once resolved upon. The day and hour of our storm was appointed to be on Wednesday morning the Tenth of September, about one of the clock. We chose to act it so early because we hoped thereby to surprise the Enemy. With this resolution also, to avoid confusion and falling-foul one upon another, That when 'once' we had recovered[1] the Line and Forts upon it, we should not advance farther till day. The General's signal unto a storm, was to be, The firing of straw, and discharging four pieces of cannon at Pryor's Hill Fort.

The signal was very well perceived of all;—and truly the men went on with great resolution; and very presently re-

[1] recovered means 'taken,' 'got possession of:' the Line is a new earthen work outside the walls; very deficient in height, according to Rupert's account.

covered the Line, making way for the Horse to enter. Colonel Montague and Colonel Pickering, who stormed at Lawford's Gate, where was a double work, well filled with men and cannon, presently entered; and with great resolution beat the Enemy from their works, and possessed their cannon. Their expedition was such that they forced the Enemy from their advantages, without any considerable loss to themselves. They laid-down the bridges for the Horse to enter;—Major Desborow commanding the Horse; who very gallantly seconded the Foot. Then our Foot advanced to the City Walls; where they possessed the Gate against the Castle Street: whereinto were put a Hundred men; who made it good. Sir Hardress Waller with his own and the General's regiment, with no less resolution, entered on the other side of Lawford's Gate, towards Avon River; and put themselves into immediate conjunction with the rest of the brigade.

During this, Colonel Rainsborough and Colonel Hammond attempted Pryor's Hill Fort, and the Line downwards towards Froom; and the Major-General's regiment being to storm towards Froom River, Colonel Hammond possessed the Line immediately, and beating the enemy from it, made way for the Horse to enter. Colonel Rainsborough, who had the hardest task of all at Pryor's Hill Fort, attempted it; and fought near three hours for it. And indeed there was great despair of carrying the place; it being exceeding high, a ladder of thirty rounds scarcely reaching the top thereof; but his resolution was such that, notwithstanding the inaccessibleness and difficulty, he would not give it over. The Enemy had four pieces of cannon upon it, which they plied with round and case shot upon our men: his Lieutenant-Colonel Bowen, and others, were two hours at push of pike, standing upon the palisadoes, but could not enter. 'But now' Colonel Hammond being entered the Line (and 'here' Captain Ireton,[1] with a forlorn of Colonel Rich's regiment, interposing with his Horse between the Enemy's Horse and Colonel Hammond, received a shot with two pistol-bullets, which broke

[1] This is not the famous Ireton; this is his Brother. 'Commissary-General Ireton,' as we have seen (p. 200), is also here; he is not wedded yet.

his arm),—by means of this entrance of Colonel Hammond, they did storm the Fort on that part which was inward ; 'and so' Colonel Rainsborough's and Colonel Hammond's men entered the Fort, and immediately put almost all the men in it to the sword.

And as this was the place of most difficulty, so 'it was' of most loss to us on that side,—and of very great honour to the undertaker. The Horse 'too' did second them with great resolution : both these Colonels do acknowledge that *their* interposition between the Enemy's Horse and their Foot was a great means of obtaining of this strong Fort. Without which all the rest of the Line to Froom River would have done us little good : and indeed neither Horse nor Foot could have stood in all that way, in any manner of security, had not the Fort been taken.—Major Bethel's were the first Horse that entered the Line ; who did behave himself gallantly ; and was shot in the thigh, had one or two shot more, and had his horse shot under him. Colonel Birch with his men, and the Major-General's regiment, entered with very good resolution where their post was ; possessing the Enemy's guns, and turning them upon them.

By this, all the Line from Pryor's Hill Fort to Avon (which was a full mile), with all the forts, ordnance and bulwarks, were possessed by us ;—save one, wherein were about Two-hundred and twenty men of the Enemy ; which the General summoned, and all the men submitted.

The success on Colonel Welden's side did not answer with this. And although the Colonels, and other the officers and soldiers both Horse and Foot, testified as much resolution as could be expected,—Colonel Welden, Colonel Ingoldsby, Colonel Herbert, and the rest of the Colonels and Officers, both of Horse and Foot, doing what could be well looked for from men of honour,—yet what by reason of the height of the works, which proved higher than report made them, and the shortness of the ladders, they were repulsed, with the loss of about a Hundred men. Colonel Fortescue's Lieutenant-Colonel was killed, and Major Cromwell[1] dangerously shot ; and two of Colonel Ingoldsby's brothers hurt ; with some Officers.

[1] A cousin.

Being possessed of thus much as hath been related, the Town was fired in three places by the Enemy; which we could not put out. Which begat a great trouble in the General and us all; fearing to see so famous a City burnt to ashes before our faces. Whilst we were viewing so sad a spectacle, and consulting which way to make farther advantage of our success, the Prince sent a trumpet to the General to desire a treaty for the surrender of the Town. To which the General agreed; and deputed Colonel Montague, Colonel Rainsborough and Colonel Pickering for that service; authorising them with instructions to treat and conclude the Articles,—which 'accordingly' are these enclosed. For performance whereof hostages were mutually given.

On Thursday about two of the clock in the afternoon, the Prince marched out; having a convoy of two regiments of Horse from us; and making election of Oxford for the place he would go to, which he had liberty to do by his Articles.

The cannon which we have taken are about a Hundred-and-forty mounted; about a Hundred barrels of powder already come to our hands, with a good quantity of shot, ammunition and arms. We have found already between Two and Three-thousand muskets. The Royal Fort had victual in it for a Hundred-and-fifty men, for Three-hundred-and-twenty days; the Castle victualled for nearly half so long. The Prince had in Foot of the Garrison, as the Mayor of the City informed me, Two-thousand five-hundred, and about a thousand Horse, besides the Trained Bands of the Town, and Auxiliaries a Thousand, some say a Thousand five-hundred.—I hear but of one man that hath died of the plague in all our Army, although we have quartered amongst and in the midst of infected persons and places. We had not killed of ours in the Storm, nor in all this Siege, Two-hundred men.

Thus I have given you a true, but not a full account of this great business; wherein he that runs may read, That all this is none other than the work of God. He must be a very Atheist that doth not acknowledge it.

It may be thought that some praises are due to those gallant men, of whose valour so much mention is made:—their

humble suit to you and all that have an interest in this blessing, is, That in the remembrance of God's praises they be forgotten. It's their joy that they are instruments of God's glory and their country's good. It's their honour that God vouchsafes to use them. Sir, they that have been employed in this service know, that faith and prayer obtained this City for you: I do not say ours only, but of the people of God with you and all England over, who have wrestled with God for a blessing in this very thing. Our desires are, that God may be glorified by the same spirit of faith by which we ask all our sufficiency, and have received it. It is meet that He have all the praise. Presbyterians, Independents, all have here the same spirit of faith and prayer; the same presence and answer; they agree here, have no names of difference: pity it is it should be otherwise anywhere! All that believe, have the real unity, which is most glorious; because inward, and spiritual, in the Body, and to the Head.[1] For being united in forms, commonly called Uniformity, every Christian will for peace-sake study and do, as far as conscience will permit. And for brethren, in things of the mind we look for no compulsion, but that of light and reason. In other things, God hath put the sword in the Parliament's hands,—for the terror of evil-doers, and the praise of them that do well. If any plead exemption from that,—he knows not the Gospel: if any would wring that out of your hands, or steal it from you under what pretence soever, I hope they shall do it without effect. That God may maintain it in your hands, and direct you in the use thereof, is the prayer of your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

These last paragraphs are, as the old Newspapers say, 'very remarkable.' If modern readers suppose them to be 'cant,' it will turn out an entire mistake. I advise all modern readers not only to believe that Cromwell here means what he says; but even to try how *they*, each for himself in a new dialect, could mean the like, or something better!—

Prince Rupert rode out of Bristol amid seas of angry human faces, glooming unutterable things upon him; growling audibly,

[1] 'Head' means Christ; 'Body' is True Church of Christ.

[2] Rushworth, vi. 85; Sprigge, pp. 112–118.

in spite of his escort, "Why not hang *him!*" For indeed the poor Prince had been necessitated to much plunder; commanding 'the elixir of the Blackguardism of the Three Kingdoms,' with very insufficient funds for most part!—He begged a thousand muskets from Fairfax on this occasion, to assist his escort in protecting him across the country to Oxford; promising, on his honour, to return them after that service. Fairfax lent the muskets; the Prince did honourably return them, what he had of them,—honourably apologising that so many had 'deserted' on the road, of whom neither man nor musket were recoverable at present.

LETTERS XXXII.—XXXV.

From Bristol the Army turned Southward again, to deal with the yet remaining force of Royalism in that quarter. Sir Ralph Hopton, with Goring and others under him, made stubborn resistance; but were constantly worsted, at Langport, at Torrington, wheresoever they rallied and made a new attempt. The Parliament Army went steadily and rapidly on; storming Bridgewater, storming all manner of Towns and Castles; clearing the ground before them: till Sir Ralph was driven into Cornwall; and, without resource or escape, saw himself obliged next spring[1] to surrender, and go beyond seas. A brave and honourable man; respected on both sides; and of all the King's Generals the most deserving respect. He lived in retirement abroad; taking no part in Charles Second's businesses; and died in honourable poverty before the Restoration.

The following Three Letters[2] are what remain to us concerning Cromwell's share in that course of victories. He was present in various general or partial Fights from Langport to Bovey Tracey; became especially renowned by his Sieges, and took many Strong Places besides those mentioned here.

LETTER XXXII.

'*To the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army: These.*'

Sir, 'Winchester, 6th October 1645.'

I came to Winchester on the Lord's day the 28th of September; with Colonel Pickering,—commanding

[1] Truro, 14th March 1645-6 (Rushworth, vi. 110).

[2] Appendix, No. 9, contains Two more: Battle of Langport, and Summons to Winchester (Note of 1857).

his own, Colonel Montague's, and Sir Hardress Waller's regiments. After some dispute with the Governor, we entered the Town. I summoned the Castle; was denied; whereupon we fell to prepare batteries,—which we could not perfect (some of our guns being out of order) until Friday following. Our battery was six guns; which being finished,—after firing one round, I sent-in a second summons for a treaty; which they refused. Whereupon we went on with our work, and made a breach in the wall near the Black Tower; which, after about 200 shot, we thought stormable; and purposed on Monday morning to attempt it. On Sunday night, about ten of the clock, the Governor beat a parley, desiring to treat. I agreed unto it; and sent Colonel Hammond and Major Harrison in to him, who agreed upon these enclosed Articles.

Sir, this is the addition of another mercy. You see God is not weary in doing you good: I confess, Sir, His favour to you is as visible, when He comes by His power upon the hearts of your enemies, making them quit places of strength to you, as when He gives courage to your soldiers to attempt hard things. His goodness in this is much to be acknowledged: for the Castle was well manned with Six-hundred-and-eighty horse and foot, there being near Two-hundred gentlemen, officers, and their servants; well victualled, with fifteen hundred-weight of cheese, very great store of wheat and beer; near twenty barrels of powder, seven pieces of cannon; the works were exceeding good and strong. It's very likely it would have cost much blood to have gained it by storm. We have not lost twelve men: this is repeated to you, that God may have all the praise, for it's all His due.—Sir, I rest, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

'Lieutenant-General Cromwell's Secretary,' who brings this Letter, gets 50*l.* for his good news.[2] By Sprigge's account,[3] he appears to have been 'Mr. Hugh Peters,' this Secretary. Peters there makes a verbal Narrative of the affair, to Mr. Speaker and the Commons, which, were not room so scanty, we should be glad to insert.

[1] Sprigge, p. 128; Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 25); Rushworth, vi. 91.
[2] Commons Journals, 7th October 1645. [3] p. 129.

It was at this surrender of Winchester that certain of the captive enemies having complained of being plundered contrary to Articles, Cromwell had the accused parties, six of his own soldiers, tried: being all found guilty, one of them by lot was hanged, and the other five were marched off to Oxford, to be there disposed of as the Governor saw fit. The Oxford Governor politely returned the five prisoners, 'with an acknowledgment of the Lieutenant-General's nobleness.'[1]

LETTER XXXIII.

Basing House, Pawlet Marquis of Winchester's Mansion, stood, as the ruined heaps still testify, at a small distance from Basingstoke in Hampshire. It had long infested the Parliament in those quarters; and been especially a great eyesorrow to the 'Trade of London with the Western Parts.' With Dennington Castle at Newbury, and this Basing House at Basingstoke, there was no travelling the western roads, except with escort, or on sufferance. The two places had often been attempted; but always in vain. Basing House especially had stood siege after siege, for four years; ruining poor Colonel This and then poor Colonel That; the jubilant Royalists had given it the name of *Basting* House: there was, on the Parliament side, a kind of passion to have Basing House taken. The Lieutenant-General, gathering all the artillery he can lay hold of; firing incessantly, 200 or 500 shot at some given point till he see a hole made; and then storming like a fire-flood:—he perhaps may manage it.

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament: These.

Basingstoke, 14th October 1645.

Sir,

I thank God, I can give you a good account of Basing. After our batteries placed, we settled the several posts for the storm: Colonel Dalbier was to be on the north side of the House next the Grange; Colonel Pickering on his left hand, and Sir Hardress Waller's and Colonel Montague's regiments next him. We stormed, this morning, after six of the clock: the signal for falling-on was the firing four of our cannon;

[1] Sprigge, p. 133.

which being done, our men fell-on with great resolution and cheerfulness. We took the two Houses without any considerable loss to ourselves. Colonel Pickering stormed the New House, passed through, and got the gate of the Old House; whereupon they summoned a parley, which our men would not hear.

In the meantime Colonel Montague's and Sir Hardress Waller's regiments assaulted the strongest work, where the Enemy kept his Court of Guard;—which, with great resolution, they recovered; beating the Enemy from a whole culverin, and from that work: which having done, they drew their ladders after them, and got over another work, and the house-wall, before they could enter. In this Sir Hardress Waller, performing his duty with honour and diligence, was shot in the arm, but not dangerously.

We have had little loss: many of the Enemy our men put to the sword, and some officers of quality; most of the rest we have prisoners, amongst whom the Marquis 'of Winchester himself,' and Sir Robert Peak, with divers other officers, whom I have ordered to be sent up to you. We have taken about ten pieces of ordnance, with much ammunition, and our soldiers a good encouragement.

I humbly offer to you, to have this place utterly slighted, for these following reasons: It will ask about Eight-hundred men to manage it; it is no frontier; the country is poor about it; the place exceedingly ruined by our batteries and mortar-pieces, and by a fire which fell upon the place since our taking it. If you please to take the Garrison at Farnham, some out of Chichester, and a good part of the foot which were here under Dalbier, and to make a strong Quarter at Newbury with three or four troops of horse,—I dare be confident it would not only be a curb to Dennington, but a security and a frontier to all these parts; inasmuch as Newbury lies upon the River, and will prevent any incursion from Dennington, Wallingford or Farringdon into these parts; and by lying there, will make the trade most secure between Bristol and London for all carriages. And I believe the gentlemen of Sussex and Hampshire will with more cheerfulness con-

tribute to maintain a garrison on the frontier than in their bowels, which will have less safety in it.

Sir, I hope not to delay, but to march towards the West to-morrow; and to be as diligent as I may in my expedition thither. I must speak my judgment to you, That if you intend to have your work carried on, recruits of Foot must be had, and a course taken to pay your Army; else, believe me, Sir, it may not be able to answer the work you have for it to do.

I intrusted Colonel Hammond to wait upon you, who was taken by a mistake whilst we lay before this Garrison, whom God safely delivered to us, to our great joy; but to his loss of almost all he had, which the Enemy took from him. The Lord grant that these mercies may be acknowledged with all thankfulness: God exceedingly abounds in His goodness to us, and will not be weary until righteousness and peace meet; and until He hath brought forth a glorious work for the happiness of this poor Kingdom. Wherein desires to serve God and you, with a faithful heart, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Colonel Hammond, whom we shall by and by see again, brought this good news to London, and had his reward, of 200*l.*;[2] Mr. Peters also, being requested 'to make a relation to the House of Commons, spake as follows.' The reader will like to hear Mr. Peters for once, a man concerning whom he has heard so many falsehoods, and to see an old grim scene through his eyes. Mr. Peters related:

"That he came into Basing House some time after the storm," on Tuesday 14th of October 1645;—"and took a view first of the works; which were many, the circumvallation being above a mile in compass. The Old House had stood (as it is reported) two or three hundred years, a nest of Idolatry; the New House surpassing that in beauty and stateliness; and either of them fit to make an emperor's court.

"The rooms before the storm (it seems), in both Houses, were all completely furnished; provisions for some years rather than months; 400 quarters of wheat; bacon divers rooms-full, containing hundreds of flitches; cheese proportionable; with oatmeal,

[1] Sprigge, pp. 137-9; Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 27); and Harl. MSS. 787.
[2] Commons Journals (15th Oct. 1645), iv. 309.

beef, pork; beer divers cellars-full, and that very good,"—Mr. Peters having taken a draught of the same.

"A bed in one room, furnished, which cost 1,300*l.* Popish books many, with copes, and such utensils. In truth, the House stood in its full pride; and the Enemy was persuaded that it would be the last piece of ground that would be taken by the Parliament, because they had so often foiled our forces which had formerly appeared before it. In the several rooms and about the House, there were slain seventy-four, and only one woman, the daughter of Dr. Griffith, who by her railing," poor lady, "provoked our soldiers (then in heat) into a farther passion. There lay dead upon the ground Major Cuffle;—a man of great account amongst them, and a notorious Papist: slain by the hands of Major Harrison, that godly and gallant gentleman,"—all men know him; "and Robinson the Player, who, a little before the storm, was known to be mocking and scorning the Parliament and our Army. Eight or nine gentlewomen of rank, running forth together, were entertained by the common soldiers somewhat coarsely; yet not uncivilly, considering the action in hand.

"The plunder of the soldiers continued till Tuesday night: one soldier had a Hundred-and-twenty Pieces in gold for his share; others plate, others jewels;—among the rest, one got three bags of silver, which (he being not able to keep his own counsel) grew to be common pillage amongst the rest, and the fellow had but one half-crown left for himself at last.—The soldiers sold the wheat to country-people; which they held up at good rates awhile; but afterwards the market fell, and there were some abatements for haste. After that, they sold the household stuff; whereof there was good store, and the country loaded away many carts; and they continued a great while, fetching out all manner of household stuff, till they had fetched out all the stools, chairs, and other lumber, all which they sold to the country-people by piecemeal.

"In all these great buildings, there was not one iron bar left in all the windows (save only what were on fire), before night. And the last work of all was the lead; and by Thursday morning, they had hardly left one gutter about the House. And what the soldiers left, the fire took hold on; which made more than ordinary haste; leaving nothing but bare walls and chimneys in less than twenty hours;—being occasioned by the neglect of the Enemy in quenching a fire-ball of ours at first."—What a scene!

"We know not how to give a just account of the number of persons that were within. For we have not quite Three-hundred

prisoners; and it may be, have found a Hundred slain,—whose bodies, some being covered with rubbish, came not at once to our view. Only, riding to the House on Tuesday night, we heard divers crying in vaults for quarter; but our men could neither come to them, nor they to us. Amongst those that we saw slain, one of their officers lying on the ground, seeming so exceeding tall, was measured; and from his great-toe to his crown was 9 feet in length" (*sic*).

"The Marquis being pressed, by Mr. Peters arguing with him," which was not very chivalrous in Mr. Peters, "broke out and said, 'That if the King had no more ground in England but Basing House, he would adventure as he did, and so maintain it to the uttermost;'—meaning with these Papists; comforting himself in this disaster, 'That Basing House was called *Loyalty*.' But he was soon silenced in the question concerning the King and Parliament; and could only hope 'that the King might have a day again.'—And thus the Lord was pleased in a few hours to show us what mortal seed all earthly glory grows upon; and how just and righteous the ways of God are, who takes sinners in their own snares, and lifteth up the hands of His despised people.

"This is now the Twentieth garrison that hath been taken-in, this Summer, by this Army;—and, I believe most of them the answers of the prayers, and trophies of the faith, of some of God's servants. The Commander of this Brigade," Lieutenant-General Cromwell, "had spent much time with God in prayer the night before the storm;—and seldom fights without some Text of Scripture to support him. This time he rested upon that blessed word of God written in the Hundred-and-fifteenth Psalm, eighth verse, *They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them.* Which, with some verses going before, was now accomplished."[1]

'Mr. Peters presented the Marquis's own Colours, which he brought from Basing; the Motto of which was, *Donec pax redeat terris;* the very same as King Charles gave upon his Coronation-money, when he came to the Crown.'[2]—So Mr. Peters; and then withdrew,—getting by and by 200*l.* a-year settled on him.[3]

[1] 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy Name give glory; for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake. Wherefore should the Heathen say, Where is now their God? Our God is in the Heavens: he hath done whatsoever he hath pleased!—Their Idols are silver and gold; the work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not: they have ears, but they hear not: noses have they, but they smell not; they have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they through their throat! They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them.'—These words, awful as the words of very God, were in Oliver Cromwell's heart that night. [2] Sprigge, pp. 139-41. [3] Whitlocke.

This Letter was read in all Pulpits next Sunday, with thanks rendered to Heaven, by order of Parliament. Basing House is to be carted away; 'whoever will come for brick or stone shall freely have the same for his pains.'[1]

Among the names of the Prisoners taken here one reads that of *Inigo Jones*,—unfortunate old Inigo. Vertue, on what evidence I know not, asserts farther that Wenceslaus Hollar, with his graving tools and unrivalled graving talent, was taken here.[2] The Marquis of Winchester had been addicted to the Arts,—to the Upholsteries perhaps still more. A magnificent kind of man; whose 'best bed,' now laid bare to general inspection, excited the wonder of the world.

LETTER XXXIV.

FAIRFAX, with the Army, is in Devonshire; the following Letter will find him at Tiverton; Cromwell marching that way, having now ended Basing. It is ordered in the Commons House that Cromwell be thanked; moreover that he now attack Dennington Castle, of which we heard already at Newbury. These messages, as I gather, reached him at Basing, late 'last night,'—Wednesday 15th, the day they were written in London.[3] Thursday morning early, he marched; has come ('came,' he calls it) as far as Wallop; purposes still to make a forced march 'to Langford House to-night' (probably with horse only, and leave the foot to follow);—answers meanwhile his message *here* (see next Letter), and furthermore writes this:

To the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army:[4] *Haste: These.*

Wallop, 16th October 1645.

SIR,

In today's march I came to Wallop, twenty miles from Basing, towards you. Last night I received this enclosed from the Speaker of the House of Commons; which I thought fit to send you; and to which I returned an Answer, a copy whereof I have also sent enclosed to you.

I perceive that it's their desire to have the place[5] taken-in. But truly I could not do other than let them know what the

[1] Commons Journals, iv. 309.
[2] Life of Hollar.
[3] Commons Journals (iv. 309), 15th Oct. 1645.
[4] Marching from Collumpton to Tiverton, while Cromwell writes (Sprigge, p. 334).
[5] Dennington Castle.

condition of affairs in the West is, and submit the business to them and you. I shall be at Langford House tonight, if God please. I hope the work will not be long. If it should, I will rather leave a small part of the Foot (if Horse will not be sufficient to take it in), than be detained from obeying such commands as I shall receive. I humbly beseech you to be confident that no man hath a more faithful heart to serve you than myself, nor shall be more strict to obey your commands than your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

Sir, I beseech you to let me know your resolution in this business with all the possible speed that may be; because whatsoever I be designed to, I wish I may speedily endeavour it, time being so precious for action in this season.[1]

Langford House, whither Oliver is now bound, hoping to arrive tonight, is near Salisbury. He did arrive accordingly; drew out part of his brigade, and summoned the place;—here is his own most brief account of the business.

LETTER XXXV.

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker to the Honourable House of Commons: These.

Salisbury, 17th Oct. (12 at night) 1645.

SIR,

I gave you an account, the last night, of my marching to Langford House. Whither I came this day, and immediately sent them in a Summons. The Governor desired I should send two Officers to treat with him; and I accordingly appointed Lieutenant-Colonel Hewson and Major Kelsey thereunto. The Treaty produced the Agreement, which I have here enclosed to you.

The General, I hear, is advanced as far West as Collumpton, and hath sent some Horse and Foot to Tiverton. It is earnestly desired that more Foot might march up to him;—it being convenient that we stay 'here' a day for our Foot that are behind and coming up.

[1] Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 61:—only the Signature is in Oliver's hand.

I wait your answer to my Letter last night from Wallop: I shall desire that your pleasure may be speeded to me;—and rest, Sir, your humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.'

Basing is black ashes, then; and Langford is ours, the Garrison 'to march forth tomorrow at twelve of the clock, being the 18th instant.'[2] And now the question is, Shall we attack Dennington or not?—

Colonel Dalbier, a man of Dutch birth, well known to readers of the old Books, is with Cromwell at present; his Second in command. It was from Dalbier that Cromwell first of all learned the mechanical part of soldiering; he had Dalbier to help him in drilling his Ironsides; so says Heath, credible on such a point. Dennington Castle was not besieged at present; it surrendered next Spring to Dalbier.[3] Cromwell returned to Fairfax; served through Winter with him in the West, till all ended there.

About a month before the date of this Letter, the King had appeared again with some remnant of force, got together in Wales; with intent to relieve Chester, which was his key to Ireland: but this force too he saw shattered to pieces on Rowton Heath, near that City.[4] He had also had an eye towards the great Montrose in Scotland, who in these weeks was blazing at his highest there: but him too David Lesley with dragoons, emerging from the mist of the Autumn morning, on Philipshaugh near Selkirk, had, in one fell hour, trampled utterly out. The King had to retire to Wales again; to Oxford and obscurity again.

On the 14th of next March, as we said, Sir Ralph Hopton surrendered himself in Cornwall.[5] On the 22d of the same month, Sir Jacob Astley, another distinguished Royalist General, the last of them all,—coming towards Oxford with some small force he had gathered,—was beaten and captured at Stow among the Wolds of Gloucestershire:[6] surrendering himself, the brave veteran said, or is reported to have said, "You have now done your work, and may go to play,—unless you will fall out among yourselves."

On Monday night, towards twelve of the clock, 27th April 1646, the King in disguise rode out of Oxford, somewhat uncertain

[1] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 229, art. 19 (no. 42 of The Weekly Account).
[2] Sprigge, p. 145. [3] 1st April 1646 (Rushworth, vi. 252).
[4] 24th September 1645 (Rushworth, vi. 117; Lord Digby's account of it, Ormond Papers, ii. 90).
[5] Hopton's own account of it, Ormond Papers, ii. 109-26. [6] Rushworth, vi. 139-41.

whitherward,—at length towards Newark and the Scots Army.[1] On the Wednesday before, Oliver Cromwell had returned to his place in Parliament.[2] Many detached Castles and Towns still held out, Ragland Castle even till the next August; scattered fires of an expiring conflagration, that need to be extinguished with effort and in detail. Of all which victorious sieges, with their elaborate treaties and moving accidents, the theme of every tongue during that old Summer, let the following one brief glimpse, notable on private grounds, suffice us at present.

Oxford, the Royalist metropolis, a place full of Royalist dignitaries, and of almost inexpugnable strength, had it not been so disheartened from without,—was besieged by Fairfax himself in the first days of May. There was but little fighting, there was much negotiating, tedious consulting of Parliament and King; the treaty did not end in surrender till Saturday 20th June. And now, dated on the Monday before, at Holton, a country Parish in those parts, there is this still legible in the old Church Register, —intimately interesting to some friends of ours! 'HENRY IRETON, Commissary-General to Sir Thomas Fairfax, and BRIDGET, Daughter to Oliver Cromwell, Lieutenant-General of the Horse to the said Sir Thomas Fairfax,—were married, by Mr. Dell, in the Lady Whorwood her House in Holton, 15th June 1646.—ALBAN EALES, Rector.'[3]

Ireton, we are to remark, was one of Fairfax's Commissioners on the Treaty for surrendering Oxford, and busy under the walls there at present: Holton is some five miles east of the City; Holton House we guess by various indications to have been Fairfax's own quarter. Dell, already and afterwards well known, was the General's Chaplain at this date. Of 'the Lady Whorwood' I have traces, rather in the Royalist direction; her strong moated House, very useful to Fairfax in those weeks, still stands conspicuous in that region, though now under new figure and ownership; drawbridge become *fixed*, deep ditch now dry, moated island changed into a flower-garden;—'rebuilt in 1807.' Fairfax's Lines, we observe, extended 'from Headington Hill to Marston,' several miles in advance of Holton House, then 'from Marston across the Cherwell, and over from that to the Isis on the North side of the City;' southward and elsewhere, the besieged, 'by a dam at St. Clem-

[1] Rushworth, vi. 267; Iter Carolinum. [2] Cromwelliana, p. 31.

[3] Parish Register of Holton (copied, Oct. 1846). Poor Noble (i. 134) seems to have copied this same Register, and to have misread his own Note; giving instead of Holton *Nalton*, an imaginary place: and instead of June *January*, an impossible date. See antea, p. 70; postea, Letter XLI. p. 221.

ent's Bridge, had laid the country all under water:'[1]—in such scene, with the treaty just ending and general Peace like to follow, did Ireton welcome his Bride,—a brave young damsel of twenty-one; escorted, doubtless by her Father among others, to the Lord General's house; and there, by the Rev. Mr. Dell, solemnly handed over to new destinies!

This wedding was on Monday 15th June; on Saturday came the final signing of the treaty: and directly thereupon, on Monday *next*, Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice took the road, with their attendants, and their passes to the sea-coast; a sight for the curious. On Tuesday 'there went about 300 persons, mostly of quality;' and on Wednesday all the Royalist force, '3,000' (or say 2,000) 'to the Eastward, 500 to the North;' with 'drums beating, colours flying,' for the last time; all with passes, with agitated thoughts and outlooks: and in sacred Oxford, as poor Wood intimates,[2] the abomination of desolation supervened!—Oxford surrendering with the King's sanction quickened other surrenders; Ragland Castle itself, and the obstinate old Marquis, gave-in before the end of August: and the First Civil War, to the last ember of it, was extinct.

The Parliament, in these circumstances, was now getting itself 'recruited,'—its vacancies filled-up again. The Royalist Members, who had deserted three years ago, had been, without much difficulty, successively 'disabled,' as their crime came to light: but to issue new writs for new elections, while the quarrel with the King still lasted, was a matter of more delicacy; this too, however, had at length been resolved upon, the Parliament Cause now looking so decidedly prosperous, in the Autumn of 1645. Gradually, in the following months, the new Members were elected, above Two-hundred-and-thirty of them in all. These new Members, 'Recruiters,' as Anthony Wood and the Royalist world reproachfully call them, were, by the very fact of their standing candidates in such circumstances, decided Puritans all,—Independents many of them. Colonel, afterwards Admiral Blake (for Taunton), Ludlow, Ireton (for Appleby), Algernon Sidney, Hutchinson known by his Wife's *Memoirs*, were among these new Members. Fairfax, on his Father's death some two years hence, likewise came in.[3]

[1] Rushworth, vi. 279-285. [2] Fasti, ii. 58, sec. edit.
[3] The Writ is issued 16th March 1647-8 (Commons Journals).

PART THIRD.

BETWEEN THE TWO CIVIL WARS.

1646–1648.

LETTERS XXXVI.—XLII.

THE conquering of the King had been a difficult operation; but to make a Treaty with him now when he was conquered, proved an impossible one. The Scots, to whom he had fled, entreated him, at last, 'with tears' and 'on their knees,' to take the Covenant, and sanction the Presbyterian worship, if he could not adopt it: on that condition they would fight to the last man for him; on no other condition durst or would a man of them fight for him. The English Presbyterians, as yet the dominant party, earnestly entreated to the same effect. In vain, both of them. The King had other schemes: the King, writing privately to Digby before quitting Oxford, when he had some mind to venture privately on London, as he ultimately did on the Scotch Camp, to raise Treaties and Caballings there, had said, "—endeavouring to get to London; being not without hope that I shall be able so to draw either the Presbyterians or the Independents to side with me for extirpating one another, that I shall be really King again."[1] Such a man is not easy to make a Treaty with,—on the word of a King! In fact, his Majesty, though a belligerent party who had not now one soldier on foot, considered himself still a tower of strength; as indeed he was; all men having a to us inconceivable reverence for him, till bitter Necessity and he together drove them away from it. Equivocations, spasmodic obstinacies, and blindness to the real state of facts, must have an end.—

[1] Oxford, 26th March 1646; Carte's Life of Ormond, iii. (London, 1735), p. 452.

The following Seven Letters, of little or no significance for illustrating public affairs, are to carry us over a period of most intricate negotiation; negotiation with the Scots, managed manfully on both sides, otherwise it had ended in quarrel; negotiations with the King; infinite public and private negotiations;—which issue at last in the Scots marching home with 200,000*l.* as 'a fair instalment of their arrears,' in their pocket; and the King marching, under escort of Parliamentary Commissioners, to Holmby House in Northamptonshire, to continue in strict though very stately seclusion, 'on 50*l.* a-day,'[1] and await the destinies there.

LETTER XXXVI.

KNYVETT, of Ashwellthorpe in Norfolk, is one of the unfortunate Royalist Gentlemen whom Cromwell laid sudden hold of at Lowestoff some years ago, and lodged in the Castle of Cambridge,—suddenly snuffing-out their Royalist light in that quarter. Knyvett, we conclude, paid his 'contribution,' or due fine, for the business; got safe home again; and has lived quieter ever since. Of whom we promised the reader some transitory glimpse once more.[2]

Here accordingly is a remarkable Letter to him, now first adjusted to its right place in this Series. The Letter used to be in the possession of the Lords Berners, whose ancestor this Knyvett was, one of whose seats this Ashwellthorpe in Norfolk still is. With them, however, there remains nothing but a Copy now, and that without date, and otherwise not quite correct. Happily it had already gone forth in print with date and address in full;—has been found among the lumber and innocent marine-stores of *Sylvanus Urban*, communicated, in an incidental way, by 'a Gentleman at Shrewsbury,' who, in 1787, had got possession of it,—honestly, we hope; and to the comfort of readers here.

For my noble Friend Thomas Knyvett, Esquire, at his House at Ashwellthorpe: These.

London, 27th July 1646.

SIR,

I cannot pretend any interest in you for anything I have done, nor ask any favour for any service I may

[1] Whitlocke, p. 244. [2] Antea, p. 123.

do you. But because I am conscious to myself of a readiness to serve any gentleman in all possible civilities, I am bold to be beforehand with you to ask your favour on behalf of your honest poor neighbours of Hapton, who, as I am informed, are in some trouble, and are likely to be put to more, by one Robert Browne your Tenant, who, not well pleased with the way of these men, seeks their disquiet all he may.

Truly nothing moves me to desire this more than the pity I bear them in respect of their honesties, and the trouble I hear they are likely to suffer for their consciences. And however the world interprets it, I am not ashamed to solicit for such as are anywhere under pressure of this kind; doing even as I would be done by. Sir, this is a quarrelsome age; and the anger seems to me to be the worse, where the ground is difference of opinion;—which to cure, to hurt men in their names, persons or estates, will not be found an apt remedy. Sir, it will not repent you to protect those poor men of Hapton from injury and oppression: which that you would is the effect of this Letter. Sir, you will not want the grateful acknowledgment, nor utmost endeavours of requital from your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Hapton is a Parish and Hamlet some seven or eight miles south of Norwich, in the Hundred of Depwade; it is within a mile or two of this Ashwellthorpe; which was Knyvett's residence at that time. What 'Robert Browne your Tenant' had in hand or view against these poor Parishioners of Hapton, must, as the adjoining circumstances are all obliterated, remain somewhat indistinct to us. We gather in general that the Parishioners of Hapton were a little given to Sectarian, Independent notions; which Browne, a respectable Christian of the Presbyterian strain, could not away with. The oppressed poor Tenants have contrived to make their case credible to Lieutenant-General Cromwell, now in his place in Parliament again;—have written to him; perhaps clubbed some poor sixpences, and sent up a rustic Deputation to him: and he, 'however the respectable Presbyterian world may interpret it, is not ashamed to solicit for them:' with effect, either now or soon.

[1] Gentleman's Magazine (1787), liv, 337.

LETTER XXXVII.

For his Excellency the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Forces:[1] *These.*

'London,' 31st July 1646.

SIR,

I was desired to write a Letter to you by Adjutant Fleming. The end of it is, To desire your Letter in his recommendation. He will acquaint you with the sum thereof, more particularly what the business is. I most humbly submit to your better judgment, when you hear it from him.

Craving pardon for my boldness in putting you to this trouble, I rest, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

Adjutant Fleming is in Sprigge's Army-List. I suppose him to be the Fleming who, as Colonel Fleming, in Spring 1648, had rough service in South Wales two years afterwards; and was finally defeated,—attempting to 'seize a Pass' near Pembroke Castle, then in revolt under Poyer; was driven into a Church, and there slain,—some say, slew himself.[3]

Of Fleming's present 'business' with Fairfax, whether it were to solicit promotion here, or continued employment in Ireland, nothing can be known. The War, which proved to be but the 'First War,' is now, as we said, to all real intents, ended: Ragland Castle, the last that held-out for Charles, has been under siege for some weeks; and Fairfax, who had been 'at the Bath for his health,' was now come or coming into those parts for the peremptory reduction of it.[4] There have begun now to be discussions and speculations about sending men to Ireland;[5] about sending Massey (famed Governor of Gloucester) to Ireland with men, and then also about disbanding Massey's men.

Exactly a week before, 24th July 1646, the united Scots and Parliamentary Commissioners have presented their 'Propositions' to his Majesty at Newcastle: Yes or No, is all the answer they can

[1] At Ragland, or about leaving Bath for the purpose of concluding Ragland Siege (Rushworth, vi. 293).

[2] Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 70.

[3] Rushworth, vii. 1097, 38:—a little 'before' 27th March 1648.

[4] Ibid., vi. 293;—Fairfax's first Letter from Ragland is of 7th August; 14th August he dates from Usk; and Ragland is surrendered on the 17th.

[5] Cromwelliana, April 1646, p. 31.

take. They are most zealous that he should say Yes. Chancellor Loudon implores and prophesies in a very remarkable manner: "All England will rise against you; they," these Sectarian Parties, "will process and depose you, and set-up another Government," unless you close with the Propositions. His Majesty, on the 1st of August (writing at Newcastle, in the same hours whilst Cromwell writes this in London), answers in a haughty way, No.[1]

LETTER XXXVIII.

August 10th. The Parliamentary Commissioners have returned, and three of the leading Scots with them,—to see what is now to be done. The 'Chancellor' who comes with Argyle is Loudon, the Scotch Chancellor, a busy man in those years. Fairfax is at Bath; and 'the Solicitor,' St. John the Shipmoney Lawyer, is there with him.

For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, the General: These.

London, 10th Aug. 1646.

SIR,

Hearing you were returned from Ragland to the Bath, I take the boldness to make this address to you.

Our Commissioners sent to the King came this night to London.[2] I have spoken with two of them, and can only learn these generals, That there appears a good inclination in the Scots to the rendition of our Towns, and to their march out of the Kingdom. When they bring-in their Papers, we shall know more. Argyle, and the Chancellor, and Dunfermline are come up. Duke of Hamilton is gone from the King into Scotland. I hear that Montrose's men are *not* disbanded. The King gave a very general answer. Things are not well in Scotland;—would they were in England! We are full of faction and worse.

I hear for certain that Ormond has concluded a Peace with the Rebels. Sir, I beseech you command the Solicitor to come away to us. His help would be welcome.—Sir, I hope you have not cast me off. Truly I may say, none more affectionately honours nor loves you. You and yours are in my

[1] Rushworth, vi. 319-21. [2] Commons Journals, 11th Aug. 1646.

daily prayers. You have done enough to command the uttermost of, your faithful and most obedient servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

'P.S.' I beseech you, my humble service may be presented to your Lady.

'P.S. 2d.'[2] The money for disbanding Massey's men is gotten, and you will speedily have directions about them from the Commons House.

'Our Commissioners' to Charles at Newcastle, who have returned 'this night,' were: Earls Pembroke and Suffolk, from the Peers; from the Commons, Sir Walter Earle (Weymouth), Sir John Hippesley (Cockermouth), Robert Goodwin (East Grinstead, Sussex), Luke Robinson (Scarborough).[3]

'Duke of Hamilton:' the Parliamentary Army found him in Pendennis Castle,—no, in St. Michael's Mount Castle,—when they took these places in Cornwall lately. The Parliament has let him loose again;—he has begun a course of new diplomacies, which will end still more tragically for him.

Ormond is, on application from the Parliament, ostensibly ordered by his Majesty not to make peace with the outlaw Irish rebels; detestable to all men:—but he of course follows his own judgment of the necessities of the case, being now nearly over with it himself, and the King under restraint unable to give any real 'orders.' The truth was, Ormond's Peace, odious to all English Protestants, had been signed and finished in March last; with this condition among others, That an Army of 10,000 Irish were to come over and help his Majesty; which truth is now beginning to ooze out. A new Ormond Peace:—not materially different I think from the late very sad Glamorgan one; which had been made in secret, through the Earl of Glamorgan, in Autumn last; and then, when by ill chance it came to light, had needed to be solemnly denied in Winter following, and the Earl of Glamorgan to be thrown into prison to save appearances! On the word of an unfortunate King![4]—It would be a comfort to understand farther, what the fact soon proves, that this new Peace also will not hold; the Irish Priests and Pope's Nuncios disapproving of it. Even

[1] Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 63.

[2] This second Postscript has been squeezed-in *above* the other, and is evidently written *after* it.

[3] Rushworth, vi. 309, where the proposals are also given.

[4] Ibid. 242, 239–247; Birch's Inquiry concerning Glamorgan; Carte's Ormond; &c. Correct details in Godwin, ii. 102–124.

while Oliver writes, an Excommunication or some such Document is coming out, signed "Frater O'Farrel," "Abbas O'Teague," and the like names: poor Ormond going to Kilkenny, to join forces with the Irish rebels, is treacherously set upon, and narrowly escapes death by them.[1]

Concerning 'the business of Massey's men,' there are some notices in Ludlow.[2] The Commons had ordered Fairfax to disband them, and sent the money, as we see here; whereupon the Lords ordered him, Not. Fairfax obeyed the Commons; apologised to the Lords,—who had to submit, as their habit was. Massey's Brigade was of no particular religion; Massey's Miscellany,—'some of them will require passes to Æthiopia,' says ancient wit. But Massey himself was strong for Presbyterianism, for strict Drill-sergeantcy and Anti-heresy of every kind: the Lords thought his Miscellany and he might have been useful.

LETTER XXXIX.

His Excellency, in the following Letter, is Fairfax; John Rushworth, worthy John, we already know! Fairfax has returned to the Bath, still for his health; Ragland being taken, and the War ended.

For John Rushworth, Esquire, Secretary to his Excellency, at the Bath: These.

The House 'of Commons,' 26th Aug. '1646.'

Mr. Rushworth,

I must needs entreat a favour on the behalf of Major Lilburn; who has a long time wanted employment, and by reason good his necessities may grow upon him.

You should do very well to move the General to take him into favourable thoughts. I know a reasonable employment will content him. As for his honesty and courage, I need not speak much of 'that,' seeing he is so well known both to the General and yourself.

I desire you answer my expectation herein so far as you may. You shall very much oblige, Sir, your real friend and servant,

Oliver Cromwell.[3]

[1] Rushworth, vi. 416; Carte's Life of Ormond.

[2] Memoirs of Edmund Ludlow (London, 1722), ii. 181.

[3] Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 71:—Signature alone is Oliver's.

This is not 'Freeborn John,' the Sectarian Lieutenant-Colonel once in my Lord of Manchester's Army; the Lilburn whom Cromwell spoke for, when Sir Philip Warwick took note of him; the John Lilburn who could not live without a quarrel; who if he were left alone in the world would have to divide himself in two, and set the John to fight with Lilburn, and the Lilburn with John!' Freeborn John is already a Lieutenant-Colonel by title; was not in the New Model at all; is already deep in quarrels,—lying in limbo since August last, for abuse of his old master Prynne.[1] He has quarrelled, or is quarrelling, with Cromwell too; calls the Assembly of Divines an Assembly of *Dry-vines*;—will have little else but quarrelling henceforth.—This is the Brother of Freeborn John; one of his two Brothers. Not Robert, who already is or soon becomes a Colonel in the New Model, and does not 'want employment.' This is Henry Lilburn: appointed, probably in consequence of this application, Governor of Tynemouth Castle: revolting to the Royalists, his own Soldiers slew him there, in 1648. These Lilburns were from Durham County.

LETTER XL.

'DELINQUENTS,' conquered Royalists, are now getting themselves fined, according to rigorous proportions, by a Parliament Committee, which sits, and will sit long, at Goldsmiths' Hall, making that locality very memorable to Royalist gentlemen.[2]

The Staffordshire Committee have sent a Deputation up to Town. They bring a Petition; very anxious to have 2,000*l.* out of their Staffordshire Delinquents from Goldsmiths' Hall, or even 4,000*l.*,—to pay-off their forces, and send them to Ireland; which lie heavy on the County at present.

For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, 'General of the Parliament's Army:' These.

'London,' 6th Oct. 1646.

SIR,

I would be loath to trouble you with anything; but indeed the Staffordshire Gentlemen came to me this day, and with more than ordinary importunity did press me to give their desires furtherance to you. Their Letter will show

[1] Wood, iii. 353.

[2] The proceedings of it, all now in very superior order, still lie in the State-Paper Office.

what they entreat of you. Truly, Sir, it may not be amiss to give them what ease may well be afforded, and the sooner the better, especially at this time.[1]

I have no more at present, but to let you know the business of your Army is like to come on tomorrow. You shall have account of that business so soon as I am able to give it. I humbly take leave, and rest, your Excellency's most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

The Commons cannot grant the prayer of this Petition;[3] Staffordshire will have to rest as it is for some time. 'The business of your Army' did come on 'to morrow;' and assessments for a new six-months were duly voted for it, and other proper arrangements made.[4]

LETTER XLI.

COLONEL IRETON, now Commissary-General Ireton, was wedded, as we saw, to Bridget Cromwell on the 15th of June last. A man 'able with his pen and his sword;' a distinguished man. Once B.A. of Trinity College, Oxford, and Student of the Middle Temple; then a gentleman trooper in my Lord General Essex's Lifeguard; now Colonel of Horse, soon Member of Parliament; rapidly rising. A Nottinghamshire man; has known the Lieutenant-General ever since the Eastern-Association times. Cornbury House, not now conspicuous on the maps, is discoverable in Oxfordshire, disguised as *Blandford Lodge*,—not too far from the Devises, at which latter Town Fairfax and Ireton have just been, disbanding Massey's Brigade. The following Letter will require no commentary.

For my beloved Daughter Bridget Ireton, at Cornbury, General's Quarters: These.

DEAR DAUGHTER, London, 25th Oct. 1646.

I write not to thy Husband; partly to avoid trouble, for one line of mine begets many of his, which I

[1] 'and the sooner,' &c.: these words are inserted above the line, by way of *caret* and afterthought.

[2] Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 72:—Oliver's own hand.—Note, his Signature seems generally to be *Oliver* Cromwell, not *O.* Cromwell; to which practice we conform throughout, though there are exceptions to it.

[3] 7th December 1646, Commons Journals, v. 3.

[4] 7th October 1646, Ibid., iv. 687.

doubt makes him sit up too late ; partly because I am myself indisposed [1] at this time, having some other considerations.

Your Friends at Ely are well : your Sister Claypole is, I trust in mercy, exercised with some perplexed thoughts. She sees her own vanity and carnal mind ; bewailing it : she seeks after (as I hope also) what will satisfy. And thus to be a seeker is to be of the best sect next to a finder ; and such an one shall every faithful humble seeker be at the end. Happy seeker, happy finder ! Who ever tasted that the Lord is gracious, without some sense of self, vanity and badness? Who ever tasted that graciousness of His, and could go less [2] in desire,—less than pressing after full enjoyment? Dear Heart, press on; let not Husband, let not anything cool thy affections after Christ. I hope he [3] will be an occasion to inflame them. That which is best worthy of love in thy Husband is that of the image of Christ he bears. Look on that, and love it best, and all the rest for that. I pray for thee and him ; do so for me.

My service and dear affections to the General and Generaless. I hear she is very kind to thee ; it adds to all other obligations. I am thy dear Father, OLIVER CROMWELL.[4]

Bridget Ireton is now Twenty-two. Her Sister Claypole (Elizabeth Cromwell) is five years younger. They were both wedded last Spring. 'Your Friends at Ely' will indicate that the Cromwell Family was still resident in that City ; [5] though, I think, they not long afterwards removed to London. Their first residence here was King-street, Westminster ; [6] Oliver for the present lodges in Drury Lane : fashionable quarters both, in those times.

General Fairfax had been in Town only three days before, attending poor Essex's Funeral : a mournful pageant, consisting of 'both

[1] not in the mood at this time, having other matters in view.

[2] *less* is an adjective ; to *go*, in such case, signifies to *become*, as 'go mad,' &c.

[3] thy Husband.

[4] 'A Copy of Oliver Cromwell's Letter to his Daughter Ireton, exactly taken from the Original.' Harleian MSS. no. 6988, fol. 224 (not mentioned in Harleian Catalogue).—In another Copy sent me, which exactly corresponds, is this Note: 'Memo:' The above Lett^r of Oliver Cromwell Jn^o Caswell Merch^t of London had from his Mother Linington, who had it from old Mrs. Warner, who liv'd with Oliver Cromwell's Daughter.— — And was Copied from the Original Letter, which is in the hands of John Warner Esq^r of Swanzey, by Cha^s Norris, 25th Mar : 1749.'

[5] See also Appendix. No. 8, last Letter there (Note to Third Edition).

[6] Cromwelliana, p. 60.

the Houses, Fairfax and all the Civil and Military Officers then in Town, the Forces of the City, a very great number of coaches and multitudes of people;' with Mr. Vines to preach;—regardless of expense, 5,000*l.* being allowed for it.[1]

LETTER XLII.

THE intricate Scotch negotiations have at last ended. The paying of the Scots their first instalment, and getting them to march away in peace, and leave the King to our disposal, is the great affair that has occupied Parliament ever since his Majesty refused the Propositions. Not till Monday the 21st December could it be got 'perfected,' or 'almost perfected.' After a busy day spent in the Commons House on that affair,[2] Oliver writes the following Letter to Fairfax. The 'Major-General' is Skippon. Fairfax, 'since he left Town,' is most likely about Nottingham, the head-quarters of his Army, which had been drawing rather Northward, ever since the King appeared among the Scots. Fairfax came to Town 12th November, with great splendour of reception; left it again '18th December.'

On the morrow after that, 19th December 1646, the Londoners presented their Petition, not without tumult; complaining of heavy expenses and other great grievances from the Army; and craving that the same might be, so soon as possible, disbanded, and a good Peace with his Majesty made.[3] The first note of a very loud controversy which arose between the City and the Army, between the Presbyterians and the Independents, on that matter. Indeed, the humour of the City seems to be getting high; impatient for 'a just peace,' now that the King is reduced. On Saturday 6th December, it was ordered that the Lord Mayor be apprised of tumultuous assemblages which there are, 'to the disturbance of the peace;' and be desired to quench them,—if he can.

For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Armies: These.

'London,' 21st Dec. 1646.

SIR,

Having this opportunity by the Major-General to present a few lines unto you, I take the boldness to let you know how our affairs go on since you left Town.

[1] Rushworth, vi. 239; Whitlocke, p. 230. [2] Commons Journals, v. 22-3.
[3] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 290 (cited by Godwin, ii. 269).

We have had a very long Petition from the City: how it strikes at the Army, and what other aims it has, you will see by the contents of it; as also what is the prevailing temper at this present, and what is to be expected from men. But this is our comfort, God is in Heaven, and He doth what pleaseth Him; His and only His counsel shall stand, whatsoever the designs of men, and the fury of the people be.

We have now, I believe, almost [1] perfected all our business for Scotland. I believe Commissioners will speedily be sent down to see agreements performed: it's intended that Major-General Skippon have authority and instructions from your Excellency to command the Northern Forces, as occasion shall be, and that he have a Commission of Martial Law. Truly I hope that the having the Major-General to command [2] this Party will appear to be a good thing, every day more and more.

Here has been a design to steal away the Duke of York from my Lord of Northumberland: one of his own servants, whom he preferred to wait on the Duke, is guilty of it; the Duke himself confessed so. I believe you will suddenly hear more of it.

I have no more to trouble you 'with;' but praying for you, rest, your Excellency's most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

Skippon, as is well known, carried up the cash, 200,000*l.*, to Newcastle successfully, in a proper number of wagons; got it all counted there, 'bags of 100*l.*, chests of 1,000*l.*' (5th–16th January 1646–7); after which the Scots marched peacefully away.

The little Duke of York, entertained in a pet-captive fashion at St. James's, did not get away at this time; but managed it by and by, with help of a certain diligent intriguer and turn-coat called Colonel Bamfield; [4] of whom we may hear farther.

On Thursday 11th February 1646–7, on the road between Mans-

[1] 'almost' is inserted with a *caret*.

[2] At this point, the bottom of the page being reached, Oliver takes to the broad margin, and writes the remainder there lengthwise, continuing till there is barely room for his signature, on the outmost verge of the sheet; which, as we remarked already, is a common practice with him in writing Letters:—he is always loath to turn the page;—having *no blotting-paper* at that epoch; having only sand to dry his ink with, and a natural indisposition to pause till he finish!

[3] Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 78, p. 147.

[4] Clarendon, iii. 188.

field and Nottingham,—road between Newcastle and Holmby House,—'Sir Thomas Fairfax went and met the King; who stopped his horse: Sir Thomas alighted, and kissed the King's hand; and afterwards mounted, and discoursed with the King as they passed towards Nottingham.'[1] The King had left Newcastle on the 3d of the month; got to Holmby, or Holdenby, on the 13th;—and 'there,' says the poor *Iter Carolinum*, 'during pleasure.'

LETTERS XLIII. XLIV.

BEFORE reading these two following Letters, read this Extract from a work still in Manuscript, and not very sure of ever getting printed:

'The Presbyterian "Platform" of Church Government, as recommended by the Assembly of Divines or "Dry-Vines," has at length, after unspeakable debatings, passings and repassings through both Houses, and soul's-travail not a little, about "ruling-elders," "power of the keys," and suchlike,—been got *finally* passed, though not without some melancholy shades of Erastianism, or "the Voluntary Principle," as the new phrase runs. The Presbyterian Platform is passed by Law: and London and other places, busy "electing their ruling-elders," are just about ready to set it actually on foot. And now it is hoped there will be some "uniformity" as to that high matter.

'Uniformity of free-growing healthy forest-trees is good; uniformity of clipt Dutch-dragons is not so good! The question, Which of the two? is by no means settled,—though the Assembly of Divines, and majorities of both Houses, would fain think it so. The general English mind, which, loving good order in all things, loves regularity even at a high price, could be content with this Presbyterian scheme, which we call the Dutch-dragon one; but a deeper portion of the English mind inclines decisively to growing in the forest-tree way,—and indeed will shoot out into very singular excrescences, Quakerisms and what not, in the coming years. Nay already we have Anabaptists, Brownists, Sectaries and Schismatics springing up very rife: already there is a Paul Best, brought before the House of Commons for Socinianism; nay we hear of another distracted individual who seemed to maintain, in confidential argument, that "God was mere reason."[2] There is like to be

[1] Whitlocke, p. 242; Iter Carolinum (in Somers Tracts, vi. 274); Whitlocke's date, as usual, is inexact. [2] Ibid.

need of garden-shears, at this rate! The devout House of Commons, viewing these things with a horror inconceivable in our loose days, knows not well what to do. London City cries, "Apply the shears!"—the Army answers, "Apply them *gently;* cut off nothing that is sound!" The question of garden-shears, and how far you are to apply them, is really difficult;—the settling of *it* will lead to very unexpected results. London City knows with pain, that there are "many persons in the Army who have never yet taken the Covenant;" the Army begins to consider it unlikely that certain of them will ever take it!'—

These things premised, we have only to remark farther, that the House of Commons meanwhile, struck with devout horror, has, with the world generally, spent Wednesday, the 10th of March 1646–7, as a Day of Fasting and Humiliation for Blasphemies and Heresies.[1] Cromwell's Letter, somewhat remarkable for the grieved mind it indicates, was written next day. Fairfax with the Army is at Saffron Walden in Essex; there is an Order this day[2] that he is to quarter where he sees best. There are many Officers about Town; soliciting payments, attending private businesses: their tendency to Schism, to Anabaptistry and Heresy, or at least to undue tolerance for all that, is well known. This Fast-day, it would seem, is regarded as a kind of covert rebuke to them. Fast-day was Wednesday; this is Thursday evening.

LETTER XLIII.

For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army, 'at Saffron Walden:' These.

'London, 11th March 1646.'

SIR,

Your Letters about your head-quarters, directed to the Houses,[3] came seasonably, and were to very good purpose. There want not, in all places, men who have so much malice against the Army as besots them: the late Petition, which suggested a dangerous design upon the Parliament in 'your' coming to those quarters[4] doth sufficiently evidence

[1] Whitlocke, p. 243.

[2] Commons Journals, v. 110.

[3] Ibid. v. 110, 11th March 1646 (Letter is dated Saffron Walden, 9th March).

[4] Saffron Walden, in the Eastern Association: '*Not* to quarter in the Eastern Association,' had the Lords, through Manchester their Speaker, lately written (Commons Journals, infra); but without effect.

the same: but they got nothing by it, for the Houses did assoil the Army from all suspicion, and have left you to quarter where you please.[1]

Never were the spirits of men more embittered than now. Surely the Devil hath but a short time. Sir, it's good the heart be fixed against all this. The naked simplicity of Christ, with that wisdom He is pleased to give, and patience, will overcome all this. That God would keep your heart as He has done hitherto, is the prayer of your Excellency's most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.'[2] I desire my most humble service may be presented to my Lady.—Adjutant Allen desires Colonel Baxter, sometime Governor of Reading, may be remembered. I humbly desire Colonel Overton may not be out of your remembrance. He is a deserving man, and presents his humble services to you.— —Upon the Fast-day, divers soldiers were raised (as I heard), both horse and foot, near 200 in Covent Garden, To prevent us soldiers from cutting the Presbyterians' throats! These are fine tricks to mock God with.[3]

This flagrant insult to 'us soldiers,' in Covent Garden and doubtless elsewhere, as if the zealous Presbyterian Preacher were not safe from violence in bewailing Schism,—is very significant. The Lieutenant-General himself might have 'seen as well as 'heard' it,—for he lived hard by, in Drury Lane I think; but was of course at his own Church, bewailing Schism too, though not in so strait-laced a manner.—

Oliver's Sister Anna, Mrs. Sewster, of Wistow, Huntingdonshire, had died in these months, 1st November 1646.[4] Among her little girls is one, Robina, for whom there is a distinguished Scotch Husband in store; far off as yet, an 'Ensign in the French Army' as yet, William Lockhart by name; of whom we may hear more.

This Letter lies contiguous to Letter XXXIV. in the Sloane Volume: Letter XXXIV. is sealed conspicuously with red wax; this Letter, as is fit, with black. The Cromwell crest, 'lion with ring on his fore-gamb,'—the same big seal,—is on both.

[1] Commons Journals, v. 110, 11th March 1646.
[2] Written across on the margin, according to custom.
[3] Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 62.
[4] See antea, p. 31; and Noble, i. 89.

LETTER XLIV.

COMMONS JOURNALS, 17th March 1646: '*Ordered*, That the Committee of the Army do write unto the General, and acquaint him that this House takes notice of his care in ordering that none of the Forces under his Command should quarter nearer than Five-and-twenty Miles of this City: That notwithstanding his care and directions therein, the House is informed that some of his Forces are quartered much nearer than that; and To desire him to take course that his former Orders, touching the quartering of his Forces no nearer than Twenty-five Miles, may be observed.'

To his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army: These.

'London,' 19th March 1646.

SIR,

This enclosed Order I received; but, I suppose, Letters from the Committee of the Army to the effect of this are come to your hands before this time. I think it were very good that the distance of Twenty-five Miles be very strictly observed; and they are to blame that have exceeded the distance, contrary to your former appointment. This Letter I received this evening from Sir William Massam,[1] a Member of the House of Commons; which I thought fit to send you; his House being much within that distance of Twenty-five Miles of London. I have sent the Officers down, as many as I could well light of.

Not having more at present, I rest, your Excellency's most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

The troubles of the Parliament and Army are just beginning. The order for quartering beyond twenty-five miles from London, and many other 'orders,' were sadly violated in the course of this season. 'Sir W. Massam's House,' 'Otes in Essex,' is a place known to us since the beginning of these *Letters*.

The Officers ought really to go down to their quarters in the Eastern Counties; Oliver has sent them off, as many of them as he 'could well light of.'

The Presbyterian System is now fast getting into action: on the 20th May 1647, the Synod of London, with due Prolocutor or

[1] Masham.

[2] Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 74.

Moderator, met in St. Paul's.[1] In Lancashire too the System is fairly on foot; but I think in other English Counties it was somewhat lazy to move, and never came rightly into action, owing to impediments.—Poor old Laud is condemned of treason, and beheaded, years ago; the Scots, after Marston Fight, pressing heavy on him; Prynne too being very ungrateful. That 'performance' of the Service to the Hyperborean populations in so exquisite a way has cost the Artist dear! He died very gently; his last scene much the best, for himself and for us. The two Hothams also, and other traitors, have died.

ARMY MANIFESTO.

Our next entirely authentic Letter is at six-months distance: a hiatus not unfrequent in this Series; but here most especially to be regretted; such a crisis in the affairs of Oliver and of England transacting itself in the interim. The Quarrel between City and Army, which we here see begun; the split of the Parliament into two clearly hostile Parties of Presbyterians and Independents, represented by City and Army; the deadly wrestle of these two Parties, with victory to the latter, and the former flung on its back, and its 'Eleven Members' sent beyond Seas: all this transacts itself in the interim, without autograph note or indisputably authentic utterance of Oliver's to elucidate it for us. We part with him labouring to get the Officers sent down to Saffron Walden; sorrowful on the Spring Fast-day in Covent Garden: we find him again at Putney in Autumn; the insulted Party now dominant, and he the most important man in it. One Paper which I find among the many published on that occasion, and judge pretty confidently, by internal evidence, to be of his writing, is here introduced; and there is no other that I know of.

How this Quarrel between City and Army, no agreement with the King being for the present possible, went on waxing; developing itself more and more visibly into a Quarrel between Presbyterianism and Independency; attracting to the respective sides of it the two great Parties in Parliament and in England generally: all this the reader must endeavour to imagine for himself,—very dimly, as matters yet stand. In books, in Narratives old or new, he will find little satisfaction in regard to it. The old Narra-

[1] Rushworth, vi. 489; Whitlocke (p. 249) dates wrong.

tives, written all by baffled enemies of Cromwell,[1] are full of mere blind rage, distraction and darkness; the new Narratives, believing only in 'Macchiavelism,' &c. disfigure the matter still more. Common History, old and new, represents Cromwell as having underhand,—in a most skilful and indeed prophetic manner,—fomented or originated all this commotion of the elements; steered his way through it by 'hypocrisy,' by 'master-strokes of duplicity,' and suchlike. As is the habit hitherto of history.

'The fact is,' says a Manuscript already cited from, 'poor History, contemporaneous and subsequent, has treated this matter in a very sad way. Mistakes, misdates; exaggerations, unveracities, distractions; all manner of misseeings and misnotings in regard to it, abound. How many grave historical statements still circulate in the world, accredited by Bishop Burnet and the like, which on examination you will find melt away into after-dinner rumours,—gathered from ancient red-nosed Presbyterian gentlemen, Harbottle Grimston and Company, sitting over claret under a Blessed Restoration, and talking to the loosely recipient Bishop in a very loose way! Statements generally with some grain of harmless truth, misinterpreted by those red-nosed honourable persons; frothed-up into huge bulk by the loquacious Bishop above mentioned, and so set floating on Time's Stream. Not very lovely to us, they, nor the red-noses they proceeded from! I do not cite them here; I have examined most of them; found not one of them fairly believable;—wondered to see how already in one generation, earnest Puritanism being hung on the gallows or thrown out in St. Margaret's Churchyard, the whole History of it had grown *mythical*, and men were ready to swallow all manner of nonsense concerning it. Ask for dates, ask for proofs: Who saw it, heard it; when was it, where? A misdate, of itself, will do much. So accurate a man as Mr. Godwin, generally very accurate in such matters, makes "a master-stroke of duplicity" merely by mistake of dating:[2] the thing when Oliver did say it, was a credible truth, and no master-stroke or stroke of any kind!

'"Master-strokes of duplicity;" "false protestations;" "fomenting of the Army discontents:" alas, alas! It was not Cromwell that raised these discontents; not he, but the elemental Powers! Neither was it, I think, "by master-strokes of duplicity" that Cromwell steered himself victoriously across such a devouring chaos; no, but by *continuances* of noble manful *simplicity*,

[1] Holles's Memoirs; Waller's Vindication of his Character; Clement Walker's History of Independency; &c. &c.

[2] Godwin, ii. 300,—citing Walker, p. 21 (should be p. 33).

I rather think,—by meaning one thing before God, and meaning the same before men, not as a weak but as a strong man does. By conscientious resolution; by sagacity, and silent wariness and promptitude; by religious valour and veracity,—which, however it may fare with *foxes*, are really, after all, the grand source of clearness for a *man* in this world!'— —We here close our Manuscript.

Modern readers ought to believe that there was a real impulse of heavenly Faith at work in this Controversy; that on both sides, more especially on the Army's side, here lay the central element of all; modifying all other elements and passions;—that this Controversy was, in several respects, very different from the common wrestling of Greek with Greek for what are called 'Political objects'!—Modern readers, mindful of the French Revolution, will perhaps compare these Presbyterians and Independents to the Gironde and the Mountain. And there is an analogy; yet with differences. With a great difference in the situations; with the difference, too, between Englishmen and Frenchmen, which is always considerable; and then with the difference between believers in Jesus Christ and believers in Jean Jacques, which is still more considerable!

A few dates, and chief summits of events, are all that can be indicated here, to make our 'Manifesto' legible.

From the beginnings of this year 1647 and earlier, there had often been question as to what should be done with the Army. The expense of such an Army, between twenty and thirty thousand men, was great; the need of it, Royalism being now subdued, seemed small; besides, it was known that there were many in it who 'had never taken the Covenant,' and were never likely to take it. This latter point, at a time when Heresy seemed rising like a 'hydra,[1] and the Spiritualism of England was developing itself in really strange ways, became very important too,—became gradually most of all important, and the soul of the whole Controversy.

Early in March, after much debating, it had been got settled that there should be Twelve-thousand men employed in Ireland,[2] which was now in sad need of soldiers. The rest were, in some good way, to be disbanded. The 'way,' however, and whether it might really be a good way, gave rise to considerations.—Without entering into a sea of troubles, we may state here in general that the things this Army demanded were strictly their just right: Ar-

[1] See Edwards's Gangræna (London, 1646) for many furious details of it.

[2] 6th March, Commons Journals, v. 107.

rears of pay, 'three-and-forty weeks' of hard-earned pay; indemnity for acts done in War; and clear discharge according to contract, not service in Ireland except under known Commanders and conditions,—'our old Commanders,' for example. It is also apparent that the Presbyterian party in Parliament, the leaders of whom were, several of them, Colonels of the *Old* Model, did not love this victorious Army; that indeed they disliked and grew to hate it, useful as it had been to them. Denzil Holles, Sir William Waller, Harley, Stapleton, these men, all strong for Presbyterianism, were old unsuccessful Colonels or Generals under Essex; and for very obvious reasons looked askance on this Army, and wished to be, so soon as possible, rid of it. The first rumour of a demur or desire on the part of the Army, rumour of some Petition to Fairfax by his Officers as to the 'way' of their disbanding, was by these Old-Military Parliament-men very angrily repressed; nay, in a moment of fervour, they proceeded to decree that whoever had, or might have, a hand in promoting such Petition in the Army was an 'Enemy to the State, and a Disturber of the Public Peace,'—and sent forth the same in a 'Declaration of the 30th of March,' which became very celebrated afterwards. This unlucky 'Declaration,' Waller says, was due to Holles, who smuggled it one evening through a thin House. "Enemies to the State, Disturbers of the Peace:" it was a severe and too proud rebuke; felt to be unjust, and looked upon as 'a blot of ignominy;' not to be forgotten, nor easily forgiven, by the parties it was addressed to. So stood matters at the end of March.

At the end of April they stand somewhat thus. Two Parliament Deputations, Sir William Waller at the head of them, have been at Saffron Walden, producing no agreement:[1] five dignitaries of the Army, 'Lieutenant-General Hammond, Colonel Hammond, Lieutenant-Colonel Pride,' and two others, have been summoned to the bar;[2] some subalterns given into custody; Ireton himself 'ordered to be examined;'—and no 'satisfaction to the just desires of the Army;' on the contrary, the 'blot of ignominy' fixed deeper on it than before. We can conceive a universal sorrow and anger, and all manner of dim schemes and consultations going on at Saffron Walden and the other Army-quarters, in those days. Here is a scene from Whitlocke, worth looking at, which takes place in the Honourable House itself; date 30th April 1647:[3]

[1] Waller, pp. 42–85. [2] Commons Journals, v. 129 (29th March 1647).

[3] Whitlocke, p. 249; Commons Journals, *in die*: and a fuller account in Rushworth, vi. 474. The 'Letter,' immediately referred to, is in Cary's Memorials (Selections from the Tanner Mss.: London, 1842), i. 201.

'Debate upon the Petition and Vindication of the Army. Major-General Skippon, in the House, produced a Letter presented to him the day before by some Troopers, in behalf of Eight Regiments of the Army of Horse. Wherein they expressed some reasons, Why they could not engage in the service of Ireland under the present Conduct,' under the proposed Commandership, by Skippon and Massey; 'and complained, Of the many scandals and false suggestions which were of late raised against the Army and their proceedings; That they were taken as enemies; That they saw designs upon them, and upon many of the Godly Party in the Kingdom; That they could not engage for Ireland till they were satisfied in their expectations, and their just desires granted.—Three Troopers, Edward Sexby, William Allen, Thomas Sheppard, who brought this Letter, were examined in the House, touching the drawing and subscribing of it; and, Whether their Officers were engaged in it or not? They affirmed, That it was drawn up at a Rendezvous of several of those Eight Regiments; and afterwards at several meetings by Agents or Agitators, for each Regiment; and that few of their Officers knew or took notice of it.

'Those Troopers being demanded, Whether they had not been Cavaliers?—it was attested by Skippon, that they had constantly served the Parliament, and some of them from the beginning of the War. Being asked concerning the meaning of some expressions in the Petition,' especially concerning "certain men aiming at a *Sovereignty*,"—'they answered, That the Letter being a joint act of those Regiments, they could not give a punctual answer, being only Agents; but if they might have the queries in writing, they would send or carry them to those Regiments, and return their own and their answers.—They were ordered to attend the House upon summons.'

Three sturdy fellows, fit for management of business; let the reader note them. They are 'Agents' to the Army: a class of functionaries called likewise 'Adjutators' and misspelt 'Agitators;' elected by the common men of the Army, to keep the ranks in unison with the Officers in the present crisis of their affairs. This is their first distinct appearance in the eye of History; in which, during these months, they play a great part. Evidently the settlement with the Army will be a harder task than was supposed.

During these same months some languid negotiation with the King is going on; Scots Commissioners come up to help in treating with him; but as he will not hear of Covenant or Presbytery, there can no result follow. It was an ugly aggravation of the blot

of ignominy which the Army smarts under,—the report raised against it, That some of the Leaders had said, "If the King would come to *them*, they would put the crown on his head again."—Cromwell, from his place in Parliament, earnestly watches these occurrences; waits what the great 'birth of Providence' in them may be;—'carries himself with much wariness;' is more and more looked up to by the Independent Party, for his interest with the Soldiers. One day, noticing the 'high carriages' of Holles and Company, he whispers Edmund Ludlow, who sat by him, "These men will never leave till the Army pull them out by the ears!"[1] Holles and Company, who at present rule in Parliament, pass a New Militia Ordinance for London; put the Armed Force of London into hands more strictly Presbyterian.[2] There have been two London Petitions against the Army, and two London Petitions covertly in favour of it; the Managers of the latter, we observe, have been put in prison.

May 8th. A new and more promising Deputation, Cromwell at the head of it. 'Cromwell, Ireton, Fleetwood, Skippon,' proceed again to Saffron Walden; investigate the claims and grievances of the Army:[3] engage, as they had authority to do, that real justice shall be done them; and in a fortnight return with what seems an agreement and settlement; for which Lieutenant-General Cromwell receives the thanks of the House.[4] The House votes what *it* conceives to be justice, 'eight weeks of pay' in ready-money, bonds for the rest,—and so forth. Congratulations hereupon; a Committee of Lords and Commons are ordered to go down to Saffron Walden, to *see* the Army disbanded.

May 28th. On arriving at Saffron Walden, they find that their notions of what is justice, and the Army's notions, differ widely. "Eight weeks of pay," say the Army; "we want nearer eight times eight!" Disturbances in several of the quarters:—at Oxford the men seize the disbanding-money as *part* of payment, and will not disband till they get the whole. A meeting of Adjutators, by authority of Fairfax, convenes at Bury St. Edmund's,—a regular Parliament of soldiers, 'each common man paying fourpence to meet the expense:' it is agreed that the Army's quarters shall be 'contracted,' brought closer together; that on Friday next, 4th of June, there shall be a Rendezvous, or General Assembly of all the Soldiers, there to decide on what they will do.[5]

[1] Ludlow, i. 189; see Whitlocke, p. 252.
[2] 4th May 1647, Commons Journals, v. 160:—'Thirty-one Persons,' their names given.
[3] Letters from them, in Appendix, No. 10.
[4] May 21st, Commons Journals, v. 181.
[5] Rushworth, pp. 496-510.

June 4th and 5th. The Newmarket Rendezvous, 'on Kentford Heath,' a little east of Newmarket, is held; a kind of Covenant is entered into, and other important things are done:—but elsewhere in the interim a thing still more important had been done. On Wednesday June 2d, Cornet Joyce,—once a London tailor, they say, evidently a very handy active man,—he and Five-hundred common troopers, a volunteer Party, not expressly commanded by anybody, but doing what they know the whole Army wishes to be done, sally out of Oxford, where things are still somewhat disturbed; proceed to Holmby House; and, after two days of talking, bring 'the King's Person' off with them. To the horror and despair of the Parliament Commissioners in attendance there; but clearly to the satisfaction of his Majesty,—who hopes, in this new shuffle-and-deal, some good card will turn-up for him; hopes, with some ground, 'the Presbyterians and Independents *may* now be got to extirpate one another.' His Majesty rides willingly; the Parliament Commissioners accompany, wringing their hands:—to Hinchinbrook, that same Friday night; where Colonel Montague receives them with all hospitality, entertains them for two days. Colonel Whalley with a strong party, deputed by Fairfax, had met his Majesty; offered to deliver him from Joyce, back to Holmby and the Parliament; but his Majesty positively declined. —Captain Titus, *quasi* Tighthose, very well known afterwards, arrives at St. Stephen's with the news; has 50*l.* voted him 'to buy a horse,' for his great service; and fills all men with terror and amazement. The Honourable Houses agree to 'sit on the Lord's day;' have Stephen Marshall to pray for them; never were in such a plight before. The Controversy, at this point, has risen from Economical into Political: Army Parliament in the Eastern Counties against Civil Parliament in Westminster; and, 'How the Nation shall be settled' between them; whether its growth shall be in the forest-tree fashion, or in the clipt Dutch-dragon fashion?—

Monday June 7th. All Officers in the House are ordered forthwith to go down to their regiments. Cromwell, without order, not without danger of detention, say some, has already gone: this same day, 'General Fairfax, Lieutenant-General Cromwell, and the chief men of the Army,' have an interview with the King, 'at Childerley House, between Huntingdon and Cambridge:' his Majesty will not go back to Holmby; much prefers 'the air' of these parts, the air of Newmarket for instance; and will continue with the Army.[1] Parliament Commissioners, with new Votes of

[1] Rushworth, vi. 549.

Parliament, are coming down; the Army must have a new Rendezvous, to meet them. New Rendezvous at Royston, more properly on Triploe Heath near Cambridge, is appointed for Thursday; and in the interim a 'Day of Fasting and Humiliation' is held by all the soldiers,—a real Day of Prayer (very inconceivable in these days), For God's enlightenment as to what should now be done.

Here is Whitlocke's account of the celebrated Rendezvous itself, —somewhat abridged from Rushworth, and dim enough; wherein, however, by good eyes a strange old Historical Scene may be discerned. The new Votes of Parliament do not appear still to meet 'the just desires' of the Army; meanwhile let all things be done decently and in order.

'The General had ordered a Rendezvous at Royston;' properly on Triploe Heath, as we said; on Thursday 10th June 1647: the Force assembled was about Twenty-one thousand men, the remarkablest Army that ever wore steel in this world. 'The General and the Commissioners rode to each Regiment. They first acquainted the General's Regiment with the Votes of the Parliament; and Skippon,' one of the Commissioners, 'spake to them to persuade a compliance. An Officer of the Regiment made answer, That the Regiment did desire that their answer might be returned *after* perusal of the Votes by some select Officers and Agitators, whom the Regiment had chosen; and said, This was the motion of the Regiment.

'He desired the General and Commissioners to give him leave to ask the whole Regiment if this *was* their answer. Leave being given, they cried "All." Then he put the question, If any man were of a contrary opinion he should say, No;—and not one man gave his "No."—The Agitators, in behalf of the soldiers, pressed to have the question put at once, Whether the Regiment did acquiesce and were satisfied with the Votes?' The Agitators knew well what the answer would have been!—'But in regard the other way was more orderly, and they might after perusal proceed more deliberately, that question was laid aside.

'The like was done in the other Regiments; and all were very unanimous; and always after the Commissioners had done reading the Votes, and speaking to each Regiment, and had received their answer, all of them cried out, "Justice, Justice!"'—not a very musical sound to the Commissioners.

'A Petition was delivered in the field to the General, in the name of "many well-affected people in Essex;" desiring, That the Army might *not* be disbanded; in regard the Commonwealth

had many enemies, who watched for such an occasion to destroy the good people.'[1]

Such, and still dimmer, is the jotting of dull authentic Bulstrode,—drowning in official oil, and somnolent natural pedantry and fat, one of the remarkablest scenes our History ever had: An Armed Parliament, extra-official, yet not without a kind of sacredness, and an Oliver Cromwell at the head of it; demanding with one voice, as deep as ever spake in England, "Justice, Justice!" under the vault of Heaven.

That same afternoon, the Army moved on to St. Albans, nearer to London; and from the Rendezvous itself, a joint Letter was despatched to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, which the reader is now at last to see. I judge it, pretty confidently, by evidence of style alone, to be of Cromwell's own writing. It differs totally in this respect from any other of those multitudinous Army-Papers; which were understood, says Whitlocke, to be drawn up mostly by Ireton, 'who had a subtle working brain;' or by Lambert, who also had got some tincture of Law and other learning, and did not want for brain. They are very able Papers, though now very dull ones. This is in a far different style; in Oliver's worst style; his style when he writes in haste,—and not in haste of the pen merely, for that seems always to have been a most rapid business with him; but in haste before the matter had matured itself for him, and the real kernels of it got parted from the husks. A style of composition like the structure of a block of oak-root,—as tortuous, unwedgeable, and as strong! Read attentively, this Letter can be understood, can be believed: the tone of it, the 'voice' of it, reminds us of what Sir Philip Warwick heard; the voice of a man risen justly into a kind of *chant*,—very dangerous for the City of London at present.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of London: These.

Royston, 10th June 1647.

Right Honourable and Worthy Friends,

Having, by our Letters and other Addresses presented by our General to the Honourable House of Commons, endeavoured to give satisfaction of the clearness of our just Demands; and 'having' also, in Papers published by us, remonstrated the grounds of our proceedings in prosecution thereof;—all of which being published in print, we are confi-

[1] Whitlocke, p. 255.

dent 'they' have come to your hands, and received at least a charitable construction from you.

The sum of all these our Desires as Soldiers is no other than this: Satisfaction to our undoubted Claims as Soldiers; and reparation upon those who have, to the utmost, improved all opportunities and advantages, by false suggestions, misrepresentations and otherwise, for the destruction of this Army with a perpetual blot of ignominy upon it. Which 'injury' we should not value, if it singly concerned our own particular 'persons;' being ready to deny ourselves in this, as we have done in other cases, for the Kingdom's good: but under this pretence, we find, no less is involved than the overthrow of the privileges both of Parliament and People;—and that rather than they[1] shall fail in their designs, or we receive what in the eyes of all good men is 'our' just right, the Kingdom is endeavoured to be engaged in a new War. 'In a new War,' and this singly by those who, when the truth of these things shall be made to appear, will be found to be the authors of those 'said' evils that are feared;—and who have no other way to protect *themselves* from question and punishment but by putting the Kingdom into blood, under the pretence of their honour of and their love to the Parliament. As if that were dearer to them than to us; or as if they had given greater proof of their faithfulness to it than we.

But we perceive that, under these veils and pretences, they seek to interest in their design the City of London:—as if that City ought to make good their miscarriages, and should prefer a few self-seeking men before the welfare of the Public. and indeed we have found these men so active to accomplish their designs, and to have such apt instruments for their turn in that City, that we have cause to suspect they may engage many therein upon mistakes,—which are easily swallowed, in times of such prejudice against them[2] that have given (we may speak it without vanity) the most public testimony of their good affections to the Public, and to that City in particular.

'As' for the thing we insist upon as Englishmen,—and

[1] The Presbyterian leaders in Parliament, Holles, Stapleton, Harley, Waller, &c.

[2] Oblique for 'us.'

surely our being Soldiers hath not stript us of that interest, although our malicious enemies would have it so,—we desire a Settlement of the Peace of the Kingdom and of the Liberties of the Subject, according to the Votes and Declarations of Parliament, which, *before* we took arms, were, by the Parliament, used as arguments and inducements to invite us and divers of our dear friends out; some of whom have lost their lives in this War. Which being now, by God's blessing, finished,—we think we have as much right to demand, and desire to see, a happy Settlement, as we have to our money and 'to' the other common interest of Soldiers which we have insisted upon. We find also the ingenuous and honest People, in almost all parts of the Kingdom where we come, full of the sense of ruin and misery if the Army should be disbanded *before* the Peace of the Kingdom, and those other things before mentioned, have a full and perfect Settlement.

We have said before, and profess it now, We desire no alteration of the Civil Government. As little do we desire to interrupt, or in the least to intermeddle with, the settling of the Presbyterial Government. Nor did we seek to open a way for licentious liberty, under pretence of obtaining ease for tender consciences. We profess, as ever in these things, When once the State has made a Settlement, we have nothing to say but to submit or suffer. Only we could wish that every good citizen, and every man who walks peaceably in a blameless conversation, and is beneficial to the Commonwealth, might have liberty and encouragement; this being according to the true policy of all States, and even to justice itself.

These in brief are our Desires, and the things for which we stand; beyond which we shall not go. And for the obtaining of these things, we are drawing near your City;[1]—professing sincerely from our hearts, 'That' we intend not evil towards you; declaring, with all confidence and assurance, That if you appear not against us in these our just desires, to assist that wicked Party which would embroil us and the Kingdom, neither we nor our Soldiers shall give you the least offence. We come not to do any act to prejudice the being of Parliaments, or to the hurt of this 'Parliament' in order

[1] That is the remarkable point!

to the present Settlement of the Kingdom. We seek the good of all. And we shall wait here, or remove to a farther distance to abide there, if once we be assured that a speedy settlement of things is in hand,—until it be accomplished. Which done, we shall be most ready, either all of us, or so many of the Army as the Parliament shall think fit,—to disband, or to go for Ireland.

And although you may suppose that a rich City may seem an enticing bait to poor hungry Soldiers to venture far to gain the wealth thereof,—yet, if not provoked by you, we do profess, Rather than any such evil should fall out, the soldiers shall make their way through our blood to effect it. And we can say this for most of them, for your better assurance, That they so little value their pay, in comparison of higher concernments to a Public Good, that rather than they will be unrighted in the matter of their honesty and integrity (which hath suffered by the Men they aim at and desire justice upon), or want the settlement of the Kingdom's Peace, and their 'own' and their fellow-subjects' Liberties,—they will lose all. Which may be a strong assurance to you that it's not your wealth they seek, but the things tending in common to your and their welfare. That they may attain 'these,' you shall do like Fellow-Subjects and Brethren if you solicit the Parliament for them, on their behalf.

If after all this, you, or a considerable part of you, be seduced to take up arms in opposition to, or hindrance of, these our just undertakings,—we hope we have, by this brotherly premonition, to the sincerity of which we call God to witness, freed ourselves from all that ruin which may befall that great and populous City; having thereby washed our hands thereof. We rest, your affectionate Friends to serve you,

THOMAS FAIRFAX.
OLIVER CROMWELL.
ROBERT HAMMOND.
THOMAS HAMMOND.
HARDRESS WALLER.
NATHANIEL RICH.
THOMAS PRIDE.
HENRY IRETON.
ROBERT LILBURN.
JOHN DESBOROW.
THOMAS RAINSBOROW.
JOHN LAMBERT.
THOMAS HARRISON.[1]

[1] Rushworth, vi. 554.

This Letter was read next day in the Commons House,[1]—not without emotion. Most respectful answer went from the Guildhall, 'in three coaches with the due number of outriders.'

On June 16th, the Army, still at St. Albans, accuses of treason Eleven Members of the Commons House by name, as chief authors of all these troubles; whom the Honourable House is respectfully required to put upon their Trial, and prevent from voting in the interim. These are the famed Eleven Members; Holles, Waller, Stapleton, Massey are known to us; the whole List, for benefit of historical readers, we subjoin in a Note.[2] They demurred; withdrew; again returned; in fine, had to 'ask leave to retire for six months,' on account of their health, we suppose. They retired swiftly in the end; to France; to deep concealment,—to the Tower otherwise.

The history of these six weeks, till they did retire and the Army had its way, we must request the reader to imagine for himself. Long able Papers, drawn by men of subtle brain and strong sincere heart: the Army retiring always to a safe distance when their Demands are agreed to; straightway advancing if otherwise,—which rapidly produces an agreement. A most remarkable Negotiation; conducted with a method, a gravity and decorous regularity beyond example in such cases. The 'shops' of London were more than once 'shut;' tremor occupying all hearts:—but no harm was done. The Parliament regularly paid the Army; the Army lay coiled round London and the Parliament, now advancing, now receding; saying in the most respectful emblematic way, "Settlement with us and the Godly People, or ——!"—The King, still with the Army, and treated like a King, endeavoured to play his game, 'in meetings at Woburn' and elsewhere; but the two Parties could not be brought to extirpate one another for his benefit.

Towards the end of July, matters seemed as good as settled: the Holles 'Declaration,' that 'blot of ignominy,' being now expunged from the Journals;[3] the Eleven being out; and now at last, the New Militia Ordinance for London (Presbyterian Ordinance brought in by Holles on the 4th of May) being revoked,

[1] Commons Journals, v. 208.

[2] Denzil Holles (Member for Dorchester), Sir Philip Stapleton (Boroughbridge), Sir William Waller (Andover), Sir William Lewis (Petersfield), Sir John Clotworthy (Malden), Recorder Glynn (Westminster), Mr. Anthony Nichols (Bodmin); these Seven are old Members, from the beginning of the Parliament:—the other Four are 'recruiters,' elected since 1645: Major General Massey (Wootton-Basset), Colonel Walter Long (Ludgershall), Colonel Edward Harley (Herefordshire), Sir John Maynard (Lostwithiel).

[3] Asterisks still in the place of it, Commons Journals, 29th March 1647.

and matters in that quarter set on their old footing again. The two Parties in Parliament seem pretty equal in numbers; the Presbyterian Party, shorn of its Eleven, is cowed down to the due pitch; and there is now prospect of fair treatment for all the Godly Interest, and such a Settlement with his Majesty as may be the best for that. Towards the end of July, however, London City, torn by factions, but Presbyterian by the great majority, rallies again in a very extraordinary way. Take these glimpses from contemporaneous Whitlocke; and rouse them from their fat somnolency a little.

July 26th. Many young men and Apprentices of London came to the House in a most rude and tumultuous manner; and presented some particular Desires. Desires, That the Eleven may come back; that the Presbyterian Militia Ordinance be *not* revoked, —that the Revocation of it be revoked. Desire, in short, That there be no peace made with Sectaries, but that the London Militia may have a fair chance to fight them!—Drowsy Whitlocke continues; almost as if he were in Paris in the eighteenth century: 'The Apprentices, and many other rude boys and mean fellows among them, came into the House of Commons; and kept the Door open and their hats on; and called out as they stood, "Vote, Vote!" and in this arrogant posture stood till the votes passed in that way, To repeal the Ordinance for change of the Militia, to' &c. 'In the evening about seven o'clock, some of the Common Council came down to the House:' but finding the Parliament and Speaker already *had* been forced, they, astute Common-Council men, ordered their Apprentices to go home again, the work they had set them upon being now finished.[1] This disastrous scene fell out on Monday 26th July 1647: the Houses, on the morrow morning, without farther sitting, adjourned till Friday next.

On Friday next,— —behold, the Two Speakers, 'with the Mace,' and many Members of both Houses, have withdrawn; and the Army, lately at Bedford, is on quick march towards London! Alarming pause. 'About noon,' however, the Remainders of the Two Houses, reinforced by the Eleven who reappear for the last time, proceed to elect new Speakers, 'get the City Mace;' order, above all, that there be a vigorous enlistment of forces under General Massey, General Poyntz, and others. 'St. James's Fields' were most busy all Saturday, all Monday; shops all shut; drums beating in all quarters; a most vigorous enlistment going on. Presbyterianism will die with harness on its back. Alas, news come that the Army is at Colnebrook, advancing towards

[1] Whitlocke, p. 263.

Hounslow; news come that they have rendezvoused at Hounslow, and received the Speakers and fugitive Lords and Commons with shouts. Tuesday 3d August 1647 was such a day as London and the Guildhall never saw before or since! Southwark declares that it will not fight; sends to Fairfax for Peace and a 'sweet composure;' comes to the Guildhall in great crowds petitioning for Peace;—at which sight, General Poyntz, pressing through for orders about his enlistments, loses his last drop of human patience; 'draws his sword' on the whining multitudes, 'slashes several persons, whereof some died.' The game is nearly up. Look into the old Guildhall on that old Tuesday night; the palpitation, tremulous expectation; wooden Gog and Magog themselves almost sweating cold with terror:

'General Massey sent out scouts to Brentford: but Ten men of the Army beat Thirty of his; and took a flag from a Party of the City. The City Militia and Common Council sat late; and a great number of people attended at Guildhall. When a scout came in and brought news, That the Army made a halt; or other good intelligence,—they cry, "One and all!" But if the scouts reported that the Army was advancing nearer them, then they would cry as loud, "Treat, treat, treat!" So they spent most part of the night. At last they resolved to send the General an humble Letter, beseeching him that there might be a way of composure.'[1]

On Friday morning was 'a meeting at the Earl of Holland's House in Kensington' (the Holland House that yet stands), and prostrate submission by the Civic Authorities and Parliamentary Remainders; after which the Army marched 'three deep by Hyde Park' into the heart of the City, with boughs of laurel in their hats;'—and it was all ended. Fair treatment for all the Honest Party: and the Spiritualism of England shall not be forced to grow in the Presbyterian fashion, however it may grow. Here is another entry from somnolent Bulstrode. The Army soon changes its head-quarters to Putney;[2] one of its outer posts is Hampton Court, where his Majesty, obstinate still, but somewhat despondent now of getting the two Parties to extirpate one another, is lodged.

Saturday 'September 18th. After a Sermon in Putney Church, the General, many great Officers, Field-Officers, inferior Officers and Adjutators, met in the Church; debated the Proposals of the Army' towards a Settlement of this bleeding Nation; 'altered some things in them;—and were very full of the Sermon, which had been preached by Mr. Peters.'[3]

[1] Whitlocke, p. 265. [2] 28th August, Rushworth, vii. 791. [3] Whitlocke, p. 272.

LETTERS XLV.—LVIII.

THESE Fourteen Letters, touching slightly on public affairs, with one or two glimpses into private, must carry us, without commentary, in a very dim way, across to the next stage in Oliver's History and England's: the Flight of the King from Hampton Court and the Army, soon followed by the actual breaking-out of the Second Civil War.

LETTER XLV.

WILLIAMS, Archbishop of York, 'hasty hot Welsh Williams,'—whom we once saw, seven years ago, as Bishop of Lincoln, getting jostled in Palaceyard, protesting thereupon, and straightway getting lodged in the Tower,[1]—is to concern us again for one moment. A man once very radiant to men, as obscure as he has now grown: a most high-riding far-shining Solar Luminary in that epoch; obscure to no man in England for thirty years last past! A man of restless mercurial vivacity, of endless superficial dexterity and ingenuity, of next to no real wisdom;—very fit to have swift promotions and sudden eclipses in a Stuart Court; not worthy of much memory otherwise. Of his rapid rises, culminations, miraculous faculties and destinies, to us all useless, indifferent and extinct, let there be silence here,—reference to Bishop Hacket and the Futile Ingenuities.[2]

Archbishop Williams,—for he got delivered from the Tower at that time, and recovered favour, and was 'enthroned Archbishop at York' while his Majesty was raising his War-standard there,—found, after a while, that there was little good to be got of his Archbishophood; that his best weapon would be, not the crosier, but the linstock and cannon-rammer, at present: he went to his Welsh estate of Aberconway, and 'procuring a Commission from his Majesty,' fortified Conway Castle 'at his own expense,' and invited the neighbouring gentry to lodge their plate and valuables there, as in a place of security. Good;—for the space of a year or two. But now, some time ago in the death-throes of the late War, while North Wales was bestirring itself as in last-agony for his Majesty's behoof,—there came a certain Colonel Sir John Owen, of whom we shall hear again: he, this Owen, came before Castle Conway

[1] Antea, p. 110.

[2] Hacket's Life of Archbishop Williams (a considerable Folio, London, 1712). Philips's Life of Williams (an Octavo Abridgment of that); &c.

with large tumultuary force; demanded the same in his Majesty's name, to be governed by him Sir John Owen, as essential for his Majesty's occasions at that time. High-sniffing, indignant refusal on the part of Williams: impetuous capture and forcible possession on the part of Owen. Hot Williams, blown all to flame hereby, applied to Colonel Mitton, the Parliamentary Colonel of those parts; said to him, "Expel me this intolerable Owen; Owen out, I will hold this Castle for the Parliament and you,—his Majesty seems nearly done with fighting now." A thing difficult to explain completely to the Royalist mind: Bishop Hacket has his own ados with it; and in stupid Saunderson[1] and others it is one loud howl, "Son of the morning, how art thou fallen!"—

Explained or not, 'my Lord of York' does hold Conway Castle, on those terms, at this date; is taking a certain charge of North Wales in his busy way; and has even been corresponding with Cromwell, on the subject. They had known one another in old years: Buckden, the Bishop of Lincoln's House, is in the neighbourhood of Huntingdon; where Cromwell, it is understood, used occasionally to wait upon him; pleading for oppressed Lecturers and the like,—the Bishop having, from political or other biases, a kind of lenity for Puritans.

Cromwell is very brief with him here; courteous as to an old neighbour rather in eclipse; but evidently wishing to have no unnecessary business with the Governor of Conway. We see he could on occasion jocosely claim 'kindred' with him, as himself a 'Williams:' and that perhaps is the chief interest of this small Document, which the reader will now abundantly understand.

For the Right Honourable my Lord of York: These.

'Putney,' 1st Sept. 1647.

My Lord,

Your Advices will be seriously considered by us. We shall endeavour, to our uttermost, so to settle the affairs of North Wales as, to the best of our understandings, does most conduce to the public good thereof and of the whole. And that without private respect, or to the satisfaction of any humour,—which has been too much practised on the occasion of our Troubles.

The Drover you mentioned will be secured, as far as we are able, in his affairs, if he come to ask it. Your Kinsman

[1] History of Charles I.

shall be very welcome: I shall study to serve him for Kindred's sake; among whom let not be forgotten, my Lord, your cousin and servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

My Lord of York still lived some year or two in Conway Castle; saw his enemy Sir John Owen in trouble enough; but died before long,—chiefly of broken heart for the fate of his Majesty, thinks Bishop Hacket. A long farewell to him.

LETTER XLVI.

THE Marquis of Ormond, a man of distinguished integrity, patience, activity and talent, had done his utmost for the King in Ireland, so long as there remained any shadow of hope there. His last service, as we saw, was to venture secretly on a Peace with the Irish Catholics,—Papists, men of the Massacre of 1641, men of many other massacres, falsities, mad blusterings and confusions,—whom all parties considered as sanguinary Rebels, and regarded with abhorrence. Which Peace, we saw farther, Abbas O'Teague and others threatening to produce excommunication on it, the 'Council of Kilkenny' broke away from,—not in the handsomest manner. Ormond, in this spring of 1647, finding himself reduced to 'seven barrels of gunpowder' and other extremities, without prospect of help or trustworthy bargain on the Irish side,—agreed to surrender Dublin, and what else he had left, rather to the Parliament than to the Rebels; his Majesty, from England, secretly and publicly advising that course. The Treaty was completed: 'Colonel Michael Jones,' lately Governor of Chester, arrived with some Parliamentary Regiments, with certain Parliamentary Commissioners, on the 7th of June:[2] the surrender was duly effected, and Ormond withdrew to England.

A great English force had been anticipated; but the late quarrel with the Army had rendered that impossible. Jones, with such inadequate force as he had, made head against the Rebels; gained 'a great victory' over them on the 8th of August, at a place called Dungan Hill, not far from Trim:[3] 'the most signal victory we had yet gained;' for which there was thankfulness enough.—Four days before that Sermon by Hugh Peters, followed by the military conclave in Putney Church, Cromwell had addressed this small Letter

[1] Gentleman's Magazine (1789), lix. 877. [2] Carte's Ormond, i. 603.
[3] Rushworth, vii. 779; Carte, ii. 5.

of Congratulation to Jones, whom, by the tone of it, he does not seem to have as yet personally known:

For the Honourable Colonel Jones, Governor of Dublin, and Commander-in-chief of all the Forces in Leinster: These.

'Putney,' 14th Sept. 1647.

SIR,

The mutual interest and agreement we have in the same Cause[1] give me occasion, as to congratulate, so 'likewise' abundantly to rejoice in God's gracious Dispensation unto you and by you. We have, both in England and Ireland, found the immediate presence and assistance of God, in guiding and succeeding our endeavours hitherto; and therefore ought, as I doubt not both you and we desire, to ascribe the glories of all to Him, and to improve all we receive from Him unto Him alone.

Though, it may be, for the present a cloud may lie over our actions to those who are not acquainted with the grounds of them; yet we doubt not but God will clear our integrity, and innocency from any other ends we aim at but His glory and the Public Good. And as you are an instrument herein, so we shall, as becometh us, upon all occasions, give you your due honour. For my own particular,—whercin I may have your commands to serve you, you shall find none more ready than he that sincerely desires to approve himself, your affectionate friend and humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

Michael Jones is the name of this Colonel; there are several Colonel Joneses; difficult to distinguish. One of them, Colonel *John* Jones, Member for Merionethshire, and known too in Ireland, became afterwards the Brother-in-law of Cromwell; and ended tragically as a Regicide in 1661. Colonel Michael gained other signal successes in Ireland; welcomed Oliver into it in 1649; and died there soon after of a fever.

One of the remarkablest circumstances of this new Irish Campaign is, that Colonel Monk, George Monk, is again in it. He was taken prisoner, fresh from Ireland, at Nantwich, three years

[1] Word uncertain to the Copyist; sense not doubtful.

[2] Ms. Volume of Letters in Trinity-College Library, Dublin (marked: F. 3. 18), fol. 62. Autograph; docketed by Jones himself, of whom the Volume contains other memorials.

ago. After lying three years in the Tower, seeing his Majesty's affairs now desperate, he has consented to take the Covenant, embark with the Parliament; and is now doing good service in Ulster.

LETTER XLVII.

For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax: These.

Putney, 13th Oct. 1647.

SIR,

The case concerning Captain Middleton hears [1] ill; inasmuch as it is delayed, upon pretences, from coming to a trial. It is not, I humbly conceive, fit that it should stay any longer. The Soldiers complain thereof, and their witnesses have been examined. Captain Middleton, and some others for him, have made stay thereof hitherto.

I beseech your Excellency to give order it may be tried on Friday, or Saturday at farthest, if you please; and that so much may be signified to the Advocate.

Sir, I pray excuse my not-attendance upon you. I feared 'to' miss the House a day, where it's very necessary for me to be. I hope your Excellency will be at the head-quarter tomorrow, where, if God be pleased, I shall wait upon you. I rest, your Excellency's most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

Captain Middleton and his case have vanished completely out of the records; whether it was tried on Saturday, and how decided, will never now be known. Doubtless Fairfax 'signified' somewhat to the Advocate about it, but let us not ask what. 'The Advocate' is called 'John Mills, Esquire, Judge-Advocate:' [3] whose Military Law-labours have mostly become silent now. The former Advocate was Dr. Dorislaus; of whom also a word. Dr. Dorislaus, by birth Dutch; appointed Judge-Advocate at the beginning of Essex's campaignings; known afterwards on the King's Trial; and finally, for that latter service, assassinated at the Hague, one evening, by certain high-flying Royalist cut-throats, Scotch several of them. The Portraits represent him as a man of heavy, deep-wrinkled, elephantine countenance, pressed down

[1] sounds, [2] Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 80. [3] Sprigge, p. 326.

with the labours of life and law; the good ugly man here found his quietus.

The business in the House, 'where it's necessary for me to be' without miss of a sitting, is really important, or at least critical, in these October days: Settlement of Army arrears, duties and arrangements; Tonnage and Poundage; business of the London Violence upon the Parliament (pardoned for the most part); business of Lieutenant-Colonel John Lilburn, now growing very noisy; —above all things, final Settlement with the King, if that by any method could be possible. The Army-Parliament too still sits; 'Council of War' with its Adjutators meeting frequently at Putney.[1] In the House, and out of the House, Lieutenant-General Cromwell is busy enough.

This very day, 'Wednesday 13th October 1647,' we find him deep in debate 'On the *farther* establishment of the Presbyterial Government' (for the law is still loose, the Platform, except in London, never fairly on foot); and Teller on no fewer than three divisions. *First*, Shall the Presbyterian Government be limited to three years? Cromwell answers *Yea*, in a House of 73; is beaten by a majority of 3. *Second*, Shall there be a limit of time to it? Cromwell again answers *Yea;* beats, this time, by a majority of 14, in a House now of 74 (some individual having dropt in). *Third*, Shall the limit be seven years? Cromwell answers *Yea;* and in a House still of 74 is beaten by 8. It is finally got settled that the limit of time shall be 'to the end of the next Session of Parliament after the end of this present Session,'—a very vague Period, 'this present session' having itself already proved rather long! Note, too, this is not yet a Law; it is only a Proposal to be made to the King, if his Majesty will concur, which seems doubtful. Debating enough!—Saturday last there was a call of the House, and great quantities of absent Members; '*ægrotantes*,' fallen ill, a good many of them,—sickness being somewhat prevalent in those days of waiting upon Providence.[2]

LETTER XLVIII.

'*For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army: These.*'

Putney, 22d Oct. 1647.

SIR,

Hearing the Garrison of Hull is most distracted in the present government, and that the most faithful and

[1] Rushworth, vii. 849, &c. [2] Commons Journals, v. 329; ib. 332.

honest Officers have no disposition to serve there any longer under the present Governor ; and that it is their earnest desires, with all the trusty and faithful inhabitants of the Town, to have Colonel Overton sent to them to be your Excellency's Deputy over them,—I do humbly offer to your Excellency, Whether it might not be convenient that Colonel Overton be speedily sent down ; that so that Garrison may be settled in safe hands. And that your Excellency would be pleased to send for Colonel Overton, and confer with him about it. That either the Regiment 'now' in the Town may be so regulated as your Excellency may be confident that the Garrison may be secured by them ; or otherwise it may be drawn out, and his own Regiment in the Army be sent down thither with him.—But I conceive, if the Regiment in Hull can be made serviceable to your Excellency, and included in the Establishment, it will be better to continue it there, than to bury a Regiment of your Army in the Garrison.

Sir, the expedient will be very necessary, in regard of the present distractions here. This I thought fit to offer to your Excellency's consideration. I shall humbly take leave to subscribe myself, your Excellency's humble 'and faithful servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.'[1]

After Hotham's defection and execution, the Lord Ferdinando Fairfax, who had valiantly defended the place, was appointed Governor of Hull ; which office had subsequently been conferred on the Generalissimo Sir Thomas, his Son ; and was continued to him, on the readjustment of all Garrisons in the Spring of this same year.[2] Sir Thomas therefore was express Governor of Hull at this time. Who the Substitute or Deputy under him was, I do not know. Some Presbyterian man ; unfit for the stringent times that had arrived, when no algebraic formula, but only direct vision of the relations of things would suffice a man.

Colonel Overton was actually appointed Governor of Hull : there is a long Letter from the Hull people about Colonel Overton's laying free billet upon them, a Complaint to Fairfax on the subject, next year.[3] He continued long in that capacity ; zealously loyal

[1] Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 82 :—Signature, and all after 'humble,' is torn off. The Letter is not an autograph ; it has been dictated, apparently in great haste.

[2] 13th March 1646–7 (Commons Journals, v. 111).

[3] 4th March 1647–8 (Rushworth, vii. 1020).

to Cromwell and his cause,[1] till the Protectorship came on. His troubles afterwards, and confused destinies, may again concern us a little.

This Letter is written only three weeks before the King took his flight from Hampton Court. One spark illuminating (very faintly) that huge dark world, big with such results, in the Army's quarters about Putney, and elsewhere!

LETTER XLIX.

THE immeasurable Negotiations with the King, 'Proposals of the Army,' 'Proposals of the Adjutators of the Army,' still occupying tons of printed paper, the subject of intense debatings and considerations in Westminster, in Putney Church, and in every house and hut of England, for many months past,—suddenly contract themselves for us, like a universe of gaseous vapour, into one small point: the issue of them all is failure. The Army Council, the Army Adjutators, and serious England at large, were in earnest about one thing; the King was not in earnest, except about another thing: there could be no bargain with the King.

Cromwell and the Chief Officers have for some time past ceased frequenting his Majesty or Hampton Court; such visits being looked upon askance by a party in the Army: they have left the matter to Parliament; only Colonel Whalley, with due guard, and Parliament Commissioners, keep watch 'for the security of his Majesty.' In the Army, his Majesty's real purpose becoming now apparent, there has arisen a very terrible 'Levelling Party;' a class of men demanding punishment not only of Delinquents, and Deceptive Persons who have involved this Nation in blood, but of the 'Chief Delinquent:' minor Delinquents getting punished, how should the Chief Delinquent go free? A class of men dreadfully in earnest;—to whom a King's Cloak is no impenetrable screen; who within the King's Cloak discern that there is a Man, accountable to a God! The Chief Officers, except when officially called, keep distant: hints have fallen that his Majesty is not out of danger.—In the Commons Journals this is what we read:

'*Friday* 12*th November* 1647. A Letter from Lieutenant-General Cromwell, of 11th November, twelve at night, was read; sig-

[1] Sir James Turner's Memoirs. Milton State-Papers (London, 1743), pp. 10, 24, 161,—where the Editor calls him Colonel *Richard* Overton; his name was Robert: 'Richard Overton' is a 'Leveller,' unconnected with him; '*Colonel* Richard Overton' is a non-existance.

nifying the escape of the King; who went away about 9 o'clock yesterday' evening.[1]

Cromwell, we suppose, lodging in head-quarters about Putney, had been roused on Thursday night by express That the King was gone; had hastened off to Hampton Court; and there about 'twelve at night' despatched a Letter to Speaker Lenthall. The Letter, which I have some confused recollection of having, somewhere in the Pamphletary Chaos, seen in full, refuses to disclose itself at present except as a Fragment:

'*For the Honourable William Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.*'

'Hampton Court, Twelve at night, 11th Nov. 1647.'

'SIR,' * * * * Majesty * * withdrawn himself * * at nine o'clock.

The manner is variously reported; and we will say little of it at present, but That his Majesty was expected at supper, when the Commissioners and Colonel Whalley missed him; upon which they entered the Room:—they found his Majesty had left his cloak behind him in the Gallery in the Private Way. He passed, by the back stairs and vault, towards the Water-side.

He left some Letters upon the table in his withdrawing room, of his own handwriting; whereof one was to the Commissioners of Parliament attending him, to be communicated to both Houses, 'and is here enclosed.' * * *

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'[2]

We do not give his Majesty's Letter 'here enclosed;' it is that well-known one where he speaks, in very royal style, still every inch a King, Of the restraints and slights put upon him,—men's obedience to their King seeming much abated of late. So soon as *they* return to a just temper, "I shall instantly break through this cloud of retirement, and show myself ready to be *Pater Patriæ*,"—as I have hitherto done.

LETTER L.

THE Ports are all ordered to be shut; embargo laid on ships. Read in the Commons Journals again: '*Saturday 13th Nov.* Colonel

[1] Commons Journals, v. 350. [2] Rushworth, vii. 871.

Whalley was called in; and made a particular Relation of all the circumstances concerning the King's going away from Hampton Court. He did likewise deliver-in a Letter directed unto him from Lieutenant-General Cromwell, concerning some rumours and reports of some design of danger to the person and life of the King: The which was read. *Ordered*, That Colonel Whalley do put in writing the said Relation, and set his hand to it; and That he do leave a Copy of the said Letter from Lieutenant-General Cromwell."[1]

Colonel Whalley's Relation exists; and a much fuller Relation and pair of Relations concerning this Flight and what preceded and followed it, as viewed from the Royalist side, by two parties to the business, exist:[2] none of which shall concern us here. Lieutenant-General Cromwell's Letter to Whalley also exists; a short insignificant Note: here it is, fished from the Dust-Abysses, which refuse to disclose the other. Whalley is 'Cousin Whalley,' as we may remember; Aunt Frances's and the Squire of Kerton's Son,—a Nottinghamshire man.[3]

'*For my beloved Cousin, Colonel Whalley, at Hampton Court: These.*'

'Putney, Nov. 1647.'

DEAR COS. WHALLEY,

There are rumours abroad of some intended attempt on his Majesty's person. Therefore I pray have a care of your guards. If any such thing should be done, it would be accounted a most horrid act. * * * Yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[4]

See, among the Old Pamphlets, Letters to the like effect from Royalist Parties: also a Letter of thanks from the King to Whalley;—ending with a desire, 'to send the black-gray bitch to the Duke of Richmond,' on the part of his Majesty: Letters from &c., Letters to &c., in great quantities.[5] For us here this brief notice of one Letter shall suffice.

'*Monday 15th November* 1647. Letter from Colonel Robert Hammond, Governor of the Isle of Wight, *Cowes*, 13° *Novembris*,

[1] Commons Journals, v. 358.

[2] Berkley's Memoirs (printed, London, 1699): Ashburnham's Narrative (printed, London, 1830);—which require to be sifted, and contrasted with each other and with third parties, by whoever is still curious on this matter; each of these Narratives being properly a Pleading, intended to clear the Writer of all blame, in the first place.

[3] See antea, p. 35, note.

[4] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 337, § 15, p. 7.

[5] Parliamentary History, xvi. 324-30.

signifying that the King has come into the Isle of Wight.'[1] The King, after a night and a day of riding, saw not well whither else to go. He delivered himself to Robert Hammond;[2] came into the Isle of Wight. Robert Hammond is ordered to keep him strictly within Carisbrook Castle and the adjoining grounds, in a vigilant though altogether respectful manner.

This same 'Monday' when Hammond's Letter arrives in London is the day of the mutinous Rendezvous 'in Corkbush Field, between Hertford and Ware;'[3] where Cromwell and the General Officers had to front the Levelling Principle, in a most dangerous manner, and trample it out or be trampled out by it on the spot. Eleven Mutineers are ordered from the ranks; tried by Court-Martial on the Field; three of them condemned to be shot;—throw dice for their life, and one *is* shot, there and then. The name of him is Arnald; long memorable among the Levellers. A very dangerous Review service!—Head-quarters now change to Windsor.

LETTER LI.

A SMALL charitable act, for one who proved not very worthy. Friends of a young gentleman in trouble, Mr. Dudley Wyatt by name, have drawn this word from the Lieutenant-General, who on many grounds is powerful at Cambridge.

'*To Dr. Thomas Hill, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.*'

Windsor, 23d Dec. 1647.

SIR,

As I am informed, this Gentleman the Bearer hereof, in the year 1641, had leave of his College to travel into Ireland for seven years; and in his absence, he (being then actually employed against the Rebels in that Kingdom) was ejected out of his College by a mistake,—the College Registry being not looked into, to inquire the cause of his non-residence.

I cannot therefore but think it a just and reasonable request, That he be readmitted to all the benefits, rights and privileges which he enjoyed before that ejection; and there-

[1] Commons Journals, *in die* (v. 359). [2] Berkley's and Ashburnham's Narratives. [3] Rushworth, vii. 875.

fore desire you would please to effect it accordingly. Wherein you shall do a favour will be owned by your affectionate friend and servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Dudley Wyatt, Scholar of Trinity College, 25th April 1628; B.A., 1631; Fellow, 4th October 1633; vanishes from the Bursar's Books in 1645: no notice of him farther, or of any effect produced by the Lieutenant-General's Letter on his behalf, is found in the College records. Indeed, directly after this Letter, the young gentleman, of a roving turn at any rate, appears to have discovered that there was new war and mischief in the wind, and better hope at Court than at College for a youth of spirit. He went to France to the Queen (as we may gather); went and came; developed himself into a busy spy and intriguer;—attained to Knighthood, to be the '*Sir* Dudley Wyatt' of Clarendon's History;[2] whom, and not us, he shall henceforth concern.

LETTER LII.

ROBERT HAMMOND, Governor of the Isle of Wight, who has for the present become so important to England, is a young man 'of good parts and principles:' a Colonel of Foot; served formerly as Captain under Massey in Gloucester;—where, in October 1644, he had the misfortune to kill a brother Officer, one Major Gray, in sudden duel, 'for giving him the lie;' he was tried, but acquitted, the provocation being great. He has since risen to be Colonel, and become well known. Originally of Chertsey, Surrey; his Grandfather, and perhaps his Father, a Physician there. His Uncle, Thomas Hammond, is now Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance; a man whom, with this Robert, we saw busy in the Army Troubles last year. The Lieutenant-General, Thomas Hammond, persists in his democratic course; patron at this time of the Adjutator speculations; sits afterwards as a King's-Judge.

In strong contrast with whom is another Uncle, Dr. Henry Hammond, a pattern-flower of loyalty, one of his Majesty's favour-

[1] 'Muniment Room, Trinity College, Cambridge (Collection entitled Papers relating to Trinity Coll., vol. 3): a Transcript, Original now not forthcoming, —docketed in the hand of one Porter, Clerk to Thomas Parne, about 1724, L. P. Cromwell's Letter concerning Sir Dudley Wyatt.' (Communicated by the Rev. J. Edleston, Fellow of Trinity, March 1849.)—Harl. MSS., no. 7053, f. 153 b.: printed, from the latter, in Hartshorne's Book Rarities in the University of Cambridge (London, 1829), p. 277. The Harl. MSS. copy adds: 'N. B. Upon this Letter Sir Dudley Wyatt was readmitted,'—but did not stay, as would appear.

[2] ii. 959, iii. 22, &c.

ite Chaplains. It was Uncle Thomas that first got this young Robert a Commission in the Army: but Uncle Henry had, in late months, introduced him to his Majesty at Hampton Court, as an ingenuous youth, repentant, or at least sympathetic and not without loyalty. Which circumstance, it is supposed, had turned the King's thoughts in that bewildered Flight of his, towards Colonel Robert and the Isle of Wight.

Colonel Robert, it would seem, had rather disliked the high course things were sometimes threatening to take, in the Putney Council of War; and had been glad to get out of it for a quiet Governorship at a distance. But it now turns out, he has got into still deeper difficulties thereby. His 'temptation' when the King announced himself as in the neighbourhood, had been great: Shall he obey the King in this crisis; conduct the King whitherward his Majesty wishes? Or be true to his trust and the Parliament? He 'grew suddenly pale;'—he decided as we saw.

The Isle of Wight, holding so important a deposit, is put under the Derby-House Committee, old 'Committee of Both Kingdoms,' some additions being made thereto, and some exclusions. Oliver is of it, and Philip Lord Wharton, among others. Lord Wharton, a conspicuous Puritan and intimate of Oliver's; of whom we shall afterwards have occasion to say somewhat.

This Committee of Derby House was, of course, in continual communication with Robert Hammond. Certain of their Letters to him had, after various fortune, come into the hands of the Honourable Mr. Yorke (Lord Hardwicke); and were lying in his house, when it and they were, in 1752, accidentally burnt. A Dr. Joseph Litherland had, by good luck, taken copies; Thomas Birch, lest fire should again intervene, printed the Collection,—a very thin Octavo, London, 1764. He has given some introductory account of Robert Hammond; copying, as we do mainly here, from Wood's *Athenæ;*[1] and has committed—as who does not?—several errors. His Annotations are sedulous but ineffectual. What of the Letters are from Oliver we extract with thanks.

'Our brethren' in the following Letter are the Scots, now all *excluded* from Derby-House Committee of Both Kingdoms. The 'Recorder' is Glyn, one of the vanished Eleven, Stapleton being another; for both of whom it has been necessary to appoint substitutes in the said Committee.

[1] iii. 500.

For Colonel Robert Hammond, Governor of the Isle of Wight: These, for the Service of the Kingdom. Haste: Post Haste.

'London,' 3d Jan. 1647.
(My Lord Wharton's, near Ten at night.)

DEAR ROBIN,

Now, blessed be God, I can write and thou receive freely. I never in my life saw more deep sense, and less will to show it unchristianly, than in that which thou didst write to us when we were at Windsor, and thou in the midst of thy temptation,—which indeed, by what we understand of it, was a great one, and occasioned[1] the greater by the Letter the General sent thee; of which thou wast not mistaken when thou didst challenge me to be the penner.[2]

How good has God been to dispose all to mercy! And although it was trouble for the present, yet glory has come out of it; for which we praise the Lord with thee and for thee. And truly thy carriage has been such as occasions much honour to the name of God and to religion. Go on in the strength of the Lord; and the Lord be still with thee.

But, dear Robin, this business hath been, I trust, a mighty providence to this poor Kingdom and to us all. The House of Commons is very sensible of the King's dealings, and of our brethren's,[3] in this late transaction. You should do well, if you have anything that may discover juggling, to search it out, and let us know it. It may be of admirable use at this time; because we shall, I hope, instantly go upon business in relation to them,[4] tending to prevent danger.

The House of Commons has this day voted as follows: 1st, They will make no more Addresses to the King; 2nd, None shall apply to him without leave of the Two Houses, upon pain of being guilty of high treason; 3rd, They will receive nothing from the King, nor shall any other bring anything to them from him, nor receive anything from the King; *lastly*, the Members of both Houses who were of the Committee of Both Kingdoms are established in all that power in themselves, for England and Ireland, which they 'formerly' had to act with England and Scotland; and Sir John Evelyn of Wilts

[1] rendered. [2] See antea, p. 237. [3] the Scots. [4] Ibid.

is added in the room of Mr. Recorder, and Nathaniel Fiennes in the room of Sir Philip Stapleton, and my Lord of Kent in the room of the Earl of Essex.[1] I think it good you take notice of this ; the sooner the better.

Let us know how it is with you in point of strength, and what you need from us. Some of us think the King well with you, and that it concerns us to keep that Island in great security, because of the French, &c.: and if so,[2] where can the King be better? If you have more force 'sent,' you will be sure of full provision for them. The Lord bless thee. Pray for thy dear friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

In these same days noisy Lilburn has accused Cromwell of meaning or having meant to make his own bargain with the King, and the Earl of Essex and a great man. Noisy John thinks all great men, especially all Lords, ought to be brought low. The Commons have him at their bar in this month.[4]

LETTER LIII.

HERE, by will of the Destinies preserving certain bits of paper and destroying others, there introduces itself a little piece of Domesticity ; a small family-transaction, curiously enough peering through by its own peculiar rent, amid these great world-transactions : Marriage-treaty for Richard Cromwell, the Lieutenant-General's eldest Son.

What Richard has been doing hitherto no Biographer knows. In spite of Noble, I incline to think he too had been in the Army ; in October last there are two Sons mentioned expressly as being officers there : 'One of his Sons, Captain of the General's Life-guard ; his other Son, Captain of a troop in Colonel Harrison's Regiment,'—so greedy is he of the Public Money to his own family![5] Richard is now heir-apparent ; our poor Boy Oliver there-

[1] Essex is dead ; Stapleton, one of the Eleven who went to France, is dead ; Recorder Glyn, another of them, is in the Tower. For the 'Votes,' see Commons Journals, v. 415 (3d January 1647-8).

[2] if we do secure and fortify it.

[3] Birch's Hammond Letters, p. 23. Given also in Harris, p. 497.

[4] 19th January, Commons Journals, v. 437.

[5] 5th October 1647 (Royalist Newspaper, citing a Pamphlet of Lilburn's), Cromwelliana, p. 36.

fore, 'Cornet Oliver,' we know not in the least where, must have died. "It went to my heart like a dagger; indeed it did!" The phrase of the Pamphlet itself, we observe, is 'his other Son,' not '*one* of his other Sons,' as if there were now but two left. If Richard was ever in the Army, which these probabilities may dimly intimate, the Lifeguard, a place for persons of consequence, was the likeliest for him. The Captain in Harrison's Regiment will in that case be Henry.—The Cromwell family, as we laboriously guess and gather, has about this time removed to London. Richard, if ever in the Lifeguard, has now quitted it: an idle fellow, who could never relish soldiering in such an Army; he now wishes to retire to Arcadian felicity and wedded life in the country.

The 'Mr. M.' of this Letter is Richard Mayor, Esquire, of Hursley, Hants,[1] the young lady's father. Hursley, not far from Winchester, is still a manorhouse, but no representative of Richard Mayor's has now place there or elsewhere. The treaty, after difficulties, did take effect. Mayor, written also Major and Maijor, a pious prudent man, becomes better known to Oliver, to the world and to us in the sequel. Richard Norton, Member for Hants since 1645, is his neighbour; an old fellow-soldier under Manchester, fellow-colonel in the Eastern Association, seemingly very familiar with Oliver, he is applied to on this delicate occasion.

For my noble Friend Colonel Richard Norton: These.

'London,' 25th Feb. 1647.

DEAR NORTON,

I have sent my Son over to thee, being willing to answer Providence; and although I had an offer of a very great proposition, from a father, of his daughter, yet truly I rather incline to this in my thoughts; because, though the other be very far greater, yet I see difficulties, and not that assurance of godliness,—though indeed of fairness. I confess that which is told me concerning the estate of Mr. M. is more than I can look for, as things now stand.

If God please to bring it about, the consideration of piety in the Parents, and such hopes of the Gentlewoman in that respect, make the business to me a great mercy; concerning which I desire to wait upon God.

I am confident of thy love; and desire things may be car-

[1] Noble, ii. 436-42.

ried with privacy. The Lord do His will: that's best;—to which submitting, I rest, your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

What other Father it was that made 'the offer of a very great proposition' to Oliver, in the shape of his Daughter as Wife to Oliver's Son, must remain totally uncertain for the present; perhaps some glimpse of it may turn up by and by. There were 'difficulties' which Oliver did not entirely see through; there was not that assurance of 'godliness' in the house, though there was of 'fairness' and natural integrity; in short, Oliver will prefer Mayor, at least will try him,—and wishes it carried with privacy.

The Commons, now dealing with Delinquents, do not forget to reward good Servants, to 'conciliate the Grandees,' as splenetic Walker calls it. For above two years past, ever since the War ended, there has been talk and debate about settling 2,500*l.* a-year on Lieutenant-General Cromwell; but difficulties have arisen. First they tried Basing-House Lands, the Marquis of Winchester's, whom Cromwell had demolished; but the Marquis's affairs were in disorder; it was gradually found the Marquis had for most part only a Life-rent there:—only 'Abbotston and Itchin' in that quarter could be realised. Order thereupon to settle 'Lands of Papists and Delinquents' to the requisite amount, wheresoever convenient. To settle especially what Lands the Marquis of Worcester had in that 'County of Southampton;' which was done,—though still with insufficient result.[2] Then came the Army Quarrels, and an end of such business. But now in the Commons Journals, 7th March, the very day of Oliver's next Letter, this is what we read:[3] 'An Ordinance for passing unto Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, Lieutenant-General, certain Lands and Manors in the Counties of Gloucester, Monmouth and Glamorgan, late the Earl of Worcester's, was this day read the third time and,

[1] Harris, p. 501. Copy of this, and of the next Two Letters to Norton, by Bach, in Ayscough MSS. 4162, f. 56, &c.

[2] Commons Journals (iv. 416), 23d January 1645-6: the Marquis of Worcester's Hampshire Lands. Ib. 426, a week afterwards: 'Abberston and Itchell,' meaning Abbotston and Itchin. Marquis of Winchester's there. See also Letter of Oliver St. John to Cromwell, in Thurloe, i. 75.—Commons Journals (v. 36) about a year afterwards, 7th January 1646-7: 'remainder of the 2,500*l.*' from Marquis of Winchester's Lands in general; which in a fortnight more is found to be impossible: whereupon 'Lands of Delinquents and Papists,' as in the Text. None of these Hampshire Lands, except Abbotston and Itchin, are named. Noble says, 'Fawley Park' in the same County; which is possible enough.

[3] v. 482.

upon the question, passed; and ordered to be sent unto the Lords for their concurrence.' Oliver himself, as we shall find, has been dangerously sick. This is what Clement Walker, the splenetic Presbyterian, 'an elderly gentleman of low stature, in a gray suit, with a little stick in his hand,' reports upon the matter of the Grant:

'The 7th of March, an Ordinance to settle 2,500*l.* a-year of Land, out of the Marquis of Worcester's Estate,'—old Marquis of Worcester at Ragland, father of my Lord Glamorgan, who in his turn became Marquis of Worcester and wrote the Century of Inventions,—2,500*l.* a-year out of this old Marquis's Estate 'upon Lieutenant-General Cromwell! I have heard some gentlemen that know the Manor of Chepstow and the other Lands affirm' that in reality they are worth 5,000*l.* or even 6,000*l.* a-year;—which is far from the fact, my little elderly friend! 'You see,' continues he, 'though they have not made King Charles "a Glorious King,"' as they sometimes undertook, 'they have settled a Crown-Revenue upon Oliver, and have made *him* as glorious a King as ever John of Leyden was!'[1]—A very splenetic old gentleman in gray;—verging towards Pride's Purge, and lodgment in the Tower, I think! He is from the West; known long since in Gloucester Siege; Member now for Wells; but terminates in the Tower, with ink, and abundant *gall* in it, to write the History of Independency there.

LETTER LIV.

For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Armies, 'at Windsor:' These.

'London,' 7th March 1647.

SIR,

It hath pleased God to raise me out of a dangerous sickness; and I do most willingly acknowledge that the Lord hath, in this visitation, exercised the bowels of a Father towards me. I received in myself the sentence of death, that I might learn to trust in Him that raiseth from the dead, and have no confidence in the flesh. It's a blessed thing to die daily. For what is there in this world to be accounted of! The best men according to the flesh, and things, are lighter than vanity. I find this only good, To love the

[1] History of Independency (London, 1648), part i. 83 and 55.

Lord and His poor despised people, to do for them, and to be ready to suffer with them :—and he that is found worthy of this hath obtained great favour from the Lord ; and he that is established in this shall (being confirmed to Christ and the rest of the Body [1]) participate in the glory of a Resurrection which will answer all.[2]

Sir, I must thankfully confess your favour in your last Letter. I see I am not forgotten ; and truly, to be kept in your remembrance is very great satisfaction to me ; for I can say in the simplicity of my heart, I put a high and true value upon your love,—which when I forget, I shall cease to be a grateful and an honest man.

I most humbly beg my service may be presented to your Lady, to whom I wish all happiness, and establishment in the truth. Sir, my prayers are for you, as becomes your Excellency's most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' Sir, Mr. Rushworth will write to you about the Quartering, and the Letter lately sent ; and therefore I forbear.[3]

FREE OFFER.

FROM the Committee of the Lords and Commons sitting at Derby House, Sir John Evelyn reports a certain Offer from Lieutenant-General Cromwell ; which is read in the words following :

'*To the Honourable the Committee of Lords and Commons for the Affairs of Ireland, sitting at Derby House : The Offer of Lieutenant-General Cromwell for the Service of Ireland.*'

21° Martii 1647.

THE two Houses of Parliament having lately bestowed 1,680*l. per annum* upon me and my heirs, out of the Earl of Worcester's Estate ; the necessity of affairs requiring assistance, I do hereby offer One-thousand Pounds annually to be paid out of the rents of the said lands ; that is to say, 500*l.* out of the next Michaelmas rent, and so on, by the half year,

[1] Christ's Body, his Church. [2] Turns now to the margin of the sheet, lengthwise.
[3] Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 79.

for the space of five years, if the War in Ireland shall so long continue, or that I live so long: to be employed for the service of Ireland, as the Parliament shall please to appoint; provided the said yearly rent of 1,680*l.* become not to be suspended by war or other accident.

And whereas there is an arrear of Pay due unto me whilst I was Lieutenant-General unto the Earl of Manchester, of about 1,500*l.*, audited and stated; as also a great arrear due for about Two Years being Governor of the Isle of Ely: I do hereby discharge the State from all or any claim to be made by me thereunto. OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

'*Ordered*, That the House doth accept the Free Offer of Lieutenant-General Cromwell, testifying his zeal and good affection.' My splenetic little gentleman in gray, with the little stick in his hand, takes no notice of this; which modifies materially what the Chepstow Connoisseurs and their 'five or six thousand a-year' reported lately!

LETTER LV.

HERE is Norton and the Marriage again. Here are news out of Scotland that the Malignant Party, the Duke of Hamilton's Faction, are taking the lead there; and about getting-up an Army to attack us, and deliver the King from Sectaries:[2] Reverend Stephen Marshall reports the news. Let us read:

For my noble Friend Colonel Richard Norton: These.

Farnham, 28th March 1648.

DEAR DICK,

It had been a favour indeed to have met you here at Farnham. But I hear you are a man of great business; therefore I say no more:—if it be a favour to the House of Commons to enjoy you, what is it to me! But, in good earnest, when will you and your Brother Russel be a little honest, and attend your charge there? Surely some expect it; especially the good fellows who chose you!—

I have met with Mr. Mayor; we spent two or three hours together last night. I perceive the gentleman is very wise

[1] Commons Journals, v. 513. [2] Rushworth, vii. 1040, &c.

and honest; and indeed much to be valued. Some things of common fame [1] did a little stick: I gladly heard his doubts, and gave such answer as was next at hand,—I believe, to some satisfaction. Nevertheless I exceedingly liked the gentleman's plainness and free dealing with me. I know God has been above all ill reports, and will in His own time vindicate me; I have no cause to complain. I see nothing but that this particular business between him and me may go on. The Lord's will be done.

For news out of the North there is little; only the Malignant Party is prevailing in the Parliament of Scotland. They are earnest for a war; the Ministers [2] oppose as yet. Mr. Marshall is returned, who says so. And so do many of our Letters. Their great Committee of Danger have two Malignants for one right. It's said they have voted an Army of 40,000 in Parliament; so say some of Yesterday's Letters. But I account my news ill bestowed, because upon an idle person.

I shall take speedy course in the business concerning my Tenants; for which, thanks. My service to your Lady. I am really, your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

Had Cromwell come out to Farnham on military business? Kent is in a ticklish state; it broke out some weeks hence in open insurrection,[4]—as did many other places, when once the 'Scotch Army of 40,000' became a certainty.

'The business concerning my Tenants' will indicate that in Hampshire, within ken of Norton, in Fawley Park, in Itchin, Abbotston, or elsewhere, 'my Tenants' are felling wood, cutting copses, or otherwise not behaving to perfection; but they shall be looked to.

For the rest, Norton really ought to attend his duties in Parliament! In earnest 'an idle fellow,' as Oliver in sport calls him. Given to Presbyterian notions; was purged out by Pride; came back; dwindled ultimately into Royalism. 'Brother Russel' means only, brother Member. He is the Frank Russel of the Letter on Marston Moor. Now Sir Francis; and sits for Cam-

[1] Against myself:—'favour for Sectaries,' and so forth.
[2] Clergy.
[3] Harris, p. 500.
[4] 24th or 25th May 1648 (Rushworth, vii. 1128).

bridgeshire. A comrade of Norton's; seemingly now in his neighbourhood, possibly on a visit to him.

The attendance on the House in these months is extremely thin; the divisions range from 200 to as low as 70. Nothing going on but Delinquents' fines, and abstruse negotiations with the Isle of Wight, languid Members prefer the country till some result arrive.

LETTER LVI.

HERE is a new phasis of the Wedding-treaty; which, as seems, 'doth now a little stick.' Prudent Mr. Mayor insists on his advantages; nor is the Lieutenant-General behindhand. What 'lands' all these of Oliver's are, in Cambridgeshire, Norfolk, Hampshire, no Biographer now knows. Portions of the Parliamentary Grants above alluded to; perhaps 'Purchases by Debentures,' some of them. Soldiers could seldom get their Pay in money; with their 'Debentures' they had to purchase Forfeited Lands;—a somewhat uncertain investment of an uncertain currency.

The Mr. Robinson mentioned in this Letter is a pious Preacher at Southampton.[1] 'My two little Wenches' are Mary and Frances: Mary aged now near twelve; Frances ten.[2]

'*For my noble Friend Colonel Richard Norton: These.*'

'London,' 3d April 1648.

DEAR NORTON,

I could not in my last give you a perfect account of what passed between me and Mr. Mayor; because we were to have a conclusion of our speed that morning after I wrote my Letter to you.[3] Which we had; and having had a full view of one another's minds, we parted with this: That both would consider with our relations, and according to satisfactions given there, acquaint one another with our minds.

I cannot tell better how to do, 'in order' to give or receive satisfaction, than by you; who, as I remember, in your last, said That, if things did stick between us, you would use your endeavour towards a close.

The things insisted upon were these, as I take it: Mr. Mayor desired 400*l.* *per annum* of Inheritance, lying in Cam-

[1] Harris, p. 504. [2] See antea, p. 70. [3] Letter LV.

bridgeshire and Norfolk, to be presently settled,[1] and to be for maintenance; wherein I desired to be advised by my Wife. I offered the Land in Hampshire for present maintenance; which I dare say, with copses and ordinary fells,[2] will be, *communibus annis*, 500*l*. *per annum*: and besides 'this,' 500*l*. *per annum* in Tenants' hands holding but for one life; and about 300*l*. *per annum*, some for two lives, some for three lives.—But as to this, if the latter offer be not liked of, I shall be willing a farther conference be held in 'regard to' the first.

In point of jointure I shall give satisfaction. And as to the settlement of lands given me by the Parliament, satisfaction to be given in like manner, according as we discoursed. 'And' in what else was demanded of me, I am willing, so far as I remember any demand was, to give satisfaction. Only, I having been informed by Mr. Robinson that Mr. Mayor did, upon a former match, offer to settle the Manor wherein he lived, and to give 2,000*l*. in money, I did insist upon that; and do desire it may not be with difficulty. The money I shall need for my two little Wenches; and thereby I shall free my Son from being charged with them. Mr. Mayor parts with nothing at present but that money; except the board 'of the young Pair,' which I should not be unwilling to give them, to enjoy the comfort of their society;—which it's reason he smart for, if he will rob me altogether of them.

Truly the land to be settled,—both what the Parliament gives me, and my own,—is very little less than 3,000*l*. *per annum*, all things considered, if I be rightly informed. And a Lawyer of Lincoln's Inn, having searched all the Marquis of Worcester's writings, which were taken at Ragland and sent for by the Parliament, and this Gentleman appointed by the Committee to search the said writings,—assures me there is no scruple concerning the title. And it so fell out that this Gentleman who searched was my own Lawyer, a very godly able man, and my dear friend; which I reckon no small mercy. He is also possessed of the writings for me.[3]

[1] on the Future Pair. [2] fellings.
[3] holds these Ragland Documents on my behalf.

I thought fit to give you this account; desiring you to make such use of it as God shall direct you: and I doubt not but you will do the part of a friend between two friends. I account myself one; and I have heard you say Mr. Mayor was entirely so to you. What the good pleasure of God is, I shall wait; there alone is rest. Present my service to your Lady, to Mr. Mayor, &c. I rest, your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' I desire you to carry this business with all privacy. I beseech you to do so, as you love me. Let me entreat you not to lose a day herein, that I may know Mr. Mayor's mind; for I think I may be at leisure for a week to attend this business, to give and take satisfaction; from which perhaps I may be shut up afterwards by employment.[1] I know thou art an idle fellow: but prithee neglect me not now; delay may be very inconvenient to me: I much rely upon you. Let me hear from you in two or three days. I confess the principal consideration as to me, is the absolute settlement 'by Mr. Mayor' of the Manor where he lives; which he would not do but conditionally, in case they have a son, and but 3,000*l.* in case they have no son. But as to this, I hope farther reason may work him to more.[2]

Of 'my two little Wenches,' Mary, we may repeat, became Lady Fauconberg; Frances was wedded to the Honourable Mr. Rich, then to Sir John Russell. Elizabeth and Bridget are already Mrs. Claypole and Mrs. Ireton. Elizabeth, the younger, was first married. They were all married very young; Elizabeth, at her wedding, was little turned of sixteen.

LETTER LVII.

For Colonel Robert Hammond.

'London,' 6th April 1648.

DEAR ROBIN,

Your business is done in the House: your 10*l.* by the week is made 20*l.*; 1,000*l.* given you; and Order to Mr.

[1] Went to Wales in May. [2] Harris, p. 502.

Lisle to draw-up an Ordinance for 500*l.* *per annum* to be settled upon you and your heirs. This was done with smoothness; your friends were not wanting to you. I know thy burden; this is an addition to it: the Lord direct and sustain thee.

Intelligence came to the hands of a very considerable Person, That the King attempted to get out of his window; and that he had a cord of silk with him whereby to slip down, but his breast was so big the bar would not give him passage. This was done in one of the dark nights about a fortnight ago. A Gentleman with you led him the way, and slipped down. The Guard, that night, had some quantity of wine with them. The same party assures that there is aquafortis gone down from London, to remove that obstacle which hindered; and that the same design is to be put in execution in the next dark nights. He saith that Captain Titus, and some others about the King are not to be trusted. He is a very considerable Person of the Parliament who gave this intelligence, and desired it should be speeded to you.

The Gentleman that came out of the window was Master Firebrace; the Gentlemen doubted are Cresset, Burrowes, and Titus; the time when this attempt of escape was, the 20th of March. Your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Henry Firebrace is known to Birch, and his *Narrative* is known. 'He became Clerk of the Kitchen to Charles II.'—The old Books are full of King's Plots for escape, by aquafortis and otherwise.[2] His Majesty could make no agreement with the Parliament, and began now to smell War in the wind. His presence in this or the other locality might have been of clear advantage. But Hammond was too watchful. Titus, with or without his new horse, attends upon his Majesty; James Harrington also (afterwards author of *Oceana*); and 'the Honourable Thomas Herbert,' who has left a pleasing *Narrative* concerning that affair. These, though appointed by the Parliament, are all somewhat in favour with the King. Hammond's Uncle the Chaplain, as *too* favourable, was ordered out of the Island about Christmas last.

[1] Birch, p. 41. The Original in cipher.
[2] Lilly's Life; Wood, § Hammond; &c. &c.

LETTER LVIII.

'THE Gentleman I mentioned to you,' who is now travelling towards Dover with this hopeful Note in his pocket, must remain forever anonymous. Of Kenrick I have incidentally heard, at Worcester Fight or elsewhere; but of 'the Gentleman' nowhere ever. A Shadow, sunk deep, with all his business, in the Land of Shadows; yet still indisputably visible there: that is the miracle of him!

To Colonel Kenrick, 'Lieutenant of Dover Castle: These.'

'London,' 18th April 1648.

SIR,

This is the Gentleman I mentioned to you. I am persuaded you may be confident of his fidelity to you in the things you will employ him in.

I conceive he is fit for any Civil employment; having been bred towards the Law, and having besides very good parts. He hath been a Captain-Lieutenant: and therefore I hope you will put such a value on him, in 'the' Civil way, as one that hath borne such a place shall be thought by you worthy of. Whereby you will much oblige, your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' I expect to hear from you about your defects in the Castle, that so you may be timely supplied.'[1]

'Defects in the Castle,' and in all Castles, were good to be amended speedily,—in such predicaments as we are now again on the eve of.

PRAYER-MEETING.

THE Scotch Army of Forty-thousand, 'to deliver the King from Sectaries,' is not a fable but a fact. Scotland is distracted by dim disastrous factions, very uncertain what it will do with the King when he *is* delivered; but in the meanwhile Hamilton has got a majority in the Scotch Parliament; and drums are beating in that country: the 'Army of Forty-thousand, certainly coming,' hangs over England like a flaming comet, England itself being all

[1] Gentleman's Magazine (1791), lxi. 520; without comment or indication of any kind.

very combustible too. In few weeks hence, discontented Wales, the Presbyterian Colonels declaring now for Royalism, will be in a blaze; large sections of England, all England very ready to follow, will shortly after be in a blaze.

The small Governing Party in England, during those early months of 1648, are in a position which might fill the bravest mind with misgivings. Elements of destruction everywhere under and around them; their lot either to conquer, or ignominiously to die. A King not to be bargained with; kept in Carisbrook, the centre of all factious hopes, of world-wide intrigues: that is one element. A great Royalist Party, subdued with difficulty, and ready at all moments to rise again: that is another. A great Presbyterian Party, at the head of which is London City, 'the Purse-bearer of the Cause,' highly dissatisfied at the course things had taken, and looking desperately round for new combinations and a new struggle: reckon that for a third element. Add lastly a headlong Mutineer, Republican, or Levelling Party: and consider that there is a working House of Commons which counts about Seventy, divided in pretty equal halves too,—the rest waiting what will come of it. Come of *it*, and of the Scotch Army advancing towards it!—

Cromwell, it appears, deeply sensible of all this, does in these weeks make strenuous repeated attempts towards at least a union among the friends of the Cause themselves, whose aim is one, whose peril is one. But to little effect. Ludlow, with visible satisfaction, reports how ill the Lieutenant-General sped, when he brought the Army Grandees and Parliament Grandees 'to a Dinner' at his own house 'in King Street,' and urged a cordial agreement: they would not draw together at all.[1] Parliament would not agree with Army; hardly Parliament with itself; as little, still less, would Parliament and City agree. At a Common Council in the City, prior or posterior to this Dinner, his success, as angry little Walker intimates, was the same. 'Saturday 8th April 1648,' having prepared the ground beforehand, Cromwell with another leader or two, attended a Common Council; spake, as we may fancy, of the common dangers, of the gulfs now yawning on every side: 'but the City,' chuckles my little gentleman in gray, with a very shrill kind of laughter in the throat of him, 'were now wiser than our First Parents; and rejected the Serpent and his subtleties.'[2] In fact, the City wishes well to Hamilton and his Forty-thousand Scots; the City has, for some time, needed regiments quartered in it, to keep-down open Royalist-

[1] Ludlow, i. 258. [2] History of Independency, part i. 85.

Presbyterian insurrection. It was precisely on the morrow after this visit of Cromwell's that there arose, from small cause, huge Apprentice-riot in the City: discomfiture of Trainbands, seizure of arms, seizure of City Gates, Ludgate, Newgate, loud wide cry of "God and King Charles!"—riot not to be appeased but by 'desperate charge of cavalry,' after it had lasted forty hours.[1] Such are the aspects of affairs, near and far.

Before quitting Part Third, I will request the reader to undertake a small piece of very dull reading; in which however, if he look till it become credible and intelligible to him, a strange thing, much elucidative of the heart of this matter, will disclose itself. At Windsor, one of these days, unknown now which, there is a Meeting of Army Leaders. Adjutant-General Allen, a most authentic earnest man, whom we shall know better afterwards, reports what they did. Entirely amazing to us. These are the longest heads and the strongest hearts in England; and this is the thing they are doing; this is the way they, for their part, begin despatch of business. The reader, if he is an earnest man, may look at it with very many thoughts, for which there is no word at present.

'In the year Forty-seven, you may remember,' says Adjutant Allen, 'we in the Army were engaged in actions of a very high nature; leading us to very untrodden paths,—both in our Contests with the then Parliament, as also Conferences with the King. In which great works,—wanting a spirit of faith, and also the fear of the Lord, and also being unduly surprised with the fear of man, which always brings a snare, we, to make haste, as we thought, out of such perplexities, measuring our way by a wisdom of our own, fell into Treaties with the King and his Party: which proved such a snare to us, and led into such labyrinths by the end of that year, that the very things we thought to avoid, by the means we used of our own devising, were all, with many more of a far worse and more perplexing nature, brought back upon us. To the overwhelming of our spirits, weakening of our hands and hearts; filling us with divisions, confusions, tumults, and every evil work; and thereby endangering the ruin of that blessed Cause we had, with such success, been prospered in till that time.

'For now the King and his Party, seeing us not answer their ends, began to provide for themselves, by a Treaty with the then Parliament, set on foot about the beginning of Forty-eight. The

[1] Rushworth, vii. 1051.

Parliament also was, at the same time, highly displeased with us for what we had done, both as to the King and themselves. The good people likewise, even our most cordial friends in the Nation, beholding our turning aside from that path of *simplicity* we had formerly walked in and been blessed in, and thereby much endeared to their hearts,—began now to fear, and withdraw their affections from us, in this *politic* path which we had stepped into, and walked in to our hurt, the year before. And as a farther fruit of the wages of our backsliding hearts, we were also filled with a spirit of great jealousy and divisions amongst ourselves ; having left that Wisdom of the Word, which is first pure and then peaceable ; so that we were now fit for little but to tear and rend one another, and thereby prepare ourselves, and the work in our hands, to be ruined by our common enemies. Enemies that were ready to say, as many others of like spirit in this day do,[1] of the like sad occasions amongst us, "Lo, this is the day we looked for." The King and his Party prepare accordingly to ruin all ; by sudden Insurrections in most parts of the Nation : the Scot, concurring with the same designs, comes in with a potent Army under Duke Hamilton. We in the Army, in a low, weak, divided, perplexed condition in all respects, as aforesaid :—some of us judging it a duty to lay-down our arms, to quit our stations, and put ourselves into the capacities of private men,—since what we had done, and what was yet in our hearts to do, tending, as we judged, to the good of these poor Nations, was not accepted by them.

'Some also even encouraged themselves and us to such a thing, by urging for such a practice the example of our Lord Jesus ; who, when he had borne an eminent testimony to the pleasure of his Father in an active way, sealed it at last by his sufferings ; which was presented to us as our pattern for imitation. Others of us, however, were different-minded ; thinking something of another nature might yet be farther our duty ;—and these therefore were, by joint advice, by a good hand of the Lord, led to this result ; viz. To go solemnly to search-out our own iniquities, and humble our souls before the Lord in the sense of the same ; which, we were persuaded, had provoked the Lord against us, to bring such sad perplexities upon us at that day. Out of which we saw no way else to extricate ourselves.

'Accordingly we did agree to meet at Windsor Castle about the beginning of Forty-eight. And there we spent one day together in prayer ; inquiring into the causes of that sad dispensation,'—let

[1] 1659 : Allen's Pamphlet is written as a Monition and Example to Fleetwood and the others, now in a similar peril, but with no Oliver now among them.

all men consider it; 'coming to no farther result that day; but that it was still our duty to seek. And on the morrow we met again in the morning; where many spake from the Word, and prayed; and the then Lieutenant-General Cromwell,'—unintelligible to Posterity, but extremely intelligible to himself, to these men, and to the Maker of him and of them,—'did press very earnestly on all there present to a thorough consideration of our actions as an Army, and of our ways particularly as private Christians: to see if any iniquity could be found in them; and what it was, that if possible we might find it out, and so remove the cause of such sad rebukes as were upon us (by *reason* of our iniquities, as we judged) at that time. And the way more particularly the Lord led us to herein was this: To look back and consider what time it was when with joint satisfaction we could last say to the best of our judgments, The presence of the Lord *was* amongst us, and rebukes and judgments were not as then upon us. Which time the Lord led us jointly to find out and agree in; and having done so, to proceed, as we then judged it our duty, to search into all our public actions as an Army afterwards. Duly weighing (as the Lord helped us) each of them, with their grounds, rules, and ends, as near as we could. And so we concluded this second day, with agreeing to meet again on the morrow. Which accordingly we did upon the same occasion, reassuming the consideration of our debates the day before, and reviewing our actions again.

'By which means we were, by a gracious hand of the Lord, led to find out the very steps (as we were all then jointly convinced) by which we had departed from the Lord, and provoked Him to depart from us. Which we found to be those cursed carnal Conferences our own conceited wisdom, our fears, and want of faith had prompted us, the year before, to entertain with the King and his Party. And at this time, and on this occasion, did the then Major Goffe (as I remember was his title) make use of that good Word, *Proverbs* First and Twenty-third, *Turn you at my reproof: behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you.* Which, we having found out our sin, he urged as our duty from those words. And the Lord so accompanied by His Spirit, that it had a kindly effect, like a word of His, upon most of our hearts that were then present: which begot in us a great sense, a shame and loathing of ourselves for our iniquities, and a justifying of the Lord as righteous in His proceedings against us.

'And in this path the Lord led us, not only to see our sin, but also our duty; and this so unanimously set with weight upon each

heart, that none was able hardly to speak a word to each other for bitter weeping,'—does the modern reader mark it; this weeping, and who they are that weep? Weeping 'partly in the sense and shame of our iniquities; of our unbelief, base fear of men, and carnal consultations (as the fruit thereof) with our own wisdoms, and not with the Word of the Lord,—which only is a way of wisdom, strength and safety, and all besides it are ways of snares. And yet we were also helped, with fear and trembling, to rejoice in the Lord; whose faithfulness and loving-kindness, we were made to see, yet failed us not;—who remembered us still, even in our low estate, because His mercy endures for ever. Who no sooner brought us to His feet, acknowledging Him in that way of His (viz. searching for, being ashamed of, and willing to turn from, our iniquities), but He did direct our steps; and presently we were led and helped to a clear agreement amongst ourselves, not any dissenting, That it was the duty of our day, with the forces we had, to go out and fight against those potent enemies, which that year in all places appeared against us.' Courage! 'With an humble confidence, in the name of the Lord only, that we should destroy them. And we were also enabled then, after serious seeking His face, to come to a very clear and joint resolution, on many grounds at large there debated amongst us, That it was our duty, if ever the Lord brought us back again in peace, to call Charles Stuart, that man of blood, to an account for that blood he had shed, and mischief he had done to his utmost, against the Lord's Cause and People in these poor Nations.' Mark that also!

'And how the Lord led and prospered us in all our undertakings that year, in this way; cutting His work short, in righteousness; making it a year of mercy, equal if not transcendent to any since these Wars began; and making it worthy of remembrance by every gracious soul, who was wise to observe the Lord, and the operations of His hands,—I wish may never be forgotten.' Let Fleetwood, if he have the same heart, go and do likewise.[1]

Abysses, black chaotic whirlwinds:—does the reader look upon it all as Madness? Madness lies close by; as Madness does to the Highest Wisdom, in man's life always: but this is not mad! This dark element, it is the mother of the lightnings and the splendours; it is very sane, this!—

[1] A faithful Memorial of that remarkable Meeting of many Officers of the Army in England at Windsor Castle, in the year 1648, &c. &c. (in Somers Tracts, vi. 499 501).

PART FOURTH.

SECOND CIVIL WAR.

1648.

LETTERS LIX.—LXII.

About the beginning of May 1648, the general Presbyterian-Royalist discontent announces itself by tumults in Kent, tumults at Colchester, tumults and rumours of tumult far and near; portending, on all sides, that a new Civil War is at hand. The Scotch Army of Forty-thousand is certainly voted; certainly the King is still prisoner at Carisbrook; factious men have yet made no bargain with him: certainly there will and should be a new War? So reasons Presbyterian Royalism everywhere. Headlong discontented Wales in this matter took the lead.

Wales has been full of confused discontent all Spring; this or the other confused Colonel Poyer, full of brandy and Presbyterian texts of Scripture, refusing to disband till his arrears be better paid, or indeed till the King be better treated. To whom other confused Welsh Colonels, as Colonel Powel, Major-General Laughern, join themselves. There have been tumults at Cardiff, tumults here and also there; open shooting and fighting. Drunken Colonel Poyer, a good while ago, in March last, seized Pembroke; flatly refuses to obey the Parliament's Order when Colonel Fleming presents the same.—Poor Fleming, whom we saw some time ago soliciting promotion:[1] he here, attempting to defeat some insurrectionary party of this Poyer's 'at a Pass' (name of the Pass not given), is himself defeated, forced into a Church, and killed.[2] Drunken Poyer, in Pembroke strong Castle, defies the Parliament

[1] Letter XXXVII, vol. i. p. 216. [2] Rushworth, vii. 1097.

and the world: new Colonels, Parliamentary and Presbyterian-Royalist, are hastening towards him, for and against. Wales, smoking with confused discontent all Spring, has now, by influence of the flaming Scotch comet or Army of Forty-thousand, burst into a general blaze. 'The gentry are all for the King; the common people understand nothing, and follow the gentry.' Chepstow Castle too has been taken 'by a stratagem.' The country is all up or rising: 'the smiths have all fled, cutting their bellows before they went;' impossible to get a horse shod,—never saw such a country![1] On the whole, Cromwell will have to go. Cromwell, leave being asked of Fairfax, is on the 1st of May ordered to go; marches on Wednesday the 3d. Let him march swiftly!

Horton, one of the Parliamentary Colonels, has already, while Cromwell is on march, somewhat tamed the Welsh humour, by a good beating at St. Fagan's: St. Fagan's Fight, near Cardiff, on the 8th of May, where Laughern, hastening towards Poyer and Pembroke, is broken in pieces. Cromwell marches by Monmouth, by Chepstow (11th May); takes Chepstow Town; attacks the Castle, Castle will not surrender,—he leaves Colonel Ewer to do the Castle, who, after four weeks, does it. Cromwell, by Swansea and Carmarthen, advances towards Pembroke; quelling disturbance, rallying force, as he goes; arrives at Pembroke in some ten days more; and, for want of artillery, is like to have a tedious siege of it.[2]

LETTER LIX.

HERE is his first Letter from before the place: a rugged rapid despatch, with some graphic touches in it, and rather more of hope than the issue realised. Guns of due quality are not to be had. In the beginning of June,[3] 'Hugh Peters' went across to Milford Haven, and from the Lion, a Parliament Ship riding there, got 'two drakes, two demi-culverins, and two whole culverins,' and safely conveyed them to the Leaguer; with which new implements an instantaneous essay was made, and a 'storming' thereupon followed, but without success.—Of 'the Prince,' Prince

[1] Ibid.

[2] Abundant details lie scattered in Rushworth, vii.: Poyer and Pembroke Castle, in March, p. 1033; Fleming killed (1st May), p. 1097; Chepstow surprised ('beginning of May'), p. 1109,—retaken (29th May), p. 1120; St. Fagan's Fight (8th May), p. 1110; Cromwell's March, pp. 1121–8.

[3] Cromwelliana, p. 40.

Charles and his revolted ships, of the 'victory in Kent' and what made it needful, we shall have to speak anon.

'*To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.*'

Leaguer before Pembroke, 14th June 1648.

SIR,

All that you can expect from hence is a relation of the state of this Garrison of Pembroke. Which is briefly thus:

They begin to be in extreme want of provision, so as in all probability they cannot live a fortnight without being starved. But we hear that they mutinied about three days since; cried out, "Shall we be ruined for two or three men's pleasure? Better it were we should throw them over the walls." It's certainly reported to us that within four or six days they'll cut Poyer's throat, and come all away to us. Poyer told them, Saturday last, that if relief did not come by Monday night, they should no more believe him, nay they should hang him.

We have not got our Guns and Ammunition from Wallingford as yet; but, however, we have scraped-up a few, which stand us in very good stead. Last night we got two little guns planted, which in Twenty-four hours will take away their Mills; and then, as Poyer himself confesses, they are all undone. We made an attempt to storm him, about ten days since; but our ladders were too short, and the breach so as men could not get over. We lost a few men; but I am confident the Enemy lost more. Captain Flower, of Colonel Dean's Regiment, was wounded; and Major Grigg's Lieutenant and Ensign slain; Captain Burges lies wounded, and very sick. I question not, but within a fortnight we shall have the Town; 'and' Poyer hath engaged himself to the Officers of the Town, Not to keep the *Castle* longer than the Town can hold out. Neither indeed can he; for we can take away his water in two days, by beating down a staircase, which goes into a cellar where he hath a well. They allow the men half-a-pound of beef, and as much bread a-day; but it is almost spent.

We much rejoice at what the Lord hath done for you in Kent. Upon our thanksgiving [1] for that victory, which was both from Sea and Leaguer, Poyer told his men, that it was the Prince, 'Prince Charles and his revolted Ships,' coming with relief. The other night they mutinied in the Town. Last night we fired divers houses; which 'fire' runs up the Town still: it much frights them. Confident I am, we shall have it in Fourteen days, by starving. I am, Sir, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

Precisely in about 'Fourteen days' a new attempt was made,[3] not without some promising results, but again ineffectual. 'The Guns are not come from Bristol, for want of wind;' and against hunger and short scaling-ladders Poyer is stubborn. Three days after this Letter to Lenthall, some three weeks since the siege began, here is another, to Major Saunders.

LETTER LX.

OF this Major, afterwards Colonel, Thomas Saunders, now lying at Brecknock, there need little be said beyond what the Letter itself says. He is 'of Derbyshire,' it seems; sat afterwards as a King's-Judge, or at least was nominated to sit; continued true to the Cause, in a dim way, till the very Restoration; and withdrew then into total darkness.

This Letter is endorsed in Saunders's own hand, 'The Lord General's order for taking Sir Trevor Williams, and Mr. Morgan, Sheriff of Monmouthshire.' Of which two Welsh individuals, except that Williams had been appointed Commander-in-chief of the Parliament's forces in Monmouthshire some time ago, and Morgan High Sheriff there,[4] both of whom had now revolted, we know nothing, and need know nothing. The Letter has come under cover enclosing another Letter, of an official sort, to one 'Mr. Rumsey' (a total stranger to me); and is superscribed *For Yourself.*

[1] By Cannon-volleys.

[2] Rushworth, vii. 1159: read in the House, 20th June 1648 (Commons Journals, v. 608).

[3] Rushworth, vii. 1175.

[4] 10th January 1645-6, Williams; 17th November 1647, Morgan: Commons Journals, in diebus.

'To Major Thomas Saunders, at Brecknock: These.'

'Before Pembroke,' 17th June 1648.

SIR,

I send you this enclosed by itself, because it's of greater moment. The other you may communicate to Mr. Rumsey as far as you think fit and I have written. I would not have him or other honest men be discouraged that I think it not fit, at present, to enter into contests; it will be good to yield a little, for public advantage: and truly that is my end; wherein I desire you to satisfy them.

I have sent, as my Letter mentions, to have you remove out of Brecknockshire; indeed, into that part of Glamorganshire which lieth next Monmouthshire. For this end: We have plain discoveries that Sir Trevor Williams, of Llangibby,[1] about two miles from Usk, in the County of Monmouth, was very deep in the plot of betraying Chepstow Castle; so that we are out of doubt of his guiltiness thereof. I do hereby authorise you to seize him; as also the High Sheriff of Monmouth, Mr. Morgan, who was in the same plot.

But, because Sir Trevor Williams is the more dangerous man by far, I would have you seize him first, and the other will easily be had. To the end you may not be frustrated and that you be not deceived, I think fit to give you some characters of the man, and some intimations how things stand. He is a man, as I am informed, full of craft and subtlety; very bold and resolute; hath a House at Llangibby well stored with arms, and very strong; his neighbours about him very Malignant, and much for him,—who are apt to rescue him if apprehended, much more to discover anything which may prevent it. He is full of jealousy; partly out of guilt, but much more because he doubts some that were in the business have discovered him, which indeed they have,—and also because he knows that his Servant is brought hither, and a Minister to be examined here, who are able to discover the whole plot.

If you should march directly into that Country and near him, it's odds he either fortify his House, or give you the

[1] He writes 'Langevie;' 'Munmouth' too.

slip: so also, if you should go to his House, and not find him there; or if you attempt to take him, and miss to effect it; or if you make any known inquiry after him,—it will be discovered.

Wherefore, 'as' to the first, you have a fair pretence of going out of Brecknockshire to quarter about Newport and Caerleon, which is not above four or five miles from his House. You may send to Colonel Herbert, whose House lieth in Monmouthshire; who will certainly acquaint you where he is. You are also to send to Captain Nicholas, who is at Chepstow, to require him to assist you, if he 'Williams' should get into his House and stand upon his guard. Samuel Jones, who is Quartermaster to Colonel Herbert's troop, will be very assisting to you, if you send to him to meet you at your quarters; both by letting you know where he is, and also in all matters of intelligence. If there shall be need, Captain Burges's troop, now quartered in Glamorganshire, shall be directed to receive orders from you.

You perceive by all this that we are, it may be, a little too much solicitous in this business;[1]—it's our fault; and indeed such a temper causeth us often to overact business. Wherefore, without more ado, we leave it to you; and you to the guidance of God herein; and rest, yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' If you seize him, bring,—and let him be brought with a strong guard,—to me. If Captain Nicholas should light on him at Chepstow, do you strengthen him with a strong guard to bring him.—If you seize his person, disarm his House; but let not his arms be embezzled. If you need Captain Burges's troop, it quarters between Newport and Chepstow.[2]

Saunders, by his manner of endorsing this Letter, seems to intimate that he took his two men; that he keeps the Letter by way of voucher. Sir Trevor Williams by and by[3] compounds as a Delinquent,—retires then into 'Langevie House' in a diminished

[1] See infra, vol. v., in Appendix, No. II. [2] Harris, p. 495; and Forster, iv. 239.
[3] Commons Journals.

state, and disapears from History. Of Sheriff Morgan, except that a new Sheriff is soon appointed, we have no farther notice whatever.[1]

LETTER LXI.

SINCE Cromwell quitted London, there have arisen wide commotions in that central region too; the hope of the Scotch Army and the certainty of this War in Wales excite all unruly things and persons. At Pembroke lately we heard the cannons fire, both from Leaguer and Ships, for a 'victory in Kent:' concerning which and its origins and issues, take the following indications.

May 16*th*, Came a celebrated 'Surrey Petition:' highflying armed cavalcade of Freeholders from Surrey, with a Petition craving in very high language that Peace be made with his Majesty: they quarrelled with the Parliament's Guard in Westminster Hall, drew swords, had swords drawn upon them; 'the Miller of Wandsworth was run through with a halbert,' he and others; and the Petitioners went home in a slashed and highly indignant condition. Thereupon, *May* 24*th*, armed meeting of Kentish-men on Blackheath; armed meeting of Essex-men; several armed meetings, all in communication with the City Presbyterians: Fairfax, ill of the gout, has to mount,—in extremity of haste, as a man that will quench fire among smoking flax.

June 1*st*. Fairfax, at his utmost speed, smites fiercely against the centre of this Insurrection; drives it from post to post; drives it into Maidstone 'about 7 in the evening,' 'with as hard fighting as I ever saw;' tramples it out there. The centre-flame once trampled out, the other flames, or armed meetings, hover hither and thither; gather at length, in few days, all at Colchester in Essex; where Fairfax is now besieging them, with a very obstinate and fierce resistance from them. This is the victory in Kent, these are the 'glorious successes God has vouchsafed you,' which Oliver alludes to in this Letter.

We are only to notice farther that Lambert is in the North; waiting, in very inadequate strength, to see the Scots arrive. Oliver in this Letter signifies that he has reinforced him with some 'horse and dragoons,' sent by 'West Chester,' which we now call Chester, where 'Colonel Dukinfield' is Governor. The Scots are indubitably coming: Sir Marmaduke Langdale (whom Oliver, we may remark, encountered in the King's left wing at *Naseby Fight*)

[1] Note to Colonel Hughes, 26th June 1648, in Appendix, No. II.

has raised new Yorkshiremen, has seized Berwick, seized Carlisle, and joined the Scots; it is becoming an openly Royalist affair. In Lancashire a certain Sir Richard Tempest, very forward in his Royalism, goes suddenly blazing abroad 'with 1,000 horse and many knights and gentlemen,' threatening huge peril; but is, in those very hours, courageously set upon by Colonel Robert Lilburn with what little compact force there is, and at once extinguished: —an acceptable service on the part of Colonel Robert; for which let him have thanks from Parliament, and reward of 1,000*l.*[1]

Very desirable, of course, that Oliver had done with Pembroke, and were fairly joined with Lambert. But Pembroke is strong; Poyer is stubborn, hopes to surrender 'on conditions;' Oliver, equally stubborn, though sadly short of artillery and means, will have him 'at mercy of the Parliament,' so signal a rebel as him. Fairfax's Father, the Lord Ferdinando, died in March last;[2] so that the General's title is now changed:

To his Excellency the Lord Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army: These.

Before Pembroke, 28th June 1648.

SIR,

I have some few days since despatched horse and dragoons for the North. I sent them by the way of West Chester; thinking it fit to do so in regard of this enclosed Letter which I received from Colonel Dukinfield;—requiring them to give him assistance in the way. And if it should prove that a present help would not serve the turn, then I ordered Captain Pennyfeather's troop to remain with the Governor 'Dukinfield;' and the rest immediately to march towards Leeds,—and to send to the Committee of York, or to him that commands the forces in those parts, for directions whither they should come, and how they shall be disposed of.

The number I sent are six troops: four of horse, and two of dragoons; whereof three are Colonel Scroop's,—and Captain Pennyfeather's troop, and the other two dragoons. I could not, by the judgment of the Colonels here, spare more, nor send them sooner, without manifest hazard to these parts. Here is, as I have formerly acquainted your Excellency, a very

[1] Whitlocke, pp. 312, 313; Commons Journals (5th July 1648), v. 624; &c.
[2] 13th March 1647-8 (Rushworth, vii. 1030).

desperate Enemy ; who, being put out of all hope of mercy, are resolved to endure to the uttermost extremity ; being very many 'of them' gentlemen of quality, and men thoroughly resolved. They have made some notable sallies upon Lieutenant-Colonel Reade's quarter,[1] to his loss. We are forced to keep divers posts, or else they would have relief, or their horse break away. Our foot about them are Four-and-twenty hundred ; we always necessitated to have some in garrisons.

The Country, since we sat down before this place, have made two or three insurrections ; and are ready to do it every day : so that,—what with looking to them, and disposing our horse to that end, and to get us in provisions, without which we should starve, this country being so miserably exhausted and so poor, and we no money to buy victuals,—indeed, whatever may be thought, it's a mercy we have been able to keep our men together in the midst of such necessity, the sustenance of the foot for most part being but bread and water. Our guns, through the unhappy accident at Berkley, not yet come to us ;—and indeed it was a very unhappy thing they were brought thither ; the wind having been always so cross, that since they were recovered from sinking, they could not 'come to us ;' and this place not being to be had without fit instruments for battering, except by starving.[2] And truly I believe the Enemy's straits do increase upon them very fast, and that within a few days an end will be put to this business ;—which surely might have been before, if we had received things wherewith to have done it. But it will be done in the best time.[3]

I rejoice much to hear of the blessing of God upon your Excellency's endeavours. I pray God that this Nation, and those that are over us, and your Excellency and all we that are under you, 'may discern' what the mind of God may be in all this, and what our duty is. Surely it is not that the poor Godly People of this Kingdom should still be made the

[1] Reade had been intrusted with the Siege of Tenby : that had ended June 2d (Commons Journals, v. 588) ; and Reade is now assisting at Pembroke.

[2] 'Without *either* fit instruments for battering *except* by starving.' Great haste, and considerable stumbling in the grammar in this last sentence ! After 'starving,' a mere comma ; and so on.

[3] God's time is the best.

object of wrath and anger; nor that our God would have our necks under a yoke of bondage. For these things that have lately come to pass have been the wonderful works of God; breaking the rod of the oppressor, as in the day of Midian,—not with garments much rolled in blood, but by the terror of the Lord; who will yet save His people and confound His enemies, as on that day. The Lord multiply His grace upon you, and bless you, and keep your heart upright; and then, though you be not conformable to the men of this world nor to their wisdom, yet you shall be precious in the eyes of God, and He will be to you a horn and a shield.

My Lord, I do not know that I have had a Letter from any of your Army, of the glorious successes God has vouchsafed you. I pray pardon the complaint made. I long to 'be' with you. I take leave; and rest, my Lord, your most humble and faithful servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' Sir, I desire you that Colonel Lehunt may have a Commission to command a Troop of Horse, the greatest part whereof came from the Enemy to us; and that you would be pleased to send blank Commissions for his inferior officers,—with what speed may be.'

In Rushworth, under date March 24th, is announced that 'Sir W. Constable has taken care to send ordnance and ammunition from Gloucester, for the service before Pembroke.'[2] 'The unhappy accident at Berkley,' I believe, is the stranding of the 'Frigate,' or Shallop, that carried them. Guns are not to be had of due quality for battering Pembroke. In the mean time, several bodies of 'horse' are mentioned as deserting, or taking quarter and service on the Parliament side.[3] It is over these that Lehunt is to be appointed Colonel; and to Fairfax as General-in-chief 'of all the Parliament's Forces raised or to be raised,' it belongs to give him and his subordinates the due commissions.

July 5th. Young Villiers Duke of Buckingham, son of the assassinated Duke; he with his Brother Francis, with the Earl of Holland, and others who will pay dear for it, started up about Kingston-on-Thames with another open Insurrectionary Armament; guided chiefly by Dutch Dalbier, once Cromwell's instructor, but now gone over to the other side. Fairfax and the

[1] Sloane MSS. 1519, f. 90. [2] vii. 1036. [3] Rushworth, Cromwelliana.

Army being all about Colchester in busy Siege, there seemed a good opportunity here. They rode towards Reigate, these Kingston Insurgents, several hundred strong: but a Parliament Party 'under Major Gibbons' drives them back; following close, comes to action with them between 'Nonsuch Park and Kingston,' where the poor Lord Francis, Brother of the Duke, fell mortally wounded; —drives them across the river 'into Hertfordshire;' into the lion's jaws. For Fairfax sent a Party out from Colchester; overtook them at St. Neot's; and captured, killed, or entirely dissipated them.[1] Dutch Dalbier was hacked in pieces, 'so angry were the soldiers at him.' The Earl of Holland stood his trial afterwards; and lost his head. The Duke of Buckingham got off;—might almost as well have died with poor Brother Francis here, for any good he afterwards did. Two pretty youths, as their Vandyke Portraits in Hampton Court still testify; one of whom lived to become much uglier!

July 8th. Duke Hamilton, with the actual Scotch Army, is 'at Annan' on the Western Border, ready to step across to England. Not quite Forty-thousand; yet really about half that number, tolerably effective. Langdale, with a vanguard of Three-thousand Yorkshiremen, is to be guide; Monro, with a body of horse that had long served in Ulster, is to bring-up the rear. The great Duke dates from Annan, 8th July 1648.[2] Poor old Annan;—never saw such an Army gathered, since the Scotch James went to wreck in Solway Moss, above a hundred years ago![3] Scotland is in a disastrous, distracted condition; overridden by a Hamilton majority in Parliament. Poor Scotland will, with exertion, deliver its 'King from the power of Sectaries;' and is dreadfully uncertain what it will do with him when delivered! Perhaps Oliver will save it the trouble.

July 11th. Oliver at last is loose from Pembroke; as the following brief Letter will witness.

LETTER LXII.

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.

'Pembroke,' 11th July 1648.

SIR,

The Town and Castle of Pembroke were surrendered to me this day, being the Eleventh of July; upon

[1] Rushworth, vii. 1178, 82. [2] Ibid. vii. 1184. [3] James V. A.D. 1542.

the Propositions which I send you here enclosed.'[1] What Arms, Ammunition, Victual, Ordnance or other Necessaries of War are in 'the' Town I have not to certify you,—the Commissioners I sent-in to receive the same not being yet returned, nor like suddenly to be; and I was unwilling to defer the giving you an account of this mercy for a day.

The Persons Excepted are such as have formerly served you in a very good cause; but, being now apostatised, I did rather make election of them than of those who had always been for the King;—judging their iniquity double; because they have sinned against so much light, and against so many evidences of Divine Providence going along with and prospering a just Cause, in the management of which they themselves had a share. I rest, your humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

Drunken Colonel Poyer, Major-General Laughern and certain others, 'persons excepted,' have had to surrender at mercy; a great many more on terms: Pembroke happily is down;—and the Welsh War is ended.[3] Cromwell hurries northward: by Gloucester, Warwick; gets '3,000 pairs of shoes' at Leicester; leaves his prisoners at Nottingham (with Mrs. Hutchinson and her Colonel, in the Castle there); joins Lambert among the hills of Yorkshire,[4] where his presence is much needed now.

July 27th. In these tumultuous months the Fleet too, as we heard at Pembroke once,[5] has partially revolted; 'set Colonel Admiral Rainsborough ashore,' in the end of May last. The Earl of Warwick, hastily sent thither, has brought part of it to order again; other part of it has fled to Holland, to the Young Prince of Wales. The Young Prince goes hopefully on board, steers for the coast of England; emits his summons and manifesto from Yarmouth roads, on the 27th of this month. Getting nothing at Yarmouth, he appears next week in the Downs; orders London to join him, or at least to lend him 20,000*l.*[6]

[1] Given in Rushworth, vii. 1190.

[2] Copy in Tanner MSS. lxii. 159: printed correctly in Grey on the Third Volume of Neal's Puritans (Appendix, p. 129), from another source.

[3] Order, '12th July 1648' (the day after Pembroke), for demolishing the Castle of Haverfordwest: in Appendix, No. 11.

[4] At Barnard Castle, on the 27th July, 'his horse' joined (Rushworth, vii. 1211); he himself not till a fortnight after, at Wetherby farther south.

[5] Antea, p. 278.

[6] Rushworth, vii.; 29th May, p. 1131; 8th June, 11th June, pp. 1145, 1151; 27th July, pp. 1207, 1215, &c.

It all depends on Hamilton and Cromwell now. His Majesty from Carisbrook Castle, the revolted Mariners, the London Presbyterians, the Besieged in Colchester, and all men, are waiting anxiously what they Two now will make of it when they meet.

LETTERS LXIII.—LXVI.

PRESTON BATTLE.

THE Battle of Preston or Battle-and-Rout of Preston lasts three days; and extends over many miles of wet Lancashire country,—from 'Langridge Chapel a little on the east of Preston,' southward to Warrington Bridge, and northward also as far as you like to follow. A wide-spread, most confused transaction; the essence of which is, That Cromwell, descending the valley of the Ribble, with a much smaller but prompt and compact force, finds Hamilton flowing southward at Preston in very loose order; dashes-in upon him, cuts him in two, drives him north *and* south, into as miserable ruin as his worst enemy could wish.

There are four accounts of this Affair by eye-witnesses, still accessible: Cromwell's account in these Two Letters; a Captain Hodgson's rough brief recollections written afterwards; and on the other side, Sir Marmaduke Langdale's Letter in vindication of his conduct there; and lastly the deliberate Narrative of Sir James Turner ('*alias* Dugald Dalgetty,' say some). As the Affair was so momentous, one of the most critical in all these Wars, and as the details of it are still so accessible, we will illustrate Cromwell's own account by some excerpts from the others. Combining all which, and considering well, some image of this rude old tragedy and triumph may rise upon the reader.

Captain Hodgson, an honest-hearted, pudding-headed Yorkshire Puritan, now with Lambert in the Hill Country, hovering on the left flank of Hamilton and his Scots, saw Cromwell's face at Ripon, much to the Captain's satisfaction. 'The Scots,' says he, 'marched towards Kendal; we towards Ripon, where Oliver met us with horse and foot. We were then between Eight and Nine thousand; a fine smart Army, fit for action. We marched up to Skipton; the Forlorn of the Enemy's horse,' Sir Marmaduke's, 'was come to Gargrave; having made havoc of the country,- it seems.

intending never to come there again.' 'Stout Henry Cromwell,' he gave them a check at Gargrave;[1]—and better still is coming.

Here, however, let us introduce Sir James Turner, a stout pedant and soldier-of-fortune, original *Dugald Dalgetty* of the Novels, who is now marching with the Scots, and happily has a turn for taking Notes. The reader will then have a certain ubiquity, and approach Preston on both sides. Of the Scotch Officers, we may remark, Middleton and the Earl of Calendar have already fought in England for the Parliament: Baillie, once beaten by Montrose, has been in many wars, foreign and domestic; he is lefthand cousin to the Reverend Mr. Robert, who heard the Apprentices in Palace-yard bellowing "Justice on Strafford!" long since, in a loud and hideous manner. Neither of the Lesleys is here, on this occasion; they abide at home with the oppressed minority. The Duke, it will be seen, marches in extremely loose order; vanguard and rearguard very far apart,—and a Cromwell attending him on flank!

'At Hornby,' says the learned Sir James alias Dugald, 'a day's march beyond Kendal, it was advised, Whether we should march to Lancashire, Cheshire, and the Western Counties; or if we should go into Yorkshire, and so put ourselves in the straight road to London, with a resolution to fight all who would oppose us? Calendar was indifferent; Middleton was for Yorkshire; Baillie for Lancashire. When my opinion was asked, I was for Yorkshire; and for this reason only, That I understood Lancashire was a close country, full of ditches and hedges; which was a great advantage the English would have over our raw and undisciplined musketeers; the Parliament's army consisting of disciplined and well-trained soldiers, and excellent firemen; while on the other hand, Yorkshire was a more open country and full of heaths, where we might both make use of our horse, and come sooner to push of pike' with our foot. 'My Lord Duke was for Lancashire way; and it seems he had hopes that some forces would join with him in his march that way. I have indeed heard him say, that he thought Manchester his own if he came near it. Whatever the matter was, I never saw him tenacious in anything during the time of his command but in that. We chose to go that way, which led us to our ruin.

'Our march was much retarded by most rainy and tempestuous weather, the elements fighting against us; and by staying for country horses to carry our little ammunition. The vanguard is

[1] Hodgson's Memoirs (with Slingsby's Memoirs, Edinburgh, 1808; a dull authentic Book, left full of blunders, of darkness natural and adscititious, by the Editor), pp. 114-5.

constantly given to Sir Marmaduke, upon condition that he should constantly furnish guides; pioneers for clearing the ways; and, which was more than both these, have good and certain intelligence of all the Enemy's motions. But whether it was by our fault or his neglect, want of intelligence helped to ruin us; for,'—in fact we were marching in extremely loose order; left hand not aware what the right was doing; van and rear some twenty or thirty miles apart;—far too loose for men that had a Cromwell on their flank!

On the night of Wednesday 16th August 1648, my Lord Duke has got to Preston with the main body of his foot; his horse lying very wide,—ahead of him at Wigan, arear of him, one knows not where, he himself hardly knows where. Sir Marmaduke guards him on the left, 'on Preston Moor, about Langridge Chapel,' some four miles up the Ribble,—and knows not, in the least, what storm is coming. For Cromwell, this same night, has got across the hills to Clitheroe and farther; this same Wednesday night he lies 'at Stonyhurst,' where now the College of Stonyhurst is,—'a Papist's house, one Sherburn's;' and tomorrow morning there will be news of Cromwell.

'That night,' says Hodgson, 'we pitched our camp at *Stanyares* Hall, a Papist's house, one Sherburn's; and the next morning a Forlorn of horse and foot was drawn out. And at Langridge Chapel our horse' came upon Sir Marmaduke; 'drawn up very formidably. One Major Poundall' (Pownel, you pudding-head!) 'and myself commanded the Forlorn of foot. And here being drawn up by the Moorside (a mere scantling of us, as yet, not half the number we should have been), the General' Cromwell 'comes to us, orders us To march. We not having half of our men come up, desired a little patience; he gives out the word, "March!"' —not having any patience, he, at this moment! And so the Battle of Preston, the first day of it, is begun. Here is the General's own Report of the business at night. Poor Langdale did not know at first, and poor Hamilton did not know all day, that it was Cromwell who was now upon them.[1] Sir Marmaduke complains bitterly that he was not supported; that they did not even send him powder,—marched away the body of their force as if this matter had been nothing; 'merely some flying party, Ashton and the Lancashire Presbyterians.' Cromwell writes in haste, late at night.

[1] Sir Marmaduke's Letter.

LETTER LXIII.

For the Honourable Committee of Lancashire sitting at Manchester.

(*I desire the Commander of the Forces there to open this Letter, if it come not to their hands.*)

'Preston,' 17th Aug. 1648.

GENTLEMEN,

It hath pleased God, this day, to show His great power by making the Army successful against the common Enemy.

We lay last night at Mr. Sherburn's of Stonyhurst, nine miles from Preston, which was within three miles of the Scots quarters. We advanced betimes next morning towards Preston, with a desire to engage the Enemy; and by that time our Forlorn had engaged the Enemy, we were about four miles from Preston, and thereupon we advanced with the whole Army: and the Enemy being drawn out on a Moor betwixt us and the Town, the Armies on both sides engaged; and after a very sharp dispute, continuing for three or four hours, it pleased God to enable us to give them a defeat; which I hope we shall improve, by God's assistance, to their utter ruin: and in this service your countrymen have not the least [1] share.

We cannot be particular, having not time to take account of the slain and prisoners; but we can assure you we have many prisoners, and many of those of quality; and many slain; and the Army so dissipated 'as I say.' The principal part whereof, with Duke Hamilton, is on south side Ribble and Darwen Bridge, and we lying with the greatest part of the Army close to them; nothing hindering the ruin of that part of the Enemy's Army but the night. It shall be our care that they shall not pass over any ford beneath the Bridge,[2] to go Northward, or to come betwixt us and Whalley.

We understand Colonel-General Ashton's are at Whalley; we have seven troops of horse or dragoons that we believe lie at Clitheroe. This night I have sent order to them expressly

[1] means 'the not least.' [2] There is such a ford, rideable if tide and rain permit.

to march to Whalley, to join to those companies ; that so we may endeavour the ruin of this Enemy. You perceive by this Letter how things stand. By this means the Enemy is broken : and most of their Horse having gone Northwards, and we having sent a considerable party at the very heel of them ; and the Enemy having lost almost all his ammunition, and near four-thousand arms, so that the greatest part of the Foot are naked ;—therefore, in order to perfecting this work, we desire you to raise your County ; and to improve your forces to the total ruin of that Enemy, which way soever they go ; and if[1] you shall accordingly do your part, doubt not of their total ruin.

We thought fit to speed this to you ; to the end you may not be troubled if they shall march towards you, but improve your interest as aforesaid, that you may give glory to God for this unspeakable mercy. This is all at present from, your very humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

Commons Journals, Monday 21° *Augusti* 1648 : 'The Copy of a Letter from Lieutenant-General Cromwell, from Preston, of 17° *Augusti* 1648, to the Committee of Lancashire sitting at Manchester, enclosed in a Letter from a Member of this House from Manchester, of 19° *Augusti* 1648, were this day read. *Ordered*, That it be referred to the Committee at Derby House to send away a copy of Lieutenant-General Cromwell's Letter to the General' Fairfax, 'and to the Lord Admiral' Warwick, to encourage them in their part of the work.—The enclosing 'Letter from the Member of this House at Manchester,' short and insignificant, about 'dispensations,' 'providences,' &c. is also given in the old Pamphlets, and in this Chetham Book now before us. He signs himself 'W. L. ;' probably William Langton, the new Member for Preston.

[1] 'that' in the Original.—The punctuation and grammar of these sentences might have been improved; but their breathless impetuosity, directness, sincere singleness of purpose, intent on the despatch of business only, would have been obscured in the process.

[2] Lancash re during the Civil War (a Collection of Tracts republished by the Chetham Society, Manchester, 1844), p. 257. The Letter is in many old Pamphlets of the time. Langdale's Letter is also given in this Chetham Book, p. 267.

LETTER LXIV.

Cromwell, on this Thursday Night, does not yet know all the havoc he has made. Listen to stout Sir James from the other side; and pity poor men embarked in a hollow Cause, with a Duke of Hamilton for General!

'Beside Preston in Lancashire,' says the stout Knight, Cromwell falls on Sir Marmaduke's flank. The English' of Sir Marmaduke 'imagined it was one Colonel Ashton, a powerful Presbyterian, who had got together 3,000 men to oppose us, because we came out of Scotland without the General Assembly's permission. Mark the quarrel. While Sir Marmaduke disputes the matter, Baillie, by the Duke's order, marches to Ribble Bridge, and passes it with all the foot except two brigades.' Never dreaming that Cromwell is upon us! 'This was two miles from Preston. By my Lord Duke's command, I had sent some ammunition and commanded-men to Sir Marmaduke's assistance: but to no purpose; for Cromwell prevailed; so that our English first retired, and then fled. It must be remembered that, the night before this sad encounter, Earl Calendar and Middleton were gone to Wigan, eight miles from thence, with a considerable part of the cavalry. Calendar was come back, and was with the Duke,' while the action took place; 'and so was I: but upon the rout of Sir Marmaduke's people, Calendar got away to Ribble, where he arrived safely by a miracle, as I think; for the Enemy was between the Bridge and us, and had killed or taken most part of our two brigades of foot,' which was all that Baillie had left here.

'The Duke with his guard of horse, Sir Marmaduke with many officers, among others myself, got into Preston Town; with intention to pass a ford below it, though at that time not rideable. At the entry of the Town, the enemy pursued us hard. The Duke faced about, and put two troops of them to a retreat; but so soon as we turned from them, they again turned upon us. The Duke facing the second time, charged them, which succeeded well. Being pursued the third time, my Lord Duke cried To charge once more for King Charles! One trooper refusing, he beat him with his sword. At that charge we put the enemy so far behind us, that he could not so soon overtake us again. Then Sir Marmaduke and I entreated the Duke to hasten to his Army:—and truly here he showed as much personal valour as any man could be capable of. We swam the Ribble River; and so got to the place

where Lieutenant-General Baillie had advantageously lodged the foot, on the top of a Hill, among very fencible enclosures.

'After Calendar came to the infantry, he had sent 600 musketeers to defend Ribble Bridge. Very unadvisedly; for the way Cromwell had to it was a descent from a hill that commanded all the champaign; which was about an English quarter of a mile in length between the Bridge and that Hill where *our* foot were lodged. So that our musketeers, having no shelter, were forced to receive all the musket-shot of Cromwell's infantry, which was secure within thick hedges; and after the loss of many men, were forced to run back to our foot. Here Claud Hamilton, the Duke's Lieutenant-Colonel, had his arm broke with a musket-bullet.

'The Bridge of Ribble being lost, the Duke called all the Colonels together on horseback to advise what was next to be done. We had no choice but one of two: Either stay, and maintain our ground till Middleton (who was sent for) came back with his cavalry; Or else march away that night, and find him out. Calendar would needs speak first; whereas by the custom of war he should have told his opinion last,—and it was, To march away that night so soon as it was dark. This was seconded by all the rest, except by Lieutenant-General Baillie and myself. But all the arguments we used,—as, the impossibility of a safe retreat from an enemy so powerful of horse; in so very foul weather, and extremely deep ways; our soldiers exceedingly wet, weary and hungry; the inevitable loss of all our ammunition,—could not move my Lord Duke by his authority to contradict the shameful resolution taken by the major part of his officers.

'After that drumless march was resolved upon, and but few horse appointed to stay in rear of the foot, I inquired, What should become of our unfortunate Ammunition, since forward with us we could not get it? It was not thought fit to blow it up that night, lest thereby the Enemy should know of our retreat, or rather flight. I was of that opinion too; but for another reason: for we could not have blown it up then without a visible mischief to ourselves, being so near it. It was ordered it should be done, three hours after our departure, by a train: but that being neglected, Cromwell got it all.

'Next morning we appeared at Wigan Moor; half our number less than we were;—most of the faint and weary soldiers having lagged behind; whom we never saw again. Lieutenant-General Middleton had missed us,' such excellent order was in this Army; for he came by *another* way to Ribble Bridge. It was to be wished he had still stayed with us! He, not finding us there, followed

our track: but was himself hotly pursued by Cromwell's horse; with whom he skirmished the whole way till he came within a mile of us. He lost some men, and several were hurt, among others Colonel Urrey[1] got a dangerous shot on the left side of his head; whereof, though he was afterwards taken prisoner, he recovered. In this retreat of Middleton's, which he managed well, Cromwell lost one of the gallantest officers he had, Major Thornhaugh; who was run into the breast with a lance, whereof he died.

'After Lieutenant-General Middleton's coming, we began to think of fighting in that Moor: but that was found impossible,—in regard it was nothing large, and was environed with enclosures which commanded it, and these we could not maintain long, for want of that ammunition we had left behind us. And therefore we marched forward with intention to gain Warrington, ten miles from the Moor we were in; and there we conceived we might face about, having the command of a Town, a River, and a Bridge. Yet I conceive there were but few of us could have foreseen we might be beaten *before* we were masters of any of them.

'It was towards evening and in the latter end of August,' Friday 18th of the month, 'when our horse began to march. Some regiments of them were left with the rear of the foot: Middleton stayed with these; my Lord Duke and Calendar were before.—As I marched with the last brigade of foot through the Town of Wigan, I was alarmed, That our horse behind me were beaten, and running several ways, and that the enemy was in my rear. I faced-about with that brigade; and in the Market-place serried the pikes together, shoulder to shoulder, to entertain any that might charge: and sent orders to the rest of the brigades before, To continue their march, and follow Lieutenant-General Baillie who was before them. It was then night, but the moon shone bright. A regiment of horse of our own appeared first, riding very disorderly. I got them to stop, till I commanded my pikes to open, and give way for them to ride or run away, since they would not stay. But now my pikemen, being demented (as I think we were all), would not hear me: and two of them ran full tilt at me,'—poor Dalgetty! 'One of their pikes, which was intended for my belly, I griped with my left hand; the other ran me nearly two inches into the inner side of my right thigh; all of them crying, of me and those horse, "They are Cromwell's men!" This was an unseasonable wound; for it made me, after that night, unserviceable. This made me forget all rules of modesty, prudence and discretion,'—my choler being up, and my blood flow-

[1] Sir John Hurry, the famous Turncoat, of whom afterwards.

ing! 'I rode to the horse, and desired them to charge through these foot. They fearing the hazard of the pikes, stood: I then made a cry come from behind them, That the enemy was upon them. This encouraged them to charge my foot so fiercely, that the pikemen threw down their pikes, and got into houses. All the horse galloped away, and as I was told afterwards, rode not through but *over* our whole foot, treading them down;—and in this confusion Colonel Lockhart,'—let the reader note that Colonel,—'was trod down from his horse, with great danger of his life.

'Though the Enemy was near, yet I beat drums to gather my men together. Shortly after came Middleton with some horse. I told him what a disaster I had met with, and what a greater I expected. He told me he would ride before, and make the horse halt. I marched, however, all that night till it was fair day; and then Baillie, who had rested a little, entreated me to go into some house and repose on a chair; for I had slept none in two nights, and eaten as little. I alighted; but the constant alarms of the Enemy's approach made me resolved to ride forward to Warrington, which was but a mile; and indeed I may say I slept all that way, notwithstanding my wound.'

While the wounded Dalgetty rides forward, let us borrow another glimpse from a different source;[1] of bitter struggle still going on a little to the rear of him. 'At a place called Redbank,' near Winwick Church, two miles from Warrington, the Scots made a stand with a body of pikes, and lined the hedges with muskets; who so rudely entertained the pursuing Enemy, that they were compelled to stop until the coming-up of Colonel Pride's regiment of foot, who, after a sharp dispute, put those same brave fellows to the run. They were commanded by a little spark in a blue bonnet, who performed the part of an excellent commander, and was killed on the spot.' Does anyone know this little spark in the blue bonnet? No one. His very mother has long ceased to weep for him now. Let him have burial, and a passing sigh from us!—Dugald Turner continues:

'I expected to have found either the Duke or Calendar, or both of them, at Warrington: but I did not; and indeed I have often been told that Calendar carried away the Duke with him, much against his mind. Here did the Lieutenant-General of the foot meet with an Order, whereby he is required "To make as good conditions for himself and those under him as he could; for the horse would not come back to him, being resolved to preserve

[1] Heath's Chronicle, p. 223.

themselves for a better time." Baillie was surprised with this: and looking upon that action which he was ordered to do, as full of dishonour, he lost much of that patience of which naturally he was master; and beseeched any that would to shoot him through the head,'—poor Baillie! 'At length having something composed himself, and being much solicited by the officers that were by him, he wrote to Cromwell.—I then told him, That so long as there was a resolution to fight, I would not go a foot from him; but now that they were to deliver themselves prisoners, I would preserve my liberty as long as I could: and so took my leave of him, carrying my wounded thigh away with me. I met immediately with Middleton; who sadly condoled the irrecoverable losses of the last two days. Within two hours after, Baillie and all the officers and soldiers that were left of the foot were Cromwell's prisoners. I got my wound dressed that morning by my own surgeon; and took from him those things I thought necessary for me; not knowing when I might see him again;—as indeed I never saw him after.'[1]

This was now the Saturday morning when Turner rode away, 'carrying his wounded thigh with him;' and got up to Hamilton and the vanguard of horse; who rode, aimless or as good as aimless henceforth, till he and they were captured at Uttoxeter, or in the neighbourhood. Monro with the *rear*-guard of horse, 'always a day's march behind,' hearing now what had befallen, instantly drew bridle; paused uncertain; then, in a marauding manner, rode back towards their own country.

Of which disastrous doings let us now read Cromwell's victorious account, drawn-up with more deliberation on the morrow after. 'This Gentleman,' who brings up the Letter, is Major Berry; 'once a Clerk in the Shropshire Iron-works;' now a very rising man. 'He had lived with me,' says Richard Baxter, 'as guest in my own house;' he has now high destinies before him,—which at last sink lower than ever.[2]

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.

'Warrington,' 20th Aug. 1648.

Sir,

I have sent up this Gentleman to give you an account of the great and good hand of God towards you, in the late victory obtained against the Enemy in these parts.

[1] Memoirs of his own Life and Times, by Sir James Turner (Edinburgh, 1829), pp. 63-7.
[2] Baxter's Life, pp. 57, 97, 58, 72.

After the conjunction of that Party which I brought with me out of Wales with the Northern Forces about Knaresborough and Wetherby,—hearing that the Enemy was advanced with their Army into Lancashire, we marched the next day, being the 13th of this instant August, to Otley (having cast-off our Train, and sent it to Knaresborough, because of the difficulty of marching therewith through Craven, and to the end we might with more expedition attend the Enemy's motion): and on the 14th to Skipton; the 15th to Gisburne; the 16th to Hodder Bridge over Ribble;[1] where we held a council of war. At which we had in consideration, Whether we should march to Whalley that night, and so on, to interpose between the Enemy and his farther progress into Lancashire and so southward,—which we had some advertisement the Enemy intended, and 'we are' since confirmed that they intended for London itself: Or whether to march immediately over the said Bridge, there being no other betwixt that and Preston, and there engage the Enemy,—who we did believe would stand his ground, because we had information that the Irish Forces under Monro lately come out of Ireland, which consisted of Twelve-hundred horse and Fifteen-hundred foot, were on their march towards Lancashire to join them.

It was thought that to engage the Enemy to fight was our business; and the reason aforesaid giving us hopes that our marching on the North side of Ribble would effect it, it was resolved we should march over the Bridge; which accordingly we did; and that night quartered the whole Army in the field by Stonyhurst Hall, being Mr. Sherburn's house, a place nine miles distant from Preston. Very early the next morning we marched towards Preston: having intelligence that the Enemy was drawing together thereabouts from all his out-quarters, we drew out a Forlorn of about two-hundred horse and four-hundred foot, the horse commanded by Major

[1] Over Hodder rather, which is the chief tributary of the Ribble in those upland parts, and little inferior to the main stream in size. Ribble from the Northeast, Hodder from the North, then a few miles farther, Calder from the South: after which Ribble pursues its old direction; draining an extensive hill-tract by means of frequent inconsiderable brooks, and receiving no notable stream on either side till, far down, the Darwen from the East and South falls in near Preston, and the united waters, now a respectable River, rush swiftly into the Irish Sea.

Smithson, the foot by Major Pownel. Our Forlorn of horse marched, within a mile 'to' where the Enemy was drawn up, —in the enclosed grounds by Preston, on that side next us; and there, upon a Moor, about half a mile distant from the Enemy's Army, met with their Scouts and Outguard; and did behave themselves with that valour and courage as made their Guards (which consisted both of horse and foot) to quit their ground; and took divers prisoners; holding this dispute with them until our Forlorn of foot came up for their justification; and by these we had opportunity to bring-up our whole Army.

So soon as our foot and horse were come up, we resolved that night to engage them if we could; and therefore, advancing with our Forlorn, and putting the rest of our Army into as good a posture as the ground would bear (which was totally inconvenient for our horse, being all enclosure and miry ground), we pressed upon them. The regiments of foot were ordered as followeth. There being a Lane, very deep and ill, up to the Enemy's Army, and leading to the Town, we commanded two regiments of horse, the first whereof was Colonel Harrison's and next was my own, to charge up that Lane; and on either side of them advanced the 'Main'-battle,—which were Lieutenant-Colonel Reade's, Colonel Dean's and Colonel Pride's on the right; Colonel Bright's and my Lord General's on the left; and Colonel Ashton with the Lancashire regiments in reserve. We ordered Colonel Thornhaugh's and Colonel Twistleton's regiments of horse on the right; and one regiment in reserve for the Lane; and the remaining horse on the left:—so that, at last, we came to a Hedge-dispute; the greatest of the impression from the Enemy being upon our left wing, and upon the 'Main'-battle on both sides the Lane, and upon our horse in the Lane: in all which places the Enemy were forced from their ground, after four-hours dispute;—until we came to the Town; into which four troops of my own regiment first entered; and, being well seconded by Colonel Harrison's regiment, charged the Enemy in the Town, and cleared the streets.

There came no band of your foot to fight that day but did

it with incredible valour and resolution; among which Colonel Bright's, my Lord General's, Lieutenant-Colonel Reade's and Colonel Ashton's had the greatest work; they often coming to push of pike and to close firing, and always making the Enemy to recoil. And indeed I must needs say, God was as much seen in the valour of the officers and soldiers of these before-mentioned as in any action that hath been performed; the Enemy making, though he was still worsted, very stiff and sturdy resistance. Colonel Dean's and Colonel Pride's, outwinging the Enemy, could not come to so much share of the action; the Enemy shogging[1] down towards the Bridge; and keeping almost all in reserve, that so he might bring fresh hands often to fight. Which we not knowing, and lest we should be outwinged, 'we' placed those two regiments to enlarge our right wing; this was the cause they had not at that time so great a share in that action.

At the last the Enemy was put into disorder; many men slain, many prisoners taken; the Duke, with most of the Scots horse and foot, retreated over the Bridge; where,—after a very hot dispute betwixt the Lancashire regiments, part of my Lord General's, and them, being often at push of pike,—they were beaten from the Bridge; and our horse and foot, following them, killed many and took divers prisoners; and we possessed the Bridge over Darwen 'also,' and a few houses there; the Enemy being driven up within musket-shot of us where we lay that night,[2]—we not being able to attempt farther upon the Enemy, the night preventing us. In this posture did the Enemy and we lie most part of that night. Upon entering the Town, many of the Enemy's horse fled towards Lancaster; in the chase of whom went divers of our horse, who pursued them near ten miles, and had execution of them, and took about five-hundred horse and many prisoners. We possessed in this Fight very much of the Enemy's ammunition; I believe they lost four or five thousand arms. The

[1] *Shog* is from the same root as *shock*; 'shogging,' a word of Oliver's, in such cases signifies moving by pulses, intermittently. Ribble Bridge lay on the Scotch right: Dean and Pride, therefore, who fought on the English right, got gradually less and less to do.

[2] The Darwen between us and them.

number of slain we judge to be about a thousand; the prisoners we took were about four-thousand.

In the night the Duke was drawing-off his Army towards Wigan; we were so wearied with the dispute that we did not so well attend the Enemy's going off as might have been; by means whereof the Enemy was gotten at least three miles with his rear before ours got to them. I ordered Colonel Thornhaugh to command two or three regiments of horse to follow the Enemy, if it were possible to make him stand till we could bring up the Army. The Enemy marched away seven or eight thousand foot and about four-thousand horse; we followed him with about three-thousand foot and two-thousand five-hundred horse and dragoons; and, in this prosecution, that worthy gentleman, Colonel Thornhaugh, pressing too boldly, was slain, being run into the body and thigh and head by the Enemy's lancers.[1] And give me leave to say, he was a man as faithful and gallant in your service as any; and one who often heretofore lost blood in your quarrel, and now his last. He hath left some behind him to inherit a Father's honour; and a sad Widow;—both now the interest of the Commonwealth.

Our horse still prosecuted the Enemy; killing and taking divers all the way. At last the Enemy drew-up within three miles of Wigan; and by that time our Army was come up, they drew-off again, and recovered Wigan before we could attempt anything upon them. We lay that night in the field close by the Enemy; being very dirty and weary, and having marched twelve miles of such ground as I never rode in all my life, the day being very wet. We had some skirmishing, that night, with the Enemy, near the Town; where we took General Van Druske and a Colonel, and killed some principal Officers, and took about a hundred prisoners; where I also received a Letter from Duke Hamilton, for civil usage towards his kinsman Colonel Hamilton,[2] whom he left wounded there. We

[1] 'Run through with a lancier in Chorley, he wanting his arms,' says Hodgson. For 'arms,' read 'armour,' corslet, &c. This is the Colonel Thornhaugh so often mentioned, praised and mourned for, by Mrs. Hutchinson.

[2] Claud Hamilton; see Turner, supra. Who 'Van Druske' is, none knows. 'Colonel Hurry' is the ever-changing Sir John Hurry, sometimes called Urry and Hurrey, who whisks like a most rapid actor of all work, ever on a new side, ever charging in the van,

took also Colonel Hurry and Lieutenant-Colonel Innes, sometimes in your service. The next morning the Enemy marched towards Warrington, and we at the heels of them. The Town of Wigan, a great and poor Town, and very Malignant, were plundered almost to their skins by them.

We could not engage the Enemy until we came within three miles of Warrington; and there the Enemy made a stand, at a place near Winwick. We held them in some dispute till our Army came up; they maintaining the Pass with great resolution for many hours; ours and theirs coming to push of pike and very close charges,—which forced us to give ground; but our men, by the blessing of God, quickly recovered it, and charging very home upon them, beat them from their standing; where we killed about a thousand of them, and took, as we believe, about two thousand prisoners; and prosecuted them home to Warrington Town; where they possessed the Bridge, which had a strong barricado and a work upon it, formerly made very defensive. As soon as we came thither, I received a message from General Baillie, desiring some capitulation. To which I yielded. Considering the strength of the Pass, and that I could not go over the River 'Mersey' within ten miles of Warrington with the Army, I gave him these terms: That he should surrender himself and all his officers and soldiers prisoners of war, with all his arms and ammunition and horses, to me; I giving quarter for life, and promising civil usage. Which accordingly is done: and the Commissioners deputed by me have received, and are receiving, all the arms and ammunition; which will be, as they tell me, about Four-thousand complete arms; and as many prisoners: and thus you have their Infantry totally ruined. What Colonels and Officers are with General Baillie, I have not yet received the list.

The Duke is marching with his remaining Horse, which are about three-thousand, towards Nantwich; where the Gentle-

through this Civil-War Drama. The notablest feat he ever did was leading Prince Rupert on that marauding party, from Oxford to High Wycombe, on the return from which Hampden met his death (Clarendon, ii. 351). Hurry had been on the Parliament-side before. He was taken, at last, when Montrose was taken; and hanged out of the way. Of Innes ('Ennis,') I know nothing at present.

men of the County have taken about five-hundred of them; of which they sent me word this day. The country will scarce suffer any of my men to pass, except they have my hand-'writing;' telling them, They are Scots. They bring in and kill divers of them, as they light upon them. Most of the Nobility of Scotland are with the Duke. If I had a thousand horse that could but trot thirty miles, I should not doubt but to give a very good account of them: but truly we are so harassed and haggled-out in this business, that we are not able to do more than walk 'at' an easy pace after them.—I have sent post to my Lord Grey, to Sir Henry Cholmely and Sir Edward Rhodes, to gather all together, with speed, for their prosecution; as likewise to acquaint the Governor of Stafford therewith.

I hear Monro is about Cumberland with the horse that ran away,[1] and his 'own' Irish horse and foot, which are a considerable body. I have left Colonel Ashton's three regiments of foot, with seven troops of horse (six of Lancashire and one of Cumberland), at Preston; and ordered Colonel Scroop with five troops of horse and two troops of dragoons, 'and' with two regiments of foot (Colonel Lascelles's and Colonel Wastell's), to embody with them; and have ordered them to put their prisoners to the sword if the Scots shall presume to advance upon them, because they cannot bring them off with security.[2]

Thus you have a Narrative of the particulars of the success which God hath given you: which I could hardly at this time have done, considering the multiplicity of business; but truly, when I was once engaged in it, I could hardly tell how to say less, there being so much of God in it; and I am not willing to say more, lest there should seem to be any of man. Only give me leave to add one word, showing the disparity of forces on both sides; that so you may see, and all the world acknowledge, the great hand of God in this business. The Scots Army could not be less than twelve-thousand effective

[1] Northward from Preston on the evening of the 17th, the Battle-day.

[2] It is to be hoped the Scots under Monro will not presume to advance, for the prisoners here in Preston are about four-thousand! These are not Baillie's Warrington men 'who surrendered on quarter for life;' these are 'at discretion.'

foot, well armed, and five-thousand horse ; Langdale not less than two-thousand five-hundred foot, and fifteen-hundred horse : in all Twenty-one Thousand ;—and truly very few of their foot but were as well armed if not better than yours, and at divers disputes did fight two or three hours before they would quit their ground. Yours were about two-thousand five-hundred horse and dragoons of your old Army ; about four-thousand foot of your old Army ; also about sixteen-hundred Lancashire foot, and about five-hundred Lancashire horse : in all, about Eight-thousand Six-hundred. You see by computation about two-thousand of the Enemy slain ; betwixt eight and nine thousand prisoners ; besides what are lurking in hedges and private places, which the Country daily bring in or destroy. Where Langdale and his broken forces are, I know not ; but they are exceedingly shattered.

Surely, Sir, this is nothing but the hand of God ; and wherever anything in this world is exalted, or exalts itself, God will pull it down ; for this is the day wherein He alone will be exalted. It is not fit for me to give advice, nor to say a word what use you should make of this ;—more than to pray you, and all that acknowledge God, That they would exalt Him,—and not hate His people, who are as the apple of His eye, and for whom even Kings shall be reproved ; and that you would take courage to do the work of the Lord, in fulfilling the end of your Magistracy, in seeking the peace and welfare of this Land,—that all that will live peaceably may have countenance from you, and they that are incapable and will not leave troubling the Land may speedily be destroyed out of the Land. And if you take courage in this, God will bless you ; and good men will stand by you ; and God will have glory, and the Land will have happiness by you in despite of all your enemies. Which shall be the prayer of, your most humble and faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Postscript. We have not, in all this, lost a considerable Officer but Colonel Thornhaugh ; and not many soldiers, con-

sidering the service: but many are wounded, and our horse much wearied. I humbly crave that some course may be taken to dispose of the Prisoners. The trouble, and extreme charge of the Country where they lie, is more than the danger of their escape. I think they would not go home if they might, without a convoy; they are so fearful of the Country, from whom they have deserved so ill. Ten men will keep a thousand from running away.[1]

Commons Journals, *Wednesday* 23*d August* 1648: '*Ordered*, That the sum of Two-hundred Pounds be bestowed upon Major Berry, and the sum of One-hundred Pounds upon Edward Sexby, who brought the very good news of the very great Success obtained, by the great mercy of God, against the whole Scots Army in Lancashire, and That the said respective sums shall be'—in short, paid directly. Of Major Berry, Richard Baxter's friend, we have already heard. Captain Edward Sexby, here known to us as Captain for the first time,—did we not once see him in another character? One of Three Troopers with a Letter, in the Honourable House, in the time of the Army Troubles?[2] He will again turn up, little to his advantage, by and by. A Day of universal Thanksgiving for this 'wonderful great Success' is likewise ordered; and a printed schedule of items to be thankful for is despatched, 'to the number of 10,000,' into all places.[3]

LETTER LXV.

LET the following hasty Letter, of the same date with that more deliberate one to Lenthall, followed by another as hasty, terminate the Preston Business. Letters of hot Haste, of Hue-and-Cry; two remaining out of many such, written 'to all the Countries,' in that posture of affairs;—the fruit of which we shall soon see. Colonels 'Cholmely, White, Hatcher, Rhodes,' Country Colonels of more or less celebrity, need not detain us at present.

For the Honourable the Committee at York: These.

Warrington, 20th Aug. 1648.

'GENTLEMEN,'

We have quite tired our horses in pursuit of the Enemy: we have killed, taken and disabled all their Foot;

[1] Chetham-Society Book, ut supra, pp. 259–267.

[2] Vol. i. p. 242; and Ludlow, i. 189.

[3] Commons Journals, v. 685.

and left them only some Horse, with whom the Duke is fled into Delamere Forest, having neither Foot nor Dragooners. They have taken Five-hundred of them,—I mean the Country Forces 'have,' as they send me word this day.

They [1] are so tired, and in such confusion, that if my Horse could but trot after them, I could take them all. But we are so weary, we can scarce be able to do more than walk after them. I beseech you therefore, let Sir Henry Cholmely, Sir Edward Rhodes, Colonel Hatcher, and Colonel White, and all the Countries about you, be sent to, to rise with you and follow them. For they are the miserablest party that ever was: I durst engage myself, with Five-hundred fresh Horse, and Five-hundred nimble Foot, to destroy them all. My Horse are miserably beaten out;—and I have Ten-thousand of them Prisoners.

We have killed we know not what; but a very great number; having done execution upon them above thirty miles together,—besides what we killed in the Two great Fights, the one at Preston, the other at Warrington 'or Winwick Pass.' The Enemy was Twenty-four-thousand horse and foot; whereof Eighteen-thousand foot and Six-thousand horse: and our number about Six-thousand foot and Three-thousand horse at the utmost.

This is a glorious Day:—God help England to answer His mercies!—I have no more; but beseech you in all your parts to gather into bodies, and pursue. I rest, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' The greatest part, by far, of the Nobility of Scotland are with Duke Hamilton.[2]

LETTER LXVI.

'*For the Honourable the Committee at York: These.*'

Wigan, 23d Aug. 1648.

GENTLEMEN,

I have intelligence even now come to my hands, That Duke Hamilton with a weary Body of Horse is drawing

[1] The Scots. [2] Copy in the possession of W. Beaumont, Esq. Warrington.

towards Pontefract; where probably he may lodge himself, and rest his Horse;—as not daring to continue in those Countries whence we have driven him; the Country-people rising in such numbers, and stopping his passage at every bridge.

Major-General Lambert, with a very considerable force, pursues him at the heels. I desire you that you would get together what force you can, to put a stop to any farther designs they may have; and so be ready to join with Major-General Lambert, if there shall be need. I am marching Northward with the greatest part of the Army; where I shall be glad to hear from you. I rest, your very affectionate friend and servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

I could wish you would draw-out whatever force you have; either to be in his rear or to impede his march. For I am persuaded, if he, or the greatest part of those that are with him be taken, it would make an end of the Business of Scotland.[1]

This Letter, carelessly printed in the old Newspaper, is without address; but we learn that it 'came to my hands this present afternoon,' 'at York,' 26th August 1648;—whither also truer rumours, truer news, as to Hamilton and his affairs, are on the road.

On Friday 25th, at Uttoxeter in Staffordshire, the poor Duke of Hamilton, begirt with enemies, distracted with mutinies and internal discords, surrenders and ceases; 'very ill, and unable to march.' 'My Lord Duke and Calendar,' says Dalgetty, 'fell out and were at very high words at supper, where I was,' the night before; 'each blaming the other for the misfortune and miscarriage of our affairs:' a sad employment! Dalgetty himself went prisoner to Hull; lay long with Colonel Robert Overton, an acquaintance of ours there. 'As we rode from Uttoxeter, we made a stand at the Duke's window; and he looking out with some kind words, we took our eternal farewell of him,'—never saw him more. He died on the scaffold for this business; being Earl of Cambridge, and an *English* Peer as well as Scotch:—the unhappiest of men;

[1] Newspaper, Packets of Letters from Scotland and the North, No. 24 (London, printed by Robert Ibbitson in Smithfield, 29th August 1648).— —See, in Appendix, No. 12, Letter of same date to Derby-House Committee, requesting supplies (Note of 1857).

one of those 'singularly able men' who, with all their 'ability,' have never succeeded in any enterprise whatever!—

Colchester Siege, one of the most desperate defences, being now plainly without object, terminates on Monday next.[1] Surrender, 'on quarter' for the inferior parties, 'at discretion' for the superior. Two of the latter, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, gallant Officers both, are sentenced and shot on the place. 'By Ireton's instigation,' say some: yes, or without any special instigation; merely by the nature of the case! They who, contrary to Law and Treaty, have again involved this Nation in blood, do they deserve nothing?—Two more, Goring and Lord Capel, stood trial at Westminster; of whom Lord Capel lost his head. He was 'the first man that rose to complain of Grievances' in November 1640; being then Mr. Capel, and Member for Hertfordshire.

The Prince with his Fleet in the Downs, too, so soon as these Lancashire tidings reached him, made off for Holland; 'entered the Hague in thirty coaches,' and gave-up his military pursuits. The Second Civil War, its back once broken here at Preston, rapidly dies everywhere; is already as good as dead.

In Scotland itself there is no farther resistance. The oppressed Kirk Party rise rather, and almost thank the conquerors. 'Sir George Monro,' says Turner, 'following constantly a whole day's march to the rear of us,' finding himself, by this unhappy Battle, cut asunder from my Lord Duke, and brought into contact with Cromwell instead,—'marched straight back to Scotland and joined with Earl Lanark's forces,' my Lord Duke's brother. '*Straight* back,' as we shall find, is not the word for this march.

'But so soon as the news of our Defeat came to Scotland,' continues Turner, 'Argyle and the Kirk Party rose in arms; every mother's son; and this was called the "*Whiggamore* Raid:"' 1648,—first appearance of the Whig Party on the page of History, I think! 'David Lesley was at their head, and old Leven,' the Fieldmarshal of 1639, 'in the Castle of Edinburgh; who *cannonaded* the Royal' Hamilton 'troops whenever they came in view of him!'[2]

Cromwell proceeds northward, goes at last to Edinburgh itself, to compose this strange state of matters.

[1] 28th August, Rushworth, vii. 1242.

[2] Turner, ubi supra; Guthry's Memoirs (Glasgow, 1748), p. 285.

LETTERS LXVII.—LXXIX.

Monro with the rearward of Hamilton's beaten Army did not march '*straight* back' to Scotland, as Turner told us, but very obliquely back; lingering for several weeks on the South side of the Border; collecting remnants of English, Scotch, and even Irish Malignants, not without hopes of raising a new Army from them, —cruelly spoiling those Northern Counties in the interim. Cromwell, waiting first till Lambert with the forces sent in pursuit of Hamilton can rejoin the main Army, moves Northward, to deal with these broken parties, and with broken Scotland generally. The following Thirteen Letters bring him as far as Edinburgh: whither let us now attend him with such lights as they yield.

LETTER LXVII.

Oliver St. John, a private friend, and always officially an important man, always on the Committee of Both Kingdoms, Derby-House Committee, or whatever the governing Authority might be, —finds here a private Note for himself; one part of which is very strange to us. Does the reader look with any intelligence into that poor old prophetic, symbolic Deathbed-scene at Preston? Any intelligence of Prophecy and Symbol in general; of the symbolic Man-child *Mahershalal-hashbaz* at Jerusalem, or the handful of Cut Grass at Preston;—of the opening Portals of Eternity, and what last departing gleams there are in the Soul of the pure and just?—Mahershalal-hashbaz ('Hasten-to-the-spoil,' so-called), and the bundle of Cut Grass are grown somewhat strange to us! Read; and having sneered duly,—consider:

For my worthy Friend Oliver St. John, Esquire, Solicitor-General: These, at Lincoln's Inn.

Knaresborough, 1st Sept. '1648.'

Dear Sir,

I can say nothing; but surely the Lord our God is a great and glorious God. He only is worthy to be feared and trusted, and His appearances particularly to be waited for. He will not fail His People. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord!—

Remember my love to my dear brother H. Vane: I pray he

make not too little, nor I too much, of outward dispensations: —God preserve us all, that we, in simplicity of our spirits, may patiently attend upon them. Let us all be not careful what men will make of these actings. They, will they, nill they, shall fulfil the good pleasure of God; and we—shall serve our generations. Our rest we expect elsewhere: that will be durable. Care we not for to-morrow, nor for anything. This Scripture has been of great stay to me: read *Isaiah* Eighth, 10, 11, 14;—read all the Chapter.[1]

I am informed from good hands, that a poor godly man died in Preston, the day before the Fight; and being sick, near the hour of his death, he desired the woman that cooked to him, To fetch him a handful of Grass. She did so; and when he received it, he asked Whether it would wither or not, now it was cut? The woman said, "Yea." He replied, "So should this Army of the Scots do, and come to nothing, so soon as ours did but appear," or words to this effect; and so immediately died.— —

My service to Mr. W. P., Sir J. E., and the rest of our good friends. I hope I do often remember you. Yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My service to Frank Russel and Sir Gilbert Pickering.[2]

'Sir J. E.,' when he received this salutation, was palpable enough; but has now melted away to the Outline of a Shadow! I guess him to he Sir John Evelyn of Wilts; and, with greater confidence, 'Mr. W. P.' to be William Pierpoint, Earl of Kingston's Son, a man of superior faculty, of various destiny and business, 'called in the Family traditions, *Wise William;*' Ancestor of the Dukes of Kingston (Great-grandfather of that *Lady Mary*, whom as *Wortley Montagu* all readers still know); and much a friend of Oliver, as we shall transiently see.

[1] Yes, the indignant symbolic 'Chapter,' about Mahershalal-hashbaz, and the vain desires of the wicked, is all worth reading: here are the Three Verses referred to, more especially: 'Take counsel together,' ye unjust, 'and it shall come to naught; speak the word, and it shall not stand. For God is with us.—Sanctify the Lord of Hosts; and let Him be your fear, and let Him be your dread. And He shall be for a sanctuary:—but for a stone of stumbling and for a rock of offence to both the Houses of Israel; for a gin and for a snare to the inhabitants of Jerusalem! And many among them shall stumble and fall, and be broken, and be snared, and be taken.' This last verse, we find, is often in the thoughts of Oliver.

[2] Ayscough MSS. 4107, f. 94; a Copy by Birch.

LETTER LXVIII.

ANOTHER private Letter: to my Lord Wharton; to congratulate him on some 'particular mercy,' seemingly the birth of an heir, and to pour out his sense of these great general mercies. This Philip Lord Wharton is also of the Committee of Derby House, the Executive in those months; it is probable[1] Cromwell had been sending despatches to them, and had hastily enclosed these private Letters in the Packet.

Philip Lord Wharton seems to have been a zealous Puritan, much concerned with Preachers, Chaplains &c. in his domestic establishment; and full of Parliamentary and Politico-religious business in public. He had a regiment of his own raising at Edgehill Fight; but it was one of those that ran away; whereupon the unhappy Colonel took refuge 'in a sawpit,'—says Royalism confidently, crowing over it without end.[2] A quarrel between him and Sir Henry Mildmay, Member for Malden, about Sir Henry's saying, "He Wharton had made his peace at Oxford" in November 1643, is noted in the Commons Journals, iii. 300. It was to him, about the time of this Cromwell Letter, that one Osborne, a distracted King's flunky, had written, accusing Major Rolf, a soldier under Hammond, of attempting to poison Charles in the Isle of Wight.[3]—This Philip's patrimonial estate, *Wharton*, still a Manor-house of somebody, lies among the Hills on the southwest side of Westmoreland; near the sources of the Eden, the Swale rising on the other watershed not far off. He seems, however, to have dwelt at Upper Winchington, Bucks, 'a seat near Great Wycombe.' He lived to be a Privy Councillor to William of Orange.[4] He died in 1696. Take this other anecdote, once a very famous one:

'James Stewart of Blantyre, in Scotland, son of a Treasurer Stewart, and himself a great favourite of King James, was a gallant youth; came up to London with great hopes: but a discord falling out between him and the young Lord Wharton, they went out to single combat each against the other; and at the first thrust each of them killed the other, and they fell 'dead in one another's arms on the place.'[5] The 'place' was Islington fields; the date 8th November 1609. The tragedy gave rise to much

[1] Commons Journals, vi. 6, 5th September.
[2] Wood's Athenæ, iii. 177, and in all manner of Pamphlets elsewhere.
[3] Wood, iii. 501; Pamphlets; Commons Journals, &c.
[4] Wood, iv. 407, 542; Fasti, i. 335; Nicolas's Synopsis of the Peerage.
[5] Scotstarvet's Staggering State (Edinb. 1754, a very curious little Book), p. 32.

ballad-singing and other rumour.[1] Our Philip is that slain Wharton's Nephew.

This Letter has been preserved by Thurloe; four blank spaces ornamented with due asterisks occur in it,—Editor Birch does not inform us whether from tearing-off the Seal, or why. In these blank spaces the conjectural sense, which I distinguish here as usual by commas, is occasionally somewhat questionable.

For the Right Honourable the Lord Wharton: These.

My Lord, 'Knaresborough,' 2d Sept. 1648.

You know how untoward I am at this business of writing; yet a word. I beseech the Lord make us sensible of this great mercy here, which surely was much more than 'the sense of it' the House expresseth.[2] I trust 'to have, through' the goodness of our God, time and opportunity to speak of it to you face to face. When we think of our God, what are we! Oh, His mercy to the whole society of saints,—despised, jeered saints! Let them mock on. Would we were all saints! The best of us are, God knows, poor weak saints;—yet saints; if not sheep, yet lambs; and must be fed. We have daily bread,[3] and shall have it, in despite of all enemies. There's enough in our Father's house, and He dispenseth it.[4] I think, through these outward mercies, as we call them, Faith, Patience, Love, Hope are exercised and perfected,—yea Christ formed, and grows to a perfect man within us. I know not well how to distingush: the difference is only in the subject, 'not in the object;' to a worldly man they are outward, to a saint Christian;—but I dispute not.

My Lord, I rejoice in your particular mercy. I hope that it is so to you. If so, it shall not hurt you; not make you plot or shift for the young Baron to make him great. You will say, "He is God's to dispose of, and guide for;" and there you will leave him.

[1] Bibliotheca Topographica, No. xlix.

[2] The House calls it 'a wonderful great mercy and success,' this Preston victory (Commons Journals, v. 680);—and then passes on to other matters, not quite adequately conscious that its life had been saved hereby! What fire was blazing, and how high, in Wales, and then in Lancashire, is known only in perfection to those that trampled it out.

[3] Spiritual food, encouragement of merciful Providence, from day to day.

[4] There follows here in the Birch edition: 'As our eyes' [seven stars] 'behinde, then wee can' [seven stars] 'we for him:' words totally unintelligible, and not worth guessing at, the original not being here, but only Birch's questionable reading of it.

My love to the dear little Lady, better 'to me' than the child. The Lord bless you both. My love and service to all Friends high and low; if you will, to my Lord and Lady Mulgrave and Will Hill. I am truly, your faithful friend and humblest servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

During these very days, perhaps it was exactly two days after, 'on Monday last,' if that mean 4th September,[2]—Monro, lying about Appleby, has a party of horse 'sent into the Bishopric;' firing 'divers houses' thereabouts, and not forgetting to plunder 'the Lord Wharton's tenants' by the road: Cromwell penetrating towards Berwick, yet still at a good distance, scatters this and other predatory parties rapidly enough to Appleby,—as it were by the very wind of him; like a coming mastiff smelt in the gale by vermin. They are swifter than he, and get to Scotland, by their dexterity and quick scent, unscathed. 'Across to Kelso,' about September 8th.[3]

Mulgrave in those years is a young Edmund Sheffield, of whom, except that he came afterwards to sit in the Council of State, and died a few days before the Protector, History knows not much.—'Will Hill' is perhaps William Hill, a Puritan Merchant in London, ruined out of 'a large estate' by lending for the public service; who, this Summer, and still in this very month, is dunning the Lords and Commons, the Lords with rather more effect, to try if they cannot give him some kind of payment, or shadow of an attempt at payment,—he having long lain in jail for want of his money. A zealous religious, and now destitute and insolvent man; known to Oliver;—and suggests himself along with the Mulgraves by the contrast of 'Friends high and low.' Poor Hill did, after infinite struggling, get some kind of snack at the Bishops' Lands by and by.[4]

The 'young Baron' now born is father, I suppose,—he or his brother is father,[5]—of the far-famed high-gifted half-delirious Duke of Wharton.

On the 8th of September, Cromwell is at Durham,[6] scaring the Monro fraternity before him; and publishes the following

[1] Thurloe, i. 99. [2] Cromwelliana, p. 45. [3] Rushworth, vii. 1250, 3, 9, 60.

[4] Commons Journals, vi. 29, 243.

[5] He, Thomas, the one now born; subsequently Marquis, and a man otherwise of distinction; who 'died 12th April 1715, in the 67th year of his age:' Boyer's Political State of Great Britain (April 1715, London), p. 305. (Note to Third Edition: communicated by Mr. T. Watts of the British Museum.)

[6] Commons Journals, vii. 1260.

DECLARATION.

Whereas the Scottish Army, under the command of James Duke of Hamilton, which lately invaded this Nation of England, is, by the blessing of God upon the Parliament's Forces, defeated and overthrown ; and some thousands of their soldiers and officers are now prisoners in our hands ; so that by reason of their great number, and want of sufficient guards and watches to keep them so carefully as need requires (the Army being employed upon other duty and service of the Kingdom), divers may escape away ; and many, both since and upon the pursuit, do lie in private places in the country :

I thought it very just and necessary to give notice to all, and accordingly to declare, That if any Scottishmen, officers or soldiers, lately members of the said Scottish Army, and taken or escaped in or since the late Fight and pursuit, shall be found straggling in the countries, or running away from the places assigned them to remain in till the pleasure of the Parliament, or of his Excellency the Lord General be known, —It will be accounted a very good and acceptable service to the Country and Kingdom of England, for any person or persons to take and apprehend all such Scottishmen ; and to carry them to any Officer having the charge of such prisoners ; or, in defect of such Officer, to the Committee or Governor of the next Garrison for the Parliament within the County where they shall be so taken ; there to be secured and kept in prison, as shall be found most convenient.

And the said Committee, Officer, or Governor respectively, are desired to secure such of the said prisoners as shall be so apprehended and brought unto them, accordingly. And if any of the said Scottish officers or soldiers shall make any resistance, and refuse to be taken or render themselves, all such persons well-affected to the service of the Parliament and Kingdom of England, may and are desired to fall upon, fight with, and slay such refusers : but if the said prisoners shall continue and remain within the places and guards assigned

for the keeping of them, That then no violence, wrong, nor injury be offered to them by any means.

Provided also, and special care is to be taken, That no Scottishman residing within this Kingdom, and not having been a member of the said Army, and also, That none such of the said Scottish prisoners as shall have liberty given them, and sufficient passes to go to any place appointed, may be interrupted or troubled hereby. OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

'Durham,' 8th September 1648.

LETTER LXIX.

FAIRFAX is still at Colchester, arranging the 'ransoms,' and confused wrecks of the Siege there; Cromwell has now reached Berwick,[2] at least his outposts have,—all the Monroes now fairly across the Tweed. 'Lieutenant-Colonel Cowell,' I conclude, was mortally wounded at Preston Battle; and here has the poor Widow been, soliciting and lamenting.

For his Excellency the Lord Fairfax, General of all the Parliament's Armies: These.

'Alnwick,' 11th Sept. 1648.

MY LORD,

Since we lost Lieutenant-Colonel Cowell, his Wife came to me near Northallerton, much lamenting her loss, and the sad condition she and her children were left in.

He was an honest worthy man. He spent himself in your and the Kingdom's service. He being a great Trader in London, deserted it to serve the Kingdom. He lost much moneys to the State; and I believe few outdid him. He had a great arrear due to him. He left a Wife and three small children but meanly provided for. Upon his deathbed, he commended this desire to me, That I should befriend his to the Parliament or to your Excellency. His Wife will attend you for Letters to the Parliament; which I beseech you to take into a tender consideration.

I beseech you to pardon this boldness to, your Excellency's most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 46). [2] Rushworth, vii. 125.
[3] Lansdowne MSS. 1236, fol. 85.

On the 19th June 1649, 'Widow Cowell' is ordered to be paid her Husband's Arrears by the Committee at Haberdashers' Hall.[1] One hopes she received payment, poor woman! 'Upon his death-bed her Husband commended this desire to *me*.'

In the very hours while this Letter is a-writing, 'Monday 11th September 1648,' Monro, now joined with the Earl of Lanark, presents himself at Edinburgh: but the Whiggamore Raid, all the force of the West Country, 6,000 strong, is already there; 'draws out on the crags be-east the Town,' old Leven in the Castle ready to fire withal; and will not let him enter. Lanark and Monro, after sad survey of the inaccessible armed crags, bend westward, keeping well out of the range of Leven's guns,—to Stirling; meet Argyle and the Whiggamores, make some Treaty or Armistice, and admit *them* to be the real 'Committee of Estates,' the Hamilton Faction having ended.[2] Here are Three Letters, Two of one date, directly on the back of these occurrences.

LETTER LXX.

For the Governor of Berwick: These.

Alnwick, 15th Sept. 1648.

SIR,

Being come thus near, I thought fit to demand the Town of Berwick to be delivered into my hands, to the use of the Parliament and Kingdom of England, to whom of right it belongeth.

I need not use any arguments to convince you of the justice hereof. The witness that God hath borne against your Army, in their Invasion of those who desired to sit in peace by you, doth at once manifest His dislike of the injury done to a Nation that meant you no harm, but hath been all along desirous to keep amity and brotherly affection and agreement with you.

If you deny me in this, we must make a second appeal to God, putting ourselves upon Him, in endeavouring to obtain our rights, and let Him be judge between us. And if our aim be anything beyond what we profess, He will requite it.

[1] Commons Journals, vi. 227. [2] Guthry, pp. 288-97.

If farther trouble ensue upon your denial, we trust He will make our innocency to appear.

I expect your answer to this summons, this day, and rest, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Ludovic Lesley, the Scotch Governor of Berwick, returns 'a dilatory answer,' not necessary for us to read. Here is a more important message:

LETTER LXXI.

For the Right Honourable the Lord Marquis of Argyle, and the rest of the well-affected Lords, Gentlemen, Ministers and People now in arms in the Kingdom of Scotland: Present.

'Near Berwick,' 16th September 1648.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Being (in prosecution of the common Enemy) advanced, with the Army under my command, to the borders of Scotland, I thought fit, to prevent any misapprehension or prejudice that might be raised thereupon, to send your Lordships these Gentlemen, Colonel Bright, Scoutmaster-General Rowe, and Mr. Stapylton, to acquaint you with the reasons thereof: concerning which I desire your Lordships to give them credence. I remain, my Lords, your very humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

Colonel Bright and Scoutmaster Rowe are persons that often occur, though somewhat undistinguishably, in the Old Pamphlets. Bright, in the end of this month, was sent over, 'from Berwick' apparently, to take possession of Carlisle, now ready to surrender to us.[3] 'Scoutmaster' is the Chief of the Corps of 'Guides,' as soldiers now call them. As to Stapylton or Stapleton, we have to remark that, besides Sir Philip Stapleton, the noted Member for Boroughbridge, and one of the Eleven, who is now banished and dead, there is a Bryan Stapleton now Member for Aldborough; he in January last[4] was Commissioner to Scotland: but this present Stapleton is still another. Apparently, one Robert Stapylton;

[1] Lords Journals (in Parliamentary History, xvii. 485). [2] Thurloe, i. 100.
[3] Cromwelliana, p. 48. [4] Commons Journals, v. 442; Whitlocke, p. 290.

a favourite Chaplain of Cromwell's; an Army-Preacher, a man of weight and eminence in that character. From his following in the rear of the Colonel and the Scoutmaster, instead of taking precedence in the Lieutenant-General's Letter, as an M.P. would have done, we may infer that this Reverend Robert Stapylton is the Cromwell Messenger,—sent to speak a word to the Clergy in particular.

Scoutmaster Rowe, William Rowe, appears with an enlarged sphere of influence, presiding over the Cromwell spy-world in a very diligent, expert and almost respectable manner, some years afterwards, in the *Milton State-Papers*. His counsel might be useful with Argyle; his experienced eye, at any rate, might take a glance of the Scottish Country, with advantage to an invading General.

Of the Reverend Mr. Stapylton's proceedings on this occasion we have no notice: but he will occur afterwards in these Letters; and two years hence, on Cromwell's second visit to those Northern parts, we find this recorded: 'Last Lord's Day,' 29th September 1650, 'Mr. Stapylton preached in the High Church' of Edinburgh, while we were mining the Castle!—'forenoon and afternoon, before his Excellency with his Officers; where was a great concourse of people; many Scots expressing much affection at the doctrine, in their usual way of groans.'[1] In their usual way of groans, while Mr. Stapylton held forth: consider that!—Mr. Robert, 'at 10 o'clock at night on the 3d September' next year, writes, 'from the other side of Severn,' a copious despatch concerning the Battle of Worcester,[2] and then disappears from History.

The following Letter, of the same date, was brought by the same Messengers for the Committee of Estates.

LETTER LXXII.

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates for the Kingdom of Scotland: These.

'Near Berwick,' 16th Sept. 1648.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

Being upon my approach to the borders of the Kingdom of Scotland, I thought fit to acquaint you of the reason thereof.

It is well known how injuriously the Kingdom of England

[1] Cromwelliana, p. 92. [2] Ibid. p. 113.

was lately invaded by the Army under Duke Hamilton; contrary to the Covenant and 'to' our leagues of amity, and against all the engagements of love and brotherhood between the two Nations. And notwithstanding the pretence of your late Declaration,[1] published to take with the people of this Kingdom, the Commons of England in Parliament Assembled declared the said Army so entering, Enemies to the Kingdom; and those of England who should adhere to them, Traitors. And having[2] received command to march with a considerable part of their Army, to oppose so great a violation of faith and justice,—what a witness God, being appealed to,[3] hath borne, upon the engagement of the two Armies, against the unrighteousness of man, not only yourselves, but this Kingdom, yea and a great part of the known world will, I trust, acknowledge. How dangerous a thing is it to wage an unjust war; much more, to appeal to God the Righteous Judge therein! We trust He will persuade you better by this manifest token of His displeasure; lest His hand be stretched out yet more against you, and your poor People also, if they will be deceived.

That which I am to demand of you is, The restitution of the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle into my hands, for the use of the Parliament and Kingdom of England. If you deny me herein, I must make our appeal to God; and call upon Him for assistance, in what way He shall direct us;—wherein we are, and shall be, so far from seeking the harm of the well-affected people of the Kingdom of Scotland, that we profess as before the Lord, That (what difference an Army, necessitated in a hostile way to recover the ancient rights and inheritance of the Kingdom under which they serve, can make[4]) we shall use our endeavours to the utmost that the trouble may fall upon the contrivers and authors of this breach, and not upon the poor innocent people, who have been led and compelled into this action, as many poor souls now prisoners to us confess.

[1] To be found in Rushworth; read it not!

[2] The grammar requires 'I having,' but the physiognomy of the sentence requires nothing.

[3] on Preston Moor.

[4] Means: 'so far as an Army, necessitated to vindicate its country by War, can make a discrimination.' The 'ancient rights and inheritance' are the right to choose our own King or No-King, and so forth.

We thought ourselves bound in duty thus to expostulate with you, and thus to profess; to the end we may bear our integrity out before the world, and may have comfort in God, whatever the event be.

Desiring your answer, I rest, your Lordships' humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

The troubles of Scotland are coming thick. The 'Engagers,' those that 'engaged' with Hamilton, are to be condemned; then, before long, come 'Resolutioners' and 'Protesters;' and in the wreck of the Hamilton-Argyle discussions, and general cunctations, —all men desiring to say Yes *and* No instead of Yes *or* No,— Royalism and Presbyterianism alike are disastrously sinking.

The Lordships here addressed as 'Committee of Estates' can make no answer, for they do not now exist as *Committee of Estates*;— Argyle and Company are now assuming that character: the shifting of the dresses, which occasions some complexity in those old Letters, is just going on. From Argyle and Company, however, who see in Cromwell their one sure stay, there are already on the road conciliatory congratulatory messages, by Lairds and Majors, 'from Falkirk,' where the Whiggamore Raid and Lanark are making their Armistice or Treaty. Whereupon follows, with suitably vague Superscription, for Argyle and Company:

LETTER LXXIII.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Loudon, Chancellor of the Kingdom of Scotland:

To be communicated to the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Burgesses now in arms,[2] who dissented in Parliament from the late Engagement against the Kingdom of England.

Cheswick,[3] 18th Sept. 1648.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

We received yours from Falkirk of the 15th September instant. We have had also a sight of your In-

[1] Thurloe, i. 100.

[2] 'The Whiggamore Raid,' as Turner calls it, now making a Treaty with Lanark, Monro, and the other Assignees of the bankrupt Hamilton concern. Expressly addressed, in the next Letter, as 'Committee of Estates,' *they* now.

[3] Cheswick, still a Manorhouse 'of the Family of Strangeways,' lies three or four miles south of Berwick, on the great road to Newcastle and London.

structions given to the Laird of Greenhead and Major Strahan; as also other two Papers concerning the Treaty between your Lordships and the Enemy; wherein your care of the interest of the Kingdom of England, for the delivery of the Towns [1] unjustly taken from them, and 'your' desire to preserve the unity of both Nations, appears. By which also we understand the posture you are in to oppose the Enemies of the welfare and the peace of both Kingdoms; for which we bless God for His goodness to you; and rejoice to see the power of the Kingdom of Scotland in a hopeful way to be invested in the hands of those who, we trust, are taught of God to seek His honour, and the comfort of His people.

And give us leave to say, as before the Lord, who knows the secrets of all hearts, That, as we think one especial end of Providence in permitting the enemies of God and Goodness in both Kingdoms to rise to that height, and exercise such tyranny over His people, was to show the necessity of Unity amongst those of both Nations, so we hope and pray that the late glorious dispensation, in giving so happy success against your and our Enemies in our victories, may be the foundation of Union of the People of God in love and amity. Unto that end we shall, God assisting, to the utmost of our power endeavour to perform what may be behind on our part: and when we shall, through any wilfulness, fail therein, let this profession rise up in judgment against us, as having been made in hypocrisy,—a severe avenger of which God hath lately appeared, in His most righteous witnessing against the Army under Duke Hamilton, invading us under specious pretences of piety and justice. We may humbly say, we rejoice with more trembling [2] than to dare to do such a wicked thing.

Upon our advance to Alnwick, we thought fit to send a good body of our horse to the borders of Scotland, and thereby a summons to the Garrison of Berwick; [3] to which having received a dilatory answer, I desired a safe-convoy for Colonel

[1] Berwick and Carlisle, which by agreement in 1646–47 were not to be garrisoned except by consent of *both* Kingdoms.

[2] 'Join trembling with your mirth' (Second Psalm).

[3] Letter LXX.

Bright and the Scoutmaster-General of this Army to go to the Committee of Estates in Scotland; who, I hope, will have the opportunity to be with your Lordships before this come to your hands,—and, according as they are instructed, will let your Lordships in some measure, as well as we could in so much ignorance of your condition, know our affections to you. And understanding things more fully by yours, we now thought fit to make you this 'present' return.

The command we received, upon the defeat of Duke Hamilton, was, To prosecute this business until the Enemy were put out of a condition or hope of growing into a new Army, and the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle were reduced. Four regiments of our horse and some dragoons, who had followed the Enemy into the south parts,[1] being now come up; and this country not able to bear us, the cattle and old corn thereof having been wasted by Monro and the forces with him; the Governor of Berwick also daily victualling his Garrison from Scotland side; and the Enemy yet in so considerable a posture as by these Gentlemen and your Papers we understand,—still prosecuting their former design, having gotten the advantage of Stirling Bridge, and so much of Scotland at their backs to enable them thereunto; and your Lordships' condition not being such, at present, as may compel them to submit to the honest and necessary things you have proposed to them for the good of both the Kingdoms: we have thought fit, out of the sense of duty to the commands laid upon us by those who have sent us, and to the end we might be in a posture more ready to give you assistance, and not be wanting to what we have made so large professions of,—to advance into Scotland with the Army.[2] And we trust, by the blessing of God, the common Enemy will thereby the sooner be brought to a submission to you: and we thereby shall do what becomes us in order to the obtaining of our Garrisons; engaging ourselves that, so soon as we shall know from you that the Enemy will yield to the things you have proposed to them, and we have our Garrisons delivered to us, we shall

[1] Uttoxeter and thereabouts.

[2] Neither does the sentence end even here! It is dreadfully bad composition; yet contains a vigorous clear sense in it.

forthwith depart out of your Kingdom; and in the mean time be 'even' more tender towards the Kingdom of Scotland, in the point of charge, than if we were in our own Kingdom.

If we shall receive from you any desire of a more speedy advance, we shall readily yield compliance therewith;—desiring also to hear from you how affairs stand. This being the result of a Council of War, I present it to you as the expression of their affections and of my own; who am, my Lords, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Cheswick, where Oliver now has his head-quarter, lies, as we said, some three or four miles south of Berwick, on the English side of Tweed. Part of his forces crossed the River, I find, next day; a stray regiment had without order gone across the day before.—The 'Laird of Greenhead,' Sir Andrew Ker, is known in the old Scotch Books; still better, Major Strahan, who makes a figure on his own footing by and by. The Anti-Hamilton or Whiggamore Party are all inclined to Cromwell; inclined, and yet averse: wishing to say "Yes *and* No:" if that were possible!—

The answer to this Letter immediately follows in *Thurloe;* but it is not worth giving. The intricate longwindedness of mere Loudons, Argyles and the like, on such subjects, at this time of day is not tolerable to either gods or men. "We, Loudon, Argyle and Company, are very sensible how righteously 'God who judgeth the Earth' has dealt with Hamilton and his followers; an intolerable, unconscionable race of men, tending towards mere ruin of religion, and 'grievously oppressive' to us. We hope all things from you, respectable Lieutenant-General. We have sent influential persons to order the giving-up of Berwick and Carlisle instantly; and hope these Garrisons will obey them. We rest,—Humbly devoted,—Argyle, Loudon and Company."

Influential Persons: 'Friday last, the 22d September, the Marquis of Argyle, the Lord Elcho, Sir John Scot and others came as Commissioners from the Honest Party in Scotland to the Laird of Mordington's House at Mordington, to the Lieutenant-General's quarters, two miles within Scotland. 'That night the Marquis of Argyle sent a trumpet to Berwick,'[2]—Berwick made delays, needed to send to the Earl of Lanark first. Lanark, it is to be hoped, will consent. Meanwhile the Lieutenant-General opens his parallels,

[1] Thurloe, i. 101.

[2] Rushworth, vii. 1282.

diligently prepares to besiege, if necessary. Among these influential Persons, a quick reader notices 'Sir John Scot,'—and rejoices to recognise him, in that dim transient way, for the 'Director of the Chancery,' and Laird of *Scotstarvet* in Fife, himself in rather a *staggering state*[1] at present, worthy old gentleman!

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS we are marching with the Parliament's Army into the Kingdom of Scotland, in pursuance of the remaining part of the Enemy who lately invaded the Kingdom of England, and for the recovery of the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle:

These are to declare, That if any Officer or Soldier under my command shall take or demand any money; or shall violently take any horses, goods or victual, without order; or shall abuse the people in any sort,—he shall be tried by a Council of War: and the said person so offending shall be punished, according to the Articles of War made for the government of the Army in the Kingdom of England, which punishment is death.

Each Colonel, or other chief Officer in every regiment, is to transcribe a copy of this; and to cause the same to be delivered to each Captain in his regiment: and every said Captain of each respective troop and company is to publish the same to his troop or company; and to take a strict course that nothing be done contrary hereunto.

Given under my hand, this 20th September 1648.

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

[1] Scot of Scotstarvet's Staggering State of Scots Statesmen is the strange Title of his strange little Book: not a Satire at all, but a Homily on Life's Nothingness, enforced by examples; gives in brief compass, not without a rude Laconic geniality, the cream of Scotch Biographic History in that age, and unconsciously a curious self-portrait of the Writer withal.

[2] Newspapers in Cromwelliana, p. 40.

LETTER LXXIV.

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates of the Kingdom of Scotland, at Edinburgh: These.

Norham, 21st Sept. 1648.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

We perceive that there was, upon our advance to the Borders, the last Lord's Day,[1] a very disorderly carriage by some horse; who, without order, did steal over the Tweed, and plundered some places in the Kingdom of Scotland: and since that, some stragglers have been alike faulty; to the wrong of the inhabitants, and to our very great grief of heart.

I have been as diligent as I can to find out the men that have done the wrong, and I am still in the discovery thereof; and I trust there shall be nothing wanting on my part that may testify how much we abhor such things: and to the best of my information I cannot find the least guilt of the fact[2] to lie upon the regiments of this Army, but upon some of the Northern horse, who have not been under our discipline and government, until just that we came into these parts.

I have commanded those forces away back again into England; and I hope the exemplarity of justice will testify for us our great detestation of the fact.[3] For the remaining regiments, which are of our old forces, we may engage for them their officers will keep them from doing any such things: and we are confident that, saving victual, they shall not take anything from the inhabitants; and in that also they shall be so far from being their own carvers, as that they shall submit to have provisions ordered and proportioned by the consent, and with the direction, of the Committees and Gentlemen of the Country, and not otherwise, if they[4] please to be assisting to us therein.

I thought fit, for the preventing of misunderstanding, to

[1] 21st Sept. 1648 is Thursday; last Sunday is 17th.
[2] 'fait.' [3] 'fait.' [4] these Committees.

give your Lordships this account; and rest, my Lords, your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

'Upon our entrance into Scotland, a regiment lately raised in the Bishopric of Durham, under Colonel Wren, behaved themselves rudely; which as soon as the Lieutenant-General of this Army' Cromwell 'had notice of, he caused it to rendezvous on Tweed banks; and the Scottish people having challenged several horses taken from them by that Regiment, the Lieutenant-General caused the said horses to be restored back, and the plunderers to be cashiered. A Lieutenant that countenanced such deeds was delivered into the Marshal's hands; and the Colonel himself, conniving at them, and not doing justice upon the offenders when complaints were brought in to him, was taken from the head of his Regiment, and suspended from executing his place, until he had answered at a Council of War for his negligence in the performance of his duty. This notable and impartial piece of justice did take very much with the people; and the Regiment is ordered back into Northumberland,'[2]—as we see.

The answer of 'Loudon *Cancellarius*' to this Letter from Norham is given in the old Newspapers.[3] The date is Edinburgh, 28th of September 1648. Loudon of course is very thankful for such tenderness and kind civilities; thankful especially that the Honourable Lieutenant-General has come so near, and by the dread of him forced the Malignants at Stirling Bridge to come to terms, and leave the Well-affected at peace. A very great blessing to us 'the near distance of your forces at this time,'—though once (*you ken varry weel*, and Whitlocke kens,) we considered you an incendiary, and I, O Honourable Lieutenant-General, would so fain have had you extinguished,—not knowing what I did!

Norham lies on the South shore of the Tweed, some seven miles above Berwick:

'Day set on Norham's castled steep' [4]

Cromwell went across to Mordington, and met the 'Influential Persons,' on the morrow. As the following letter, taking a comprehensive survey of the matter, will abundantly manifest.

[1] Thurloe, i. 103 (From the Public Records of Scotland, in the Laigh Parliament House at Edinburgh).

[2] Perfect Diurnal, October 2d to 9th (in Cromwelliana, p. 47).

[3] Cromwelliana, p. 47.

[4] Scott's Marmion.

LETTER LXXV.

'To the Honourable William Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.'

Berwick, 2d Oct. 1648.

SIR,

I have formerly represented to the Committee at Derby House,[1] how far I have prosecuted your business in relation to the Commands I did receive from them. To wit: That I have sent a party of horse with a Summons to Berwick; and a Letter to the Committee of Estates, which I supposed did consist of the Earl of Lanark and his participants; and a Letter of kindness and affection to the Marquis of Argyle, and the Well-affected Party in arms at 'or about' Edinburgh, with credence to Colonel Bright and Mr. William Rowe, Scoutmaster of the Army, To let them know upon what grounds and with what intentions we came into their Kingdom: And how that, in the mean time, the Marquis of Argyle and the rest at Edinburgh had sent Sir Andrew Ker, Laird of Greenhead, and Major Strahan to me, with a Letter, and papers of Instructions, expressing their good affection to the Kingdom of England, and disclaiming the late Engagement; —together with my Answer to the said Letters and Papers. Duplicates of all which I sent to the Committee at Derby House, and therefore forbear to trouble you with the things themselves.—I think now fit to give you an account, what farther progress has been made in your business.

The two 'Scotch' Armies being drawn up, the one under Lanark and Monro at Stirling, and the other under the Earl of Leven and Lieutenant-General Lesley betwixt that and Edinburgh; the heads of these two Armies being upon treaties concerning their own affairs; and I having given, as I hoped, sufficient satisfaction concerning the justice of your cause, and the clearness of my intentions in entering that Kingdom,—'I' did, upon Thursday 21st September, and two days before, the Tweed being fordable, march over Tweed

[1] Long Letter, dated 20th September, recapitulating what is already known to us here. Appendix, No. 13.

at Norham into Scotland, with four regiments of horse and some dragoons, and six regiments of foot; and there quartered; my head-quarters being at the Lord Mordington's House.

Where hearing that the Marquis of Argyle, the Lord Elcho, and some others, were coming to me from the Committee of Estates assembled at Edinburgh,—I went, on Friday 22d September, some part of the way to wait upon his Lordship. Who, when he was come to his quarters, delivered me a Letter, of which the enclosed is a copy,[1] signed by the Lord Chancellor, by warrant of the Committee of Estates. And after some time spent in giving and receiving mutual satisfaction concerning each other's integrity and clearness,—wherein I must be bold to testify, for that noble Lord the Marquis, the Lord Elcho, and the other Gentlemen with him, that I have found nothing in them 'other' than what becomes Christians and men of honour,—the next day it was resolved, that the command of the Committee of Estates to the Governor of Berwick, for rendering the Town, should be sent to him, by the Lord Elcho and Colonel Scot. Which accordingly was done. But he, pretending that he had not received the command of that place from those hands that now demanded it of him, desired liberty to send to the Earl of Lanark; engaging himself *then* to give his positive answer, and intimating it should be satisfactory.

Whilst these things were in transacting, I ordered Major-General Lambert to march towards Edinburgh, with six regiments of horse and a regiment of dragoons. Who accordingly did so; and quartered in East Lothian, within six miles of Edinburgh; the foot lying in his rear at Copperspath and thereabouts.[2]

Upon Friday 29th September, came an Order from the Earl of Lanark, and divers Lords of his Party, requiring the Governor of Berwick to march out of the Town; which accordingly he did, on Saturday the last of September;—at which time I entered; and have placed a Garrison there for

[1] Conceivable by us here.

[2] What follows now is published as a fragment in the Newspapers.

your use. The Governor would fain have capitulated for the English 'who were with him;' but we, having the advantage upon him, would not hear of it: so that they are submitted to your mercy, and are under the consideration of Sir Arthur Haselrig; who, I believe, will give you a good account of them; and who hath already turned out the Malignant Mayor, and put an honest man in his room.

I have also received an Order for Carlisle; and have sent Colonel Bright, with horse and foot to receive it; Sir Andrew Ker and Colonel Scot being gone with him to require observance of the Order; there having been a Treaty and an agreement betwixt the two parties in Scotland, To disband all forces, except fifteen-hundred horse and foot under the Earl of Leven, which are to be kept to *see* all remaining forces disbanded.

Having some other things to desire from the Committee of Estates at Edinburgh for your service, I am myself going thitherward this day; and so soon as I shall be able to give you a farther account thereof, I shall do it. In the meantime, I make it my desire that the Garrison of Berwick (into which I have placed a regiment of foot, which shall be attended also by a regiment of horse) may be provided for; and that Sir Arthur Haselrig may receive commands to supply it with guns and ammunition from Newcastle; and be otherwise enabled by you to furnish this Garrison with all other necessaries, according as a place of that importance will require. Desiring that these mercies may beget trust and thankfulness to God the only author of them, and an improvement of them to His glory and the good of this poor Kingdom, I rest, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

LETTER LXXVI.

FOLLOWS here a small Note, enclosing a duplicate of the above Letter, for Fairfax; written chiefly to enforce the request as to Haselrig and Berwick,—'Haselridge' and 'Barwick,' as Oliver

[1] Tanner MSS. (in Cary's Memorials, ii. 18); Newspapers (Cromwelliana, p. 48).

here spells. Haselrig is Governor of Newcastle; a man of chief authority in those Northern regions.—Fairfax, who has been surveying, regulating, and extensively dining in Townhalls, through the Eastern Counties, is now at St. Albans,[1]—the Army's headquarters for some time to come.

For his Excellency the Lord General Fairfax, at St. Albans: These.

Berwick, 2d Oct. 1648.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

I received your late Commissions, with your directions how they shall be disposed; which I hope I shall pursue to your satisfaction.

I having sent an account to the House of Commons, am bold (being straitened in time) to present you with a Duplicate thereof, which I trust will give you satisfaction. I hope there is a very good understanding between the Honest Party of Scotland and us here; better than some would have.—Sir, I beg of your Excellency to write to Sir A. Haselrig to take care of Berwick; he having at Newcastle all things necessary for the Garrison 'here,' which is left destitute of all, and may be lost if this be not 'done.' I beg of your Lordship a Commission to be speeded to him. I have no more at present; but rest, my Lord, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

In these weeks, once more, there is an intensely interesting Treaty going on in the Isle of Wight; Treaty of Forty days with the King; solemn Parliamentary Commissioners on one hand, Majesty with due Assistants on the other, very solemnly debating and negotiating day after day, for forty days and longer, in the Town of Newport there.[3] The last hope of Presbyterian Royalism in this world. Not yet the last hope of his Majesty; who still, after all the sanguinary ruin of this year, feels himself a tower of strength; inexpugnable in his divine right, which no sane man can question; settlement of the Nation impossible without him. Happily, at any rate, it is the last of the Treaties with Charles Stuart,—for History begins to be weary of them. Treaty which

[1] Since 16th September, Rushworth, vii. 1271.

[2] Sloane MSS. 1519, f. 92.

[3] Warwick, pp. 321-9; Rushworth, vii. &c. &c. Began 18th September; was lengthened out by successive permissions to the 18th, 25th, and even 27th of November.

came to nothing, as all the others had done. Which indeed could come only to nothing; his Majesty not having the smallest design to abide by it; his Majesty eagerly consulting about 'escape' all the while,—escape to Ormond who is now in Ireland again, escape somewhither, anywhither;—and considering the Treaty mainly as a piece of Dramaturgy, which must be handsomely done in the interim, and leave a good impression on the Public.[1] Such is the Treaty of Forty Days; a mere torpor on the page of History; which the reader shall conceive for himself *ad libitum*. The Army, from head-quarters at St. Albans, regards him and it with a sternly watchful eye; not participating in the hopes of Presbyterian Royalism at all;—and there begin to be Army Councils held again.

As for Cromwell, he is gone forward to Edinburgh; reaches Seaton, the Earl of Winton's House, which is the head-quarters of the horse, a few miles east of Edinburgh, on Tuesday evening. Next day, Wednesday 4th October 1648, come certain Dignitaries of the Argyle or Whiggamore Party, and escort him honourably into Edinburgh; 'to the Earl of Murrie's House in the Cannigate' (so, in good Edinburgh Scotch, do the old Pamphlets spell it); 'where a strong guard,' an English Guard, 'is appointed to keep constant watch at the Gate;' and all manner of Earls and persons of Whiggamore quality come to visit the Lieutenant-General; and even certain Clergy come, who have a leaning that way.[2]—The Earl of Moray's House, Moray House, still stands in the Canongate of Edinburgh, well known to the inhabitants there. A solid spacious mansion, which, when all bright and new two-hundred years ago, must have been a very adequate lodging. There are remains of noble gardens; one of the noble state-rooms, when I last saw it, was an extensive Paper Warehouse. There is no doubt but the Lieutenant-General did lodge here; Guthry seeming to contradict this old Pamphlet, turns out to confirm it.[3]

The Lieutenant-General has received certain Votes of Parliament,[4] sanctioning what he has done in reference to these Scotch Parties, and encouraging and authorising him to do more. Of which circumstance, in the following official Document, he fails not to avail himself, on the morrow after his arrival.

[1] His own Letters (in Wagstaff's Vindication of the Royal Martyr, in Carte's Ormond, &c.); see Godwin, ii. 608-23.

[2] True Account of the great Expressions of Love from the Noblemen &c. of Scotland unto Lieutenant-General Cromwell and his Officers; In a Letter to a Friend (London, 1648; King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 392, § 26, dated with the pen 23d October): Abridged in Rushworth, vii. 1295.

[3] Guthry's Memoirs, p. 297. For a description of the place, see Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, 21st January 1837.

[4] Commons Journals, 28th September 1648.

LETTER LXXVII.

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates for the Kingdom of Scotland: These.

Edinburgh, 5th Oct. 1648.

Right Honourable,

I shall ever be ready to bear witness of your Lordships' forwardness to do right to the Kingdom of England, in restoring the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle ; and having received so good a pledge of your resolutions to maintain amity and a good understanding between the Kingdoms of England and Scotland, it makes me not to doubt but that your Lordships will farther grant what in justice and reason may be demanded.

I can assure your Lordships, That the Kingdom of England did foresee that wicked design of the Malignants in Scotland to break all engagements of faith and honesty between the Nations, and to take from the Kingdom of England the Towns of Berwick and Carlisle. And although they could have prevented the loss of those considerable Towns, without breach of the Treaty, by laying forces near unto them ; yet such was the tenderness of the Parliament of England not to give the least suspicion of a breach with the Kingdom of Scotland, that they did forbear to do anything therein. And it is not unknown to your Lordships, when the Malignants had gotten the power of your Kingdom, how they protected and employed our English Malignants, though demanded by our Parliament ; and possessed themselves of those Towns ;— and with what violence and unheard-of cruelties they raised an Army, and began a War, and invaded the Kingdom of England ; and endeavoured, to the uttermost of their power, to engage both Kingdoms in a perpetual Quarrel, and what blood they have spilt in our Kingdom, and what great loss and prejudice was brought upon our Nation, even to the endangering the total ruin thereof.

And although God did, by a most mighty and strong hand, and that in a wonderful manner, destroy their designs ; yet

it is apparent that the same ill-affected spirit still remains; and that divers Persons of great quality and power, who were either the Contrivers, Actors, or Abettors of the late unjust War made upon the Kingdom of England, are now in Scotland; who undoubtedly do watch for all advantages and opportunities to raise dissensions and divisions between the Nations.

Now forasmuch as I am commanded, To prosecute the remaining part of the Army that invaded the Kingdom of England, wheresoever it should go, to prevent the like miseries: And considering that divers of that Army are retired into Scotland, and that some of the heads of those Malignants were raising new forces in Scotland to carry on the same design; and that they will certainly be ready to do the like upon all occasions of advantage: And forasmuch as the Kingdom of England hath lately received so great damage by the failing of the Kingdom of Scotland in not suppressing Malignants and Incendiaries as they ought to have done; and in suffering Persons to be put in places of great trust in the Kingdom, who by their interest in the Parliament and the Countries, brought the Kingdom of Scotland so far as they could, by an unjust Engagement, to invade and make War upon their Brethren of England:

'Therefore,' my Lords, I hold myself obliged, in prosecution of my Duty and Instructions, to demand, That your Lordships will give assurance in the name of the Kingdom of Scotland, that you will not admit or suffer any that have been active in, or consenting to, the said Engagement against England, or have lately been in arms at Stirling or elsewhere in the maintenance of that Engagement, to be employed in any public Place or Trust whatsoever. And this is the least security I can demand. I have received an Order from both Houses of the Parliament of England,[1] which I hold fit to communicate to your Lordships; whereby you will understand the readiness of the Kingdom of England to assist you who were dissenters from that Invasion; and I doubt not but

[1] Votes of September 28th; Commons Journals, vi. 37: 'received the day we entered Edinburgh' (Rushworth, ubi supra).

your Lordships will be as ready to give such farther satisfaction as they in their wisdoms shall find cause to desire. Your Lordships' most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

This was presented on Thursday to the Dignitaries sitting in the Laigh Parliament-House in the City of Edinburgh. During which same day came 'the Lord Provost to pay his respects' at Moray House; came 'old Sir William Dick,' an old Provost nearly ruined by his well-affected Loans of Money in these Wars, 'and made an oration in name of the rest;'—came many persons, and quality carriages, making Moray House a busy place that day; 'of which I hope a good fruit will appear.'

Loudon Cancellarius and Company, from the Laigh Parliament-House, respond with the amplest assent next day:[2] and on the morrow, Saturday, all business being adjusted, and Lambert left with two horse-regiments to protect the Laigh Parliament-House from Lanarks and Malignants,—'when we were about to come away, several coaches were sent to bring up the Lieutenant-General, the Earl of Leven' Governor of the Castle and Scotch Commander-in-chief, 'with Sir Arthur Haselrig and the rest of the Officers, to Edinburgh Castle; where was provided a very sumptuous banquet,' old Leven doing the honours, 'my Lord Marquis of Argyle and divers other Lords being present to grace the entertainment. At our departure, many pieces of ordnance and a volley of small shot was given us from the Castle; and some Lords convoying us out of the City, we there parted.' The Lord Provost had defrayed us, all the while, in the handsomest manner. We proceeded to Dalhousie, the Seat of the Ramsays, near Dalkeith: on the road towards Carlisle and home,—by Selkirk and Hawick, I conclude. Here we stay till Monday morning, and leave orders, and write Letters.

LETTER LXXVIII.

A PRIVATE Note in behalf of 'this Bearer, Colonel Robert Montgomery,' now hastening up to Town; with whom we shall make some farther acquaintance, in another quarter, by and by. Doubtless the request was complied with.

[1] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 392, § 19: Printed by order of Parliament.
[2] Ibid.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons: These.

Dalhousie, 8th Oct. 1648.

Sir,

Upon the desire of divers Noblemen and others of the Kingdom of Scotland, I am bold to become a suitor to you on the behalf of this Gentleman, the Bearer, Colonel Robert Montgomery; son-in-law[1] to the Earl of Eglinton. Whose faithfulness to you in the late troubles may render him worthy of a far greater favour than I shall, at this time, desire for him: for I can assure you, that there is not a Gentleman of that Kingdom that appeared more active against the late Invaders of England than himself.

Sir, it is desired that you would please to grant him an Order for Two-thousand of the common Prisoners that were of Duke Hamilton's Army. You will have very good security that they shall not for the future trouble you: he will ease you of the charge of keeping them, as speedily as any other way you can dispose of them; besides their being in a friend's hands, so as there need be no fear of their being ever employed against you.

Sir, what favour you shall please to afford the Gentleman will very much oblige many of your friends of the Scottish Nation; and particularly your most humble servant,

Oliver Cromwell.[2]

LETTER LXXIX.

The next, of Monday, is on public business; deliberately looking before and after.

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons: These.

Dalhousie, 9th Oct. 1648.

Sir,

In my last, wherein I gave you an account of my despatch of Colonel Bright to Carlisle, after the rendition

[1] Mistake of the Lieutenant-General's for 'son;'—'youngest son,' say the Peerage Books.

[2] Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 32.)

of Berwick, I acquainted you with my intentions to go to the head-quarters of my horse at the Earl of Winton's, within six miles of Edinburgh; that from thence I might represent to the Committee of Estates what I had farther to desire in your behalf.

The next day after I came thither, I received an invitation from the Committee of Estates to come to Edinburgh; they sending to me the Lord Kirkcudbright and Major-General Holborn for that purpose; with whom I went the same day, being Wednesday 4th of this instant October. We fell into consideration, What was fit farther to insist upon. And being sensible that the late Agreement between the Committee of Estates and the Earls of Crawford, Glencairn, and Lanark, did not sufficiently answer my instructions, which were, To disenable them from being in power to raise new troubles to England:—therefore I held it my duty, Not to be satisfied with the mere disbanding of them; but considering their power and interest, I thought it necessary to demand concerning them and all their abettors, according to the contents of the Paper [1] here enclosed.

Wherein,—having received that very day your Votes for giving farther assistance 'to the Well-affected in Scotland,' I did in the close thereof acquaint the with them same; reserving such farther satisfaction to be given by the Kingdom of Scotland, as the Parliament of England should in their wisdom see cause to desire. The Committee of Estates 'had' sent the Earl of Cassilis, Lord Warriston, and two Gentlemen more to me, To receive what I had to offer unto them;—which upon Thursday I delivered. Upon Friday I received by the said persons this enclosed Answer,[2] which is the Original itself.

Having proceeded thus far as a Soldier, and I trust, by the blessing of God, not to your disservice; and having laid the business before you, I pray God direct you to do farther as may be for His glory, the good of the Nation wherewith you are intrusted, and the comfort and the encouragement of the Saints of God in both Kingdoms and all the World over. I

[1] Letter LXXVII.

[2] Already referred to; antea, p. 333.

do think the affairs of Scotland are in a thriving posture, as to the interest of honest men: and 'Scotland is' like to be a better neighbour to you now than when the great pretenders to the Covenant and Religion and Treaties,—I mean Duke Hamilton, the Earls of Lauderdale, Traquair, Carnegy, and their confederates,—had the power in their hands. I dare 'be bold to' say that that Party, with their pretences, had not only, through the treachery of some in England (who have cause to blush), endangered the whole State and Kingdom of England; but also 'had' brought Scotland into such a condition, as that no honest man who had the fear of God, or a conscience of Religion, 'and' the *just* ends of the Covenant and Treaties, could have a being in that Kingdom. But God, who is not to be mocked or deceived, and is very jealous when His Name and Religion are made use of to carry on impious designs, hath taken vengeance on such profanity,—even to astonishment and admiration. And I wish from the bottom of my heart, it may cause all to tremble and repent, who have practised the like, to the blasphemy of His Name, and the destruction of His People; so as they may never presume to do the like again! And I think it is not unseasonable for me to take the humble boldness to say thus much at this time.

All the Enemy's Forces in Scotland are now disbanded. The Committee of Estates have declared against all of that Party's sitting in Parliament.[1] Good Elections are 'already' made in divers places; of such as dissented from and opposed the late wicked Engagement: and they are now raising a force of about 4,000 Horse and Foot;—which until they can complete, they have desired me to leave them two Regiments of Horse and two Troops of Dragoons. Which accordingly I have resolved, conceiving I had warrant by your late Votes so to do; and have left Major-General Lambert to command them.

I have received and so have the Officers with me, many honours and civilities from the Committee of Estates, the City of Edinburgh, and Ministers; with a noble entertainment;—which we may not own as done to us, but as 'done

[1] The Scotch Parliament, which is now getting itself elected.

to' your servants. I am now marching towards Carlisle ; and I shall give you such farther accounts of your affairs as there shall be occasion. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Cromwell, at Carlisle on the 14th, has received delivery of the Castle there, for which good news let the Messenger have 100*l.*[2] Leaving all in tolerable order in those regions, the Lieutenant-General hastens into Yorkshire to Pontefract or Pomfret Castle ;[3] a strong place which had been surprised in the beginning of the year, and is stubbornly defended ;—surrender being a very serious matter now ; the War itself being contrary to Law and Treaty, and as good as Treason, think some.

LETTERS LXXX.—LXXXVI.

THE Governor of Pontefract Castle is one Morris, once the Earl of Strafford's servant ; a desperate man : this is the Lieutenant-General's summons to him.

LETTER LXXX.

For the Governor of Pontefract Castle.

'Pontefract,' 9th Nov. 1648.

SIR,

Being come hither for the reduction of this place, I thought fit to summon you to deliver your Garrison to me, for the use of the Parliament. Those gentlemen and soldiers with you may have better terms than if you should hold it to extremity. I expect your answer this day, and rest, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[4]

Governor Morris stiffly refuses ; holds-out yet a good while,—and at last loses his head at York assizes by the business.[5] Royalism is getting desperate ; has taken to highway robbery ; is assassinating, and extensively attempting to assassinate.[6] Two weeks

[1] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 392, § 19 ; see Commons Journals, vi. 54.
[2] Commons Journals, 20th October 1648.
[3] Appendix, No. 14.
[4] Newspapers (Cromwelliana, p. 48) ; Rushworth, vii. 1325.
[5] State Trials.
[6] Rushworth, vii. 1279 &c., 1315.

ago, Sunday 29th October, a Party sallied from this very Castle of Pontefract; rode into Doncaster in disguise, and there, about five in the afternoon, getting into Colonel Rainsborough's lodging, stabbed him dead:—murder, or a very questionable kind of homicide!

LETTER LXXXI.

As to Pontefract and Governor Morris, here are some pertinent suggestions, 'propositions,' the old Pamphlet calls them, sent 'in a Letter from Lieutenant-General Cromwell and his Officers;' which are 'read in the House,' and straightway acted upon, to a certain extent:—had they been acted upon in full, that business might have ended sooner.

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Lords and Commons sitting at Derby House: These present.

Knottingley, near Pontefract, 15th Nov. 1648.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

So soon as I came into these parts, I met with an earnest desire from the Committee of this County to take upon me the charge here, for the reducing of the Garrison of Pontefract. I received also commands from my Lord General to the same effect.—I have had sight of a Letter to the House of Commons; wherein things are so represented, as if the Siege were at such a pass that the prize were already gained. In consideration whereof, I thought fit to let you know what the true state of this Garrison is; as also the condition of the country, that so you may not think demands for such things as would be necessary unreasonable.

My Lords, the Castle hath been victualled with Two-hundred and twenty or forty fat cattle, within these three weeks; and they have also gotten in, as I am credibly informed, salt enough for them and more. So that I apprehend they are victualled for a twelvemonth. The men within are resolved to endure to the utmost extremity; expecting no mercy, as indeed they deserve none. The place is very well known to be one of the strongest inland Garrisons in the Kingdom; well watered; situated upon a rock in every part of it, and

therefore difficult to mine. The walls very thick and high, with strong towers ; and if battered, very difficult of access, by reason of the depth and steepness of the graft. The County is exceedingly impoverished ; not able to bear free-quarter ; nor well able to furnish provisions, if we had moneys. The work is like to be long, if materials be not furnished answerable. I therefore think it my duty to represent unto you as followeth : viz.—

That moneys be provided for Three complete regiments of Foot, and Two of Horse ;—'and indeed' that money be provided for all contingencies which are in view, too many to enumerate. That Five-hundred Barrels of powder, 'and' Six good Battering-guns, with Three-hundred shot to each Gun, be speedily sent down to Hull :—we desire none may be sent less than demi-cannons. We desire also some match and bullet. And if it may be, we should be glad that two or three of the biggest Mortar-pieces with shells may likewise be sent.

And although the desires of such proportions may seem costly, yet I hope you will judge it good thrift ; especially if you consider that this place hath cost the Kingdom some hundred-thousands of pounds already. And for aught I know, it may cost you one more, if it be trifled withal ; besides the dishonour of it, and what other danger may be emergent, by its being in such hands. It's true, here are some two or three great guns in Hull, and hereabouts ; but they are unserviceable : and your Garrisons in Yorkshire are very much unsupplied at this time.

I have not as yet drawn any of our Foot to this place ; only I make use of Colonel Fairfax's and Colonel Malevrier's Foot regiments ; and keep the rest of the guards with the Horse ; —purposing to bring-on some of our Foot tomorrow. The rest,—these parts being not well able to bear them,—are a little dispersed in Lincoln and Nottingham Shires, for some refreshments ; which after so much duty they need, and a little expect.

And indeed I would not satisfy myself nor my duty to you and them, To put the poor men, at this season of the year, to

lie in the field: before we be furnished with shoes, stockings and clothes, for them to cover their nakedness,—which we hear are in preparation, and would [1] be speeded:—and until we have deal-boards to make them courts-of-guard, and tools to cast-up works to secure them.

These things I have humbly represented to you; and waiting for your resolution and command, I rest, your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

Due *Orders* of the House in consequence, dated Saturday 18th November, can be read in the same old Pamphlet;[3]—most prompt *Orders*, giving if not 'Five-hundred Barrels of powder,' yet 'Two-hundred-and-fifty;' a middle term, or compliance halfway, which perhaps is as much as one could expect! Pontefract did not surrender till the end of March next.[4]

Meanwhile, the Royal Treaty in Newport comes to no good issue, and the Forty Days are now done; the Parliament by small and smaller instalments prolongs it, still hoping beyond hope for a good issue. The Army, sternly watchful of it from St. Albans, is presenting a Remonstrance, That a good issue lies not in it; that a good issue must be sought elsewhere than in *it*. By bringing Delinquents to justice; and the CHIEF DELINQUENT, who has again involved this Nation in blood! To which doctrine, various petitioning Counties and Parties, and a definite minority in Parliament and England generally, testify their stern adherence, at all risks and hazards whatsoever.

LETTER LXXXII.

JENNER Member for Cricklade, and Ashe Member for Westbury; these two, sitting I think in the Delinquents' Committee at Goldsmiths' Hall,—seem inclined for a milder course. Wherein the Lieutenant-General does by no means agree with the said Jenner and Ashe; having had a somewhat closer experience of the matter than they.

'Colonel Owen' is a Welsh Delinquent; I find he is a Sir John Owen,—the same Sir John who seized my Lord Archbishop's Castle of Conway, in that violent manner long since.[5] A violent

[1] Old for 'should.'
[2] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 394, § 24.
[3] See also Commons Journals, vi. 81.
[4] '22d March' (Commons Journals, vi. 174).
[5] Antea, p. 245.

man, now got into trouble enough; of whom there arises life-and-death question by and by. 'The Governor of Nottingham' is Colonel Hutchinson, whom we know. Sir Marmaduke Langdale we also know,—and 'presume you have heard what is become of him?' Sir Marmaduke, it was rigorously voted on the 6th of this month, is one of the 'Seven that shall be excepted from pardon;' whom the King himself, if he bargain with us, shall never forgive.[1] He escaped afterwards from Nottingham Castle, by industry of his own.

To the Honourable my honoured Friends Robert Jenner and John Ashe, Esquires, 'at London:' These.

Knottingley, near Pontefract,
20th Nov. 1648.

GENTLEMEN,

I received an Order from the Governor of Nottingham, directed to him from you, To bring up Colonel Owen, or take bail for his coming up to make his composition, he having made an humble Petition to the Parliament for the same.

If I be not mistaken, the House of Commons did vote all those 'persons' Traitors that did adhere to, or bring in, the Scots in their late Invading of this Kingdom under Duke Hamilton. And not without very clear justice; this being a more prodigious Treason than any that had been perfected before; because the former quarrel was that Englishmen might rule over one another; this to vassalise us to a foreign Nation. And their fault who have appeared in this Summer's business is certainly double to theirs who were in the first, because it is the repetition of the same offence against all the witnesses that God has borne,[2] by making and abetting a Second War.

And if this be their justice,[3] and upon so good grounds, I wonder how it comes to pass that so eminent actors should so easily by received to compound. You will pardon me if I tell you how contrary this is to some of your judgments at the rendition of Oxford: though we had the Town in consider-

[1] Commons Journals, vi. 70.

[2] From Naseby downwards, God, in the battle-whirlwind, seemed to speak and witness very audibly.

[3] House of Commons's.

ation,[1] and 'our' blood saved to boot; yet Two Years perhaps was thought too little to expiate their offence.[2] But now, when you have such men in your hands, and it will cost you nothing to do justice; now after all this trouble and the hazard of a Second War,—for a little more money[3] all offences shall be pardoned!

This Gentleman was taken with Sir Marmaduke Langdale, in their flight together:—I presume you have heard what is become of *him*. Let me remember you, that out of the 'same' Garrison was fetched not long since (I believe while we were in heat of action) Colonel Humphrey Mathews, than whom this Cause we have fought for has not had a more dangerous enemy;—and he not guilty only of being an enemy, but he apostatised from your Cause and Quarrel; having been a Colonel, if not more, under you, and 'then' the desperatest promoter of the Welsh Rebellion amongst them all! And how near you were brought to ruin thereby, all men that know anything can tell;[4] and this man was taken away by composition, by what order I know not.

Gentlemen, though my sense does appear more severe than perhaps you would have it, yet give me leave to tell you I find a sense among the Officers concerning such things as 'the treatment of' those men, to amazement;—which truly is not so much to see their blood made so cheap, as to see such manifest witnessings of God, so terrible and so just, no more reverenced.

I have directed the Governor to acquaint the Lord-General herewith; and rest, Gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'[5]

[1] Town as some recompense.

[2] Sentence unintelligible to the careless reader, so hasty is it, and over-crowded with meaning in the original. 'Give me leave to tell you that, if it were contrary to some of your judgments, that at the rendition of Oxford, though we had the Town in consideration, and blood saved to boot; yet Two Years perhaps,' &c.—Oxford was surrendered 20th-24th June 1646 (p. 211); the Malignants found there were to have a composition, not exceeding Two-Years revenue for estates of inheritance (Rushworth, vi. 280-5),—which the victorious Presbyterian Party, belike Jenner and Ashe among the rest, had exclaimed against as too lenient a procedure. Very different now, when the new Malignants, though a *doubly* criminal set, are bone of their own bone!

[3] Goldsmiths' Hall has a true feeling for Money; a dimmer one for Justice, it seems!

[4] Witness Chepstow, St. Fagan's, Pembroke:—'this man' is Mathews.

[5] Sloane MSS., 1519, fol. 94.

Here is a sour morsel for Jenner and Ashe; different from what they were expecting! It is to be hoped they will digest this piece of admonition, and come forth on the morrow two sadder and two wiser men. For Colonel Owen, at all events, there is clearly no outlook, at present, but sitting reflective in the strong-room of Nottingham Castle, whither his bad Genius has led him. May escape beheading on this occasion; but very narrowly. He 'was taken with Sir Marmaduke in ther flight together:' one of the confused Welshmen discomfited in June and July last, who had fled to join Hamilton, and be worse discomfited a second time. The House some days ago had voted that 'Sir John Owen,' our 'Colonel Owen,' should get off with 'banishment;' likewise that Lord Capel, the Earl of Holland, and other capital Delinquents should be 'banished;' and even that James Earl of Cambridge (James Duke of Hamilton) should be '*fined* 100,000*l*.' Such votes are not unlikely to produce 'a sense amongst the Officers,' who had to grapple with these men, as with devouring dragons lately, life to life. Such votes—will need to be rescinded.[1] Such, and some others! For indeed the Presbyterian Party has rallied in the House during the late high blaze of Royalism; and got a Treaty set on foot as we saw, and even got the Eleven brought back again.—

Jenner and Ashe are old stagers, having entered Parliament at the beginning. They are frequently seen in public business; assiduous subalterns. Ashe sat afterwards in Oliver's Parliaments.[2] Of this Ashe I will remember another thing: once, some years ago, when the House was about thanking some Monthly-fast Preacher, Ashe said pertinently, "What is the use of thanking a Preacher who spoke so low that nobody could hear him?"[3]

Colonel Humphrey Mathews, we are glad to discover,[4] was one of the persons taken in Pembroke Castle by Oliver himself in July last: brought along with him, on the march towards Preston, and left, as the other Welsh Prisoners were, at Nottingham;—out of which most just durance some pragmatical official, Ashe, Jenner, or another, 'by what order I know not,' has seen good to deliver him; him, 'the desperatest promoter of the Welsh Rebellion amongst them all.' Such is red-tape even in a Heroic Puritanic Age! No wonder 'the Officers have a sense of it,' amounting even 'to amazement.' Our blood that we have shed in the Quarrel,

[1] Passed, 10th November 1648 (Commons Journals, vi. 3); repealed, 13th December (with a Declaration; Somers Tracts, v. 167).

[2] Parliamentary History, xxi. 3.

[3] D'Ewes MSS. p. 414.

[4] Cromwelliana, pp. 41, 42.

this you shall account as nothing, since you so please; but these 'manifest witnessings of God, so terrible and so just,'—are they not witnessings of God; are they mere sports of chance? Ye wretched infidel red-tape mortals, what will or can become of you? By and by, if this course hold, it will appear that 'you are no Parliament;' that you are a nameless unbelieving rabble, with the mere title of Parliament, who must go about your business elsewhither, with soldiers' pikes in your rearward!—

This Lieutenant-General is not without temper, says Mr. Maidston: 'temper exceeding fiery, as I have known; yet the flame of it kept down for most part, or soon allayed;—and naturally compassionate towards objects in distress, even to an effeminate measure. Though God had made him a heart wherein was left little room for any fear but what was due to God Himself, yet did he exceed in tenderness towards sufferers,'[1]—yes, and in rigour against infidel quacks and godless detestable persons, which is the opposite phasis of that, he was by no means wanting!

LETTER LXXXIII.

'ALL the Regiments here have petitioned my Lord General against the Treaty' at Newport, 'and for Justice and a Settlement of the Kingdom. They desired the Lieutenant-General to recommend their Petition; which he hath done in the Letter following;' —which is of the same date, and goes in the same bag with that to Jenner and Ashe, just given.

For his Excellency the Lord General Fairfax, 'at St. Albans: These.'

Knottingley, 20th Nov. 1648.

MY LORD,

I find in the Officers of the Regiments a very great sense of the sufferings of this poor Kingdom; and in them all a very great zeal to have impartial Justice done upon Offenders. And I must confess, I do in all, from my heart, concur with them; and I verily think and am persuaded they are things which God puts into our hearts.

I shall not need to offer anything to your Excellency: I know, God teaches you; and that He hath manifested His

[1] Maidston's Letter to Winthrop (Thurloe, i. 766).

presence so to you as that you will give glory to Him in the eyes of all the world. I held it my duty, having received these Petitions and Letters, and being 'so' desired by the framers thereof,—to present them to you. The good Lord work His will upon your heart, enabling you to it; and the presence of Almighty God go along with you! Thus prays, my Lord, your most humble and faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

This same day, Monday 20th November 1648, the Army from St. Albans, by Colonel Ewer and a Deputation, presents its humble unanimous 'Remonstrance' to the House; craving that the same be taken 'into speedy and serious consideration.'[2] It is indeed a most serious Document; tending to the dread Unknown! Whereupon ensue 'high debates,' Whether we shall take it into consideration? Debates to be resumed this day week. The Army, before this day week, moves up to Windsor; will see a little what consideration there is. Newport Treaty is just expiring; Presbyterian Royalism, on the brink of desperate crisis, adds still two days of life to it.

LETTER LXXXIV.

THE Army came to Windsor on Saturday the 25th; on which same day Oliver, from Knottingley, is writing a remarkable Letter, the last of the series, to Hammond in the Isle of Wight, who seems to be in much strait about 'that Person' and futile Treaty, now under his keeping there.

First, however, read this Note, of like date, on a local matter: one of many Notes which a vigilant Lieutenant-General, be where he may, has to importune the Governing Powers with. Hull Garrison and Governor Overton, like most garrisons and persons, are short of pay. Grocers' Hall, Haberdashers' Hall, or some section of the Finance Department, ought absolutely to take thought of it.

For my noble Friend Thomas St. Nicholas, Esquire: 'These, at London.'

SIR, Knottingley, 25th Nov. 1648.

I suppose it's not unknown to you how much the Country is in arrear to the Garrison of Hull;—as likewise

[1] Rushworth, vii. 1339.

[2] Commons Journals, vi. 81; Remonstrance itself in Rushworth, vii. 1330.

how probable it is that the Garrison will break, unless some speedy course be taken to get them money; the soldiers at the present being ready to mutiny, as not having money to buy them bread; and without money the stubborn Townspeople will not trust them for the worth of a penny.

Sir, I must beg of you that, as you tender the good of the Country, so far as the security of that Garrison is motioned, you would give your assistance to the helping of them to their money which the Country owes them. The Governor will apply himself to you, either in person or by letter. I pray you do for him herein as in a business of very high consequence. I am the more earnest with you, as having a very deep sense how dangerous the event may be, of their being neglected in the matter of their pay. I rest upon your favour herein;—and subscribe myself, Sir, your very humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Hull Garrison does not 'break:' doubtless St. Nicholas, a chief Clerk, of weight in his department, did what he could. A Kentish man this St. Nicholas, if any one could be supposed to care what he was; came to be Recorder of Canterbury, and even refractory Member for Canterbury;[2] has his seat, for the present, in the Grocers'-Hall region, among the budgets or 'bottomless bags,' as Independency Walker calls them. And now for the remarkable Letter contemporaneous with this:

LETTER LXXXV.

To Colonel Robert Hammond: These.

'Knottingley, near Pontefract,'
25th Nov. 1648.

DEAR ROBIN,

No man rejoiceth more to see a line from thee than myself. I know thou hast long been under trial. Thou shalt be no loser by it. All 'things' must work for the best. Thou desirest to hear of my experiences. I can tell thee:

[1] Kimber's (anonymous) Life of Cromwell (4th edition, London, 1741), p. 92: Not given in the 1st edition; no notice whence.

[2] Whitlocke, September 1656 (2d edition, p. 642); Parliamentary History, xxi. 8; and Commons Journals, vii. 650, 730.

I am such a one as thou didst formerly know, having a body of sin and death; but I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord there is no condemnation, though much infirmity; and I wait for the redemption. And in this poor condition I obtain mercy, and sweet consolation through the Spirit. And find abundant cause every day to exalt the Lord, and abase flesh,—and herein[1] I have some exercise.

As to outward dispensations, if we may so call them: we have not been without our share of beholding some remarkable providences, and appearances of the Lord. His presence hath been amongst us, and by the light of His countenance we have prevailed.[2] We are sure, the good will of Him who dwelt in the Bush has shined upon us; and we can humbly say, We know in whom we have believed; who can and will perfect what remaineth, and us also in doing what is well-pleasing in His eyesight.

I find some trouble in your spirit; occasioned first, not only by the continuance of your sad and heavy burden, as you call it, but 'also' by the dissatisfaction you take at the ways of some good men whom you love with your heart, who through this principle, That it is lawful for a lesser part, if in the right, to force 'a numerical majority' &c.

To the first: Call not your burden sad or heavy. If your Father laid it upon you, He intended neither. He is the Father of lights, from whom comes every good and perfect gift; who of His own will begot us, and bade us count it all joy when such things befall us; they being for the exercise of faith and patience, *whereby in the end we shall be made perfect* (James i.).

Dear Robin, our fleshly reasonings ensnare us. These make us say, "heavy," "sad," "pleasant," "easy." Was there not a little of this when Robert Hammond, through dissatisfaction too, desired retirement from the Army, and thought of quiet in the Isle of Wight?[3] Did not God find him out there? I believe he will never forget this.—And now I per-

[1] 'and in the latter respect at least.'

[2] At Preston, &c.

[3] 6th September of the foregoing Year.

ceive he is to seek again ; partly through his sad and heavy burden, and partly through his dissatisfaction with friends' actings.

Dear Robin, thou and I were never worthy to be door-keepers in this Service. If thou wilt seek, seek to know the mind of God in all that chain of Providence, whereby God brought thee thither, and that Person to thee ; how, before and since, God has ordered him, and affairs concerning him : and then tell me, Whether there be not some glorious and high meaning in all this, above what thou hast yet attained ? And, laying aside thy fleshly reason, seek of the Lord to teach thee what that is ; and He will do it. I dare be positive to say, It is not that the wicked should be exalted, that God should so appear as indeed He hath done.[1] For there is no peace to *them*. No, it is set upon the hearts of such as fear the Lord, and we have witness upon witness, That it shall go ill with them and their partakers. I say again, seek that spirit to teach thee ; which is the spirit of knowledge and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, of wisdom and of the fear of the Lord. That spirit will close thine eyes and stop thine ears, so that thou shalt not judge by them ; but thou shalt judge for the meek of the Earth, and thou shalt be made able to do accordingly. The Lord direct thee to that which is well-pleasing in His eyesight.

As to thy dissatisfaction with friends' actings upon that supposed principle, I wonder not at that. If a man take not his own burden well, he shall hardly others' ; especially if involved by so near a relation of love and Christian brotherhood as thou art. I shall not take upon me to satisfy ; but I hold myself bound to lay my thoughts before so dear a friend. The Lord do His own will.

You say : "God hath appointed authorities among the nations, to which active or passive obedience is to be yielded. This resides in England in the Parliament. Therefore active or passive resistance" &c.

Authorities and powers are the ordinance of God. This or

[1] For other purposes that God has so manifested Himself as, in these transactions of ours, He has done.

that species is of human institution, and limited, some with larger, others with stricter bands, each one according to its constitution. 'But' I do not therefore think the Authorities may do *anything*,[1] and yet such obedience be due. All agree that there are cases in which it is lawful to resist. If so, your ground fails, and so likewise the inference. Indeed, dear Robin, not to multiply words, the query is, Whether ours be such a case? This ingenuously is the true question.

To this I shall say nothing, though I could say very much; but only desire thee to see what thou findest in thy own heart to two or three plain considerations. *First*, Whether *Salus Populi* be a sound position?[2] *Secondly*, Whether in the way in hand,[3] really and before the Lord, before whom conscience has to stand, this be provided for;—or if the whole fruit of the War is not like to be frustrated, and all most like to turn to what it was, and worse? And this, contrary to Engagements, explicit Covenants with those[4] who ventured their lives upon those Covenants and Engagements, without whom perhaps, in equity, relaxation ought not to be? *Thirdly*, Whether this Army be not a lawful Power, called by God to oppose and fight against the King upon some stated grounds; and being in power to such ends, may not oppose one Name of Authority, for those ends, as well as another Name,—since it was not the outward Authority summoning them that by *its* power made the quarrel lawful, but the quarrel was lawful in itself? If so, it may be, acting will be justified *in foro humano*.—But truly this kind of reasonings may be but fleshly, either with or against: only it is good to try what truth may be in them. And the Lord teach us.

My dear Friend, let us look into providences; surely they mean somewhat. They hang so together; have been so constant, so clear, unclouded. Malice, swoln malice against God's people, now called "Saints," to root-out their name;—and yet they, 'these poor Saints,' getting arms, and therein blessed with defence and more!—I desire, he that is for a

[1] Whatsoever they like.

[2] 'The safety of the people the supreme law:' is that a true doctrine or a false one?

[3] By this Parliamentary Treaty with the King.

[4] Us soldiers.

principle of suffering[1] would not too much slight this. I slight not him who is so minded: but let us beware lest fleshly reasoning see more safety in making use of this principle than in acting! Who acts, if he resolve not through God to be willing to part with all? Our hearts are very deceitful, on the right and on the left.

What think you of Providence disposing the hearts of so many of God's people this way,—especially in this poor Army, wherein the great God has vouchsafed to appear! I know not one Officer among us but is on the increasing hand.[2] And let me say, it is after much patience,—here in the North. We trust, the same Lord who hath framed our minds in our actings is with us in this also. And all contrary to a natural tendency, and to those comforts *our* hearts could wish to enjoy as well as others. And the difficulties probably to be encountered with, and the enemies:—not few; even all that is glorious in this world. Appearance of united names, titles and authorities 'all against us;'—and yet not terrified, 'we;' only desiring to fear our great God, that we do nothing against His will. Truly this is our condition.[3]

And to conclude. We in this Northern Army were in a waiting posture; desiring to see what the Lord would lead us to. And a Declaration[4] is put out, at which many are shaken:—although we could perhaps have wished the stay of it till after the Treaty, yet seeing it is come out, we trust to rejoice in the will of the Lord, waiting His farther pleasure.—Dear Robin, beware of men; look up to the Lord. Let Him be free to speak and command in thy heart. Take heed of the things I fear thou hast reasoned thyself into; and thou shalt be able through Him, without consulting flesh and blood, to do valiantly for Him and His people.

[1] Passive obedience.

[2] Come or coming over to this opinion.

[3] The incorrect original, rushing on in an eager ungrammatical manner, were it not that common readers might miss the meaning of it, would please me better; at any rate I subjoin it here as somewhat characteristic: 'And let me say it is here in the North after much patience, we trust the same Lord who hath framed our minds in our actings, is with us in this also. And this contrary to a natural tendency, and to those comforts our hearts could wish to enjoy with others. And the difficulties probably to be encountered with, and the enemies, not few, even all that is glorious in this world, with appearance of united names, titles and authorities, and yet not terrified, only' &c.

[4] Remonstrance of the Army, presented by Ewer on Monday last.

Thou mentionest somewhat as if, by acting against such opposition as is like to be, there will be a tempting of God. Dear Robin, tempting of God ordinarily is either by acting presumptuously in carnal confidence, or in unbelief through diffidence: both these ways Israel tempted God in the wilderness, and He was grieved by them. Not the encountering 'of' difficulties, therefore, makes us to tempt God; but the acting before and without faith.[1] If the Lord have in any measure persuaded His people, as generally He hath, of the lawfulness, nay of the *duty*,—this persuasion prevailing upon the heart is faith; and acting thereupon is acting in faith; and the more the difficulties are, the more the faith. And it is most sweet that he who is not persuaded have patience towards them that are, and judge not: and this will free thee from the trouble of others' actings, which, thou sayest, adds to thy grief. Only let me offer two or three things, and I have done.

Dost thou not think this fear of the Levellers (of whom there is no fear) "that they would destroy Nobility," '&c.' has caused some to take up corruption, and find it lawful to make this ruining hypocritical Agreement, on one part?[2] Hath not this biased even some good men? I will not say, the thing they fear will come upon them; but if it do, they will themselves bring it upon themselves. Have not some of our friends, by their passive principle (which I judge not, only I think it liable to temptation as well as the active, and neither of them good but as we are led into them of God, and neither of them to be reasoned into, because the heart is deceitful),—been occasioned to overlook what is just and honest, and to think the people of God may have as much or more good the one way than the other? Good by this Man,—against whom the Lord hath witnessed; and whom thou knowest! Is this so in their hearts; or is it reasoned, forced in?[3]

[1] Very true, my General,—then, now, and always!

[2] Hollow Treaty at Newport.

[3] I think it is 'reasoned'-in, and by bad arguments too, your Excellency! The inner heart of the men, in real contact with the inner heart of the matter, had little to do with all that:—alas, *was* there ever any such 'contact' with the real truth of any matter, on the part of such men!

Robin, I have done. Ask we our hearts, Whether we think that, after all, these dispensations, the like to which many generations cannot afford,—should end in so corrupt reasonings of good men; and should so hit the designings of bad? Thinkest thou, in thy heart, that the glorious dispensations of God point out to this? Or to teach His people to trust in Him, and to wait for better things,—when, it may be, better are sealed to many of their spirits?[1] And I, as a poor looker-on, I had rather live in the hope of that spirit 'which believes that God doth so teach us,' and take my share with *them*, expecting a good issue, than be led away with the others.

This trouble I have been at, because my soul loves thee, and I would not have thee swerve, or lose any glorious opportunity the Lord puts into thy hand. The Lord be thy counsellor. Dear Robin, I rest thine, OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

Colonel Hammond, the ingenuous young man whom Oliver much loves, did not receive this Letter at the Isle of Wight, whither it was directed; young Colonel Hammond is no longer there. On Monday the 27th, there came to him Colonel Ewer, he of the Remonstrance; Colonel Ewer with new force, with an Order from the Lord General and Army-Council that Colonel Hammond do straightway repair to Windsor, being wanted at headquarters there. A young Colonel, with dubitations such as those of Hammond's, will not suit in that Isle at present. Ewer, on the Tuesday night, a night of storm and pouring rain, besets his Majesty's lodgings in the Town of Newport (for his Majesty is still on parole there), with strange soldiers, in a strange state of readiness, the smoke of their gun-matches poisoning the air of his Majesty's apartment itself;—and on the morrow morning at eight of the clock, calls out his Majesty's coach; moves off with his Majesty in grim reticence and rigorous military order, to Hurst Castle, a small solitary stronghold on the opposite beach yonder.[3]

For, at London, matters are coming rapidly to a crisis. The resumed Debate, "Shall the Army Remonstrance be taken into consideration?" does not come out affirmative; on the contrary, on Thursday the 30th, it comes out negative by a Majority of Ninety: "No, we will not take it into consideration."—"No?" The Army

[1] Already indubitably sure to many of them.

[2] Birch, p. 101; ends the volume.

[3] Colonel Cook's Narrative, in Rushworth, vii. 1344.

at Windsor, thereupon, spends again 'a Day in Prayer.' The Army at Windsor has decided on the morrow that it will march to London;—marches, arrives accordingly, on Saturday December 2d; quarters itself in Whitehall, in St. James's; 'and other great vacant Houses in the skirts of the City and Villages about, no offence being given anywhere.'[1] In the drama of Modern History one knows not any graver, more noteworthy scene;—earnest as very Death and Judgment. They have decided to have Justice, these men; to see God's Justice done, and His judgments executed on this Earth. The abysses where the thunders and the splendours are bred,—the reader sees them again laid bare; and black Madness lying close to the Wisdom which is brightest and highest:—and owls and godless men who hate the lightning and the light, and love the mephitic dusk and darkness, are no judges of the actions of heroes! 'Shedders of blood?' Yes, blood is occasionally shed. The healing Surgeon, the sacrificial Priest, the august Judge pronouncer of God's oracles to men, these and the atrocious Murderer, are alike shedders of blood; and it is an owl's eye that, except for the *dresses* they wear, discerns no difference in these!—Let us leave the owl to his hootings; let us get on with our Chronology and swift course of events.

On *Monday 4th December*, the House, for the last time, takes 'into farther debate' the desperate question, Whether his Majesty's concessions in that Treaty of Newport are a ground of settlement?—debates it all Monday; has debated it all Friday and Saturday before. Debates it all Monday, 'till five o'clock next morning;' at five o'clock next morning, decides it, Yea. By a Majority of Forty-six,—One-hundred and twenty-nine to Eighty-three,—it is at Five o'clock on Tuesday morning decided, Yea, they are a ground of settlement. The Army Chiefs and the Minority consult together, in deep and deepest deliberation, through that day and night; not, I suppose, without Prayer; and on the morrow morning this is what we see:

Wednesday 6th December 1648, 'Colonel Rich's regiment of horse and Colonel Pride's regiment of foot were a guard to the Parliament; and the City Trainbands were discharged' from that employment.[2] Yes, they were! Colonel Rich's horse stand ranked in Palaceyard, Colonel Pride's foot in Westminster Hall and at all entrances to the Commons House, this day: and in Colonel Pride's hand is a written list of names, names of the chief among the

[1] Rushworth, vii. 1350.

[2] Rushworth, vii. 1353;—see Whitlocke (2d edition, p. 360), Walker's Independency, &c.

Hundred and twenty-nine; and at his side is my Lord Grey of Groby, who, as this Member after that comes up, whispers or beckons, "He is one of them: he cannot enter!" and Pride gives the word, "To the Queen's Court;" and Member after Member is marched thither, Forty-one of them this day; and kept there in a state bordering on rabidity, asking, By what Law? and ever again, By what Law? Is there a colour or faintest shadow of Law, to be found in any of the Books, Yearbooks, Rolls of Parliament, Bractons, Fletas, Cokes upon Lyttleton, for this? Hugh Peters visits them; has little comfort, no light as to the Law; confesses, "It is by the Law of Necessity; truly, by the Power of the Sword."

It must be owned the Constable's baton is fairly down, this day; overborne by the Power of the Sword, and a Law not to be found in any of the Books. At evening the distracted Forty-one are marched to Mr. Duke's Tavern hard-by, a 'Tavern called Hell;' and very imperfectly accommodated for the night. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who has ceased taking notes long since; Mr. William Prynne, louder than any in the question of Law; Waller, Massey, Harley, and other remnants of the old Eleven, are of this unlucky Forty-one; among whom too we count little Clement Walker 'in his gray suit with his little stick,'[1]—asking in the voice of the indomitablest terrier, or Blenheim cocker, "By what Law? I ask again, By what Law?" Whom no mortal will ever be able to answer. Such is the far-famed Purging of the House by Colonel Pride.

This evening, while the Forty-one are getting lodged in Mr. Duke's, Lieutenant-General Cromwell came to Town. Pontefract Castle is not taken; he has left Lambert looking after that, and come up hither to look after more important things.

The Commons on Wednesday did send out to demand 'the Members of this House' from Colonel Pride; but Pride made respectful evasive answer;—could not, for the moment, comply with the desires of the Honourable House. On the Thursday Lieutenant-General Cromwell is thanked; and *Pride's Purge* continues: new men of the Majority are seized; others scared away need no seizing;—above a Hundred in all;[2] who are sent into their countries, sent into the Tower; sent out of our way, and trouble us no farther. The Minority has now become Majority; there is now clear course for it, clear resolution there has for some time back been in it. What its resolution was, and

[1] List in Rushworth, p. 1355.

[2] List in Somers Tracts, vi. 37;—very incorrect, as all the Lists are.

its action that it did in pursuance thereof, 'an action not done in a corner, but in sight of all the Nations,' and of God who made the Nations, we know, and the whole world knows!—

LETTER LXXXVI.

Dutch Dorislaus, the learned Doctor, late Judge-Advocate, employed in many weighty things, and soon to be employed in the weightiest, wants now a very small accommodation which is in the gift of certain Cambridge people. A busy Lieutenant-General, while the world-whirlwind is piping loud, has to write for him this small Note withal:

To the Right Worshipful the Master and Fellows of Trinity Hall in Cambridge: These.

'London,' 18th Dec. 1648.

Gentlemen,

I am given to understand that by the late decease of Dr. Duck, his Chamber hath become vacant in the Doctors Commons 'here;'—to which Dr. Dorislaus now desireth to be your tenant: who hath done service unto the Parliament from the beginning of these Wars, and hath been constantly employed by the Parliament in many weighty affairs; and especially of late, beyond the seas, with the States General of the United Provinces.

If you please to prefer him before any other, paying rent and fine to your College, I shall take it as a courtesy at your hands; whereby you will oblige, your assured friend and servant, Oliver Cromwell.[1]

Whether Dorislaus got Duck's Chamber, we shall not ask; being, some three weeks hence, employed as Advocate in the King's Trial, and shortly after assassinated at the Hague for that work,[2] it proved to be of no importance to Dorislaus. The loud world-whirlwind pipes as before.

[1] Trinity-Hall MSS.: in Cambridge Portfolio (London, 1840), ii. 390.
[2] Antea, vol. i. p. 260; Wood, iii. 666-8.

DEATH-WARRANT.

The Trial of Charles Stuart falls not to be described in this place; the deep meanings that lie in it cannot be so much as glanced at here. Oliver Cromwell attends in the High Court of Justice at every session except one; Fairfax sits only in the first. Ludlow, Whalley, Walton, names known to us, are also constant attendants in that High Court, during that long-memorable Month of January 1649. The King is thrice brought to the Bar; refuses to plead, comports himself with royal dignity, with royal haughtiness, strong in his divine right; 'smiles' contemptuously, 'looks with an austere countenance;'—does not seem, till the very last, to have fairly believed that they would dare to sentence him. But they were men sufficiently provided with daring; men, we are bound to see, who sat there as in the Presence of the Maker of all men, as executing the judgments of Heaven above, and had not the fear of any man or thing on the Earth below. Bradshaw said to the King, "Sir, you are not permitted to issue out in these discoursings. This Court is satisfied of its authority. No Court will bear to hear its authority questioned in that manner."—"Clerk, read the Sentence!"—

And so, under date Monday 29th January 1648–9, there is this stern Document to be introduced; not specifically of Oliver's composition; but expresssing in every letter of it the conviction of Oliver's heart, in this, one of his most important appearances on the stage of early life.

To Colonel Francis Hacker, Colonel Huncks, and Lieutenant-Colonel Phayr, and to every of them.

At the High Court of Justice for the Trying and Judging of Charles Stuart, King of England, 29th January 1648.

Whereas Charles Stuart, King of England, is and standeth convicted, attainted and condemned of High Treason and other high Crimes; and Sentence upon Saturday last was pronounced against him by this Court, To be put to death by the severing of his head from his body; of which Sentence execution yet remaineth to be done:

These are therefore to will and require you to see the said Sentence executed, in the open Street before Whitehall, upon

the morrow, being the Thirtieth day of this instant month of January, between the hours of Ten in the morning and Five in the afternoon, with full effect. And for so doing, this shall be your warrant.

And these are to require all Officers and Soldiers, and others the good People of this Nation of England, to be assisting unto you in this service.

Given under our hands and seals,

JOHN BRADSHAW.
THOMAS GREY, 'LORD GROBY.'
OLIVER CROMWELL.
('and Fifty-six others.')[1]

"*Tetræ belluæ, ac molossis suis ferociores*, Hideous monsters, more ferocious than their own mastiffs!" shrieks Saumaise;[2] shrieks all the world, in unmelodious soul-confusing diapason of distraction,—happily at length grown very faint in our day. The truth is, no modern reader can conceive the then atrocity, ferocity, unspeakability of this fact. First, after long reading in the old dead Pamphlets does one see the magnitude of it. To be equalled, nay to be preferred think some, in point of horror, to 'the Crucifixion of Christ.' Alas, in these irreverent times of ours, if all the Kings of Europe were cut in pieces at one swoop, and flung in heaps in St. Margaret's Churchyard on the same day, the emotion would, in strict arithmetical truth, be small in comparison! We know it not, this atrocity of the English Regicides; shall never know it. I reckon it perhaps the most daring action any Body of Men to be met with in History ever, with clear consciousness, deliberately set themselves to do. Dread Phantoms, glaring supernal on you,—when once they are quelled and their light snuffed out, none knows the terror of the Phantom! The Phantom is a poor paper-lantern with a candle-end in it, which any whipster dare now beard.

A certain Queen in some South-Sea Island, I have read in Missionary Books, had been converted to Christianity; did not any longer believe in the old gods. She assembled her people; said to them, "My faithful People, the gods do *not* dwell in that burning-mountain in the centre of our Isle. That is not God; no, that

[1] Rushworth, vii. 1426; Nalson's Trial of King Charles (London, 1684); Phelpes's Trial of &c. &c.

[2] Salmasii Defensio Regia (Sumptibus regiis, 1650), p. 6.

is a common burning-mountain,—mere culinary fire burning under peculiar circumstances. See, I will walk before you to that burning-mountain; will empty my wash-bowl into it, cast my slipper over it, defy it to the uttermost, and stand the consequences!"—She walked accordingly, this South-Sea Heroine, nerved to the sticking-place; her people following in pale horror and expectancy: she did her experiment;—and, I am told, they have truer notions of the gods in that Island ever since! Experiment which it is now very easy to *repeat*, and very needless. Honour to the Brave who deliver us from Phantom-dynasties, in South-Sea Islands and in North!

This action of the English Regicides did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of Flunkyism universally in this world. Whereof Flunkyism, Cant, Cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since; and is now at length, in these generations, very rapidly dying. The like of which action will not be needed for a thousand years again. Needed, alas—not till a new genuine Hero-worship has arisen, has perfected itself; and had time to degenerate into a Flunkyism and Cloth-worship again! Which I take to be a very long date indeed.

Thus ends the Second Civil War. In Regicide, in a Commonwealth and Keepers of the Liberties of England. In punishment of Delinquents, in abolition of Cobwebs;—if it be possible, in a Government of Heroism and Veracity; at lowest, of Anti-Flunkyism, Anti-Cant, and the *endeavour* after Heroism and Veracity.

ADJOINED TO VOLUME ONE.

SQUIRE PAPERS

(FROM FRASER'S MAGAZINE).

THE following Article in *Fraser's Magazine* had not the effect intended for it,—of securing in printer's types a certain poor defaced scantling of Cromwell Letters, which had fallen to my charge under circumstances already sorrowful enough; and then of being, after some slight peaceable satisfaction to such as took interest in it, forgotten by the public; I also being left to forget it, and be free of it. On the contrary, the peaceable satisfaction to persons interested was but temporary; and the public, instead of neglecting and forgetting, took to unquiet guessing, as if there lay some deeper mystery in the thing, perhaps foul-play in it: private guessing, which in a week or two broke out into the Newspapers, in the shape of scepticism, of learned doubt too acute to be imposed upon, grounding itself on antiquarian philologies (internal evidence of anachronisms), 'cravat,' 'stand no nonsense,' and I know not what. The unwonted circumstances of the case, and the unsatisfactory though unavoidable reticences in detailing it, threw a certain enigmatic *chiaroscuro* over the transaction, which, as it were, challenged the idle mind. Since the public had not neglected and forgotten, the public could do no other than guess. The idle public, obstinately resolute to *see* into millstones, could of course see nothing but opacity and *its* wide realms; got into ever deeper doubt, which is bottomless, 'a sphere with infinite radius,' and very easily arrived at; could get into no certainty, which is a sphere's *centre*, and difficult to arrive at; continued fencing with spectres, arguing from antiquarian philologies, &c. in the Newspapers;—whereby, echo answering echo, and no transparency in millstones being attainable, the poor public rose rapidly to a height of anxiety on this unexpected matter, and raised a noise round itself, which, considering the importance of the subject, might be called surprising. In regard to all which, what could an unfortunate Editor of Cromwell Letters do, except perhaps carefully hold his peace? The ancient housekeeper, in some innocent first-floor, in the still night-time, throws a potsherd which is in her way into the street of the village: a most small transaction, laudable in its kind; but near by, starts the observant street-dog, who will see farther into it: "Whaf-thaf? Bow-wow!"—and so awakens, in what enormous geometrical progression is well known, all the dogs in the village, perhaps all the dogs in the parish, and gradually, even in the county and in the kingdom, to universal

vigilant observant "Bow-wow, Whaf-thaf?" in the hope of seeing farther into it. Under which distressing circumstances, the ancient housekeeper understands that her one course is patience and silence; that the less she says or does, the sooner it will end!—This Squire Controversy did not quite terminate by nature, I think; but rather was suddenly quenched by that outburst of the European revolutions in the end of the February then passing, which led the public intellect into fruitfuler departments.

This is not a state of matters one would wish to reawaken! Scepticism, learned doubt, in regard to these Squire Papers, I understand is still the prevailing sentiment; and also that silence, and the reflection how small an interest, if any whatever, is involved in the matter, are the only means of removing doubt, and of leading us to the *least* miraculous explanation, whatever that may be. To myself, I confess, the phenomenon is, what it has always been, entirely inexplicable, a miracle equal to any in *Bollandus* or *Capgravius*, unless these Squire Letters are substantially genuine: and if their history on that hypothesis is very dim and strange,—on the other hypothesis they refuse, for me at least, to have any conceivable history at all. Antiquarian philologies, &c. such as appeared in the late universal "Whaf-thaf?" or grand "Squire Controversy" never to be revived, had naturally no effect in changing one's opinion, and could have none. I have since had a visit, two visits, from the Gentleman himself; have conversed with him twice, at large, upon the Letters, the burnt Journal, and all manner of adjacent topics: and certainly, whatever other notion I might form of him, the notion that he either would or could have himself produced a Forgery of Cromwell Letters, or been the instrument (for any consideration, much more for none) of another producing it, was flatly inconceivable once for all. Nay to hint at it, I think, would not be altogether safe for Able-Editors within wind of this gentleman! So stands it, as it has always stood, with myself, in regard to this small question.

At the same time, I am well enough aware, the Gentleman's account of proceedings in the business has an amazing look; which only the personal knowledge of him could perhaps render less amazing. Doubt, to strangers, is very permissible; nay to all, these Letters, by the very hypothesis, are involved everywhere in liability to incorrectness; irrecoverably stript of their complete historical authenticity,—and not to be admitted, but to be rigorously excluded, except on that footing, in any History of Cromwell;—and, on the whole, are in the state of an absurd entanglement, connected with a most provoking coil of such. Out of which there is only this good door of egress: That they are intrinsically of no importance in the History of Cromwell; that they alter nothing of his Life's character, add nothing, deduct nothing; can be believed or disbelieved, without, to him or to us, any perceptible result whatever;—and ought, in fine, to be dismissed and sent upon their destinies by all persons who have serious truth to seek for, and no time for idle guesses and riddle-ma-rees of the Scriblerus and Nugatory-Antiquarian sort.

Accordingly I had decided, as to these Squire Papers, which can or could in no case have been incorporated into any documentary Life of Cromwell, not to introduce them at all into this Book, which has far other objects than *they* or their questions of antiquarian philology can much further! But, on the other hand, it was urged by friends who believe, like myself, in the fundamental authenticity of Squire, that hereby would arise a tacit admission of

Squire's spuriousness, injustice done by me to Squire and to the antiquarian philologers; that many readers, disbelievers or not, would have a certain wish to see the Squire Papers;—that, in fine, under the head of the semi-romantic or Doubtful Documents of Oliver's History, and at all events as an accidental quite undoubtful Document in the history *of* Oliver's History, they would have a certain value. To all which arguments, not without some slight weight, the Printer now accidentally adds another, That he has room for these Squire Papers, and even need of them to preserve his symmetries; that he can maintain an impassable wall between them and the Book, can insert them at the end of Volume One and yet not *in* the Volume, with ease and with advantage. Here accordingly these astonishing Squire Papers are: concerning which I have only one hope to express, That the public, thinking of them (in silence, if I might advise) exactly what it finds most thinkable, will please to excuse me from farther function in the matter; my duty in respect of them being now, to the last fraction of it, done; my knowledge of them being wholly communicated; and my care about them remaining, what it always was, close neighbour to nothing. The Reprint is exact from *Fraser's Magazine*, except needful correction of misprints, and insertion of two little Notes, which have hung wafered on the margin this long while, and are duly indicated where they occur.

7th May 1849.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER 1847: ART. I.

THIRTY-FIVE UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

ON the first publication of *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, new contributions of Cromwell matter, of some value, of no value and even of less than none, were, as the general reader knows, diligently forwarded to me from all quarters; and turned to account, in the Second Edition of that work, as the laws of the case seemed to allow. The process, which seemed then to all practical intents completed, and is in fact very languid and intermittent ever since, has nevertheless not yet entirely ceased; and indeed one knows not when, if ever, it will entirely cease; for at longer and longer intervals new documents and notices still arrive; though, except in the single instance now before us, I may describe these latter as of the last degree of insignificance; hardly even worth 'inserting in an Appendix,' which was my bargain in respect of them. Whence it does, at last, seem reasonable to infer that our English Archives are now pretty well exhausted, in this particular; and that nothing more, of importance, concerning Oliver Cromwell's utterances of himself in this world will be gathered henceforth.—Here, however, is a kind of exception, in regard to which, on more accounts than one, it has become necessary for me to adopt an exceptional course; and if not to edit, in the sense of elucidating, the contribution sent me, at least to print it straightway, before accident shall befall it or me.

The following Letters, which require to be printed at once, with my explicit testimony to their authenticity, have come into my hands under singular circumstances and conditions. I am not allowed to say that the Originals are, or were, in the possession of Mr. So-and-so, as is usual in like cases; this, which would satisfy the reader's strict claims in the matter, I have had to

engage expressly not to do. "Why not?" all readers will ask, with astonishment, or perhaps with other feelings still more superfluous for our present object. The story is somewhat of an absurd one, what may be called a farce-tragedy; very ludicrous as well as very lamentable;—not glorious to relate; nor altogether easy, under the conditions prescribed! But these Thirty-five Letters are Oliver Cromwell's; and demand, of me especially, both that they be piously preserved, and that there be no ambiguity, no avoidable mystery or other foolery, in presenting of them to the world. If the Letters are not to have, in any essential or unessential respect, the character of voluntary enigmas; but to be read, with undisturbed attention, in such poor twilight of intelligibility as belongs to them, some explanation, such as can be given, seems needful.

Let me hasten to say, then, explicitly once more, that these Letters are of indubitable authenticity: farther, that the Originals, all or nearly all in Autograph, which existed in June last, in the possession of a private Gentleman whose name I am on no account to mention, have now irrecoverably perished; —and, in brief, that the history of them, so far as it can be related under these conditions, is as follows:

Some eight or ten months ago, there reached me, as many had already done on the like subject, a letter from an unknown Correspondent in the distance; setting forth, in simple, rugged and trustworthy, though rather peculiar dialect, that he, my Unknown Correspondent,—who seemed to have been a little astonished to find that Oliver Cromwell was actually not a miscreant, hypocrite, &c. as heretofore represented,—had in his hands a stock of strange old Papers relating to Oliver: much consumed by damp, and other injury of time; in particular, much "eaten into by a vermin" (as my Correspondent phrased it),—some moth, or body of moths, who had boarded there in past years. The Papers, he said, describing them rather vaguely, contained some things of Cromwell's own, but appeared to have been mostly written by one SAMUEL SQUIRE, a subaltern in the famed Regiment of Ironsides, who belonged to "the Stilton Troop," and had served with Oliver "from the first mount" of that indomitable Corps, as Cornet, and then as "Auditor,"—of which latter office my Correspondent could not, nor could I when questioned, quite specificate the meaning, but guessed that it might be something like that of Adjutant in modern regiments. This Auditor Squire had kept some "Journal," or Diary of Proceedings, from "the first mount" or earlier, from about 1642 till the latter end of 1645, as I could dimly gather; but again it was spoken of as "Journals," as "Old Papers," "Manuscripts," in the plural number, and one knew not definitely what to expect: moth-eaten, dusty, dreary old brown Papers; bewildered and bewildering; dreadfully difficult to decipher, as appeared, and indeed almost a pain to the eye,—and too probably to the mind. Poring in which, nevertheless, my Unknown Correspondent professed to have discovered various things. Strange unknown aspects of affairs, moving accidents, adventures, such as the fortune of war in the obscure Eastern Association (of Lincoln Norfolk &c.), in the early obscure part of Oliver's career, hitherto entirely vacant and dark in all Histories, had disclosed themselves to my Unknown Correspondent, painfully spelling in the rear of that destructive vermin: onslaughts, seizures, surprises; endless activity, audacity, rapidity on the part of Oliver; strict general integrity too, nay rhadamanthine justice, and traits of implacable severity connected there-

with, which had rather shocked the otherwise strong but *modern* nerves of my Unknown Correspondent. Interspersed, as I could dimly gather, were certain *Letters* from Oliver and others (known or hitherto unknown, was not said); kept, presumably, by Auditor Squire, the Ironside Subaltern, as narrative documents, or out of private fondness. As proof what curious and to me interesting matter lay in those old Papers, Journals or Journal, as my Unknown Correspondent indiscriminately named them, he gave me the following small Excerpt; illuminating completely a point on which I had otherwise sought light in vain. See, in *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, Letter of 5th July 1644; which gives account of Marston-Moor Battle, and contains an allusion to Oliver's own late loss, "Sir, you know my own trials this way," —touching allusion, as it now proves; dark hitherto for all readers:—Meeting Colonel Cromwell again after some absence, just on the edge of Marston Battle (it is Auditor Squire that writes), 'I thought he looked sad and wearied; for he had had a sad loss; young Oliver got killed to death not long before, I heard: it was near Knaresborough, and 30 more got killed.'[1]

Interesting Papers beyond doubt, my Unknown Correspondent thought. On one most essential point, however, he professed himself at a painful pause: How far, or whether at all, these Papers ought to be communicated to the Public, or even to myself? Part of my Correspondent's old kindred had been Roundheads, part had been Royalists; of both which sorts plentiful representatives yet remained, at present all united in kindly oblivion of those old sorrows and animosities; but capable yet, as my Correspondent feared, of blazing-up into one knew not what fierce contradictions, should the question be renewed. That was his persuasion, that was his amiable fear. I could perceive, indeed, that my Correspondent, evidently a simple and honourable man, felt obscurely as if, in his own new conviction about Oliver's character, he possessed a dangerous secret, which ought in nowise to be lightly divulged. Should he once inconsiderately blab it, this heterodox almost criminal secret, like a fire-spark among tinder and dry flax;—how much more if, by publishing those private Papers, confirmatory of the same, he deliberately shot it forth as mere flame! Explosion without limit, in the family and still wider circles, might ensue.—On the whole, he would consider of it; was heartily disposed to do for me, and for the interests of truth (with what peril soever) all in his power;—hoped, for the rest, to be in London soon, where, it appeared, the Papers were then lying in some repository of his; would there see me, and do as good will guided by wise caution might direct.

To all which I could only answer with thanks for the small valuable hint concerning young Oliver's death; with a desire to know more about those old Papers; with astonishment at my Correspondent's apprehension as to publishing them, which I professed was inconceivable, and likely to fly away as a night-dream if he spoke of it in intelligent circles;—and finally with an eager wish for new light of any authentic kind on Oliver Cromwell and his acts or sayings, and an engagement that whatever of that sort my Correspondent did please to favour me with, should be thankfully turned to use, under such conditions as he might see good to prescribe. And here, after a second or perhaps even a third letter and answer (for several of these missives, judged at first to be without importance, are now lost), which produced no new information to me, nor any change in my Correspondent's resolutions, the matter had

[1] But see vol. i. p. 52 n. (Note of 1857.)

to rest. To an intelligent Friend, partly acquainted in my Correspondent's country, I transmitted his letters; with request that he would visit this remarkable possessor of old *Manuscripts;* ascertain for me, more precisely, what he was, and what they were; and, if possible, persuade him that it would be safe, for himself and for the universe, to let me have some brief perusal of them! This Friend unfortunately did not visit those my Correspondent's localities at the time intended: so, hearing nothing more of the affair, I had to wait patiently its ulterior developments; the arrival, namely, of my Correspondent in Town, and the opening of his mysterious repositories there. Not without surmises that perhaps, after all, there might be little, or even nothing of available, in them; for me nothing, but new dreary labour, ending in new disappointment and disgust; tragic experience being already long and frequent, of astonishingly curious old Papers on Oliver, vouchsafed me, with an effort and from favour, by ardent patriotic correspondents,—which, after painful examination, proved only to be astonishing old bundles of inanity, dusty desolation and extinct stupidity, worthy of oblivion and combustion: surmises tending naturally to moderate very much by eagérness, and render patience easy.

So had some months passed, and the affair been pretty well forgotten, when, one afternoon in June last, a heavy Packet came by Post; recognisable even on the exterior as my Unknown Correspondent's: and hereby, sooner than anticipation, and little as I could at first discern it, had the catastrophe *arrived.* For within there lay only, in the meanwhile, copied accurately in my Correspondent's hand, those Five-and-thirty Letters of Oliver Cromwell which the Public are now to read: this, with here and there some diligent though rather indistinct annotation by my Correspondent, where needful; and, in a Note from himself, some vague hint of his having been in Town that very day, and even on the point of calling on me, had not haste and the rigour of railways hindered; hints too about the old dangers from Royalist kindred being *now* happily surmounted,—formed the contents of my heavy Packet.

The reading of these old Cromwell Letters, by far the most curious that had ever come to me from such a source, produced an immediate earnest, almost passionate request to have sight of that old "Journal by Samuel Squire," under any terms, on any guarantee I could offer. Why should my respectable obliging Correspondent still hesitate? These *Letters*, I assured him, if he but sold the Originals as Autographs, were worth hundreds of pounds; the old *Journal of an Ironside*, since such it really seemed to be, for he had named it definitely in the singular, not "Journals" and "Papers" as heretofore,—I prized as probably the most curious document in the Archives of England, a piece not to be estimated in tens of thousands. It had become possible, it seemed probable and almost certain, that by diligent study of those old Papers, by examination of them as with microscopes, in all varieties of lights, the veritable figure of Cromwell's Ironsides might be called into day, to be seen by men once more, face to face, in the lineaments of very life! A journey in chase of this Unknown Correspondent and his hidden Papers; any journey, or effort, seemed easy for such a prize.

Alas, alas, by return of post, there arrived a Letter beginning with these words: "What you ask is impossible, if you offered me the Bank of England for security; the Journal is *ashes*,"—all was ashes! My wonderful Unknown Correspondent had at last, it would appear, having screwed his courage to the

sticking place, rushed up to Town by rail; proceeded straight to his hidden repositories here; sat down, with closed lips, with concentered faculty, and copied me exactly the Cromwell Letters, all words of Cromwell's own (these he had generously considered *mine* by a kind of right);—which once done he, still with closed lips, with sacrificial eyes, and terrible hand and mood, had gathered all his old Puritan Papers great and small, Ironside "Journal," Cromwell Autographs and whatever else there might be, and sternly consumed them with fire. Let Royalist quarrels, in the family or wider circles, arise now if they could;—"much evil," said he mildly to me, "hereby lies buried." The element of "resolution," one may well add, "is strong in our family;" unchangeable by men, scarcely by the very gods!—And so all *was* ashes; and a strange speaking Apparition of the Past, and of a Past more precious than any other is or can be, had sunk again into the dead depths of Night. Irrecoverable; all the royal exchequer could not buy it back! That, once for all, was the fact; of which I, and mankind in general, might now make whatsoever we pleased.

With my Unknown Correspondent I have not yet personally met; nor can I yet sufficiently explain to myself this strange procedure of his, which naturally excites curiosity, amid one's other graver feelings. The Friend above alluded to, who has now paid that visit, alas too late, describes him to me as a Gentleman of honourable frank aspect and manners; still in his best years, and of robust manful qualities;—by no means, in any way, the feeble, chimerical or distracted Entity, dug-up from the Seventeenth Century and set to live in this Nineteenth, which some of my readers might fancy him. Well acquainted with that old *Journal*, "which went to 200 folio pages;" and which he had carefully, though not with much other knowledge, read and again read. It is suggested to me, as some abatement of wonder: "He has lived, he and his, for 300 years, under the shadow of a Cathedral City: you know not what kind of Sleepy Hollow that is, and how Oliver Cromwell is related to it, in the minds of all men and nightbirds who inhabit there! This Gentleman had felt that, one way or other, you would inevitably in the end get this MS. from him, and make it public; which, what could it amount to but a new Guy-Faux Cellar, and Infernal Machine, to explode his Cathedral City and all its coteries, and almost dissolve Nature for the time being? Hence he resolved to burn his Papers, and avoid catastrophes."

But what chiefly, or indeed exclusively, concerns us here, is that, from the first, and by all subsequent evidence, I have seen this Gentleman to be a person of perfect veracity, and even of scrupulous exactitude in details; so that not only can his Copies of the Cromwell Letters be taken as correct, or the correctest he could give, but any remark or statement of his concerning them is also to be entirely relied on. Let me add, for my own sake and his, that, with all my regrets and condemnations, I cannot but dimly construe him as a man of much real worth; and even (though strangely *inarticulate*, and sunk in strange environments) of a certain honest intelligence, energy, generosity; which ought not to escape recognition, while passing sentence;—least of all by one who is forced unwillingly to relate these things, and whom, as is clear, he has taken great pains, and made a strong effort over himself, to oblige even so far.—And this is what I had to say by way of Introduction to these new Letters of Oliver Cromwell, which are now all that remains to the world or me from that adventure.

With regard to the Letters themselves, they may now be read without farther preface. As will be seen, they relate wholly to the early part of Oliver's career; to that obscure period, hitherto vacant or nearly so in all Histories, while "Colonel Cromwell" still fought and struggled in the Eastern Association, under Lord Grey of Groby, under the Earl of Manchester, or much left to his own shifts; and was not yet distinguished by the public from a hundred other Colonels. They present to us the same old Oliver whom we knew, but in still more distinct lineaments and physiognomy; the features deeply, even coarsely marked,—or, as it were, *enlarged* to the gigantic by unexpected nearness. It is Oliver left to himself; stript bare of all conventional draperies; toiling, wrestling as for life and death, in his obscure element; none looking over him but Heaven only. He "can stand no nonsenses;" he is terribly in earnest; will have his work done,—will have God's Justice done too, and the Everlasting Laws observed, which shall help, not hinder, all manner of work! The Almighty God's commandments, these, of which this work is one, are great and awful to him; all else is rather small, and not awful. He has pity,—pity as of a woman, of a mother, we have known in Oliver; and rage also as of a wild lion, where need is. He rushes direct to his point: "If resistance is made, pistol him;" "Wear them (these uniforms), or go home;" "Hang him out of hand; he wantonly killed the poor widow's boy: God and man will be well pleased to see *him* punished!" The attentive reader will catch not only curious minute features of the old Civil War, in these rude Letters; but more clearly than elsewhere significant glimpses of Oliver's character and ways: and if any reader's nerves, like my Correspondent's, be too *modern*,—all effeminated in this universal, very dreary, very portentous babble of "abolishing Capital Punishments" &c. &c., and of sending Judas Iscariot, Courvoisier, Praslin, Tawell, and *Nature's* own Scoundrels, teachable by no hellebore, "to the schoolmaster," instead of to the hangman, or to the cesspool, or somewhere swiftly out of the way (said "schoolmaster" not having yet overtaken all his *other* hopefuler work, by any manner of means!)—perhaps the sight of a great natural Human Soul once more, in whom the stamp of the Divinity is *not* quite abolished by Ages of Cant, and hollow Wiggery of every kind, ending now in an age of "Abolition Principles," may do such reader some good! I understand, one of my Correspondent's more minute reasons for burning the Ironside Journal was, that it showed Cromwell uncommonly impatient of scoundrels, from time to time; and might have shocked some people!—

I print these Letters according to their date, so far as the date is given; or as the unwritten date can be ascertained or inferred,—which of course is not always possible; more especially since the accompanying "Journal" was destroyed. With some hesitation, I decide to print with modern spelling and punctuation, there being no evidence that the partially ill-spelt Copies furnished me are exact to Oliver's ill-spelling; which at all events is insignificant, the sense having nowhere been at all doubtful. Commentary, except what Auditor Squire and his Transcriber have afforded, I cannot undertake to give; nor perhaps will much be needed. Supplementary words added by myself are marked by single commas, as was the former wont; annotations, if inserted in the body of the Letter, are in Italics within brackets.—And now to business, with all brevity.

Nos. I.—VI.

The first Six Letters are of dates prior to the actual breaking-out of the Civil War, but while its rapid approach was too evident; and bring to view, in strange lugubrious *chiaroscuro*, Committees of "Association for mutual Defence" (or however they phrased it), and zealous Individuals, SAMUEL SQUIRE among others, tremulously sitting in various localities,—tremulous under the shadow of High Treason on the one hand, and of Irish Massacre on the other;—to whom of course the honourable Member's communications, in such a season, were of breathless interest. The King has quitted his Parliament; and is moving northward, towards York as it proved, in a more and more menacing attitude.

I. The address, if there ever was any except a verbal one by the Bearer, is entirely gone, and the date also; but may be supplied by probable conjecture:

'*To the Committee of Association at Huntingdon.*'

'London, March 1641.'

DEAR FRIENDS,

It is not improbable that the King may go through Huntingdon on his way to Stamford. Pray keep all steady, and let no peace be broken. Beg of all to be silent; or it may mar our peaceable settling this sad business. Such as are on the County Array bid go; all of you protect, at cost of life, the King from harm, or foul usage by word or deed,—as you love the Cause.—From your faithful—[*word lost?*]

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The Transcriber, my Unknown Correspondent, adds from the burnt *Journal* this Note: 'Journal mentioned a sad riot at Peterborough on the King's going to Stamford, between the Townsmen and the Array.' March 1641, as is known, means 1642 according to the modern style: Newyears-day is 25th March.

II. The date exists, though wrong written, from haste; but the address must be supplied:

'*To the Committee of Association at Stilton.*'

Ely, April 11th day, 1641 [*for* 1642; *miswritten, Newyears-day being still recent*].

DEAR FRIENDS,

The Lord has hardened his [*the King's*] heart more and more: 'he has' refused to hear reason, or to care for our Cause or Religion or Peace.

Let our Friends have notice of the sad news. I will be with you at Oundle, if possible, early next week; say Monday, as I return now to London this day. Things go on as we all said they would.

We are all on the point of now openly declaring ourselves: now may the Lord prosper us in the good Cause!

Commend me in brotherly love to our chosen Friends and vessels of the Lord: I name no one, to all the same. I write myself your Friend in the Lord's Cause, O.

P.S. Be sure and put-up with no affronts. Be as a bundle of sticks; let the offence to one be as to all. The Parliament will back us.

III. *To Mr. Samuel Squire* [subsequently Cornet and Auditor Squire].

London, 3d May 1642.

DEAR FRIEND,

I heard from our good friend W. [*Wildman?*] how zealous in the good Cause you were. We are all alive here, and sweating hard to beat those Papists: may the Lord send to us His holy aid to overcome them, and the Devils who seek to do evil.

Say to your Friends that we have made-up our Demands to the control of the Navy, and Trainbands of the Counties' Militia, also all Forts and Castles: and, with God's aid, we will have them if he [*the King*] likes or dislikes. For he is more shifty every day. We must do more also, unless he does that which is right in the sight of God and man to his People.

I shall come to Oundle, in my way down, this time; as I learn you live there a great time now. So may you prosper in all your undertakings, and may the Lord God protect and watch over you. Let them all know our mind.—From your Friend, O. C.

IV. *To the Committee of Association 'at Cambridge.'*

London, 'June 1642.'

GENTLEMEN,

I have sent you, by Hobbes's Wain, those you know of. You must get lead as you may:—the Churches have enough and to spare on them! We shall see the Lord will supply us. Heed well your motions [*learn well your drill-exercise*]: and laugh not at Rose's Dutch tongue; he is a zealous servant, and we may go farther and get worse man to our hand than he is.

I learn from R. you get offences from the Bullards at Stamford.[1]

[1] Note to the Reprint. 'Bullards,' printed in Fraser with a mark of interrogation, has attracted the notice of a helpful Correspondent, or of more than one. 'Bullards,' equivalent to Bull-wards, I now find, is an old name or nickname for the Stamford people; Stamford being famous for bull-baiting, and gifted with bequests to promote that branch

Let them heed well what they are about, or [*ere*] they get a cake more than they bargain for, for their penny.—V. says that many come ill to the time fixed for muster: pray heed well their loss of time; for I assure you, if once we let time pass by, we shall seek in vain to recover it. The Lord helpeth those who heed His commandments: and those who are not punctual in small matters, of what account are they when it shall please Him to call us forth, if we be not watchful and ready? Pray beat-up those sluggards. —I shall be over, if it please God, next Tuesday or Wednesday. I rest, till then, your Friend and Wellwisher, O. C.

My Correspondent, who rather guesses this Letter to have gone to *Huntingdon*, subjoins in reference to it, the following very curious Note gathered from his recollections of the burnt *Journal*:—"Huntingdon regiment of Horse. Each armed and horsed himself; except Mr. Ol[r] Cromwell's Troop of Slepe Dragoons, of some 30 to 40 men, mostly poor men or very small freeholders: these the Journal mentioned often; I mean the Slepe Troop of hard-handed fellows, who did as he told them, and asked no questions. The others, despite all that has been said and written, armed themselves and horsed also. I mean the celebrated *Tawnies* or *Ironsides*. They wore brown coats,—as did most Farmers and little country Freeholders; and so do now, as you or me may see any day. Oliver had some 200 foot also armed by him, who did great service."

V. No date, no address now left. Probably addressed to the Committee at Cambridge, or whichever was the *central* Committee of those Associations; and, to judge by the glorious *ripeness* to which matters have come, dated about the beginning of July. A very curious Letter. We have prospered to miracle; the Eastern Fen regions are all up or rising, and Royalism quite put down there, impossible as that once seemed. Miraculous success;—and greater is yet coming, if we knew it!

'*To* ——— ———.'

'London, July 1642.'

DEAR FRIENDS,

Your Letters gave me great joy at reading your great progress in behalf of our great Cause.

Verily I do think the Lord is with me! I do undertake strange things, yet do I go through with them, to great profit and gladness, and furtherance of the Lord's great Work. I do feel myself lifted on by a strange force, I cannot tell why. By night and by day I am urged forward on the great Work. As sure as God appeared to Joseph in a dream, also to Jacob, He also has directed — — [*some words eaten out by moths*] — —Therefore I shall not

of enterprise: 'for which legacy,' says one Mr. Lowe of those parts, 'every Bullard, in gratitude, ought to drink the joint memory of'—two heroes named by Mr. Lowe: see Hone's Every-Day Book, i. 1482.

fear what man can do unto me. I feel He giveth me the light to see the great darkness that surrounds us at noonday. — to my —ht —ly [*five words gone, by moths*], I have been a stray sheep from the Fold; but I feel I am born again; I have cast off — — [*moths again; nearly three lines lost*]— —

'I have' sent you 300 more Carbines and 600 Snaphances; also 300 Lances, which when complete I shall send down by the Wain with 16 barrels Powder.

We [*of the Parliament*] declare ourselves now, and raise an Army forthwith: Essex and Bedford are our men. Throw-off fear, as I shall be with you. I get a Troop ready to begin; and they will show the others. Truly I feel I am Siloam of the Lord; my soul is with you in the Cause. I sought the Lord; and found this written in the First Chapter of Zephaniah, the 3d verse: 'See, I will consume,' &c. [*Here is the rest of the passage:* 'Consume man and beast; I will consume the fowls of heaven, and the fishes of the sea, and the stumbling-blocks with the wicked; and I will cut-off man from off the land, saith the Lord.']

Surely it is a sign for us. So I read it. For I seek daily, and do nothing without first so seeking the Lord.

I have much to say to you all, when I do see you. Till I do so, the Lord be with you; may His grace abound in all your houses. Peace be among you, loving Friends: so do I pray daily for your soul's health. I pray also, as I know you also 'do,' for His mercy to soften the heart of the King.— — [*moth-ruins to the end; the signature itself half-eaten: indistinctly guessable to have been:*]

I 'shall be at' Godmanchester, 'if it please the Lord, on' Monday.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

VI. No date; presumably, August 1642, at Ely or somewhere in that region; where Parliament musters or 'surveys' are going on, and brabbles with recusant Royalists are rife,—in one of which the excellent Mr. Sprigg has got a stroke. My Correspondent, the Transcriber, thinks '*house* at Peterborough' must mean merely *quarters* in a house there, the house or home of Squire appearing in a late Letter to be at Oundle.

To Mr. Squire, at his House, Peterborough.

[*No date.*]

SIR,

I regret much to hear your sad news. I regret much that worthy vessel of the Lord, Sprigg, came to hurt.

I hope the voice of the Lord will soften the Malignant's heart even yet at the eleventh hour: we rejoice at the 'hope' much;— but do keep it quiet, and not to take air.

We had a rare survey about us; and did much good. I expect to see you all at Stilton on Tuesday. To prevent hindrance, bring your swords and +′ [*hieroglyph for muskets?*].—From your Friend,

O. C.

Nos. VII.—XXIV.

VII. Keinton or Edgehill Battle, the first clear bursting into flame of all these long-smouldering elements, was fought on Sunday 23d October 1642. The following Eighteen Letters, dated or approximately dateable all but some two or three, bring us on, in a glimmering fitful manner, along the as yet quite obscure and subterranean course of Colonel Cromwell, to within sight of the Skirmish at Gainsborough, where he dared to beat and even to slay the Hon. Charles Cavendish, and first began to appear in the world.

'To Auditor Squire.'

Wisbeach, this day, 11th Nov. 1642.

DEAR FRIEND,

Let the Saddler see to the Horse-gear. I learn, from one, many are ill-served. If a man has not good weapons, horse and harness, he is as naught. I pray you order this:—and tell Rainsborough I shall see to that matter 'of his;' but do not wrong the fool.—From your friend, O. C.

VIII. The following is dated the same day, apparently at a subsequent hour, and to the same person:

'To Auditor Squire.'

November 11th day, 1642.

Take Three Troops, and go to Downham; I care not which they be. OLIVER CROMWELL.

IX. 'Stanground' is in the Peterborough region; 'Alister *your Music*' means 'Alister your Trumpeter,' of whom there will be other mention. Oliver finds himself at a terrible pinch for money;—there are curious glimpses into that old House by Ely Cathedral too, and the 'Mother' and the 'Dame' there!—

To Mr. Samuel Squire, at his Quarters at Stanground.

29th November 1642.

DEAR FRIEND,

I have not at this moment Five Pieces by me; loan I can get none; and without money a man is as naught. Pray now open thy pocket, and lend me 150 Pieces until my rent-day, when

I will repay,—or say 100 Pieces until then. Pray send me them by Alister your Music; he is a cautious man.

Tell W. I will not have his men cut folks' grass without proper compensation. If you pass mine, say to my Dame I have gone into Essex: my house is open to you; make no scruple; do as at your house at Oundle, or I shall be cross.—If you please ride over to Chatteris, and order the quartering of those [*that*] Suffolk Troop,—I hear they have been very bad;—and let no more such doings be. Bid R. horse[1] any who offend; say it is my order, and show him this.

Pray do not forget the 100 Pieces; and bid Alister ride haste. I shall be at Biggleswade at H. Send me the accounts of the week, if possible by the Trumpet; if not, send them on by one of the Troopers. It were well he rode to Bury, and wait [*waited*] my coming.

I hope you have forwarded my Mother the silks you got for me in London; also those else for my Dame. If not, pray do not fail.—From your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'W.' I suppose means Wildman, 'R.' Rainsborough. My Correspondent annotates here: "The *Journal* often mentioned trouble they" (the officers generally) "got into from the men taking, without leave, hay and corn from Malignants, whom Oliver never allowed to be robbed,—but paid for all justly to friend and foe."

X. *To Cornet Squire, at his Quarters, Tansor: These.*

Huntingdon, 22d January 1642.

SIR,

News has come in, and I want you. Tell my Son to ride over his men to me, as I want to see him. Tell White and Wildman also I want them. Be sure you come too: do not delay.

I have ill news of the men under my Son: tell him from me I must not have it. Bring me over those Papers you know of. Desborow has come in with good spoil,—some 3,000*l.* I reckon. Your Friend,

O. ['C.' *rotted off.*]

[1] That is, *wooden-horse* (used as a verb).—'Do military men of these times understand the wooden horse? He is a mere triangular ridge or roof of wood, set on four sticks, with absurd head and tail superadded; and you ride him bare-backed, in face of the world, frequently with muskets tied to your feet,—in a very uneasy manner!'—Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, antea, p. 118.

Dated on the morrow after this, is the celebrated Letter to *Robert Barnard, Esquire*, now in the possession of Lord Gosford :[1] "Subtlety may deceive you, integrity never will!"—

XI. Refers to the Lowestoff exploit;[2] and must bear date 12th March 1642-3,—apparently from Swaffham, Downham, or some such place on the western side of Norfolk.

For Captain Berry, at his Quarters, Oundle. Haste.

[*Date gone by moths*]—'12th March 1642.'

DEAR FRIEND,

We have secret and sure hints that a meeting of the Malignants takes place at Lowestoff on Tuesday. Now I want your aid; so come with all speed on getting this, with your Troop; and tell no one your route, but let me see you ere sundown.—From your Friend and Commandant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Auditor Squire had written in his *Journal*, now burnt: "He" (Oliver) "got his first information of this business from the man that sold fish to the Colleges" (at Cambridge), "who being searched, a Letter was found on him to the King, and he getting rough usage told all he knew."

XII. Date and address have vanished; eaten by moths; but can in part be restored. Of the date, it would appear, there remains dimly "the last figure, which looks like a 5:" that will probably mean 'March 15,' which otherwise one finds to be about the time. The scene is still the Fen-country; much harassed by Malignants, necessitating searches for arms, spy-journeys, and other still stronger measures! 'Montague,' we can dimly gather, is the future Earl of Sandwich; at present "Captain of the St. Neot's troop," a zealous young Gentleman of eighteen; who, some six months hence, gets a commission to raise a regiment of his own; of whom there is other mention by and by.

'*To Cornet Squire.*'

'—— 15th March 1642.'

DEAR FRIEND,

I have no great mind to take Montague's word about that Farm. I learn, behind the oven is the place they hide them [*the arms*]; so watch well, and take what the man leaves;—and hang the fellow out of hand [*out-a-hand*], and I am your warrant. For he shot a boy at Pilton-bee by the Spinney, the Widow's son, her only support: so God and man must rejoice at his punishment.

I want you to go over to Stamford: they do not well know you;

[1] Letters and Speeches, vol. i. p. 116. [2] Ibid. vol. i. p. 121.

ride through, and learn all; and go round by Spalding, and so home by Wisbee [*Wisbeach*]. See 15, 8, 92; and bring me word.—Wildman is gone by way of Lincoln: you may meet; but do not know him; he will not you.

I would you could get into Lynn; for I hear they are building a nest there we must rifle, I sadly fear.—You will hear of me at Downham: if not, seek me at Ely; my Son will say my Quarters to you.—From your Friend, O. C.

XIII. No date, no address; the Letter itself a ruined fragment, "in Oliver's hand." For the rest see *Letters and Speeches*, vol. i. p. 121. 'Russell,' I suppose, is Russell of Chippenham, the same whose daughter Henry Cromwell subsequently married.

'*To Cornet Squire.*'

[*No date*] 'Cambridge, (23d ?) March 1642.'

SIR,

Send me by Alister a list of the Troop, and the condition of men and horses; also condition of the arms. Ride over to St. Neot's, and see Montague his Troop, and my Son's Troop; and call on your way back at Huntingdon, and see to Russell's (I hear his men are ill provided in boots); and bid them heed a sudden call: I expect a long ride.

I shall want 200 Pieces: bring me them, or else send them by a sure hand.—You mentioned to my Wife of certain velvets you had in London, come over in your Father's ship from Italy: now, as far as Twenty Pieces go, buy th— — [*torn off, signature and all*].

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'

XIV. *To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Godmanchester.*

Cambridge, 26th March 1642 [*miswritten for* 1643; *Newyears-day was yesterday*].

SIR,

Since we came back, I learn no men have got the money I ordered. Let me hear no more of this; but pay as I direct,—as we are about hard work, I think. Yours to mind,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The 'hard work' of this Letter, and 'long ride' of last, refer to the same matter; which did not take effect after all, much as Colonel Hampden urged it.

XV. "Direction gone; Letter generally much wasted." Refers, seemingly, to those 'Plunderers' or 'Camdeners' from the Stamford side, concerning whom, about the beginning of this April, there is much talk and terror, and

one other Letter by Cromwell, already printed.[1] 'Berry' is the future Major-General; once "Clerk in the Ironworks," Richard Baxter's friend; of whom there was already mention in the Lowestoff affair.

'To Cornet Squire.'

Ely, this 30th day [*rest rotted off*], 'March 1643.'

— — — hope you to bring me that I want in due time,—we shall, if it please God, be at Swaffham;—and hear of me at 11 [*name in cipher*], who will say to you all needful.

Mind and come on in strength, as they are out to mischief, and some — — [*guess at their number, illegible*] — — Troops, but ill-armed. Tell Berry to ride in, also Montague; and cut home, as no mercy ought to be shown those rovers, who are only robbers and not honourable soldiers.——Call at Cosey: I learn he has got a case of arms down; fetch them off; also his harness,—it lies in the wall by his bedhead: fetch it off; but move not his old weapons of his Father's, or his family trophies. Be tender of this, as you respect my wishes of one Gentleman to another.

Bring me two pair Boothose, from the Fleming's who lives in London Lane; also a new Cravat: I shall be much thankful. I rest your Friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.

'London Lane,' I understand, is in Norwich. Let us hope 'the Fleming' has a good fleecy-hosiery article there, and can furnish one's Cornet; for the weather is still cold!—

From Norwich and the Fleming, by faint reflex, we perceive farther that 'Cosey' must be *Costessey*, vernacularly 'Cossy,' *Park;* seat of the old Roman-Catholic Jerninghams (now Lords Stafford), who are much concerned in these broils, to their heavier cost in time coming. Cossy is some four miles east of Norwich; will lie quite handy for Squire and his Troops as they ride hitherward, being on the very road to Swaffham.[2]

XVI. *Mr. Samuel Squire, at his Quarters, Peterborough, in Bridge-street there: Haste.*

St. Neot's, 3d April 1643.

DEAR SIR,

I am required by the Speaker to send up those Prisoners we got in Suffolk [*at Lowestoff &c.*]; pray send me the Date we got them, also their Names in full, and quality. I expect I may have to go up to Town also. I send them up by Whalley's Troop and the Slepe Troop; my Son goes with them. You had best go also, to answer any questions needed.

[1] Letters and Speeches, vol. i. p. 127.

[2] This Paragraph is due to a Correspondent (Jan. 1848), after Fraser, where 'Cosey' was printed with a *quære*, 'Cosey (?)'—(Note to the Reprint, 1850).

I shall require a new Pot [*kind of Helmet*] ; mine is ill set. Buy me one in Tower-street ; a Fleming sells them, I think his name is Vandeleur : get one *fluted*, and good barrets ; and let the plume-case be set on well behind. I would prefer it lined with good shamoy leather to any other.

I have wished them return [*the two Troops to return*] by way of Suffolk home ; so remind them. Do see after the 3 [*undecipherable cipher*]. 81 is playing fox : I hold a letter of his he sent to certain ones, which I got of one who carried it. If you light on him, pray take care of him, and bring him on to me. I cannot let such escape ; life and property is lost by such villains. If resistance is given, pistol him. No nonsense can be held with such : he is as dangerous as a mad bull, and must be quieted by some means. This villain got our men into a strife near Fakenham, some three weeks since ; and two got shot down, and nine wounded ; and the others lost some twenty or thirty on their side ; and all for his mischief.

Let me see you as soon as needs will allow. Mind Henry come to no ill in London ; I look to you to heed him.—From your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire endorses : "We went up with the Treasure ; and got sadly mauled coming back, but beat the ruffians [*ruffinns*] at Chipping, but lost near all our baggage."

XVII. These plundering 'Ca'ndishers,' called lately 'Camdeners,' from Noel Viscount Camden their principal adherent in these Southern parts, are outskirts or appendages of the Marquis of Newcastle's Northern or 'Papist' Army, and have for Commander the Hon. Charles Cavendish, Cousin of the Marquis ; whence their name. They are fast flowing Southward at present, in spite of the Fairfaxes,—to the terror of men. Our first distinct notice of them by Oliver ; the *last* will follow by and by.

To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Oundle : These. Post haste, haste.

Stilton, 12th April this day, '1643.'

SIR,

Pray show this to Berry, and advise [*signify to*] him to ride in, and join me, by four-days time ; as these Ca'ndishers, I hear, are over, tearing and robbing all, poor and rich. — — [*moths*] — — Many poor souls slain, and cattle moved off. Stamford is taken, and Lord Noel [*Nole*] has put some 300 to garrison it.

Send on word to Biggleswade, to hasten those slow fellows. We are upon no child's-play ; and must have all help as we [*they*] may.——At same time, I will buy your Spanish Headpiece you

showed me; I will give you Five Pieces for it, and my Scots one: at all rates, I will fain have it.—So rest, your Friend, O. C.

The East Foot [*from Suffolk &c.*] are come in, to some 600 men, I learn. Say so to those Biggleswade dormice.

Squire has jotted on this Letter: "writ 12th April 1642" (meaning 1643), "as we were upon our Lincoln riding."

XVIII. *To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Ouudle: These. Haste.*

Ely, this 13th day April 1642 [*for* 1643).

SIR,

I got your Letter and the Headpiece [*See Nos.* 16, 17]. I find we want much ere we march. Our Smiths are hard 'on' work at shoes. Press me Four more Smiths as you come on: I must have them, yea or nay; say I will pay them fee, and let go after shoeing,—home, and no hindrances.

I am glad Berry is of our mind; and in so good discipline of his men,—next to good arms, sure victory, under God.—I am your Friend, O. C.

XIX. *To Mr. S. Squire, at his Quarters, Ouudle: These. Haste.*

Ely, this day, Monday '—— 1643.'

SIR,

The Pay of the three Troops is come down; therefore come over by Twelve tomorrow, and see to it. I can hear nothing of the man that was sent me out of Suffolk and Essex. I fear he is gone off with the money. If so, our means are straitened beyond my power to redeem;—so must beg of you to lend me 200 Pieces more, to pay them; and I will give you the order on my Farm at Slepe, as security, if Parliament fail payment, which I much doubt of.

I got the money out of Norfolk last Friday: it came, as usual, ill; and lies at my Son's quarters safely: also the Hertfordshire money also [*sic*], which lies at his quarters also. The money which was got from the man at Boston is all gone: I had to pay 20 *per centum* for the changing it, and then take Orders on certain you know of, which will reduce it down to barely 60*l.* in the 100: —which is hard case on us who strive, thus to lose our hard earnings by men who use only pens, and have no danger of life or limb to go through.

Bring me the Lists of the Foot now lying in Garrison. I fear those men from Suffolk are being tried sorely by money from cer-

tain parties,—whom I will hang, if I catch playing their tricks in my quarters; by law of arms I will serve them. Order Isham to keep the Bridge (it is needful), and shoot any one passing who has not a pass. The Service is one that we must not be nice upon, to gain our ends. So show him my words for it.

Tell Captain Russell my mind on his men's drinking the poor man's ale and not paying. I will not allow any plunder: so pay the man, and stop their pay to make it up. I will cashier officers and men, if such is done in future.

So let me see you by noon-time; as I leave, after dinner, for Cambridge.—Sir, I am your Friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.

"Isham," who is to keep the Bridge on this occasion, "left the regiment at the same time as Squire did" (the First War being ended), "and went to sea, as did many others: so said *Journal*." (*Note by the Transcriber.*)

XX. Address torn off, date eaten by moths; the former to be guessed at, the latter not.

'*To Mr. Squire.*'

'— — 1643.'

DEAR FRIEND,

'I pray you'[1] send a Hundred Pounds to 81 at Ipswich; also a Hundred Pounds to 92 in Harwich; also Fifty-two Pounds to 151 at Aldborough;—and do not delay an hour. W. [*Wildman?*] is returned: they are all fit to burst at news come in; and, I much fear, will break out. So I am now going over to clip their wings. I shall be back in five days, if all be well.

Henry has borrowed of you Fifty Pieces, I learn. Do not let him have any more; he does not need it; and I hope better of you than go against my mind.—I rest, your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

XXI. *To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Chatteris: Haste, haste.*

Headquarters, Monday daybreak.

SIR,

Wildman has seen one who says you have news. How is this I am not put in possession of it? Surely you are aware of our great need. Send or come to me by dinner.—I am your Friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.

XXII. *To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Downham.*

[*No date*] '1643.'

DEAR FRIEND,

I learn from Burton (112) that one landed at the Quay from Holland, who was let-go, and is now gone-on by way of

[1] Some such phrase, and the half of '*Friend*,' have gone by moths.

Lynn. I hear he has a peaked beard, of a blue-black colour: of some twenty-five years old: I think from my letters, a Spaniard. See to him. He will needs cross the Wash; stop him, and bring him to me. I shall lie at Bury, if not at Newmarket: so be off quickly.—From your Friend, O. CROMWELL.

Haste,—ride on spur.

Squire has endorsed: "Got the man at Tilney, after a tussle, two troopers hit, and he sore cut, even to loss of life. Got all."

XXIII. Mr. Waters is some lukewarm Committee-man; whose lazy backwardness, not to say worse of it, this Colonel can endure no longer. Squire (by whatever chance the Letter came into Squire's hand) has endorsed as memorandum: "146 [*and other cipher-marks*] lives at his house,"—which perhaps may explain the thing!

To Mr. Waters, at the Cross Keys: These in all speed.

Lincoln, 25th July 1643.

SIR,

If no more be done than you and yours have done, it is well you give over such powers as you have to those who will. I say to you now my mind thereto: If I have not that aid which is my due, I say to you I will take it. And so heed me; for I find your words are mere wind: I shall do as I say, if I find no aid come to me by Tuesday.—Sir, I rest, as you will,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

XXIV. Here are the Ca'ndishers again; scouring the world, like hungry wolves: swift, mount, and after them!

To Captain Montague or Sam Squire: Haste, haste, on spur.

Wisbeach, this day, — 'July 1643.'

SIR,

One has just come-in to say the Ca'ndishers have come as far as Thorney, and done a great mischief, and drove-off some threescore fat beasts.

Pray call all in, and follow them; they cannot have got far. Give no quarter; as they shed blood at Bourne, and slew three poor men not in arms. So make haste.—From your Friend and Commander, OLIVER CROMWELL.

Here, too, is a Letter from Henry Cromwell, copied by my Correspondent from Squire's old Papers; which is evidently of contiguous or slightly prior date, and well worth saving.

'*To Captain Berry, at his Quarters, Whittlesea: These in all haste.*

—— 18 July 1643.

'SIR,

'There is great news just come in, by one of our men who has been home on leave. The Ca'ndishers are coming on hot. Some say 80 troops, others 50 troops. Be it as it may, we must go on. Vermuyden has sent his Son on to say, We had better push-on three troops as scouts, as far as Stamford; and hold Peterborough at all costs, as it is the Key to the Fen, which if lost much ill may ensue. Our news says, Ca'ndish has sworn to sweep the Fens clear of us. How he handles his broom, we will see when we meet: he may find else than dirt to try his hand on, I think! Last night came in Letters from the Lord General; also money, and ammunition a good store.

'Our men being ready, we shall ride in and join your Troop at dawn. Therefore send out scouts to see. Also good intelligencers on foot had better be seen after; they are best, I find, on all occasions. Hold the Town secure; none go in or out, on pain of law of arms and war.—Sharman is come in from Thrapstone: there was a Troop of the King's men driving, but got cut-down to a man,—not far from Kettering, by the Bedford Horse, and no quarter given, I hear.

'Sir, this is all the news I have. My Father desires me to say, Pray be careful!—Sir, I rest, your humble Servant, HENRY CROMWELL.'

On the same sheet follow four lines of abstruse cipher, with a signature which I take to mean 'Oliver Cromwell:' apparently some still more secret message from the Colonel himself.

On Friday 28th July 1643, precisely ten days after this Letter, occurred the action at Gainsborough, where poor General Cavendish, 'handling his broom' to best ability, was killed; and a good account, or good instalment of account to begin with, was given of these Ca'ndishers.[1]

Nos. XXV.—XXXV.

Our last batch consists of Eleven Letters; all of which, except two only, bear date 1643; and all turn on the old topics. Squire's more intimate relation to Oliver naturally ceased as the sphere of action widened,—as the 'valiant Colonel,' having finished his Eastern-Association business, emerged as a valiant General into Marston Battle, into England at large. After 1643, there is only one Letter to Squire; and that on personal business, and dated 1645.

XXV. *To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Wisbeach, at Mr. Thorne's House there: by my Son Henry.*

August, 2d day, 1643.

SIR,

My Lord Manchester has not the power to serve me as you would [*as you wish*] for York: but I will see if I can do it

[1] Letters and Speeches, vol. i. p. 136.

for him, to serve you in my Kinsman's [*Whalley's, Desborow's, Walton's?*] troop.

I will give you all you ask for that Black you won last fight.—I remain, yours, OLIVER CROMWELL.

'Last Fight' is Gainsborough with the Ca'ndishers; which occurred a week ago,—and has yielded Squire a horse among other things.

XXVI. *To Mr S. Squire, at his Quarters, the Flag.*

This day, 3d August 1643.

SIR,

These are to require you to bring the Statements of the Troopers who were on the road, when they stopped the Wains containing the Arms going from [*word illegible; my Correspondent writes "Skegness"*] to Oxford: that they be paid their dues for the service.

I learn from Jackson that some of the Suffolk Troop requires Passes to return home to Harvest. Now, that is hardly to be given; seeing we are after Lynn Leaguer, and require all aid needful to surround them [*the Lynn Malignants*]:—Say I cannot grant their requesting. Have they not had great manifesting of God's bounty and grace, in so short a time? I am filled with surprise at this fresh requiring of these selfish men. Let them write home, and hire others to work. I will grant no fresh Passes: the Lord General is against it; and so am I, fixed in my mind.

Do you ride over to Swaffham, and buy Oats for 2,000 horse: we shall require as many, to come on to Gaywood, by order, as needed. Also see to the Hay;—and let your servants see well that no imposition is practised. I must insist on due weight and measure for man and horse; or let the chapmen look to their backs and pouches! I stand no rogue's acts here, if they are tolerated in London. I will have my pennyworth for my penny.

Send on a Trooper to Norwich and Yarmouth for news. Bid them call at 112 and 68, and ask Mr. Parmenter after 32: he is fox, I hear. I fear Burton is double.—I am, your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I sent a Pass to your Kinsman.

XXVII. '*To Mr. Squire.*'

'17th August 1643.'

Bid three Troops go on to Downham, and come by way of Wisbeach. Tell Ireton my mind on his shooting that Spy without learning more. I like it not. His name is Nickols, I hear. It were well no news took air of it. O. C.

"From Col. Cromwell on his way to Siege of Lynn, 17th August 1643:" so Squire dockets; which enables us to date. Farther in regard to 'Ireton's matter' (the well-known Ireton), there stood in the *Journal*, says my Correspondent: "This man was shot in Thorney Fen: he was a spy, and had done great injury. He had 500 Gold Pieces in his coat, and a Pass of Manchester's and one of the King's." To which my Correspondent adds in his own person: "Shooting spies, and hanging newsmongers, was very often done; and to me very horrible was the news I read often in the *Journal* of such doings."

XXVIII. The 'great work on hand'—is a ride to Lincolnshire; which issued in Winceby Fight, or Horncastle Fight, on Wednesday next.

'To Auditor Squire.'

Ely, this day [*moths*] October '1643.'

DEAR FRIEND,

Hasten with all speed you may, and come on the spur to me at Ely: we have a great work on hand, and shall need us all to undertake it. May the Lord be with us.—Hasten your men. I must see you by tomorrow sunset, as we start next day.—From yours, OLIVER CROMWELL.

"Came by the Colonel's Music," so Squire endorses.—For Winceby Fight, which followed on Wednesday next, see *Letters and Speeches*, vol. i. pp. 154-7.

XXIX. Home at Ely again; in want of various domestic requisites,—a drop of mild brandy, for one.

To Mr. S. Squire, at his Quarters, Dereham, or elsewhere: Haste, haste.

Ely, 15th November 1643.

SIR,

With all speed, on getting this, see Cox; his Quarters are at the Fort on the South End. Tell him to send me two Culverins, also a small Mortar-piece, with match, powder and shot; also a Gunner and his mates, as I need them.

Buy of Mr. Teryer a case of Strong-waters for me;—and tell the Bailiff to order-on such Volunteers as we can: we need all we can get. Also get a cask of cured Fish for me.—Do not fail sending on, with good speed, the Cannons; we stay for them. In haste, yours, OLIVER CROMWELL.

XXX. *To Mr. S. Squire, at his Quarters.*

This day, Friday noon, '— Nov. 1643.'

SIR,

Your Letter is more in the Lord General's business than mine; but to serve you am well pleased at all times. I have writ to the Captain at Loughborough to mind what he is about:

at the same time, if your Kinsmen are Papists, I do not know well how I dare go against the Law of Parliament to serve them. I have, to oblige you, done so far: Take a Pass, and go over and see to this matter, if you are inclined. But I think they, if prudent, will get no farther ill.

I shall want the Blue Parcel of Papers you know of: send them by your Music.—Sir, I am your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire endorses: "My Cousin would not leave the Nunnery, so left her."—But see next Letter, for a wiser course.

XXXI. *To Mr. S. Squire, at his Quarters, Fotheringay.*

Peterborough, this day, 2d Dec. 1643.

DEAR FRIEND,

I think I have heard you say that you had a relation in the Nunnery at Loughborough. Pray, if you love her, remove her speedily; and I send you a Pass,—as we have orders to demolish it, and I must not dispute orders [*no!*]:—There is one of the Andrews' in it; take her away. Nay give them heed to go, if they value themselves. I had rather they did. I like no war on women. Pray prevail on all to go, if you can. I shall be with you at Oundle in time.—From your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire has written on the other side: "Got my Cousin Mary and Miss Andrews out, and left them at our house at Thrapstone, with my Aunt, same night; and the Troops rode over, and wrecked the Nunnery by order of Parliament."

XXXII. Some Cathedral or other Church duty come in course; at which young Montague, Captain of the St. Neot's Troop, would fain hesitate! Readers may remember Mr. Hitch of Ely,—about a fortnight after the date here.[1] 'Monuments of Superstition and Idolatry,' they must go: the Act of Parliament, were there nothing more, is express!

'*To Mr. Squire.*'

Christmas Eve, '1643.'

SIR,

It is to no use any man's saying he will not do this or that. What is to be done is no choice of mine. Let it be sufficient, it is the Parliament's Orders, and we to obey them. I am surprised at Montague to say so. Show him this: if the men are not of a mind to obey this Order, I will cashier them, the whole Troop. I heed God's House as much as any man: but vanities and trumpery give no honour to God, nor idols serve Him;

[1] Letters and Speeches, vol. i. p. 155.

neither do painted windows make man more pious. Let them do as Parliament bid them, or else go home,—and then others will be less careful to do what we had done [*might have done*] with judgment.

I learn there is 4 Men down with the Sickness, in the St. Neot's Troop now at March. Let me hear: so ride over, and learn all of it.—Sir, I am your Friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire has endorsed: "They obeyed the Order."

XXXIII. This Letter, in my Copy of it, is confidently dated "Stilton, 31st *July* 1643;" but, for two reasons, the date cannot be accepted. First, there is a Letter long since printed, which bears date *Huntingdon*, instead of Stilton, with precisely the same day and year,—the Letter concerning Gainsborough Fight, namely.[1] Secondly, in the Letter now before us there is allusion to 'Horncastle' or Winceby Fight, which had not happened in 'July,' nor till 11th October following. If for *July* we read *Jan*y, January 1643-4, there is a better chance of being right.

'To Auditor Squire.'

Stilton, 31st 'January,' 1643.

DEAR SIR,

Buy those Horses; but do not give more than 18 or 20 Pieces each for them: that is enough for Dragooners.

I will give you 60 Pieces for that Black you won at Horncastle (if you hold to a mind to sell him), for my Son, who has a mind to him.—Dear Sir, I am your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

15 is come in.

XXXIV. Red coats for the first time! My Correspondent gives the following annotation: "I remember, in *Journal*, mention of all the East men' (Association men) "wearing red coats,[2] horse and foot, to distinguish them from the King's men; and it being used after by the whole Army. And I think it was after Marston Battle;—but the *Journal* was full of the rowes of the men, and corporals' cabals."

To Mr. Russell, at his Quarters, Bromley by Bow.

[*No date at all*] '1643.'

SIR,

I learn your Troop refuse the new Coats. Say this: Wear them, or go home. I stand no nonsense from any one. It is a needful thing we be as one in Colour; much ill having been from diversity of clothes, to slaying 'of friends by friends.' Sir, I pray you heed this. OLIVER CROMWELL.

[1] Letters and Speeches, vol. i. p. 136. [2] Ibid, vol. i. p. 139.

XXXV. Cornet or Auditor Squire, it would appear by my Correspondent's recollections of the lost *Journal*, was promoted to be Lieutenant for his conduct in Naseby Fight: "he afterwards got wounded in Wales or Cornwall; place named *Turo*, I think,"—undoubtedly at Truro in Cornwall, in the ensuing Autumn. Here, next Spring, 1645-6, while the Service is like to be lighter, he decides on quitting the Army altogether.

To Lieutenant Squire, at his Quarters, Tavistock: These.

3d March 1645.

SIR,

In reply to the Letter I got this morning from you,—I am sorry you 'so' resolve; for I had gotten you your commission as Captain from the Lord General, and waited only your coming to give it you. Think twice of this. For I intended your good; as I hope you know my mind thatwise. But so if you will,—I will not hinder you. For, thanks be given to God, I trust now all will be well for this Nation; and an enduring Peace be, to God his glory and our prosperity.

Now there is between you and me some reckoning. Now I hope to be in London, say in three weeks, if God speed me in this matter. Call at the Speaker's, and I will pay you all your due. Pray send me a List of the Items, for guide to me [*for me to guide*]. Let me know what I owe your Brother for the Wines he got me out of Spain to my mind.—Sir, let me once more wish you 'would' think over your resolution, that I may serve you. Your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire, in his idle moments, has executed on this sheet a rude drawing of a Pen and Sword; very rude indeed; with these words: "Ten to one the Feather beats the Iron:" that is Squire's endorsement on this his last remaining Letter from Oliver; indicating a nascent purpose, on the part of Squire, to quit the Army after all.

With which nascent purpose, and last Letter, we should so gladly take our leave of him and his affairs; were it not that there still remain, from the burnt *Journal*, certain miscellaneous Scraps, transitory jottings of Lists and the like, copied by our Correspondent,—which, though generally of the character of mere opaque ashes, may contain here and there some fragment of a burnt bone, once a hero's; and claim to be included in this which may be called the *Funeral Urn of the Ironsides*, what is left to us of them after the fire. These Scraps too, let us hastily shoot them in, therefore; and so end.

Scrap 1.

On a Slip of Paper in Squire's hand first, but ending with a line in Oliver's :

Ely, this 12th day of March 1643.

Sick :

M. Kearnes
T. Allen

Wounded :

P. Jenkins
P. Frisby
Tab. Tomlins
Sh. Wales

4 horses want new shoes; 14 bridles want repairs [*turns the leaf*]; 4 greaves want repair. Paid for Hay for Horses 50 shillings.
The rest all well. SAML. SQUIRE.

[*Bottom of the Paper.*]
Sixth Troop to go to Downham.
O. C.

Scrap 2.

My Correspondent says : "These Names are written on a sheet of Paper, folded, and marked *Troops*,"—probably, as my Correspondent guesses elsewhere, the names of the original Ironside Captains; well worth preserving indeed !

Cromwell	Flutter	Barnard
Aires	Stebbings	Dodsworth
Berry	Walton	Richardson
Wright	Campin	Russell
Evanson	Deane	White
Collins	Buckell	Rawlins
Rainsforth	Larance	Sidne (*Algernon ?*)
Clarke	Wauton	Cromwell, H.
Lawsell	Walden	Cromwell, O. (*Junior*)
Freshwater	Jones	Ireton
Woolward	Whailey	Rich
Spriggs	Cook	Montague (*Sandwich*)
Sheppherd	Fountain	Cults
Fairside	Norton (*idle Dick*)	Chambers.
Weston	Langley	

Scrap 3.

Names written on a Paper marked "St. Neot's Troop."

Speechley
Tebbutt (*the Saddler ?* in Scrap 7)
Wright
Wauton, V. (*Valentine, young Walton, killed at Marston-Moor ?*)
Russell, John

Ellis
Barnard
Hunt
Pickering
Dawson
Butler
Cox
Cromwell, Rd. (*idle Richard!*)
Cromwell, Thos.
Montague
Halles, Ambrose
Andres
Spencer, junr.

Scrap 4.

On a Sheet in Squire's hand:

The names of those who joined us at Siege of Lynn, and came riding in full armed, and went into our second regiment; and who left us, many of them, after Marston Fight, on fancies of conscience, and turned Quackers (*Quakers*);—and suchlike left us at Newmarket, and went home with the Eastmen's foot, to garrison Lynn and Yarmouth.

No. 1.

Allen, Robert
Ames, Simeon
Anger, Josua
Beales, Constantine
Beart, Hiram
Bullard, Octavius
Ball, Frank
Buddery, Isaac S
Breckenham, Edward
Complin (*or* Camplin), Judah
Camon, Joseph
Cornish, Caleb
Dunton, Saml.
Dormer, James
Downeing, Saml.
Daynes, Danyel
Eccles, Thomas (music)
Elsegood, Zachary
Ellis, John
Fuller, Jacob
Fydeman, John
Fyncham, Saul
Fenn, Aaron
Goodwyn, Robert
Gogney, Symon
Greenwood, Japhet
Goss, Jacques
Hutcherson, Levi
Hewet, Jacob
Hunt, Isaiah
Howard, Timon
Jeunes le, Jonathan S
Kinge, Philip
Kiddell, Morse
Kett, Reuben S
Kett, Aminadab
Keckwicke, Josiah
Lowger, Thos. Christian
Munck, Wm.
Myleham, Henry
Matthewman, Thomas
Mason, Alwyn
Mylum, Abraham C
Medcalf, Leonard C
Mayhew, Hezekiah
Neave, Aram
Neale, Jacques
Northen, Christian
Osborn, Zatthu
Price, Ahimelech
Panke, Sheckaniah
Pike, Henry
Patterson, Paul
Roe, Tobias C
Ransom, Icheil (*or* Jeheil)
Roe, Zechariah
Rust, Christian
Rose, Selah
Read, Price Stephen
Reeve, Manna
Soames, Aaron Major
Stangroom, Eleazer
Sheringham, Walter
Shepperd, Charles
Sharpen, Jacobus
Snell, Robert

Starlin, Edward	Woods, John C
Sewell, Samuel	Waters, Bartolemew
Swann, Josua S	Waddelow, Philip
Thurton, Wm. Valentine	Weasey, John
Todd, Stephen	Wilkerson, Wm.
Tillet, Ishmael	Willemons, Gabriel
Taylor, Vilellius	Wasey, Antoney
Tizack, Christopher	Waynford, Antony
Tuby, Zered	Youngs, Francis
Toll, Israel	Yewell, Gordon
Vickers, John	Ypres, Cornelius
Vankamp, Hubert	Yabbs, Peter
Ward, Wilim.	Yewells, Christian
Waymour, Wm.	Youngman, Gregory
Wharle, Nicholas	Yeames, Robert
Weeds, Amphilius	Yorkshire, Samuel

["I suppose S and C means Sergeants and Corporals."—*Correspondent.*]

No. 2.

Allwurd Promise	Peter A. Money	Julius Stannard
Cladius Batson	Israel Meeks	Danl. Staffort
Gilead Barker	Will Martin	Natl. Steele
Valentine Barker	John Mills	James Thompson
Henricus Clarke	Cristr. Mead	Jos. Watts
Alec Caulfield	Robert Mead	Malec Wats
James Culling	Hall Markston	Je'sophat Warnes
Sim Cross	Fred. Mallet	Henry Willson
Zack Dulwick	Mark Nicholls	Saul Wensun
Alfred Damant	Egbert Oaks	Oliver Weston
Kesiah Dannell	Caleb Pede	Isachar Watts
Joshua Flint	David Pascal	Thos. Zobell
Mathias Fox	John Pulfrey	Adolff Zobell
Will Gowan	Amos Pull	Shem Quarles
Paul Hales (*or* Halls)	Pious Stone	John Yellows
Septimus Lefranc	Walter Smidt	Alfred Love
Richard Lome	Ludwig Smidt	Simeon Waite

"To these names nothing farther is written, beyond names of their Troops. I have written them *alphabetically* from my List, which is not so arranged." (*Note by my Correspondent.*)

Scrap 5.

"These are written on a Strip of Paper was enclosed in a Letter." (*Correspondent.*)

OC.	DC.	RC.	HC.	Ireton	Cole
HC.	JC.	VW.	D.	Rawlings	York
A.	B.	E.	J.	Rainsboro	Mewburn
		R.		Castle	Frisby
				White	Mossop
				Husbands	

"Copied as they stood in the original Paper. About the treasure going to London" (see antea, No. 16); "and I think, from the contents, took [*had taken*] College treasure." (*Correspondent.*)

Scrap 6.

"List of Names written on a Paper marked *Hearty*. I have written them alphabetically for convenience, but they were not so in the Original." (*Correspondent.*)

Alister	Dawson, H.	Larance
Barnard, J.	Everard, B.	Ayscouw
Butler	Everard, R.	Montague
Boyle	Everson	Norton
Biglande	Ellis	Neale
Boucher	Freshwater	Neve
Bussey	Farside	Nelson
Berry	Flutter	Ord
Buckel	Frisby	Poulton
Barnard, R.	Fischer	Powell
Castles	Garland	Pye
Chambers, J.	Hodges	Pickerin
Compton	Halles	Pede
Carter	Hunt	Ayres
Claypol	Hobbard	Richardson, R.
Collins	Holland	Rose
Clarke	Hewitson	Rawlen
Campin	Hawkins	Reede
Cooke	Henderson	Ricketts
Cutts	Hunt	Russell, J.
Chambers, W.	Hart	Ireton
Cox	Handley	Russell, R.
Castel	Isham	Russell, F.
Cole	Ingolsby	Reynolds
Chapman	Ireton, J.	Rainsforth
Cromwell, O. senr.	Jones	Richardson, J.
Cromwell, R.	John	Rawlinges
Cromwell, Thos.	Ingoldsby	Rich
Cromwell, O. junr.	Kincome	Ayscogh
Cromwell, Richd.	Knightley	Reachlous
Cromwell, Henry	Lemmen	Steward
Desborow	Lawsell	Sprigges
Desborow	Langley	Stebbings
Deane, H.	Moulle	Sidney
Deane, R.	Mewburn	Speechley
Dinch	Montagne	Squire
Dodsworth	Montague, H.	Tebbut
Dawson, T.	Marten	Thornton
Dawson, S.	Masham	Warters

Walls	Walden	Wright
Wauton, V.	Woolward	Warnes
Whally	Weston	White
Whitston	Walton	Vanderay
Wright	Wauton, J.	York
White	Walden	Yewson

"These several Lists are all that I copied; but I think the List 3" (*Scrap* 2 as given here) "contains names of the original Captains [*and Subalterns*] of Troops in the Ironsides; but I cannot say for certain. The large List" (*Scrap* 4) "was too far gone to touch, as it was perfectly red with damp, and rotten; so was burnt. These were in Letters and odd Papers. I have no others copied that I can find in my travelling Writing-desk; so suppose they are all I took." (*Correspondent.*)

Scrap 7.

"Written on a Letter, and marked *Settled.*" (*Correspondent.*)

Settled.	*Corporals:*	*Clerk:*
Collonel O. Cromwell	Cornelius Vanderay	Saml. Squire [*Self!*]
Cn. [*Captain*] J. Desboro[h]	Zosimus Rose [*the Drill-Corporal: Letter No.* 4]	*Saddeler:* J. Tebbutt
Leutenant V. Wauton	Thomas Fischer	*Chirugeon:*
Cornet E. Whally	*Trumpets:*	Sl. Moule
Qr. Mr. R. Everard	Levi Allister [*your Music!*]	*Farrier:* Rd. Richardson.
	Thos. Kincome	

Scrap 8.

"Memorandums on a Picce of Paper," in Squire's hand, "copied by me *verbatim.*" (*Correspondent.*)

Buried near the Vestrey:

Enoch Soames	——50 horses shot to the death.
John Purfis	40 horses soreley wounded.
Simeon Wildes	30 men wounded soreley, yet
John Liffel	can Ride.
Benjamin Waster	10 unabel to Ride.
Noah Richardson	——
Seth Richardson	Lent for the use of the Parle-
Levi Richardson	ment to pay the Souldiers. Hay
Cornelius Van Œst	and Corn
Caspar Dorflein	£160 10 4¾

Shot to the Death at Ganesborow.

[*turns the leaf*]

£160 10 4¾

Note for its due payt. secured by Col. O. C.

504 19 6
160 10 4¾
665 9 10¾

Lent to	£	s.	d.
Hiram Dawson		10	
Capn. Desboro'		60	
Colenl. Cromwell	£10	—	—
A new Cravatt		7	
A new Spurrs		5	
A feather for my Basnet		2	6
	£14	4	6
A new Staffe for y^e^ Coloures		1	4
	14	5	10

Scrap 9.

Squire's Conspectus of the "St. Neot's Troop" is to be seen in *Scrap* 3. Captain Montague obtained Commission to raise a regiment of his own, "on the 20th August 1643," says Collins[1]—which I think, as "20th August" was a *Sunday*, can hardly have been the exact day! However, raise a regiment he did, and even regiments; and here is Note of the first of them,—in Squire's handwriting:

Joined Montague's Lanciers.

Walter [*his name illegible*]	Wm. Partrige	Gabriel Womac
John Palmer	Collins Collins	Lemuel Gilbert
Saul Cobbham	John Skipon	Charles Hurst [*or* Harst]
Martin Saul	Walter Reachlous	Wm. Waters
Wolsey Clarke	John Evanson	May 24, 1644.
Stephen Willis	Wm. Ellis	
	Henry Johnson	

Explicit Squirus noster; as all things do end! Some three other Notes, written in abstruse cipher, and two of them bearing what I take to be Oliver's occult signature, and plainly Squire's address,—these I keep back, as too abstruse for any printer or any reader. And herewith let us close the Funeral Urn of the Ironsides, with its burnt bones of heroes, and ashes of mere wood; and, with deathless regrets against my Unknown Correspondent, and for the present some real thankfulness to Heaven, wash our hands of this melancholy affair.

T. CARLYLE.

London, 2d Nov. 1847.

[1] Peerage (1741), ii. 281.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S

LETTERS AND SPEECHES

WITH ELUCIDATIONS

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

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OLIVER CROMWELL'S

LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

PART FIFTH.

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LETTERS LXXXVII.—XCVI.

On *Tuesday* 30*th January* 1648–9, it is ordered in the Commons House, 'That the Post be staid until tomorrow morning, ten of the clock;' and the same afternoon, the King's Execution having now taken place, Edward Dendy, Sergeant-at-Arms, with due trumpeters, pursuivants and horse-troops, notifies, loud as he can blow, at Cheapside and elsewhere, openly to all men, That whosoever shall proclaim a new King, Charles Second or another, without authority of Parliament, in this Nation of England, shall be a Traitor and suffer death. For which service, on the morrow, each trumpeter receives 'ten shillings' of the public money, and Sergeant Dendy himself—shall see what he will receive.[1] And all Sheriffs, Mayors of Towns and such like are to do the same in their respective localities, that the fact be known to everyone.

After which follow, in Parliament and out of it, such debatings, committee-ings, consultings towards a Settlement of this Nation, as the reader can in a dim way sufficiently fancy for himself on considering the two following facts.

[1] Commons Journals, vi. 126; Scobell's Acts and Ordinances (London, 1658, 1657), ii. 3.

First, That on *February 13th*, Major Thomas Scott, an honourable Member whom we shall afterwards know better, brings in his Report or Ordinance for a COUNCIL OF STATE, to be henceforth the Executive among us; which Council, to the number of Forty-one Persons, is thereupon nominated by Parliament; and begins its Sessions at Derby House on the 17th. Bradshaw, Fairfax, Cromwell, Whitlocke, Harry Marten, Ludlow, Vane the Younger, and others whom we know, are of this Council.

Second, That, after much adjustment and new-modelling, new Great Seals, new Judges, Sergeant's-maces, there comes out, on *May 19th*, an emphatic Act, brief as Sparta, in these words: 'Be it declared and enacted by this present Parliament, and by the authority of the same: That the People of England, and of all the dominions and territories thereunto belonging, are and shall be, and are hereby constituted, made, established and confirmed to be, A COMMONWEALTH OR FREE-STATE; and shall from henceforth be governed as a Commonwealth and Free-State,—by the Supreme Authority of this Nation the Representatives of the People in Parliament, and by such as they shall appoint and constitute officers and ministers under them for the good of the People; and that without any King or House of Lords.'[1]—What modelling and consulting has been needed in the interim, the reader shall conceive.

Strangely enough, among which great national transactions the following small family-matters again turn up; asserting that they too had right to happen in this world, and keep memory of themselves,—and show how a Lieutenant-General's mind, busy pulling-down Idolatrous Kingships and setting-up Religious Commonwealths, has withal an idle eldest Son to marry!—

There occurred 'a stick,' as we saw some time ago,[2] in this Marriage-Treaty: but now it gathers life again;—and, not to agitate the reader's sympathies overmuch, we will say at once that it took effect this time; that Richard Cromwell was actually wedded to Dorothy Mayor, at Hursley, on Mayday 1649;[3] and, one point fairly settled at last!—But now mark farther how Anne, second daughter of the House of Hursley, came to be married not long after to 'John Dunch of Pusey in Berkshire;' which Dunch of Pusey had a turn for collecting Letters. How Dunch, groping about Hursley in subsequent years, found 'Seventeen Letters of Cromwell,' and collected them, and laid them up at Pusey; how, after a century or so, Horace Walpole, likewise a collector of Let-

[1] Scobell, ii. 30; Commons Journals, 19th May.
[2] Letter LVI. vol. i. p. 265. [3] Noble, i. 188.

ters, got his eye upon them; transcribed them, imparted them to dull Harris.[1] From whom, accordingly, here they still are and continue. This present fascicle of Ten is drawn principally from the Pusey stock; the remainder will introduce themselves in due course.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Colonel Norton, 'Dear Dick,' was purged out by Pride; lazy Dick and lazy Frank Russel were both purged out, or scared away, and are in the lists of the Excluded. Dick, we infer, is now somewhat estranged from Cromwell; probably both Dick and Frank: Frank returned; Dick too, though in a fitful manner. And so, there being now no 'dear Norton' on the spot, the Lieutenant-General applies to Mr. Robinson, the pious Preacher at Southampton, of whom we transiently heard already;—a priest and counsellor, and acting as such, to all parties.

For my very loving Friend Mr. Robinson, Preacher at Southampton: These.

'London,' 1st February 1648.

Sir,

I thank you for your kind Letter. As to the business you mention, I desire to use this plainness with you.

When the last overture was, between me and Mr. Mayor, by the kindness of Colonel Norton,—after the meeting I had with Mr. Mayor at Farnham, I desired the Colonel (finding, as I thought, some scruples in Mr. Mayor), To know of him whether his mind was free to the thing or not. Colonel Norton gave me this account, That Mr. Mayor, by reason of some matters as they then stood, was not very free thereunto. Whereupon I did acquiesce, submitting to the providence of God.

Upon your reviving of the business to me, and your Letter, I think fit to return you this answer, and to say in plainness of spirit to you: That, upon your testimony of the Gentlewoman's worth, and the common report of the piety of the Family, I shall be willing to entertain the renewing of the motion, upon such conditions as may be to mutual satisfaction.

[1] Harris, p. 504.

Only I think that a speedy resolution will be very convenient to both parties. The Lord direct all to His glory.

I desire your prayers therein ; and rest, your very affectionate friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

'February 1st,'—it is Thursday ; the King was executed on Tuesday : Robinson at Southampton, I think, must have been writing at the very time.

On Tuesday night last, a few hours after the King's Execution, Marquis Hamilton had escaped from Windsor, and been retaken in Southwark next morning, Wednesday morning. 'Knocking at a door,' he was noticed by three troopers ; who questioned him, detected him ; [2] and bringing him to the Parliament Authorities, made 40*l.* apiece by him. He will be tried speedily, by a new High Court of Justice ; he and others.

PASS.

To all Officers and Soldiers, and all Persons whom these may concern.

WHEREAS John Stanley of Dalegarth, in the county of Cumberland, Esquire, hath subscribed to his Composition, and paid and secured his Fine, according to the direction of Parliament :

These are to require you to permit and suffer him and his servants quietly to pass into Dalegarth above-said, with their horses and swords, and to forbear to molest or trouble him or any of his Family there ; without seizing or taking away any of his horses, or other goods or estate whatsoever ; and to permit and suffer him or any of his Family, at any time, to pass to any place, about his or their occasions ; without offering any injury to him or any of his Family, either at Dalegarth, or in his or their travels : As you will answer your contempt at your utmost perils.

Given under my hand and seal this 2d of February 1648.

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

[1] Harris, p. 504 : one of the seventeen Letters found at Pusey. [2] Cromwelliana, p. 51.

[3] Jefferson's History and Antiquities of Allerdale Ward, Cumberland (Carlisle, 1842), p. 234.

Oliver's seal of 'six quarterings' is at the top. Of course only the seal and signature are specially his: but this one Pass may stand here as the sample of many that were then circulating,—emblem of a time of war, distress, uncertainty and danger, which then was.

The 2d of February is Friday. Yesterday, Thursday, there was question in the House of 'many Gentlemen from the Northern Counties, who do attend about Town to make their compositions,' and of what is to be done with them.[1] The late business that ended in Preston Fight had made many new delinquents in those parts; whom now we see painfully with pale faces dancing attendance in Goldsmiths' Hall—not to say knocking importunately at doors in the gray of the morning, in danger of their life! Stanley of Dalegarth has happily got his composition finished, his Pass signed by the Lieutenant-General; and may go home, with subdued thankfulness, in a whole skin. Dalegarth Hall is still an estate or farm, in the southern extremity of Cumberland; on the Esk river, in the Ravenglass district: not far from that small Lake which Tourists go to see under the name of *Devock Water*. Quiet life to Stanley there!

LETTER LXXXVIII.

For my very worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These.

'London,' 12th February 1648.

SIR, . . .

I received some intimations formerly, and by the last return from Southampton a Letter from Mr. Robinson, concerning the reviving of the last year's motion touching my Son and your Daughter. Mr. Robinson was also pleased to send enclosed in his a Letter from you, bearing date the 5th of this instant February, wherein I find your willingness to entertain any good means for the completing of that business.

From whence I take encouragement to send my Son to wait upon you; and by him to let you know, That my desires are, if Providence so dispose, very full and free to the thing, —if, upon an interview, there prove also a freedom in the

[1] Commons Journals, in die.

young persons thereunto. What liberty you will give herein, I wholly submit to you.

I thought fit, in my Letter to Mr. Robinson, to mention somewhat of expedition; because indeed I know not how soon I may be called into the field, or other occasions may remove me from hence; having for the present some liberty of stay in London. The Lord direct all to His glory. I rest, Sir, your very humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Thomas Scott is big with the Council of State at present; he produces it in the House tomorrow morning, 13th February; and the List of actual Councillors, as we said, is voted the next day.

There is also frequent debate about Ireland[2] in these days, and what is to be done for relief of it; the Marquis of Ormond, furnished with a commission from the Prince, who now calls himself Charles II., reappeared there last year; has, with endless patience and difficulty, patched-up some kind of alliance with the Papists, Nuncio Papists and Papists of the Pale; and so far as numbers go, looks very formidable. One does not know how soon one 'may be called into the field.' However, there will several things turn up to be settled first.

ORDER.

ON the Saturday 17th February 1648-9, more properly on Monday 19th, the Council of State first met, to constitute itself and begin despatch of business.[3] Cromwell seems to have been their first President. At first it had been decided that they should have no constant President; but after a time, the inconveniences of such a method were seen into, and Bradshaw was appointed to the office.

The Minute-book of this Council of State, written in the clear old hand of Walter Frost, still lies complete in the State-Paper Office; as do the whole Records of the Committee of Both Kingdoms, of the Committee of Sequestrations in Goldsmiths' Hall, and many other Committees and officialities of the Period. By the long labour of Mr. Lemon, these waste Documents, now gathered into volumes, classed, indexed, methodised, have become singularly accessible. Well read, the thousandth or perhaps ten-thousandth part of them well excerpted, and the nine-hundred-

[1] Harris, p. 505: one of the Pusey seventeen.
[2] Cromwelliana, 14th February, &c.
[3] Commons Journals, vi. 146.

and-ninety-nine parts well forgotten, much light for what is really English History might still be gathered there. Alas, if the Half-million of money, or but the twentieth part of it, wasted in mere stupidities upon the old-parchment Record Commission, had been expended upon wise labours here!—But to our '*Order*.'

Sir Oliver Fleming, a most gaseous but indisputable historical Figure, of uncertain genesis, uncertain habitat, glides through the old Books as 'Master of the Ceremonies,'—master of one knows not well what. In the end of 1643 he clearly is nominated 'Master of the Ceremonies' by Parliament itself;[1] and glides out and in ever after, presiding over 'Dutch Ambassadors,' 'Swedish Ambassadors' and suchlike, to the very end of the Protectorate. A Blessed Restoration, of course, relieved him from his labours. He, for the present, wants to see some Books in the late Royal Library of St. James's. This scrap of paper still lies in the British Museum:

To the Keeper of the Library of St. James's.

THESE are to will and require you, upon sight hereof, to deliver unto Sir Oliver Fleming, or to whom he shall appoint, two or three such Books as he shall choose, of which there is a double copy in the Library: to be by him disposed 'of' as there shall be direction given him by the Council. Of which you are not to fail, and for which this shall be your warrant.

Given at the Council of State, this 22d day of February 1648.

In the name, and signed by Order of the Council of State appointed by Authority of Parliament,

OLIVER CROMWELL
(*Præses pro tempore*).[2]

There is already question of selling the late King's goods, crown-jewels, plate, and 'hangings,' under which latter title, we suppose, are included his Pictures, much regretted by the British connoisseur at present. They did not come actually to market till July next.[3]

[1] 2d November 1643. Commons Journals, iii. 299.
[2] Additional Ayscough MSS. 12,198.
[3] Scobell, Part ii. 46, the immense Act of Parliament for sale of them.

LETTER LXXXIX.

REVEREND Mr. Stapylton, of whom we heard once before in Edinburgh, has been down at Hursley with Mr. Richard; Miss Dorothy received them with her blushes, with her smiles; the elder Mayors with 'many civilities:' and the Marriage-treaty, as Mr. Stapylton reports, promises well.

For my very worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These.

'London,' 26th February 1648.

SIR,

I received yours by Mr. Stapylton; together with an account of the kind reception and the many civilities afforded 'to' them,[1]—especially to my Son, in the liberty given him to wait upon your worthy Daughter. The report of whose virtue and godliness has so great a place in my heart, that I think fit not to neglect anything, on my part, which may consummate a close of the business, if God please to dispose the young ones' hearts thereunto, and other suitable ordering 'of' affairs towards mutual satisfaction appear in the dispensation of Providence.

For which purpose, and to the end matters may be brought to as near an issue as they are capable of,—not being at liberty, by reason of public occasions, to wait upon you, nor your health, as I understand, permitting it,—I thought fit to send this Gentleman, Mr. Stapylton, instructed with my mind, to see how near we may come to an understanding one of another therein. And although I could have wished the consideration of things had been between us two, it being of so near concernment,—yet Providence for the present not allowing, I desire you to give him credence on my behalf.

Sir, all things which yourself and I had in conference, at Farnham, do not occur to my memory, through multiplicity of business intervening. I hope I shall with a very free heart testify my readiness to that which may be expected from me.

I have no more at present: but desiring the Lord to order this affair to His glory and the comfort of His servants, I rest, Sir, your humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

[1] To Richard Cromwell and him.

[2] Harris, p. 505; one of the Pusey seventeen: Signature only is in Cromwell's hand.

LETTER XC.

THIS Thursday 8th March 1648-9, they are voting and debating in a thin House, hardly above sixty there, Whether Duke Hamilton, Earl Holland, Lords Capel, Goring, and Sir John Owen,—our old friend 'Colonel Owen' of Nottingham Castle, Jenner and Ashe's old friend,[1]—are to die or to live?

They have been tried in a new High Court of Justice, and all found guilty of treason, of levying war against the Supreme Authority of this Nation. Shall they be executed; shall they be respited? The House, by small Majorities, decides *against* the first three; decides in favor of the last; and as to Goring, the votes are equal,—the balance-tongue trembles, "Life or Death!" Speaker Lenthall says, Life.[2]

Meanwhile, small private matters also must be attended to.

For my very worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These.

'London,' 8th March 1648.

SIR,

Yours I have received; and have given further instructions to this Bearer, Mr. Stapylton, to treat with you about the business in agitation between your Daughter and my Son.

I am engaged[3] to you for all your civilities and respects already manifested. I trust there will be a right understanding between us, and a good conclusion: and though I cannot particularly remember the things spoken of at Farnham to which your Letter seems to refer me, yet I doubt not but I have sent the offer of such things now as will give mutual satisfaction to us both. My attendance upon public affairs will not give me leave to come down unto you myself; I have sent unto you this Gentleman with my mind.

I salute Mrs. Mayor, though unknown, with the rest of your Family. I commit you, with the progress of the Business, to the Lord; and rest, Sir, your assured friend to serve you,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[4]

On the morrow morning, poor versatile Hamilton, poor versatile Holland, with the Lord Capel who the first of all in this Parlia-

[1] Letter LXXXII. p. 340.
[2] Commons Journals, vi. 159.
[3] obliged.
[4] Harris, p. 506; one of the seventeen.

ment rose to complain of Grievances, meet their death in Palace-yard. The High Court was still sitting in Westminster Hall as they passed through 'from Sir Robert Cotton's house.' Hamilton lingered a little, or seemed to linger, in the Hall; still hopeful of reprieve and fine of 100,000*l.*: but the Earl of Denbigh, his brother-in-law, a Member of the Council of State, stept up to him; whispered in his ear;—the poor Duke walked on. That is the end of all his diplomacies; his Scotch Army of Forty-thousand, his painful ridings to Uttoxeter, and to many other places, have all issued here. The Earl of Lanark will now be Duke of Hamilton in Scotland: may a better fate await him!

The once gay Earl of Holland has been 'converted' some days ago, as it were for the nonce,—poor Earl! With regard to my Lord Capel again, who followed last in order, he behaved, says Bulstrode, 'much after the manner of a stout Roman. He had no Minister with him, nor showed any sense of death approaching; but carried himself all the time he was upon the scaffold with that boldness and resolution as was to be admired. He wore a sad-coloured suit, his hat cocked-up, and his cloak thrown under one arm; he looked towards the people at his first coming up, and put off his hat in manner of a salute; he had a little discourse with some gentlemen, and passed up and down in a careless posture.'[1] Thus died Lord Capel, the first who complained of Grievances: in seven-years time there are such changes for a man; and the first acts of his Drama little know what the last will be!—

This new High Court of Justice is one of some Seven or Eight that sat in those years, and were greatly complained of by Constitutional persons. Nobody ever said that they decided contrary to evidence; but they were not the regular Judges. They took the Parliament's law as good, without consulting Fleta and Bracton about it. They consisted of learned Sergeants and other weighty persons nominated by the Parliament, usually in good numbers, for the occasion.

Some weeks hence, drunken Poyer of Pembroke and the confused Welsh Colonels are tried by Court Martial; Poyer, Powel, Laughern are found to merit death. Death however shall be executed only upon one of them; let the other two be pardoned: let them draw lots which two. 'In two of the lots was written, *Life given by God;* the third lot was a blank. The Prisoners were not willing to draw their own destiny; but a child drew the lots, and gave them: and the lot fell to Colonel Poyer to die.'[2] He

[1] Whitlocke, p. 380 (the *first* of the *two* pages 380 which there are).
[2] Whitlocke, 21st April 1649.

was shot in Covent Garden; died like a soldier, poor confused Welshman; and so ended.

And with these executions, the chief Delinquents are now got punished. The Parliament lays up its axe again; willing to pardon the smaller multitude, if they will keep quiet henceforth.

LETTER XCI.

For my worthy Friend Dr. Love, Master of Benet College, 'Cambridge:' These.

'London,' 14th March 1648.

SIR,

I understand one Mrs. Nutting is a suitor unto you, on the right of her Son, about the renewing of a Lease which holds of your College. The old interest I have had makes me presume upon your favour. I desire nothing but what is just; leaving that to your judgment; and beyond which I neither now nor at any time shall move. If I do, denial shall be most welcome and accepted by, Sir, your affectionate servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

This is not the Christopher Love who preached at Uxbridge during the Treaty there in 1644; who is now a minister in London, and may again come before us; this is a Cambridge 'Dr. Love,' of whom I know nothing. Oliver, as we may gather, had befriended him in the old Cambridge days; nothing hard had befallen him during the reform of that University in 1644. Probably in Baker's Manuscripts it might be ascertained in what year he graduated, where he was born, where buried; but nothing substantial is ever likely to be known of him,—or is indeed necessary to be known. 'Mrs. Nutting' and he were evidently children of Adam, breathing the vital air along with Oliver Cromwell; and Oliver, on occasion, endeavoured to promote justice and kindness between them; and they remain two 'shadows of small Names.'[2]

Yesterday, Tuesday 13th March, there was question in the Council of State about 'modelling of the forces that are to go to Ireland;' and a suggestion was made, by Fairfax probably, who had the modelling to do, that they would model much better if

[1] Lansdown MSS. 1236, fol. 83.

[2] Cooper's Annals, iii. 491; Masters's History of Corpus-Christi College (Cambridge, 1753), pp. 143-54.—Mrs. Nutting, it appears, succeeded (Cambridge MS. *penes me*).

they knew first under what Commander they were to go.[1] It is thought Lieutenant-General Cromwell will be the man.

On which same evening, furthermore, one discerns in a faint but an authentic manner, certain dim gentlemen of the highest authority, young Sir Harry Vane to appearance one of them, repairing to the lodging of one Mr. Milton, 'a small house in Holborn which opens backwards into Lincoln's Inn Fields;' to put an official question to him there! Not a doubt of it they saw Mr. John this evening. In the official Book this yet stands legible:

'*Die Martis*, 13° *Martii* 1648.' 'That it is referred to the same Committee,' Whitlocke, Vane, Lord Lisle, Earl of Denbigh, Harry Marten, Mr. Lisle, 'or any two of them, to speak with Mr. Milton, to know, Whether he will be employed as Secretary for the Foreign Languages? and to report to the Council.'[2] I have authority to say, that Mr. Milton, thus unexpectedly appliéd to, consents; is formally appointed on Thursday next; makes his proof-shot, 'to the Senate of Hamburgh,'[3] about a week hence;—and gives, and continues to give, great satisfaction to that Council, to me and to the whole Nation now, and to all Nations! Such romance lies in the State-Paper Office.

Here, however, is another Letter on the Hursley Business, of the same date as Letter XCI.; which must also be read. I do not expect many readers to take the trouble of representing before their minds the clear condition of 'Mr. Ludlow's lease,' of 'the 250*l.*,' 'the 150*l.*' &c. in this abstruse affair: but such as please to do so, will find it all very straight at last. We observe, Mr. Mayor has a decided preference for 'my ould land;' land that I inherited, or bought by common contract, instead of getting it from Parliament for Public Services! In fact, Mr. Mayor seems somewhat of a sharp man: but neither has he a dull man to deal with,—though a much *bigger* one.

LETTER XCII.

'*For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.*'

'London,' 14th March 1648.

SIR,

I received your Paper by the hands of Mr. Stapylton. I desire your leave to return my dissatisfaction

[1] Order-Book of the Council of State (in the State-Paper Office), i. 86.

[2] Ibid.; Todd's Life of Milton (London, 1826), pp. 96, 108–123.

[3] Senatus Populusque Anglicanus Amplissimo Civitatis Hamburgensis Senatui, Salutem. (In Milton's Literæ Senatus Anglicani, this *first* Letter to the Hamburgers is not given.)

therewith. I shall not need to premise how much I have desired (I hope upon the best grounds) to match with you. The same desire still continues in me, if Providence see it fit. But I may not be so much wanting to myself nor family as not to have some equality of consideration towards it.[1]

I have two young Daughters to bestow, if God give them life and opportunity. According to your Offer, I have nothing for them ; nothing at all in hand. If my Son die, what consideration is there to me? And yet a jointure parted with 'on my side.' If she die, there is 'on your side' little 'money parted with ;' 'even' if you have an heir male, 'there is' but 3,000*l.*, 'and' without time ascertained.[2]

As for these things 'indeed,' I doubt not but, by one interview between you and myself, they might be accommodated to mutual satisfaction ; and in relation to these, I think we should hardly part, or have many words, so much do I desire a closure with you. But to deal freely with you : the settling of the Manor of Hursley, as you propose it, sticks so much with me, that either I understand you not, or else it much fails my expectation. As you offer it, there is 400*l. per annum* charged upon it. For the 150*l.* to your Lady, for her life, as a jointure, I stick not at that : but the 250*l. per annum* until Mr. Ludlow's Lease expires, the tenor whereof I know not, and so much of the 250*l. per annum* as exceeds that Lease in annual value for some time also after the expiration of the said Lease,[3]—give such a maim to the Manor of Hursley as indeed renders the rest of the Manor very inconsiderable.

Sir, if I concur to deny myself in point of present moneys, as also in the other things mentioned, as aforesaid, I may and do expect the Manor of Hursley to be settled without any charge upon it, after your decease, saving your Lady's jointure of 150*l. per annum*,—which if you should think fit to in-

[1] 'it' is not the family, but the match.

[2] See Letter LVI. vol. i. p. 266.

[3] 'Ludlow's Lease,' &c. is not very plain. The 'tenor of Ludlow's Lease' is still less known to us than it was to the Lieutenant-General! Thus much is clear: 250+150= 400 pounds are to be paid off Hursley Manor by Richard and his Wife, which gives a sad 'maim' to it. When Ludlow's Lease falls in, there will be some increment of benefit to the Manor; but we are to derive no advantage from that, we are still to pay the surplus 'for some time after.'

crease, I should not stand upon it. Your own Estate is best known to you: but surely your personal Estate, being free for you to dispose, will, with some small matter of addition, beget a nearness of equality,—if I hear well from others. And if the difference were not very considerable, I should not insist upon it.

What you demand of me is very high in all points. I am willing to settle as you desire in everything; saving for maintenance 400*l.* *per annum*, 300*l.* *per annum*.[1] I would have somewhat free, to be thanked by them for. The 300*l.* *per annum* of my old land[2] for a jointure, after my Wife's decease, I shall settle; and in the mean time 'a like sum' out of other lands at your election: and truly, Sir, if that be not good, neither will any lands, I doubt. I do not much distrust, your principles in other things have acted[3] you towards confidence. You demand in case my Son have none issue male but only daughters, then the 'Cromwell' Lands in Hantshire, Monmouth- and Gloucestershire to descend to these daughters, or else 3,000*l.* apiece. The first would be most unequal; the latter 'also' is too high. They will be well provided for by being inheritrixes of their Mother; and I am willing 'that' 2,000*l.* apiece be charged upon those lands 'for them.'

Sir, I cannot but with very many thanks acknowledge your good opinion of me and of my Son; as also your great civilities towards him; and your Daughter's good respects,—whose goodness, though known to me only at a distance and by the report of others, I much value. And indeed that causeth me so cheerfully to deny myself as I do in the point of moneys, and so willingly to comply in other things. But if I should not insist as above, I should in a greater measure than were meet deny both my own reason and the advice of my friends; which I may not do. Indeed, Sir, I have not closed with a far greater Offer of estate; but chose rather to fix here: I hope I have not been wanting to Providence in this.

[1] Means, in its desperate haste: 'except that instead of 400*l.* per annum for maintenance, we must say 300*l.*'

[2] Letter than Parliament-land, thinks Mayor! Oliver too prefers it for his Wife; but thinks all land will have a chance to go, if that go.

[3] actuated or impelled.

I have made myself plain to you. Desiring you will make my Son the messenger of your pleasure and resolution herein as speedily as with conveniency you may, I take leave, and rest, your affectionate servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

I desire my service may be presented to your Lady and Daughters.'

On the morrow, which is Thursday the 15th, day also of John Milton's nomination to be Secretary, Lieutenant-General Cromwell was nominated Commander for Ireland; satisfactory appointments both.

LETTER XCIII.

THE Lieutenant-General is in hot haste today; sends a brief Letter 'by your Kinsman,' consenting to almost everything.—Mayor, as we saw before, decidedly prefers 'my ould land' to uncertain Parliamentary land. Oliver (see last Letter) offered to settle the 300*l.* of jointure upon his old land, after his Wife's decease; he now agrees that half of it, 150*l.*, shall be settled directly out of the old land, and the other half out of what Parliamentary land Mayor may like best.—The Letter breathes haste in every line; but hits, with a firm knock, in Cromwell's way, the essential nails on their head, as it hurries on.

'Your Kinsman,' who carries this Letter, turns out by and by to be a Mr. Barton; a man somewhat particular in his ways of viewing matters; unknown otherwise to all men. The Lieutenant-General getting his Irish Appointment confirmed in Parliament, and the conditions of it settled,[2] is naturally very busy.

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

'London,' 25th March 1649.

SIR,

You will pardon the brevity of these lines; the haste I am in, by reason of business, occasions it. To testify the earnest desire I have to see a happy period to this Treaty between us, I give you to understand,

That I agree to 150*l.* *per annum* out of the 300*l.* *per annum*

[1] Harris, p. 507; Dunch's Pusey seventeen.

[2] Cromwelliana, p. 54; Commons Journals, &c.

of my *old* land for your Daughter's jointure, and the other 150*l.* where you please. 'Also' 400*l.* for present maintenance where you shall choose; either in Hantshire, Gloucester- or Monmouthshire. Those lands 'to be' settled upon my Son and his *heirs male* by your Daughter; and in case of *daughters*, only 2,000*l.* a-piece to be charged upon those lands.

'On the other hand,' 400*l. per annum* free,[1] to raise portions for my two daughters. I expect the Manor of Hursley to be settled upon your daughter and her heirs, the heirs of her body. Your Lady a jointure of 150*l. per annum* out of it. For compensation to your younger Daughter, I agree to leave it in your power, after your decease, to charge it with as much as will buy-in the Lease of the Farm at Allington[2] by a just computation. I expect, so long as they 'the young couple' live with you, their diet, as you expressed; or in case of voluntary parting 'from you,' 150*l. per annum*. 'You are to give' 3,000*l.* in case you have a Son;[3] to be paid in two years next following. In case your Daughter die without issue,—1,000*l.* within six months 'of the marriage.'

Sir, if this satisfy, I desire a speedy resolution. I should the rather desire so because of what your Kinsman can satisfy you in. The Lord bless you and your Family, to whom I desire my affections and service may be presented. I rest, your humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[4]

Your Kinsman can in part satisfy you what a multiplicity of business we are in: modelling the Army for Ireland;—which indeed is a most delicate dangerous operation, full of difficulties perhaps but partly known to your Kinsman!

For, in these days, John Lilburn is again growing very noisy; bringing out Pamphlets, *England's New Chains Discovered*, in several Parts. As likewise *The Hunting of the Foxes from Triploe Heath to Whitehall by Five Small Beagles*,[5]—the tracking out of Oliver Cromwell and his Grandees, onward from their rendezvous

[1] Means, 'shall be settled on Richard and his Wife, that I may be left free.'

[2] 'Ludlow's Lease,' I fancy. Anne Mayor, 'your younger Daughter,' married Dunch of Pusey: John Dunch, to whom we owe these seventeen Letters. See also Letter 27th August 1657.

[3] Grandson, *i.e.*: in the next sentence 'die' means more properly *live*.

[4] Harris, p. 508; one of the seventeen.

[5] Given in Somers Tracts, vi. 44-60.

at Royston or Triploe, all the way to their present lodgment in Whitehall and the seat of authority. 'Five small Beagles,' Five vociferous petitionary Troopers, of the Levelling species, who for their high carriage and mutinous ways have been set to 'ride the wooden horse' lately. Do military men of these times understand the wooden horse? He is a mere triangular ridge or roof of wood, set on four sticks, with absurd head and tail superadded; and you ride him bare-backed, in face of the world, frequently with muskets tied to your feet,—in a very uneasy manner! To Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn and these small Beagles it is manifest we are getting into *New Chains*, not a jot better than the old; and certainly *Foxes* ought to be hunted and tracked. Three of the Beagles, the best-nosed and loudest-toned, by names Richard Overton, William Walwyn, Thomas Prince,—these, with Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn, huntsman of the pack, are shortly after this lodged in the Tower;[1] 'committed to the Lieutenant,' to be in mild but safe keeping with that officer. There is, in fact, a very dangerous leaven in the Army, and in the Levelling Public at present, which thinks with itself: God's enemies having been fought down, chief Delinquents all punished, and the Godly Party made triumphant, why does not some Millennium arrive?

LETTER XCIV.

'COMPENSATION,' here touched upon, is the 'compensation to your younger Daughter' mentioned in last Letter; burden settled on Hursley Manor, 'after your decease,' 'to buy-in the Lease of Allington Farm.' Mayor wants it another way; which 'seems truly inconvenient,' and in brief cannot be.

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

'London,' 30th March 1649.

SIR,

I received yours of the 28th instant. I desire the matter of compensation may be as in my last to you. You propose another way; which seems to me truly inconvenient.

I have agreed to all other things, as you take me, and that rightly, repeating particulars in your Paper. The Lord dispose this great Business (great between you and me) for good.

[1] 27th March, 11th April 1649 (Commons Journals, in diebus).

You mention to send by the Post on Tuesday.[1] I shall speed things here as I may. I am designed for Ireland, which will be speedy. I should be very glad to see things settled before I go, if the Lord will. My service to all your Family. I rest, Sir, your affectionate servant,

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'[2]

LETTER XCV.

WHO the Lawyer, or what the 'arrest' of him is, which occasions new expense of time, I do not know. On the whole, one begins to wish Richard well wedded; but the settlements do still a little stick, and we must have patience.

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

'London,' 6th April 1649.

SIR,

I received your Papers enclosed in your Letter; although I know not how to make so good use of them as otherwise might have been, to have saved expense of time, if the arrest of your Lawyer had not fallen out at this time.

I conceive a draught, to your satisfaction, by your own Lawyer, would have saved much time; which to me is precious. I hope you will send some 'one' up, perfectly instructed. I shall endeavour to speed what is to be done on my part; not knowing how soon I may be sent down towards my charge for Ireland. And I hope to perform punctually with you.

Sir, my Son had a great desire to come down and wait upon your Daughter. I perceive he minds that more than to attend to business here.[3] I should be glad to see him settled, and all things finished before I go. I trust not to be wanting therein. The Lord direct all our hearts into His good pleasure. I rest, Sir, your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My service to your Lady and Family.[4]

[1] The 30th of March is Friday; Tuesday is the 3d of April.
[2] Harris, p. 508. [3] The dog! [4] Harris, p. 509.

There is much to be settled before I can 'be sent down to my charge for Ireland.' The money is not yet got;—and the Army has ingredients difficult to model. Next week, a Parliamentary Committee, one of whom is the Lieutenant-General, and another is Sir Harry Vane, have to go to the City, and try if they will lend us 120,000*l.* for this business. Much speaking in the Guildhall there, in part by Cromwell.[1] The City will lend; and now, if the Army were once modelled, and ready to march——?—

LETTER XCVI.

HERE, at any rate, is the end of the Marriage-treaty,—not even Mr. Barton, with his peculiar ways of viewing matters, shall now delay it long.

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These.

'London,' 15th April 1649.

SIR,

Your Kinsman Mr. Barton and myself, repairing to our Counsel, for the perfecting of this Business so much concerning us, did, upon Saturday this 15th of April, draw our Counsel to a meeting: where, upon consideration had of my Letter to yourself expressing my consent to particulars, which 'Letter' Mr. Barton brought to your Counsel Mr. Hales of Lincoln's Inn;[2]—upon the reading that which expresseth the way of your settling Hursley, your Kinsman expressed a sense of yours contrary to the Paper in my hand, as also to that under your hand of the 28th of March, which was the same as mine as to that particular.

In[3] that which I myself am to do, I know nothing of doubt, but do agree it all to your Kinsman's satisfaction. Nor is there much material difference 'between us,' save in this,—wherein both my Paper sent by you to your Counsel, and

[1] 12th April 1649, Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 55).

[2] 'Hales' is the future Judge Hale.

[3] A mere *comma* here, instead of a new paragraph; greatly obscuring the sense:—'as to that particular, and I know nothing of doubt in that which I am to doe, but doe agree itt all,' &c.

yours of the 28th, do in all literal and all equitable construction agree, viz.: To settle an Estate in fee-simple upon your Daughter, after your decease; which Mr. Barton affirms *not* to be your meaning,—although he has not (as to me) formerly made this any objection; nor can the words bear it; nor have I anything more considerable in lieu of what I part with than this. And I have appealed to yours or any Counsel in England, whether it be not just and equal that I insist thereupon.

And this misunderstanding,—if it be yours, as it is your Kinsman's,—put a stop to the Business; so that our Counsel could not proceed, until your pleasure herein were known. Wherefore it was thought fit to desire Mr. Barton to have recourse to you to know your mind; he alleging he had no authority to understand that expression so, but the contrary;—which was thought not a little strange, even by your own Counsel.

I confess I did apprehend we should be incident to mistakes, treating at such a distance;—although I may take the boldness to say, there is nothing expected from me but I agree to it to your Kinsman's sense to a tittle.

Sir, I desired to know what commission your Kinsman had to help this doubt by an expedient;—who denied to have any; but did think it were better for you to part with some money, and keep the power in your own hand as to the land, to dispose thereof as you should see cause. Whereupon an overture was made, and himself and your Counsel desired to draw it up; the effect whereof this enclosed Paper contains. And although I should not like change of agreements, yet to show how much I desire the perfecting of this Business, if you like thereof (though this be far the worse bargain), I shall submit thereunto; your Counsel thinking that things may be settled this way with more clearness and less intricacy. There is mention made of 900*l.* *per annum* to be reserved: but it comes to but about 800*l.*; my lands in Glamorganshire being but little above 400*l.* *per annum*; and the 'other' 400*l.* *per annum* out of my Manor in Gloucester- and Monmouthshire. I wish a clear understanding may be between us; truly I would not

willingly mistake. Desiring to wait upon Providence in this Business, I rest, Sir, your affectionate friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I desire my service may be presented to your Lady and Daughters.[1]

This is the last of the Marriage-treaty. Mr. Barton, whom 'no Counsel in England' could back, was of course disowned in his over-zeal; the match was concluded; solemnised 1st May 1649.[2]

Richard died 12th July 1712, at Cheshunt, age 86;[3] his Wife died 5th January 1675–6, at Hursley, and is buried there,—where, even after Richard's Deposition, and while he travelled on the Continent, she had continued to reside. In pulling down the old Hursley House, above a century since, when the Estate had passed into other hands, there was found in some crevice of the old walls a rusty lump of metal, evidently an antiquity; which was carried to the new Proprietor at Winchester; who sold it as 'a Roman weight,' for what it would bring. When scoured, it turned out, —or is said by vague Noble, quoting vague 'Vertue,' 'Hughes's Letters,' and '*Ant. Soc.*' (Antiquarian Society), to have turned out, —to be the Great Seal of the Commonweath.[4] If the Antiquaries still have it, let them be chary of it.

THE LEVELLERS.

WHILE Miss Dorothy Mayor is choosing her wedding-dresses, and Richard Cromwell is looking forward to a life of Arcadian felicity now near at hand, there has turned up for Richard's Father and other parties interested, on the public side of things, a matter of very different complexion, requiring to be instantly dealt with in the interim. The matter of the class called Levellers; concerning which we must now say a few words.

In 1647, as we saw, there were Army Adjutators; and among some of them wild notions afloat, as to the swift attainability of Perfect Freedom civil and religious, and a practical Millennium on this Earth; notions which required, in the Rendezvous at Corkbush-field, 'Rendezvous of Ware' as they oftenest call it, to be very resolutely trodden out. Eleven chief mutineers were or-

[1] Harris, p. 509. [2] Noble, i. 188. [3] Ibid. i. 176, 188.
[4] Ibid. i. 195. Bewildered Biography of the Mayors, 'Majors or Maljors,' ibid. ii. 436–40.

dered from the ranks in that Rendezvous; were condemned by swift Court-Martial to die; and Trooper Arnald, one of them, was accordingly shot there and then; which extinguished the mutiny for that time. War since, and Justice on Delinquents, England made a Free Commonwealth, and suchlike, have kept the Army busy: but a deep republican leaven, working all along among these men, breaks now again into very formidable development. As the following brief glimpses and excerpts may satisfy an attentive reader who will spread them out, to the due expansion, in his mind. Take first this glimpse into the civil province; and discern, with amazement, a whole submarine world of Calvinistic Sansculottism, Five-point Charter and the Rights of Man, threatening to emerge almost two centuries before its time!

'The Council of State,' says Whitlocke,[1] just while Mr. Barton is boggling about the Hursley Marriage-settlements, 'has intelligence of certain *Levellers* appearing at St. Margaret's Hill, near Cobham in Surrey, and at St. George's Hill,' in the same quarter: 'that they were digging the ground, and sowing it with roots and beans. One Everard, once of the Army, who terms himself a Prophet, is the chief of them:' one Winstanley is another chief. 'They were Thirty men, and said that they should be shortly Four-thousand. They invited all to come in and help them; and promised them meat, drink, and clothes. They threaten to pull down park pales, and to lay all open; and threaten the neighbours that they will shortly make them all come up to the hills and work.' These infatuated persons, beginning a new era in this headlong manner on the chalk hills of Surrey, are laid hold of by certain Justices, 'by the country people,' and also by 'two troops of horse;' and complain loudly of such treatment; appealing to all men whether it be fair.[2] This is the account they give of themselves when brought before the General some days afterwards:

'*April 20th*, 1649. Everard and Winstanley, the chief of those that digged at St. George's Hill in Surrey, came to the General and made a large declaration, to justify their proceedings. Everard said, He was of the race of the Jews,' as most men, called Saxon and other, properly are; 'That all the Liberties of the People were lost by the coming in of William the Conqueror; and that, ever since, the People of God had lived under tyranny and oppression worse than that of our Forefathers under the Egyptians. But

[1] 17th April 1649, p. 384.

[2] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 427, § 6 (Declaration of the bloody and unchristian Acting of William Star, &c. in opposition to those that dig upon George-Hill in Surrey); ib. no. 418, § 5, &c.

now the time of deliverance was at hand; and God would bring His People out of this slavery, and restore them to their freedom in enjoying the fruits and benefits of the Earth. And that there had lately appeared to him, Everard, a vision; which bade him, Arise and dig and plough the Earth, and receive the fruits thereof. That their intent is to restore the Creation to its former condition. That as God had promised to make the barren land fruitful, so now what they did, was to restore the ancient Community of enjoying the Fruits of the Earth, and to distribute the benefit thereof to the poor and needy, and to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. That they intend not to meddle with any man's property, nor to break down any pales or enclosures,' in spite of reports to the contrary; 'but only to meddle with what is common and untilled, and to make it fruitful for the use of man. That the time will suddenly be, when all men shall willingly come in and give up their lands and estates, and submit to this Community of Goods.'

These are the principles of Everard, Winstanley, and the poor Brotherhood, seemingly Saxon, but properly of the race of the Jews, who were found dibbling beans on St. George's Hill, under the clear April skies in 1649, and hastily bringing in a new era in that manner. 'And for all such as will come in and work with them, they shall have meat, drink, and clothes, which is all that is necessary to the life of man: and as for money, there is not any need of it; nor of clothes more than to cover nakedness.' For the rest, 'That they will not defend themselves by arms, but will submit unto authority, and wait till the promised opportunity be offered, which they conceive to be at hand. And that as their forefathers lived in tents, so it would be suitable to their condition now to live in the same.

'While they were before the General, they stood with their hats on; and being demanded the reason thereof, they said, Because he was but their fellow-creature. Being asked the meaning of that phrase, Give honour to whom honour is due,—they said, Your mouths shall be stopped that ask such a question.'[1]

Dull Bulstrode hath 'set down this the more largely because it was the beginning of the appearance' of an extensive levelling doctrine, much to be 'avoided' by judicious persons, seeing it is 'a weak persuasion.' The germ of Quakerism and much else is curiously visible here. But let us look now at the military phasis of the matter; where 'a weak persuasion' mounted on cavalry

[1] Whitlocke, p. 384.

horses, with sabres and fire-arms in its hand, may become a very perilous one.

Friday 20th April 1649. The Lieutenant-General has consented to go to Ireland; the City also will lend money; and now this Friday the Council of the Army meets at Whitehall to decide what regiments shall go on that service. 'After a solemn seeking of God by prayer,' they agree that it shall be by lot: tickets are put into a hat, a child draws them: the regiments, fourteen of foot and fourteen of horse, are decided on in this manner. 'The officers on whom the lot fell, in all the twenty-eight regiments, expressed much cheerfulness at the decision.' The officers did:—but the common men are by no means all of that humour. The common men, blown upon by Lilburn and his five small Beagles, have notions about England's *new* Chains, about the Hunting of Foxes from Triploe Heath, and in fact ideas concerning the capability that lies in man and in a free Commonwealth, which are of the most alarming description.

Thursday 26th April. This night, at the Bull in Bishopsgate, there has an alarming mutiny broken out in a troop of Whalley's regiment there. Whalley's men are not allotted for Ireland: but they refuse to quit London, as they are ordered; they want this and that first: they seize their colours from the Cornet, who is lodged at the Bull there:—the General and the Lieutenant-General have to hasten thither; quell them, pack them forth on their march; seizing fifteen of them first, to be tried by Court-Martial. Tried by instant Court-Martial, five of them are found guilty, doomed to die, but pardoned; and one of them, Trooper Lockyer, is doomed and not pardoned. Trooper Lockyer is shot, in Paul's Churchyard, on the morrow. A very brave young man, they say; though but three-and-twenty, 'he has served seven years in these Wars,' ever since the Wars began. 'Religious' too, 'of excellent parts and much beloved;'—but with hot notions as to human Freedom, and the rate at which the millenniums are attainable, poor Lockyer! He falls shot in Paul's Churchyard on Friday, amid the tears of men and women. Paul's Cathedral, we remark, is now a Horse-guard; horses stamp in the Canons' stalls there: and Paul's Cross itself, as smacking of Popery, where in fact Alablaster once preached flat Popery, is swept altogether away, and its leaden roof melted into bullets, or mixed with tin for culinary pewter. Lockyer's corpse is watched and wept over, not without prayer, in the eastern regions of the City, till a new week come; and on Monday, this is what we see advancing westward by way of funeral to him.

'About one hundred went before the Corpse, five or six in a file; the Corpse was then brought, with six trumpets sounding a soldier's knell; then the Trooper's Horse came, clothed all over in mourning, and led by a footman. The Corpse was adorned with bundles of Rosemary, one half stained in blood; and the Sword of the deceased along with them. Some thousands followed in rank and file: all had seagreen-and-black Ribbon tied on their hats and to their breasts: and the women brought up the rear. At the new Churchyard in Westminster, some thousands more of the better sort met them, who thought not fit to march through the City. Many looked upon this funeral as an affront to the Parliament and Army; others called these people "Levellers;" but they took no notice of any one's sayings.'[1]

That was the end of Trooper Lockyer: six trumpets wailing stern music through London streets; Rosemaries and Sword half-dipt in blood; funeral of many thousands in seagreen Ribbons and black:—testimony of a weak persuasion now looking somewhat perilous. Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn and his five small Beagles, now in a kind of loose arrest under the Lieutenant of the Tower, make haste to profit by the general emotion; publish on the 1st of May[2] *their* 'Agreement of the People,'—their Bentham-Sieyes Constitution; Annual very exquisite Parliament, and other Lilburn apparatus; whereby the Perfection of Human Nature will with a maximum of rapidity be secured, and a millennium straightway arrive, sings the Lilburn Oracle.

May 9th. Richard Cromwell is safe wedded; Richard's Father is reviewing troops in Hyde Park, 'seagreen colours in some of their hats.' The Lieutenant-General speaks earnestly to them. Has not the Parliament been diligent, doing its best? It has punished Delinquents; it has voted, in these very days, resolutions for dissolving itself and assembling future Parliaments.[3] It has protected trade; got a good Navy afloat. You soldiers, there is exact payment provided for you. Martial Law? Death, or other punishment, of Mutineers? Well! Whoever cannot stand Martial Law is not fit to be a soldier: *his* best plan will be to lay-down his arms; he shall have his ticket, and get his arrears as we others do,—we that still mean to fight against the enemies of England and this Cause.[4]—One trooper showed signs of insolence; the Lieutenant-General suppressed him by rigour and by clemency; the seagreen ribbons were torn from such hats as had them. The humour of the men is not the most perfect. This Review was on

[1] Whitlocke, p. 385.
[2] Whitlocke's date, p. 385.
[3] 15th April 1649, Commons Journals.
[4] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 56).

Wednesday: Lilburn and his five small Beagles are, on Saturday, committed close Prisoners to the Tower, each rigorously to a cell of his own.

It is high time. For now the flame has caught the ranks of the Army itself, in Oxfordshire, in Gloucestershire, at Salisbury where head-quarters are; and rapidly there is, on all hands, a dangerous conflagration blazing out. In Oxfordshire, one Captain Thompson, not known to us before, has burst from his quarters at Banbury, with a party of Two-hundred, in these same days; has sent forth his *England's Standard Advanced;*[1] insisting passionately on the *New Chains* we are fettered with; indignantly demanding swift perfection of Human Freedom, justice on the murderers of Lockyer and Arnald;—threatening that if a hair of Lilburn and the five small Beagles be hurt, he will avenge it 'seventy-and-seven fold.' This Thompson's Party, swiftly attacked by his Colonel, is broken within the week; he himself escapes with a few, and still roves up and down. To join whom, or to communicate with Gloucestershire where help lies, there has, in the interim, open mutiny, 'above a Thousand strong,' with subalterns, with a Cornet Thompson brother of the Captain, but without any leader of mark, broken out at Salisbury: the General and Lieutenant-General, with what force can be raised, are hastening thitherward in all speed. Now were the time for Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn; now or never might noisy John do some considerable injury to the Cause he has at heart: but he sits, in these critical hours, fast within stone walls!

Monday 14th May. All Sunday the General and Lieutenant-General marched in full speed, by Alton, by Andover, towards Salisbury; the mutineers, hearing of them, start northward for Buckinghamshire, then for Berkshire; the General and Lieutenant-General turning also northward after them in hot chase. The mutineers arrive at Wantage; make for Oxfordshire by Newbridge; find the Bridge already seized; cross higher up by swimming; get to Burford, very weary, and 'turn out their horses to grass;'—Fairfax and Cromwell still following in hot speed, 'a march of near fifty miles' that Monday. What boots it? there is no leader, noisy John is sitting fast within stone walls! The mutineers lie asleep in Burford, their horses out at grass; the Lieutenant-General, having rested at a safe distance since dark, bursts into Burford as the clocks are striking midnight. He has beset some hundreds of the mutineers, 'who could only fire some shots out of windows;'—has dissipated the mutiny, trodden down the Level-

[1] Given in Walker's History of Independency, part ii. 168; dated 6th May.

ling Principle out of English affairs once more. Here is the last scene of the business; the rigorous Court-Martial having now sat; the decimated doomed Mutineers being placed on the leads of the Church to see:

Thursday 17*th May*. 'This day in Burford Churchyard, Cornet Thompson, brother to Thompson the chief leader, was brought to the place of execution; and expressed himself to this purpose; That it was just what did befall him; that God did not own the ways he went; that he had offended the General: he desired the prayers of the people; and told the soldiers who were appointed to shoot him, that when he held out his hands, they should do their duty. And accordingly he was immediately, after the sign given, shot to death. Next after him was a Corporal, brought to the same place of execution; where, looking upon his fellow-mutineers, he set his back against the wall; and bade them who were appointed to shoot, "Shoot!" and died desperately. The third, being also a Corporal, was brought to the same place; and without the least acknowledgment of error, or show of fear, he pulled off his doublet, standing a pretty distance from the wall; and bade the soldiers do their duty; looking them in the face till they gave fire, not showing the least kind of terror or fearfulness of spirit.' —So die the Leveller Corporals; strong they, after their sort, for the Liberties of England; resolute to the very death. Misguided Corporals! But History, which has wept for a misguided Charles Stuart, and blubbered, in the most copious helpless manner, near two centuries now, whole floods of brine, enough to salt the Herring-fishery,—will not refuse these poor Corporals also her tributary sigh. With Arnald of the Rendezvous at Ware, with Lockyer of the Bull in Bishopsgate, and other misguided martyrs to the Liberties of England then and since, may they sleep well!

Cornet Dean, who now came forward as the next to be shot, 'expressed penitence;' got pardon from the General: and there was no more shooting. Lieutenant-General Cromwell went into the Church, called down the Decimated of the Mutineers; rebuked, admonished; said, The General in his mercy had forgiven them. Misguided men, would you ruin this Cause, which marvellous Providences have so confirmed to us to be the Cause of God? Go, repent; and rebel no more, lest a worse thing befall you! 'They wept,' says the old Newspaper; they retired to the Devizes for a time; were then restored to their regiments, and marched cheerfully for Ireland.—Captain Thompson, the Cornet's brother, the first of all the Mutineers, he too, a few days afterwards, was fallen-in with in Northamptonshire, still mutinous: his men took

quarter; he himself 'fled to a wood;' fired and fenced there, and again desperately fired, declaring he would never yield alive;—whereupon 'a Corporal with seven bullets in his carbine' ended Captain Thompson too; and this formidable conflagration, to the last glimmer of it, was extinct.

Sansculottism, as we said above, has to lie submerged for almost two centuries yet. Levelling, in the practical civil or military provinces of English things, is forbidden to be. In the spiritual provinces it cannot be forbidden; for there it everywhere already is. It ceases dibbling beans on St. George's Hill near Cobham; ceases galloping in mutiny across the Isis to Burford;—takes into Quakerisms, and kingdoms which are not of this world. My poor friend Dryasdust lamentably tears his hair over the 'intolerance' of that old Time to Quakerism and suchlike. If Dryasdust had seen the dibbling on St. George's Hill, the threatened fall of 'park pales,' and the gallop to Burford, he would reflect that Conviction in an earnest age means, not lengthy Spouting in Exeter-Hall, but rapid silent Practice on the face of the Earth; and would perhaps leave his poor hair alone.

On Thursday night, 17th of the month, the General, Lieutenant-General, and chief Officers arrive at Oxford; lodge in All-Souls College; head-quarters are to be there for some days. Solemnly welcomed by the reformed University; bedinnered, bespeeched; made Doctors, Masters, Bachelors, or what was suitable to their ranks, and to the faculties of this reformed University. Of which high doings, degrees and convocation-dinners, and eloquence by Proctor Zanchy, we say nothing,—being in haste for Ireland. This small benefit we have from the business: Anthony Wood, in his crabbed but authentic way, has given us biographical sketches of all these Graduates; biographies very lean, very perverse, but better than are commonly going then, and in the fatal scarcity not quite without value.[1]

Neither do we speak of the thanking in the House of Commons; or of the general Day of Thanksgiving for London, which is Thursday the 7th June (the day for England at large being Thursday 21st),[2]—and of the illustrious Dinner which the City gave the Parliament and Officers, and all the Dignitaries of England, when

[1] Wood's Athenæ, iv. (Fasti, ii. 127–155): the Graduates of Saturday 19th May 1649, are, *Fairfax*, p. 148; *Cromwell*, p. 152; Colonels *Scrope*, Grosvenor, *Sir Hardress Waller*, *Ingoldsby*, *Harrison*, *Goff*, *Okey*; Adjutant-General Sedascue, Scout-master Rowe: and of Monday 21st, Lieutenant-Colonel Cobbet, p. 140: John Rushworth, Cornet *Joyce*, p. 138:—of whom those marked here in Italics have biographies worth looking at for an instant.

[2] Commons Journals, 26th May 1649,

Sermon was done. It was at Grocers' Hall, this City dinner; really illustrious. Dull Bulstrode, Keeper, or one of the Keepers, of the Commonwealth Great Seal, was there,—Keeper of that lump of dignified metal, found since all rusty in the wall at Hursley: and my Lord of Pembroke, an Earl and Member of the Council of State, 'speaking very loud,' as his manner was, insisted that illustrious Bulstrode should take place above him. I have given place to Bishop Williams when he was Keeper; and the Commonwealth Great Seal is as good as any King's ever was;—illustrious Bulstrode, take place above me: so![1] 'On almost every dish was enamelled a bandrol with the word *Welcome*. No music but that of drum and trumpet;' no balderdash, or almost none, of speech without meaning; 'no drinking of healths or other incivility:'—drinking of healths; a kind of invocation or prayer, addressed surely not to God, in that humour; probably therefore to the Devil, or to the Heathen gods; which is offensive to the well-constituted mind. Four-hundred pounds were given to the Poor of London, that they also might dine.[2]—

And now for Bristol and the Campaign in Ireland.

LETTERS XCVII.—CII.

Tuesday 10*th July* 1649. 'This evening, about five of the clock, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland began his journey; by the way of Windsor, and so to Bristol. He went forth in that state and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen; himself in a coach with six gallant Flanders mares, whitish gray; divers coaches accompanying him; and very many great Officers of the Army; his Lifeguard consisting of eighty gallant men, the meanest whereof a Commander or Esquire, in stately habit;—with trumpets sounding, almost to the shaking of Charing Cross, had it been now standing. Of his Lifeguard many are Colonels; and, believe me, it's such a guard as is hardly to be paralleled in the world. And now have at you, my Lord of Ormond! You will have men of gallantry to encounter; whom to overcome will be honor sufficient, and to be beaten by them will be no great blemish to your reputation. If you say, Cæsar or Nothing: they say, A Republic or Nothing. The Lord Lieutenant's colours are white.'[3]

Thus has Lord-Lieutenant Cromwell gone to the Wars in Ire-

[1] Whitlocke, p. 391. [2] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 59, 60). [3] Ibid. p. 62.

land. But before going, and while just on the eve of going, he has had the following, among a multiplicity of other businesses, to attend to.

LETTER XCVII.

BARNABAS O'BRYEN, Sixth Earl of Thomond, Twentieth-and-odd *King* of Thomond, a very ancient Irish dignitary of the Limerick regions, whom it were still worth while to conciliate, has fallen into 'straits,' distresses; applies to the Lord Lieutenant to help him a little. The Lord Lieutenant thinks his case good; forwards it with recommendation to Harrington, of the Council of State, the proper official person in such matters. Note, this is by no means Harrington of the *Oceana*, this 'Sir James;' this is Member ('recruiter') for Rutlandshire, and only a distant cousin of the Oceana's.

What the Earl of Thomond's case was, as we have not seen the 'enclosed' statement of it, shall remain somewhat vague to us. Thomond had not joined the Irish Massacre in 1641: but neither would he join against it; he apologised to the King's Lieutenant on that occasion, said he had no money, no force; retired with many apologetic bows into England to the King himself; leaving his unmoneyed Castle of Bunratty to the King's Lieutenant,—who straightway found some 2,000*l.* of good money lying hidden in it, and cheerfully appropriated the same. I incline to think, it may be for this Two-Thousand-and-odd pounds, to have it acknowledged as a debt and allowed on the Earl of Peterborough's estate, that the poor Earl, 'in the modesty of his desires,' is now pleading. For he has been in active Royalist services since that passive one; in Ormond Wars, cessations, sequestrations, is a much-mulcted, impoverished man. And as for the Earl of Peterborough his son-in-law, he was one of poor Earl Holland's people in that fatal futile rising of St. Neot's, last year; and is now wandering in foreign parts, in a totally ruined condition. Readers who are curious may follow the indications in the note.[1] Earl Thomond's modest desire was allowed. Bunratty Castle, where that 2,000*l.* was found 'buried in the walls,' is now quite deserted by the Thomonds; is now 'the largest Police-Barrack' in those Limerick regions.

[1] Ludlow, i. 21: Whitlocke (2d edit.), p. 420, see also p. 201; Commons Journals, vi. 279, 445 (15th August 1649 and 23d July 1650); Collins's Peerage, ii. 216; &c. &c.

'For the Honourable Sir James Harrington, Knight, of the Council of State: These.'

'London,' 9th July 1649.

SIR,

You see by this Enclosed, how great damage the Earl of Thomond hath sustained by these Troubles, and what straits he and his family are reduced unto by reason thereof. You see the modesty of his desires to be such as may well merit consideration. I am confident, that which he seeks is not so much for advantage of himself, as out of a desire to preserve his son-in-law the Earl of Peterborough's fortune and family from ruin.

If the result of the favour of the House fall upon him, although but in this way, it's very probable it will oblige his Lordship to endeavour the peace and quiet of this Commonwealth. Which will be no disservice to the State;—perhaps of more advantage than the extremity of his Fine. Besides, you showing your readiness to do a good office herein will very much oblige, Sir, your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

LETTER XCVIII.

HERE likewise is a letter which the Lord Lieutenant, in still greater haste, now in the very act of departing, has had to write,—on behalf of his 'Partner' or fellow Member for Cambridge; which likewise the reader is to glance at, before going:

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire.

'London,' 10th July 1649.

SIR,

I beseech you, upon that score of favour, if I be not too bold to call it friendship, which I have ever had from you, let me desire you to promote my Partner's humble suit to the House; and obtain, as far as possibly you may, some just satisfaction for him. I know his sufferings for the

[1] Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 150).

Public have been great, besides the loss of his calling by his attendance here. His affections have been true and constant; and, I believe, his decay great in his Estate. It will be justice and charity to him; and I shall acknowledge it as a favour to, your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

John Lowry, Esquire, is Oliver's fellow Member for Cambridge. What Lowry's 'losses,' 'estate,' 'calling,' or history in general were, remains undiscoverable. One might guess that he had been perhaps a lawyer, some call him a 'chandler' or trader,[2] of Puritan principles, and fortune already easy. He did not sit in the short Parliament of 1640, as Oliver had done; Oliver's former 'Partner,' one Meautys as we mentioned already, gave place to Lowry when the new Election happened.

Lowry in 1645 was Mayor of Cambridge. Some controversy as to the Privileges of the University there, which was now reformed according to the Puritan scheme, had arisen with the Town of Cambridge: a deputation of Cambridge University men, with 'Mr. Vines' at their head, comes up with a Petition to the House of Commons, on the 4th of August 1645; reporting that they are like to be aggrieved, that the 'new Mayor of Cambridge will not take the customary oaths,' in respect to certain privileges of the University; and praying the House, in a bland and flattering way, to protect them. The House answers: "Yours is the University which is under the protection of this House;" Oxford, still in the King's hands, being in a very unreformed state: "this House can see no learning now in the Kingdom but by your eyes;"—certainly you shall be protected!—Counter-Petitions come from Lowry and the Corporation; but we doubt not the University was protected in this controversy, and Gown made good against Town.[3] What the controversy specially was, or what became of it, let no living man inquire. Lowry here vanishes into thick night again, nowhere reappears till in this Letter of Cromwell's.

Letter written, as its date bears, on the very day when he set out toward Bristol, to take the command in Ireland, '10th July 1649, about five in the afternoon.' In some Committee-room, or other such locality, in the thick press of business, Lowry had contrived to make his way to the Lord Lieutenant, and to get this Letter out of him. Which indeed proved very helpful. For on that day week, the 17th of July 1649, we find as follows: 'The

[1] Harris, p. 516; Harleian MSS. no. 6988—collated, and *exact*.

[2] Cooper's Annals of Cambridge.

[3] See Commons Journals, vi. 229, 241.

humble petition of John Lowry, Esquire, was this day read. *Ordered*, That the sum of Three-hundred pounds be allowed unto the said Mr. John Lowry, for his losses in the said Petition mentioned; and that the same be charged upon the revenue: and the Committee of Revenue are authorised and appointed to pay the same: and the same is especially recommended to Sir Henry Vane, Senior, to take care the same be paid accordingly,[1]—which we can only hope it was, to the solace of poor Mr. Lowry, and the ending of these discussions.

Ten years later, in Protector Richard's time, on Friday 22d July 1659, a John Lowry, Esquire, now quite removed from Cambridge, turns up again; claiming to be continued 'Cheque in Ward in the port of London,'—which dignity is accordingly assured him till 'the first day of October next.'[2] But whether this is our old friend the Mayor of Cambridge, and what kind of provision for his old age this same Chequeship in Ward might be, is unknown to the present Editor. Not the faintest echo or vestige henceforth of a John Lowry either real or even possible. the rest—gloomy Night compresses it, and we have no more to say.

LETTER XCIX.

MAYOR of Hursley, with whom are the young Couple, is connected now with an important man; he has written in behalf of 'Major Long;' for promotion as is likely. The important man does not promote on the score of connexion; and mildly signifies so much.

For my very loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

Bristol, 19th July 1649.

LOVING BROTHER,

I received your Letter by Major Long; and do in answer thereunto according to my best understanding, with a due consideration to those gentlemen who have abid the brunt of the service.

I am very glad to hear of your welfare, and that our children have so good leisure to make a journey to eat cherries:—it's very excusable in my Daughter; I hope she may have a

[1] See Commons Journals, vi. 263. [2] Ibid. vii. 727.

very good pretence for it! I assure you, Sir, I wish her very well; and I believe she knows it. I pray you tell her from me, I expect she writes often to me; by which I shall understand how all your Family doth, and she will be kept in some exercise. I have delivered my Son up to you; and I hope you will counsel him: he will need it; and indeed I believe he likes well what you say, and will be advised by you. I wish he may be serious; the times require it.

I hope my Sister[1] is in health; to whom I desire my very hearty affections and service may be presented; as also to my Cousin Ann,[2] to whom I wish a good husband. I desire my affections may be presented to all your Family, to which I wish a blessing from the Lord. I hope I shall have your prayers in the Business to which I am called. My Wife, I trust, will be with you before it be long, in her way towards Bristol.—Sir, discompose not your thoughts or Estate for what you are to pay me. Let me know wherein I may comply with your occasions and mind, and be confident you will find me to you as your own heart.

Wishing your prosperity and contentment very sincerely, with the remembrance of my love, I rest, your affectionate brother and servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

Mayor has endorsed this Letter: 'Received 27th July 1649, per Messenger express from Newbury.' He has likewise, says Harris, jotted on it 'some shorthand,' and 'an account of his cattle and sheep.'—Who the 'Major Long' was, we know not: Cromwell undertakes to 'do' for him what may be right and reasonable, and nothing more.

Cromwell, leaving London as we saw on Tuesday evening July 10th, had arrived at Bristol on Saturday evening, which was the 14th. He had to continue here, making his preparations, gathering his forces, for several weeks. Mrs. Cromwell means seemingly to pass a little more time with him before he go. In the end of July, he quits Bristol; moving westward by Tenby[4] and Pembroke, where certain forces were to be taken up,—towards Milford Haven; where he dates his next Letters, just in the act of sailing.

[1] Mrs. Mayor. [2] Miss Mayor, afterwards Mrs. Dunch of Pusey.
[3] Harris, p. 510: no. 8 of the Pusey seventeen.
[4] At Tenby 2d August, Commons Journals, vi. 277.

LETTER C.

THE new Lord Lieutenant had at first designed for Munster, where it seemed his best chance lay. Already he has sent some regiments over, to reinforce our old acquaintance Colonel, now Lieutenant-General Michael Jones, at present besieged in Dublin, and enable him to resist the Ormond Army there. But on the 2d of August an important Victory has turned up for Jones: surprisal, and striking into panic and total rout, of the said Ormond Army;[1] which fortunate event, warmly recognised in the following Letter, clears Dublin of siege, and opens new outlooks for the Lord Lieutenant there. He sails thitherward; from Milford Haven, Monday August 13th. Ireton, who is Major-General, or third in command, Jones being second, follows with another division of the force, on Wednesday. Hugh Peters also went; and 'Mr. Owen' also, for another chaplain.

The good ship John is still lying in Milford waters, we suppose, waiting for a wind, for a turn of the tide. 'My Son' Richard Cromwell, and perhaps Richard's Mother, we may dimly surmise, had attended the Lord Lieutenant thus far, to wish him speed on his perilous enterprise?

'For my loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.'

'Milford Haven,' From Aboard the John,
13th August 1649.

LOVING BROTHER,

I could not satisfy myself to omit this opportunity by my Son of writing to you; especially there being so late and great an occasion of acquainting you with the happy news I received from Lieutenant-General Jones yesterday.

The Marquis of Ormond besieged Dublin with Nineteen-thousand men or thereabouts; Seven-thousand Scots and Three-thousand more were coming to 'join him in' that work. Jones issued out of Dublin with Four-thousand foot and Twelve-hundred horse; hath routed this whole Army; killed about Four-thousand upon the place; taken 2,517

[1] Rout at Rathmines or Bagatrath: Ormond's own Account of it, in Carte's Ormond Papers, ii. 403, 407-11: Jones's Account, in Cary's Memorials, ii. 159-62. Commons Journals, vi. 278 (14 August 1649).

prisoners, above Three-hundred 'of them' officers, some of great quality.[1]

This is an astonishing mercy; so great and seasonable that indeed we are like them that dreamed. What can we say! The Lord fill our souls with thankfulness, that our mouths may be full of His praise,—and our lives too; and grant we may never forget His goodness to us. These things seem to strengthen our faith and love, against more difficult times. Sir, pray for me, That I may walk worthy of the Lord in all that He hath called me unto!—

I have committed my Son to you; pray give him advice. I envy him not his contents; but I fear he should be swallowed up in them. I would have him mind and understand Business, read a little History, study the Mathematics and Cosmography:—these are good, with subordination to the things of God. Better than Idleness, or mere outward worldly contents. These fit for Public services,[2] for which a man is born.

Pardon this trouble. I am thus bold because I know you love me; as indeed I do you, and yours. My love to my dear Sister, and my Cousin Ann your Daughter, and all Friends. I rest, Sir, your loving brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' Sir, I desire you not to discommodate yourself because of the money due to me. Your welfare is as mine: and therefore let me know, from time to time, what will convenience you in any forbearance; I shall answer you in it, and be ready to accommodate you. And therefore do your other business; let not this hinder.[3]

Of Jones and his Victory, and services in Ireland, there was on the morrow much congratulating in Parliament: revival of an old Vote, which had rather fallen asleep, For settling Lands of a Thousand Pounds a-year on him; and straightway, more special speedy

[1] The round numbers of this account have, as is usual, come over greatly exaggerated (Carte, ubi supra).

[2] Services useful to all men.

[3] Forster's Statesmen of the Commonwealth, iv. 267: From certain MSS. of Lord Nugent's.

Vote of 'Lands to the value of Five-hundred Pounds a-year for this last service;'—which latter Vote, we hope, will not fall asleep as the former had done.[1]

LETTER CI.

Same date, same conveyance.

To my beloved Daughter Dorothy Cromwell, at Hursley: These.

From Aboard the John, 13th Aug. 1649

My dear Daughter,

Your Letter was very welcome to me. I like to see anything from your hand; because indeed I stick not to say I do entirely love you. And therefore I hope a word of advice will not be unwelcome nor unacceptable to thee.

I desire you both to make it above all things your business to seek the Lord: to be frequently calling upon Him, that He would manifest Himself to you in His Son; and be listening what returns He makes to you,—for He will be speaking in your ear and in your heart, if you attend thereunto. I desire you to provoke your Husband likewise thereunto. As for the pleasures of this Life, and outward Business, let that be upon the bye. Be above all these things, by Faith in Christ; and then you shall have the true use and comfort of them,—and not otherwise.[2] I have much satisfaction in hope your spirit is this way set; and I desire you may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and that I may hear thereof. The Lord is very near: which we see by His wonderful works: and therefore He looks that we of this generation draw near to Him. This late great Mercy of Ireland is a great manifestation thereof. Your Husband will acquaint you with it. We should be much stirred up in our spirits to thankfulness. We much need the spirit of Christ, to enable us to praise God for so admirable a mercy.

The Lord bless thee, my dear Daughter. I rest, thy loving Father, Oliver Cromwell.

[1] Commons Journals, vi. 278, 281 (14th, 18th August 1649).

[2] How true is this; equal, in its obsolete dialect, to the highest that man has yet attained to, in any dialect old or new!

'P.S.' I hear thou didst lately miscarry. Prithee take heed of a coach by all means; borrow thy Father's nag when thou intendest to go abroad.[1]

Is the last phrase ironical; or had the 'coach,' in those ancient roads, overset, and produced the disaster? Perhaps 'thy Father's nag' is really safer? Oliver is not given to irony; nor in a tone for it at this moment. These gentle domesticities and pieties are strangely contrasted with the fiery savagery and iron grimness, stern as Doom, which meets us in the next set of Letters we have from him!

On the second day following, on the 15th of August,[2] Cromwell with a prosperous wind arrived in Dublin; 'where,' says the old Newspapers,[3] 'he was received with all possible demonstrations of joy; the great guns echoing forth their welcome, and the acclamations of the people resounding in every street. The Lord Lieutenant being come into the City,—where the concourse of the people was very great, they all flocking to see him of whom before they had heard so much,—at a convenient place he made a stand,' rising in his carriage we suppose, 'and with his hat in his hand made a speech to them.' Speech unfortunately lost: it is to this effect; "That as God had brought him thither in safety, so he doubted not but by Divine Providence to restore them all to their just liberties and properties," much trodden down by those unblessed Papist-Royalist combinations, and the injuries of war: "and that all persons whose hearts' affections were real for the carrying on of this great work against the barbarous and bloodthirsty Irish and their confederates and adherents, and for propagating of Christ's Gospel and establishing of Truth and Peace, and restoring of this bleeding Nation of Ireland to its former happiness and tranquillity,—should find favour and protection from the Parliament of England and him, and withal receive such rewards and gratuities as might be answerable to their merits." 'This Speech,' say the old Newspapers, 'was entertained with great applause by the people; who all cried out, "We will live and die with you!"'

[1] Forster, iv. 268: From certain MSS. of Lord Nugent's.
[2] Carte, ii. 83.
[3] In Kimber, Life of Cromwell (London, 1724), p. 126.

LETTER CII.

Sir George Ayscough, now vigilantly cruising on those coasts, 'Vice-Admiral of the Irish Seas,' who has done good service more than once,—he ought not to suffer in his private economics by absence on the Public Service.

'For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament: These.'

Dublin, 22d August 1649.

Sir,

Before my coming for Ireland, I was bold to move the House on behalf of Sir George Ayscough; who then I thought had merited the favour of the Parliament, but since, much more, by his very faithful and industrious carriage in this place.

It seems, whilst he is attending your service, a Lease he holds of the Deanery of Windsor had like to be purchased over his head, he not coming to buy himself by the time limited. He holds a very considerable part of his estate in Church-leases; one or more being in Impropriate Tithes, which he and his ancestors have held for a good time: all which is like to determine, and go from him and his, by your Orders.

I found the Parliament well to resent the motion I made on his behalf at that time. I desire you please to revive the business; and to obtain the House's favour for him, which they intended and expressed. He will, I presume, herewith send his humble desires: for which I beg your furtherance; and rest, Sir, your most humble servant,

Oliver Cromwell.[1]

Ayscough is a Lincolnshire man. Last year, in the time of the Revolted Ships, he stood true to the Parliament; and brought his own ship off to them, in spite of perils. Serves now under Blake; is fast rising as a Sea-officer. The Lord Lieutenant's request in behalf of him has already been complied with.[2]

[1] Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 163).

[2] Commons Journals, 8th August 1649 (vi. 276):—see ib. 9th July 1649 (on which day most probably, the day of Thomond's Letter too, Cromwell had been 'moving the House' for him). Whitlocke (2d edition), p. 317.

A DECLARATION BY THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

Michael Jones's Dublin Army, like all Armies hitherto in Ireland, is of a quite unsatisfactory structure, of habits and practices quite unsatisfactory. The Lord Lieutenant is busy modelling it; rearranging it under new and more capable Officers; above all, clearing it of bad men: an Irish friend informs us, 'There hath been an huge purge of the Army which we found here: it was an Army made up of dissolute and debauched men.'[1] 'The Officers reduced are not a little discontented,' writes another friend: but the public service so requires it. Officers and men, and all Ireland are to know that henceforth it is on a new footing we proceed. Here is a Declaration, legible on such market-crosses, church-doors and the like, as we have access to; well worth attending to in a distracted seat of war.

This Declaration *is appointed to be printed, and published throughout all Ireland: By special direction from*—Oliver Cromwell.

Whereas I am informed that, upon the marching out of the Armies heretofore, or of parties from Garrisons, a liberty hath been taken by the Soldiery to abuse, rob and pillage, and too often to execute cruelties upon the Country People: Being resolved, by the grace of God, diligently and strictly to restrain such wickedness for the future,

I do hereby warn and require all Officers, Soldiers, and others under my command, henceforth To forbear all such evil practices as aforesaid; and Not to do any wrong or violence toward Country People, or persons whatsoever, unless they be actually in arms or office with the Enemy; and Not to meddle with the goods of such, without special order.

And I farther declare, That it shall be free and lawful to and for all manner of persons dwelling in the country, as well gentlemen and soldiers, as farmers and other people (such as are in arms or office with or for the Enemy only excepted), to make their repair, and bring any provisions unto the Army, while in march or camp, or unto any Garrison under my com-

[1] Newspaper Letter, in King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 489, § 7; another, ib. § 22.

mand: Hereby assuring all such, That they shall not be molested or troubled in their persons or goods; but shall have the benefit of a free market, and receive ready money for goods or commodities they shall so bring and sell: And that they, behaving themselves peaceably and quietly; and paying such Contributions, proportionately with their neighbours, as have been, are, or shall be duly and orderly imposed upon them, for maintenance of the Parliament's forces and other public uses,—shall have free leave and liberty to live at home with their families and goods; and shall be protected in their persons and estates by virtue Hereof, until the 1st of January next: By or before which time, '1st of January next,' all such of them as are minded to reside, and plough and sow, in the 'Army's' quarters, are to make their addresses, for now and farther protections, to the Attorney-General, residing at Dublin, and to such other persons as shall be authorised for that purpose.

And hereof I require all Soldiers, and others under my command, diligently to take notice and observe the same: as they shall answer to the contrary at their utmost perils. Strictly charging and commanding all Officers and others, in their several places, carefully to see to it That no wrong or violence be done to any such person as aforesaid, contrary to the effect of the premises. Being resolved, through the grace of God, to punish all that shall offend contrary hereunto, very severely, according to Law or Articles of War; to displace, and otherwise punish, all such Officers as shall be found negligent in their places, and not to see to the due observance hereof, or not to punish the offenders under their respective commands.

Given at Dublin, the 24th of August 1649.

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

IRISH WAR.

THE history of the Irish War is, and for the present must continue, very dark and indecipherable to us. Ireland, ever since the Irish Rebellion broke out and changed itself into an Irish Massacre, in the end of 1641, has been a scene of distracted con-

[1] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 439, § 25.

troversies, plunderings, excommunications, treacheries, conflagrations, of universal misery and blood and bluster, such as the world before or since has never seen. The History of it does not form itself into a picture; but remains only as a huge blot, an indiscriminate blackness; which the human memory cannot willingly charge itself with! There are Parties on the back of Parties; at war with the world and with each other. There are Catholics of the Pale, demanding freedom of religion; under my Lord This and my Lord That. There are Old-Irish Catholics, under Pope's Nuncios, under Abbas O'Teague of the excommunications, and Owen Roe O'Neil;—demanding not religious freedom only, but what we now call 'Repeal of the Union;' and unable to agree with the Catholics of the English Pale. Then there are Ormond Royalists, of the Episcopalian and mixed creeds, strong for King without Covenant: Ulster and other Presbyterians, strong for King *and* Covenant: lastly, Michael Jones and the Commonwealth of England, who want neither King nor Covenant. All these, plunging and tumbling, in huge discord, for the last eight years, have made of Ireland and its affairs the black unutterable blot we speak of.

At the date of Oliver's arrival, all Irish Parties are united in a combination very unusual with them; very dangerous for the incipient Commonwealth. Ormond, who had returned thither with new Commission, in hopes to coöperate with Scotch Hamilton during the Second Civil War, arrived too late for that object; but has succeeded in rallying Ireland into one mass of declared opposition to the Powers that now rule. Catholics of the Pale, and Old-Irish Catholics of the Massacre, will at length act together: Protestant English Royalism, which has fled hither for shelter; nay, now at last Royalist Presbyterianism, and the very Scots in Ulster,—have all joined with Ormond 'against the Regicides.' They are eagerly inviting the young Charles Second to come thither, and be crowned and made victorious. He as yet hesitates between that and Scotland;—may probably give Scotland the preference. But in all Ireland, when Cromwell sets foot on it, there remain only two Towns, Dublin and Derry, that hold for the Commonwealth; Dublin lately besieged, Derry still besieged. A very formidable combination. All Ireland kneaded together, by favourable accident and the incredible patience of Ormond, stands up in one great combination, resolute to resist the Commonwealth. Combination great in bulk; but made of iron and clay;—in meaning not so great. Oliver has taken survey and measure of it; Oliver descends on it like the hammer of Thor; smites it, as at one fell stroke, into dust and ruin, never to reunite against him more.

One could pity this poor Irish people; their case is pitiable enough! The claim they started with, in 1641, was for religious freedom. Their claim, we can now all see, was just: essentially just, though full of intricacy: difficult to render clear and concessible;—nay, at that date of the World's History, it was hardly recognisable to any Protestant man for just; and these frightful massacrings and sanguinary blusterings have rendered it, for the present, entirely unrecognisable. A just, though very intricate claim: but entered upon, and prosecuted, by such methods as were never yet available for asserting any claim in this world! Treachery and massacre: what could come of it? Eight years of cruel fighting, of desperate violence and misery, have left matters worse a thousandfold than they were at first. No want of daring, or of patriotism so-called; but a great want of other things! Numerous large masses of armed men have been on foot; full of fiery vehemence and audacity, but without worth as Armies: savage hordes rather; full of hatred and mutual hatred, of disobedience, falsity and noise. Undrilled, unpaid,—driving herds of plundered cattle before them for subsistence; rushing down from hillsides, from ambuscadoes, passes in the mountains; taking shelter always 'in bogs whither the cavalry cannot follow them.' Unveracious, violent, disobedient men. False in speech;—alas, false in thought, first of all; who have never let the Fact tell its own harsh story to them; who have said always to the harsh Fact, "Thou art not that way, thou art this way!" The Fact, of course, asserts that it *is* that way: the Irish Projects end in perpetual discomfiture; have to take shelter in bogs whither cavalry cannot follow! There has been no scene seen under the sun like Ireland for these eight years. Murder, pillage, conflagration, excommunication; wide-flowing blood, and bluster high as Heaven and St. Peter;—as if wolves or rabid dogs were in fight here; as if demons from the Pit had mounted up, to deface this fair green piece of God's Creation with *their* talkings and workings! It is, and shall remain, very dark to us. Conceive Ireland wasted, torn in pieces; black Controversy as of demons and rabid wolves rushing over the face of it so long; incurable, and very dim to us: till here at last, as in the torrent of Heaven's lightning descending liquid on it, we have clear and terrible view of its affairs for a time!—

Oliver's proceedings here have been the theme of much loud criticism and sibylline execration; into which it is not our plan to enter at present. We shall give these Irish Letters of his in their own natural figure, and without any commentary whatever.

To those who think that a land overrun with Sanguinary Quacks can be healed by sprinkling it with rose-water, these Letters must be very horrible. Terrible Surgery this: but *is* it Surgery and Judgment, or atrocious Murder merely? That is a question which should be asked; and answered. Oliver Cromwell did believe in God's Judgments; and did not believe in the rose-water plan of Surgery;—which, in fact, is this Editor's case too! Every idle lie and piece of empty bluster this Editor hears, he too, like Oliver has to shudder at it; has to think: "Thou, idle bluster, not true, thou also art shutting men's minds against the God's Fact; thou wilt issue as a cleft crown to some poor man some day; thou also wilt have to take shelter in bogs whither cavalry cannot follow!"—But in Oliver's time, as I say, there was still belief in the Judgments of God; in Oliver's time, there was yet no distracted jargon of 'abolishing Capital Punishments,' of Jean-Jacques Philanthropy, and universal rose-water in this world still so full of sin. Men's notion was, not for abolishing punishments, but for making laws just: God the Maker's Laws, they considered, had not yet got the Punishment abolished from them! Men had a notion, that the difference between Good and Evil was still considerable;—equal to the difference between Heaven and Hell. It was a true notion. Which all men yet saw, and felt in all fibres of their existence, to be true. Only in late decadent generations, fast hastening towards radical change or final perdition, can such indiscriminate mashing-up of Good and Evil into one universal patent-treacle, and most unmedical electuary, of Rousseau Sentimentalism, universal Pardon and Benevolence, with dinner and drink and one cheer more, take effect in our earth. Electuary very poisonous, as sweet as it is, and very nauseous; of which Oliver, happier than we, had not yet heard the slightest intimation even in dreams.

The reader of these Letters, who has swept all that very ominous twaddle out of his head and heart, and still looks with a recognizing eye on the ways of the Supreme Powers with this world, will find here, in the rude practical state, a Phenomenon which he will account noteworthy. An armed Soldier, solemnly conscious to himself that he is a Soldier of God the Just,—a consciousness which it well beseems all soldiers and all men to have always;—armed Soldier, terrible as Death, relentless as Doom; doing God's Judgments on the Enemies of God! It is a Phenomenon not of joyful nature; no, but of awful, to be looked at with pious terror and awe. Not a Phenomenon which you are called to recognise with bright smiles, and fall in love with at sight:—thou, art thou

worthy to love such a thing; worthy to do other than hate it, and shriek over it? Darest thou wed the Heaven's lightning, then; and say to it, Godlike One? Is thy own life beautiful and terrible to thee; steeped in the eternal depths, in the eternal splendours? Thou also, art thou in thy sphere the minister of God's Justice; feeling that thou art here to do it, and to see it done, at thy soul's peril? Thou wilt then judge Oliver with increasing clearness; otherwise with increasing darkness misjudge him.

In fact, Oliver's dialect is rude and obsolete: the phrases of Oliver, to him solemn on the perilous battlefield as voices of God, have become to us most mournful when spouted as frothy cant from Exeter Hall. The reader has, all along, to make steady allowance for that. And on the whole, clear recognition will be difficult for him. To a poor, slumberous Canting Age, mumbling to itself everywhere, Peace, Peace, where there is no peace,—such a Phenomenon as Oliver, in Ireland or elsewhere, is not the most recognisable in all its meanings. But it waits there for recognition; and can wait an Age or two. The Memory of Oliver Cromwell, as I count, has a good many centuries in it yet; and Ages of a very varied complexion to apply to, before all end. My reader, in this passage and others, shall make of it what he can.

But certainly, at lowest, here is a set of Military Despatches of the most unexampled nature! Most rough, unkempt; shaggy as the Numidian lion. A style rugged as crags; coarse, drossy: yet with a meaning in it, an energy, a depth; pouring on like a fire-torrent; perennial *fire* of it visible athwart all drosses and defacements: not uninteresting to see! This man has come into distracted Ireland with a God's Truth in the heart of him, though an unexpected one; the first such man they have seen for a great while indeed. He carries Acts of Parliament, Laws of Earth and Heaven, in one hand; drawn sword in the other. He addresses the bewildered Irish populations, the black ravening coil of sanguinary blustering individuals at Tredah and elsewhere: "Sanguinary blustering individuals, whose word is grown worthless as the barking of dogs; whose very thought is false, representing not fact, but the contrary of fact,—behold, I am come to speak and to do the truth among you. Here are Acts of Parliament, methods of regulation and veracity, emblems the nearest we poor Puritans could make them of God's Law-Book, to which it is and shall be our perpetual effort to make them correspond nearer and nearer. Obey them, help us to perfect them, be peaceable and true under them, it shall be well with you. Refuse to obey them, I will not let you continue living! As articulate-speaking vera-

cious orderly men, not as a blustering murderous kennel of dogs run rabid, shall you continue in this Earth. Choose!"—They chose to disbelieve him; could not understand that he, more than the others, meant any truth or justice to them. They rejected his summons and terms at Tredah: he stormed the place; and according to his promise, put every man of the Garrison to death. His own soldiers are forbidden to plunder, by paper Proclamation; and in ropes of authentic hemp they are hanged when they do it.[1] To Wexford Garrison the like terms as at Tredah; and, failing these, the like storm. Here is a man whose word represents a thing! Not bluster this, and false jargon scattering itself to the winds: what this man speaks out of him comes to pass as a fact; speech with this man is accurately prophetic of deed. This is the first King's face poor Ireland ever saw; the first Friend's face, little as it recognises him,—poor Ireland!

But let us take the Letters themselves: and read them with various emotions, in which wonder will not fail. What a rage, wide-sweeping, inexorable as Death, dwells in that heart;—close neighbour to pity, to trembling affection, and soft tears! Some readers know that softness *without* rigour, rigour as of adamant to rest upon, is but sloth and cowardly baseness; that without justice first, real pity is not possible, and only false pity and maudlin weakness is possible. Others, again, are not aware of that fact.—To our Irish friends we ought to say likewise that this Garrison of Tredah consisted, in good part, of Englishmen.[2] Perfectly certain this:—and therefore let "the bloody hoof of the Saxon," &c. forbear to continue itself on that matter. At its peril! Idle blustering, and untruth of every kind lead to the like terrible results in these days as they did in those.

LETTERS CIII.—CVI.

STORM OF TREDAH.

The first of this set, a Summons to Dundalk, will be fully understood so soon as the Two following it are read. The Two following it, on Tredah, or Drogheda as we now name it, contain in themselves, especially the Second and more deliberate of the two contains, materials for a pretty complete account of the Transaction there. It requires only to be added, what Cromwell himself

[1] Two instances: King's Pamphlets, large 4to, no. 42, § 19, 6th-15th Sept. 1643.
[2] Ludlow, i. 301.

has forborne to do, that on the repulse of the first attack, it was he, in person, who, 'witnessing it from the batteries,' hastened forward and led on the new attack: My pretty men, we must positively not be repulsed; we must enter here, we cannot do at all without entering!—The rest of these Irish Letters may, I hope, tell their own tale.

LETTER CIII.

For the Chief Officer commanding in Dundalk: These.

'Tredah,' 12th September 1649.

SIR,

I offered mercy to the Garrison of Tredah,[1] in sending the Governor a Summons before I attempted the taking of it. Which being refused brought their evil upon them.

If you, being warned thereby, shall surrender your Garrison to the use of the Parliament of England, which by this I summon you to do, you may thereby prevent effusion of blood. If, upon refusing this Offer, that which you like not befalls you, you will know whom to blame. I rest, your servant.

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

The Chief Officer commanding in Dundalk never received this Letter, I believe! What, in the interim, had become of Dundalk and its Chief and other Officers, will shortly appear.

LETTER CIV.

'To the Honourable John Bradshaw, Esquire, President of the Council of State: These.'

'Dublin,' 16th September 1649.

SIR,

It hath pleased God to bless our endeavours at Tredah. After battery, we stormed it. The enemy were about 3,000 strong in the Town. They made a stout resistance; and near 1,000 of our men being entered, the Enemy forced them out again. But God giving a new courage to

[1] 'Treedagh' he writes.

[2] Autograph, in the possession of the Earl of Shannon, at Castle-Martyr, in the County of Cork.

our men, they attempted again, and entered; beating the Enemy from their defences.

The Enemy had made three retrenchments, both to the right and left 'of' where we entered; all which they were forced to quit. Being thus entered, we refused them quarter; having, the day before, summoned the Town. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think Thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives. Those that did, are in safe custody for the Barbadoes. Since that time, the Enemy quitted to us Trim and Dundalk. In Trim they were in such haste that they left their guns behind them.

This hath been a marvellous great mercy. The Enemy, being not willing to put an issue upon a field-battle, had put into this Garrison almost all their prime soldiers, being about 3,000 horse and foot, under the command of their best officers; Sir Arthur Ashton being made Governor. There were some seven or eight regiments, Ormond's being one, under the command of Sir Edmund Varney. I do not believe, neither do I hear, that any officer escaped with his life, save only one Lieutenant, who, I hear, going to the Enemy said, That he was the only man that escaped of all the Garrison. The Enemy upon this were filled with much terror. And truly I believe this bitterness will save much effusion of blood, through the goodness of God.

I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom indeed the praise of this mercy belongs. 'As' for instruments, they were very inconsiderable the work throughout. . . . .

Captain Brandly did with forty or fifty of his men very gallantly storm the Tenalia; for which he deserves the thanks of the State. 'I rest, your most humble servant,'

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

'*Tenalia*,' I believe, is now called *Tenaille* by engineers; a kind of advanced defensive-work, which takes its name from resemblance, real or imaginary, to the lip of a pair of *pincers*.

[1] Whitlocke, p. 412.

The 'Sir Edmund Varney' who perished here was the son of the standard-bearer at Edgehill. For Sir Arthur Ashton see Clarendon. Poor Sir Arthur had a wooden leg which the soldiers were very eager for, understanding it to be full of gold coin; but it proved to be mere timber: all his gold, 200 broad pieces, was sewed into his belt, and scrambled for when that came to light.' There is in Wood's Life[2] an old soldier's account of the Storm of Tredah, sufficiently emphatic, by Tom Wood, Anthony's brother, who had been there.

LETTER CV.

'*For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*'

Dublin, 17th September 1649.

SIR,

Your Army being safely arrived at Dublin; and the Enemy endeavouring to draw all his forces together about Trim and Tecroghan, as my intelligence gave me,—from whence endeavours were made by the Marquis of Ormond to draw Owen Roe O'Neil with his forces to his assistance, but with what success I cannot yet learn,—I resolved, after some refreshment taken for our weather-beaten men and horses, and accommodations for a march, to take the field. And accordingly, upon Friday the 30th of August[3] last, rendezvoused with eight regiments of foot, six of horse and some troops of dragoons, three miles on the north side of Dublin. The design was, To endeavour the regaining of Tredah; or tempting the Enemy, upon his hazard of the loss of that place, to fight.

Your Army came before the Town upon the Monday following.[4] Where having pitched, as speedy course was taken as could be to frame our batteries; which took up the more time because divers of the battering guns were on shipboard. Upon Monday the 9th[5] of this instant, the batteries began to play. Whereupon I sent Sir Arthur Ashton, the then Governor, a summons, To deliver the Town to the use of the Par-

[1] Whitlocke. [2] Prefixed to the Athenæ Oxonienses.
[3] Friday is 31st; this error as to the day of the month continues through the Letter.
[4] 3d September. [5] 10th.

liament of England. To the which receiving no satisfactory answer, I proceeded that day to beat-down the Steeple of the Church on the south side of the Town, and to beat down a Tower not far from the same place, which you will discern by the chart enclosed.

Our guns not being able to do much that day, it was resolved to endeavour to do our utmost the next day to make breaches assaultable, and by the help of God to storm them. The place pitched upon was that part of the Town-wall next a Church called St. Mary's; which was the rather chosen because we did hope that if we did enter and possess that Church, we should be the better able to keep it against their horse and foot until we could make way for the entrance of our horse; and we did not conceive that any part of the Town would afford the like advantage for that purpose with this. The batteries planted were two: one was for that part of the Wall against the east end of the said Church; the other against the Wall on the south side. Being somewhat long in battering, the Enemy made six retrenchments: three of them from the said Church to Duleek Gate; and three of them from the east end of the Church to the Town-wall and so backward. The guns, after some two or three hundred shot, beat down the corner Tower, and opened two reasonable good breaches in the east and south Wall.

Upon Tuesday the 10th of this instant, about five o'clock in the evening, we began the Storm: and after some hot dispute we entered, about seven or eight hundred men; the Enemy disputing it very stiffly with us. And indeed, through the advantages of the place, and the courage God was pleased to give the defenders, our men were forced to retreat quite out of the breach, not without some considerable loss; Colonel Castle being there shot in the head, whereof he presently died: and divers officers and soldiers doing their duty killed and wounded. There was a Tenalia to flanker the south Wall of the Town, between Duleek Gate and the corner Tower before mentioned;—which our men entered, wherein they found some forty or fifty of the Enemy, which they put to the sword. And this 'Tenalia' they held: but it being without the Wall,

and the sally-port through the Wall into that Tenalia being choked up with some of the Enemy which were killed in it, it proved of no use for an entrance into the Town that way.

Although our men that stormed the breaches were forced to recoil, as is before expressed; yet, being encouraged to recover their loss, they made a second attempt: wherein God was pleased so to animate them that they got ground of the Enemy, and by the goodness of God, forced him to quit his entrenchments. And after a very hot dispute, the Enemy having both horse and foot, and we only foot, within the Wall, —they gave ground, and our men became masters both of their retrenchments and 'of' the Church; which indeed, although they made our entrance the more difficult, yet they proved of excellent use to us; so that the Enemy could not 'now' annoy us with their horse, but thereby we had advantage to make good the ground, that so we might let-in our own horse; which accordingly was done, though with much difficulty.

Divers of the Enemy retreated into the Mill-Mount: a place very strong and of difficult access; being exceedingly high, having a good graft, and strongly palisadoed. The Governor, Sir Arthur Ashton, and divers considerable Officers being there, our men getting up to them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the Town: and, I think, that night they put to the sword about 2,000 men;—divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the Bridge into the other part of the Town, where about 100 of them possessed St. Peter's Church-steeple, some the west Gate, and others a strong Round Tower next the Gate called St. Sunday's. These being summoned to yield to mercy, refused. Whereupon I ordered the steeple of St. Peter's Church to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames: "God damn me, God confound me; I burn, I burn."

The next day, the other two Towers were summoned; in one of which was about six or seven score; but they refused to yield themselves: and we knowing that hunger must com-

pel them, set only good guards to secure them from running away until their stomachs were come down. From one of the said Towers, notwithstanding their condition, they killed and wounded some of our men. When they submitted, their officers were knocked on the head; and every tenth man of the soldiers killed; and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes. The soldiers in the other Tower were all spared, as to their lives only; and shipped likewise for the Barbadoes.

I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood; and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future. Which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret. The officers and soldiers of this Garrison were the flower of their Army. And their great expectation was, that our attempting this place would put fair to ruin us; they being confident of the resolution of their men, and the advantage of the place. If we had divided our force into two quarters to have besieged the North Town and the South Town, we could not have had such a correspondency between the two parts of our Army, but that they might have chosen to have brought their Army, and have fought with which part 'of ours' they pleased,—and at the same time have made a sally with 2,000 men upon us, and have left their walls manned; they having in the Town the number hereafter specified, but some say near 4,000.

Since this great mercy vouchsafed to us, I sent a party of horse and dragoons to Dundalk;[1] which the Enemy quitted, and we are possessed of,—as also 'of' another Castle they deserted, between Trim and Tredah, upon the Boyne. I sent a party of horse and dragoons to a House within five miles of Trim, there being then in Trim some Scots Companies, which the Lord of Ardes brought to assist the Lord of Ormond. But upon the news of Tredah, they ran away; leaving their great guns behind them, which also we have possessed.

And now give me leave to say how it comes to pass that this work is wrought. It was set upon some of our hearts,

[1] Antea, Letter CIII.

That a great thing should be done, not by power or might, but by the Spirit of God. And is it not so, clearly? That which caused your men to storm so courageously, it was the Spirit of God who gave your men courage, and took it away again; and gave the Enemy courage, and took it away again; and gave your men courage again, and therewith this happy success. And therefore it is good that God alone have all the glory.

It is remarkable that these people, at the first, set up the Mass in some places of the Town that had been monasteries; but afterwards grew so insolent that, the last Lord's day before the storm, the Protestants were thrust out of the great Church called St. Peter's, and they had public Mass there: and in this very place near 1,000 of them were put to the sword, fleeing thither for safety. I believe all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two; the one of which was Father Peter Taaff, brother to the Lord Taaff, whom the soldiers took, the next day, and made an end of. The other was taken in the Round Tower, under the repute of a Lieutenant, and when he understood that the officers in that Tower had no quarter, he confessed he was a Friar; but that did not save him.

A great deal of loss in this business fell upon Colonel Hewson's, Colonel Castle's and Colonel Ewer's regiments. Colonel Ewer having two Field-Officers in his regiment shot; Colonel Castle and a Captain of his regiment slain; Colonel Hewson's Captain-Lieutenant slain. I do not think we lost 100 men upon the place, though many be wounded.

I most humbly pray the Parliament may be pleased 'that' this Army may be maintained; and that a consideration may be had of them, and of the carrying-on affairs here, 'such' as may give a speedy issue to this work. To which there seems to be a marvellous fair opportunity offered by God. And although it may seem very chargeable to the State of England to maintain so great a force; yet surely to stretch a little for the present, in following God's providence, in hope the charge will not be long—I trust it will not be thought by any

(that have not irreconcilable or malicious principles) unfit for me to move, For a constant supply ; which, in human probability as to outward things, is most likely to hasten and perfect this work. And indeed if God please to finish it here as He hath done in England, the War is like to pay itself.

We keep the field much ; our tents sheltering us from the wet and cold. But yet the Country-sickness overtakes many : and therefore we desire recruits, and some fresh regiments of foot, may be sent us. For it's easily conceived by what the Garrisons already drink up, what our Field-Army will come to, if God shall give more Garrisons into our hands. Craving pardon for this great trouble, I rest, your most obedient servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. Since writing of my Letter, a Major who brought off forty-three horse from the Enemy told me that it's reported in their camp that Owen Roe and they are agreed.

The defendants in Tredah consisted of : The Lord of Ormond's regiment (Sir Edmund Varney Lieutenant-Colonel), of 400 ; Colonel Byrn's, Colonel Warren's, and Colonel Wall's, of 2,000 ; the Lord of Westmeath's, of 200 ; Sir James Dillon's, of 200 ; and 200 horse.[1]

The report as to Owen Roe O'Neil is correct. Monk, who had lately in Ulster entered upon some negotiation with O'Neil and his Old-Irish Party, who, as often happened, were in quarrel with the others, found himself deserted by his very soldiers, and obliged to go to England ; where this policy of his, very useful as Monk had thought, is indignantly disavowed by the Authorities, who will not hear of such a connexion.[2] Owen Roe O'Neil appears to have been a man of real ability : surely no able man, or Son of Order, ever sank in a more dismal welter of confusions unconquerable by him ! He did no more service or disservice henceforth ; he died in some two months, of a disease in the foot,—poisoned, say some, by the gift of a 'pair of russet-leather boots' which some traitor had bestowed on him.[3]

Such was the Storm of Tredah. A thing which, if one *wanted* good assurance as to the essential meaning of it, might well 'work

[1] Newspapers ; in Parliamentary History (London, 1763), xix. 201.
[2] 10th August 1649 (Commons Journals, vi. 277). [3] Carte, ii. 83.

remorse and regret:' for indisputably the outer body of it is emphatic enough! Cromwell, not in a light or loose manner, but in a very solemn and deep one, takes charge for himself, at his own peril, That it *is* a judgment of God: and that it did 'save much effusion of blood,' we and all spectators can very readily testify. 'The execrable policy of that Regicide,' says Jacobite Carte on the occasion, 'had the effect he proposed. It spread abroad the terror of his name; it cut'—In fact, it cut through the heart of the Irish War. Wexford Storm followed (not by forethought, it would seem, but by chance of war) in the same stern fashion; and there was no other storm or slaughter needed in that Country. Rose-water Surgeons might have tried it otherwise; but that was not Oliver's execrable policy, not the Rose-water one. And so we leave it, standing on such basis as it has.

Ormond had sent orders to 'burn' Dundalk and Trim before quitting them; but the Garrisons, looking at Tredah, were in too much haste to apply the coal. They marched away at double-quick time; the Lord Lieutenant got possession of both Towns unburnt. He has put Garrisons there, we see, which 'drink up' some of his forces. He has also despatched Colonel Venables, of whom we shall hear again, with a regiment or two, to reduce Carlingford, Newry,—to raise what Siege there may be at Derry, and assist in settling distracted Ulster: of whose progress here are news.

LETTER CVI.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Dublin, 27th September 1649.

MR. SPEAKER,

I had not received any account from Colonel Venables,—whom I sent from Tredah to endeavour the reducing of Carlingford, and so to march Northward towards a conjunction with Sir Charles Coote,—until the last night.

After he came to Carlingford, having summoned the place, both the three Castles and the Fort commanding the Harbour were rendered to him. Wherein were about Forty Barrels of Powder, Seven Pieces of Cannon; about a Thousand Muskets, and Five-hundred Pikes wanting twenty. In the entrance

into the Harbour, Captain Fern, aboard your man-of-war, had some danger; being much shot at from the Sea Fort, a bullet shooting through his main-mast. The Captain's entrance into that Harbour was a considerable adventure, and a good service;—as also was that of Captain Brandly,[1] who, with Forty seamen, stormed a very strong Tenalia at Treda, and helped to take it; for which he deserves an owning by you.

Venables marched from Carlingford, with a party of Horse and Dragoons, to the Newry; leaving the Foot to come up after him. He summoned the place, and it was yielded before his Foot came up to him. Some other informations I have received from him, which promise well towards your Northern Interest; which, if well prosecuted, will, I trust God, render you a good account of those parts.

I have sent those things to be presented to the Council of State for their consideration. I pray God, as these mercies flow in upon you, He will give you an heart to improve them to His glory alone; because He alone is the author of them, and of all the goodness, patience and long-suffering extending towards you.

Your Army has marched; and, I believe, this night lieth at Arklow, in the County of Wicklow, by the Sea-side, between thirty and forty miles from this place. I am this day, by God's blessing, going towards it.

I crave your pardon for this trouble; and rest, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. I desire the Supplies moved for may be hastened. I am verily persuaded, though the burden be great, yet it is for your service. If the Garrisons we take swallow-up your men, how shall we be able to keep the field? Who knows but the Lord may pity England's sufferings, and make a short work of this? It is in His hand to do it, and therein only your servants rejoice. I humbly present the condition of Captain George Jenkins's Widow. He died presently after Tredah Storm. His Widow is in great want.

The following Officers and Soldiers were slain at the storm-

[1] Antea, p. 148.

ing of Tredah: Sir Arthur Ashton, Governor; Sir Edmund Varney, Lieutenant-Colonel to Ormond's Regiment; Colonel Fleming, Lieutenant-Colonel Finglass, Major Fitzgerald, with eight Captains, eight Lieutenants, and eight Cornets, all of Horse; Colonels Warren, Wall, and Byrn, of Foot, with their Lieutenants, Majors, &c.; the Lord Taaff's Brother, an Augustine Friar; forty-four Captains, and all their Lieutenants, Ensigns, &c.; 220 Reformadoes and Troopers; 2,500 Foot-soldiers, besides Staff-Officers, Surgeons, &c.[1]

Venables went on rapidly accomplishing his service in the North; without much hurt; though not without imminent peril once,—by a camisado, or surprisal in the night-time, which is afterwards alluded to in these Letters. The Lord Lieutenant, we observe, still dates from Dublin, but is to quit it 'this day;' his 'Army has already marched:' Southward now, on a new series of operations.

LETTER CVII.

STORM OF WEXFORD.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Wexford, 14th October 1649.

Sir,

The Army marched from Dublin, about the 23d of September, into the County of Wicklow, where the Enemy had a Garrison about fourteen miles from Dublin, called Killincarrick; which they quitting, a Company of the Army was put therein. From thence the Army marched through almost a desolated country, until it came to a passage over the River Doro,[2] about a mile above the Castle of Arklow, which was the first seat and honour of the Marquis of Ormond's family.

[1] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 441. art. 7, 'Letters from Ireland, printed by Authority' (p. 13). Parliamentary History (xix. 207-9) has copied this Letter from the old Pamphlet (as usual, giving no reference); and after the concluding 'Surgeons, &c.' has taken the liberty of adding these words, '*and many inhabitants*,' of which there is no whisper in the old Pamphlets;—a very considerable liberty indeed!

[2] River Darragh;—a branch of what is now called the Avoca; well known to musical persons.

Which he had strongly fortified; but it was, upon the approach of the Army, quitted; wherein we left another Company of Foot.

From thence the Army marched towards Wexford; where in the way was a strong and large Castle, at a town called Limbrick, the ancient seat of the Esmonds; where the Enemy had a strong Garrison; which they burnt and quitted, the day before our coming thither. From thence we marched towards Ferns, an episcopal seat, where was a Castle; to which I sent Colonel Reynolds with a party to summon it. Which accordingly he did, and it was surrendered to him; where we having put a company,—advanced the Army to a passage over the River Slaney, which runs down to Wexford; and that night we marched into the fields of a Village called Enniscorthy, belonging to Mr. Robert Wallop;[1] where was a strong Castle very well manned and provided for by the Enemy; and, close under it, a very fair House belonging to the same worthy person,—a Monastery of Franciscan Friars, the considerablest in all Ireland: they ran away the night before we came. We summoned the Castle; and they refused to yield at the first; but upon better consideration, they were willing to deliver the place to us: which accordingly they did; leaving their great guns, arms, ammunition and provisions behind them.

Upon Monday the First of October we came before Wexford. Into which the Enemy had put a Garrison, consisting of 'part of' their Army; this Town having, until then, been so confident of their own strength as that they would not, at any time, suffer a Garrison to be imposed upon them. The Commander that brought in those forces was Colonel David Sinnott; who took upon him the command of the place. To whom I sent a Summons, a Copy whereof is this enclosed; between whom and me there passed Answers and Replies, Copies whereof these also are:

[1] Wallop is Member ('recruiter') for Andover; a King's-Judge: Member of the Council of State; now and afterwards a conspicuous rigorous republican man. He has advanced money, long since, we suppose, for the Public Service in Ireland: and obtained in payment this 'fair House,' and Superiority of Enniscorthy: properties the value or no-value of which will much depend on the Lord Lieutenant's success at present.—Wallop's representative, a Peer of the Realm, is still owner here, as it has proved.

1. "*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

"Before Wexford, 3d October 1649.

"SIR,

"Having brought the Army belonging to the Parliament of England before this place, to reduce it to its due obedience: to the end effusion of blood may be prevented, and the Town and Country about it preserved from ruin, I thought fit to summon you to deliver the same to me, to the use of the State of England.

"By this offer, I hope it will clearly appear where the guilt will lie, if innocent persons should come to suffer with the nocent. I expect your speedy answer; and rest, Sir, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL."

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 3d October 1649.

"SIR,—I received your Letter of Summons for the delivery of this Town into your hands. Which standeth not with my honour to do of myself; neither will I take it upon me, without the advice of the rest of the Officers and Mayor of this Corporation; this Town being of so great consequence to all Ireland. Whom I will call together, and confer with; and return my resolution to you, tomorrow by twelve of the clock.

"In the mean time, if you be so pleased, I am content to forbear all acts of hostility, so you permit no approach to be made. Expecting your answer in that particular, I remain,—my Lord,—your Lordship's servant, D. SINNOTT."

2. "*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

"Before Wexford, 3d October 1649.

"SIR,

"I am contented to expect your resolution by twelve of the clock tomorrow morning. Because our tents are not so good a covering as your houses, and for other reasons, I cannot agree to a cessation. I rest,—your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 4th October 1649.

"SIR,—I have advised with the Mayor and Officers, as I promised, and thereupon am content that Four, whom I shall employ,

may have a Conference and Treaty with Four of yours, to see if any agreement and understanding may be begot between us. To this purpose I desire you to send mine a Safe-conduct, as I do hereby promise to send unto yours when you send me their names. And I pray that the meeting may be had tomorrow at eight of the clock in the forenoon, that they may have sufficient time to confer and debate together, and determine the matter; and that the meeting and place may be agreed upon, and the Safe-conduct mutually sent for the said meeting this afternoon. Expecting your answer hereto, I rest,—my Lord,—your servant,

"D. SINNOTT.

"Send me the names of your Agents, their qualities and degrees. Those I fix upon are: Major James Byrne, Major Theobald Dillon, Alderman Nicholas Chevers, Mr. William Stafford."

3. "*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

"Before Wexford, 4th October 1649.

"SIR,

"Having summoned you to deliver the Town of Wexford into my hands, I might well expect the delivery thereof, and not a formal Treaty; which is seldom granted but where the things stand upon a more equal foot.

"If therefore yourself or the Town have any desires to offer, upon which you will surrender the place to me, I shall be able to judge of the reasonableness of them when they are made known to me. To which end, if you shall think fit to send the Persons named in your last, intrusted by yourself and the Town, by whom I may understand your desires, I shall give you a speedy and fitting Answer. And I do hereby engage myself, that they shall return in safety to you.

"I expect your answer hereunto within an hour; and rest, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL."

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 4th October 1649.

"SIR,—I have returned you a civil Answer, to the best of my judgment; and thereby, I find, you undervalue me and this place so much, that you think to have it surrendered without Capitulation or honourable Terms,—as appears by the hour's limitation in your last.

"Sir, had I never a man in this Town but the Townsman, and Artillery here planted, I should conceive myself in a very befitting condition to make honourable conditions. And having a considerable party, 'along' with them, in the place, I am resolved to die honourably, or make such conditions as may secure my honour and life in the eyes of my own Party.

"To which reasonable terms if you hearken not,—or give me 'not' time to send my Agents till eight of the clock in the forenoon tomorrow, with my Propositions, with a farther Safe-conduct,—I leave you to your better judgment, and myself to the assistance of the Almighty; and so conclude.—Your servant,

"D. Sinnott."

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

Wexford, 5th October, 1649.

"Sir,—My Propositions being now prepared, I am ready to send my Agents with them unto you. And for their safe return, I pray you to send a Safe-conduct by the Bearer unto me,—in hope an honourable agreement may thereupon arise between your Lordship, and,—my Lord,—your Lordship's servant, D. Sinnott."

Whilst these papers were passing between us, I sent the Lieutenant-General[1] with a party of dragoons, horse and foot, to endeavour to reduce their Fort, which lay at the mouth of their harbour, about ten miles distant from us. To which he sent a troop of dragoons; but the Enemy quitted their Fort, leaving behind them about seven great guns; betook themselves, by the help of their boats, to a Frigate of twelve guns lying in the harbour, within cannon-shot of the Fort. The dragoons possessed the Fort: and some seamen belonging to your Fleet coming happily in at the same time, they bent their guns at the Frigate, and she immediately yielded to mercy,—both herself, the soldiers that had been in the Fort, and the seamen that manned her. And whilst our men were in her, the Town, not knowing what had happened, sent another small vessel to her; which our men also took.

The Governor of the Town having obtained from me a Safe-conduct for the four persons mentioned in one of the papers, to come and treat with me about the surrender of the Town, I expected they should have done so. But instead

[1] Michael Jones.

thereof, the Earl of Castlehaven brought to their relief, on the north side of the river,[1] about five-hundred foot. Which occasioned their refusal to send out any to treat; and caused me to revoke my Safe-conduct, not thinking it fit to leave it for them to make use of it when they pleased:

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

Wexford, 5th October 1349.

"My Lord,—Even as I was ready to send out my Agents unto you, the Lord General of the horse came hither with a relief. Unto whom I communicated the proceedings between your Lordship and me, and delivered him the Propositions I intended to despatch unto your Lordship;—who hath desired a small time to consider of them, and to speed them unto me. Which, my Lord, I could not deny, he having a commanding power over me.

"Pray, my Lord, believe that I do not do this to trifle out time; but for his present consent;—and if I find any long delay in his Lordship's returning them back unto me, I will proceed of myself, according to my first intention. To which I beseech your Lordship give credit; at the request,—my Lord,—of your Lordship's ready servant, D. Sinnott."

4. "*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

"Wexford, 6th October 1649.

"Sir,

"You might have spared your trouble in the account you give me of your transaction with the Lord General of your horse, and of your resolution in case he answer not your expectation in point of time. These are your own concernments, and it behoves you to improve the relief you mention to your best advantage.

"All that I have to say is, To desire you to take notice, that I do hereby revoke my Safe-conduct from the persons mentioned therein. When you shall see cause to treat, you may send for another.—I rest, Sir, your servant,

"Oliver Cromwell."

Our cannon being landed,[2] and we having removed all our quarters to the south-east end of the Town, next the Castle, 'which stands without the Walls,'—it was generally agreed

[1] Carte, ii. 92. [2] 6th October (ib.).

that we should bend the whole strength of our artillery upon the Castle; being persuaded that if we got the Castle, the Town would easily follow.

Upon Thursday the 11th instant (our batteries being finished the night before), we began to play betimes in the morning; and having spent near a hundred shot, the Governor's stomach came down; and he sent to me to give leave for four persons, intrusted by him, to come unto me, and offer terms of surrender:

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 11th October 1649.

"SIR,—In performance of my last, I desire your Lordship to send me a Safe-conduct for Major Theobald Dillon, Major James Byrne, Alderman Nicholas Chevers, and Captain James Stafford, whom I will send to your Lordship instructed with my desires. And so I rest,—my Lord,—your servant, D. SINNOTT."

Which I condescending to, two Field-Officers with an Alderman of the Town, and the Captain of the Castle, brought out the Propositions enclosed,—which for their abominableness, manifesting also the impudency of the men, I thought fit to present to your view;—together with my Answer:

"*The Propositions of Colonel David Sinnott, Governor of the Town and Castle of Wexford, for and on the behalf of the Officers and Soldiers and Inhabitants in the said Town and Castle, unto General Cromwell.*

"1. *In primis*, That all and every the Inhabitants of the said Town, from time to time and at all times hereafter, shall have free and uninterrupted liberty publicly to use, exercise and profess the Roman Catholic Religion, without restriction, mulct or penalty, any law or statute to the contrary notwithstanding.

"2. That the Regular and Secular Roman Catholic Clergy now possessed of the Churches, Church-livings, Monasteries, Religious-houses and Chapels in the said Town, and in the suburbs and franchises thereof, and their successors, shall have, hold and enjoy, to them and their successors forever, the said churches, church-livings, monasteries, religious-houses and chapels, and shall teach and preach in them publicly, without any molestation, any law or statute to the contrary notwithstanding.

"3. That Nicholas, now Lord Bishop of Ferns, and his successors, shall use and exercise such jurisdiction over the Catholics of his Diocese as since his consecration hitherto he used.

"4. That all the Officers and Soldiers, of what quality or degree soever, in the said Town and Castle, and such of the Inhabitants as are so pleased, shall march with flying colours, and be conveyed safe, with their lives, artillery, ordnance, ammunition, arms, goods of all sorts, horses, moneys and what else belongs to them, to the Town of Ross, and there to be left safe with their own party; allowing each musketeer, towards their march, a pound of powder, four yards of match, and twelve brace of bullets; and a strong Convoy to be sent with the said soldiers, within four-and-twenty hours after the yielding-up of the said Town.

"5. That such of the Inhabitants of the said Town as will desire to leave the same at any time hereafter, shall have free liberty to carry away out of the said Town all their frigates, artillery, arms, powder, bullets, match, corn, malt, and other provision which they have for their defence and sustenance, and all their goods and chattels, of what quality or condition soever, without any manner of disturbance whatsoever, and have passes and safe-conducts and convoys for their lives and said goods to Ross, or where else they shall think fit.

"6. That the Mayor, Bailiffs, Free Burgesses and Commons of the said Town may have, hold and enjoy the said Town and Suburbs, their commons, their franchises, their liberties and immunities, which hitherto they enjoyed; and that the Mayor, Bailiffs and Free Burgesses may have the government of the said Town, as hitherto they enjoyed the same from the Realm of England, and that they may have no other government, they adhering to the State of England, and observing their orders, and the orders of their Governors in this realm for the time being.

"7. That all and every the Burgesses and Inhabitants, either native or strangers, of the said Town, who shall continue their abode therein, or come to live there within three months, and their heirs, shall have, hold and enjoy all and singular their several castles, messuages, houses, lands, tenements and hereditaments within the land of Ireland, and all their goods and chattels, of what nature, quality or condition soever, to them and their heirs, to their own several uses forever, without molestation.

"8. That such Burgess or Burgesses, or other Inhabitant of the said Town, as shall at any time hereafter be desirous to leave the said Town, shall have free leave to dispose of their real and personal estates respectively to their best advantage; and farther

have full liberty and a safe-conduct respectively to go into England or elsewhere, according to their several pleasures who shall desire to depart the same.

"9. That all and singular the Inhabitants of the said Town, either native or strangers, from time to time and at all times hereafter, shall have, reap and enjoy the full liberty of freeborn English subjects, without the least incapacity or restriction therein; and that all the Freemen of the said Town, from time to time, shall be as free in all the seaports, cities and town in England, as the Freemen of all and every the said cities and towns; and all and every the Freemen of the said cities and towns to be as free in the said Town of Wexford as the Freemen thereof, for their greater encouragement to trade and commerce together on all hands.

"10. That no memory remain of any hostility or distance which was hitherto between the said Town and Castle on the one part, and the Parliament or State of England on the other part; but that all act and acts, transgressions, offences, depredations and other crimes, of what nature or quality soever, be they ever so transcendent, attempted or done, as supposed to be attempted or done, by the Inhabitants of the said Town or any other, heretofore or at present adhering to the said Town, either native or stranger, and every of them,—shall pass in oblivion; without chastisement, challenge, recompense, demand or questioning for them, or any of them, now or at any time hereafter.

"D. SINNOTT."

"*For the Commander-in-Chief in the Town of Wexford.*

"'Before Wexford,' 11th October 1649.

"SIR,

"I have had the patience to peruse your Propositions; to which I might have returned an Answer with some disdain. But, to be short,—

"I shall give the Soldiers and Noncommissioned Officers quarter for life, and leave to go to their several habitations, with their wearing-clothes;—they engaging themselves to live quietly there, and to take-up arms no more against the Parliament of England. And the Commissioned Officers quarter for their lives, but to render themselves Prisoners. And as for the Inhabitants, I shall engage myself That no violence shall be offered to their goods, and that I shall protect the Town from plunder.

"I expect your positive Answer instantly; and if you will upon these terms surrender and quit, 'and' shall, in one hour, send forth to me Four Officers of the quality of Field-Officers, and Two Aldermen, for the performance thereof, I shall thereupon forbear all acts of hostility. Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL." [1]

Which 'Answer' indeed had no effect. For whilst I was preparing of it; studying to preserve the Town from plunder, that it might be of the more use to you and your Army, —the Captain, who was one of the Commisioners, being fairly treated, yielded up the Castle to us. Upon the top of which our men no sooner appeared, but the Enemy quitted the Walls of the Town; which our men perceiving, ran violently upon the Town with their ladders, and stormed it. And when they were come into the market-place, the Enemy making a stiff resistance, our forces brake them; and then put all to the sword that came in their way. Two boatfuls of the Enemy attempting to escape, being overprest with numbers, sank; whereby were drowned near three-hundred of them. I believe, in all, there was lost of the Enemy not many less than Two-thousand; and I believe not Twenty of yours from first to last of the Siege. And indeed it hath, not without cause, been deeply set upon our hearts, That, we intending better to this place than so great a ruin, hoping the Town might be of more use to you and your Army, yet God would not have it so; but by an unexpected providence, in His righteous justice, brought a just judgment upon them; causing *them* to become a prey to the soldier who in their piracies had made preys of so many families, and now with their bloods to answer the cruelties which they had exercised upon the lives of divers poor Protestants! Two 'instances' of which I have been lately acquainted with. About seven or eight score poor Protestants were by them put into an old vessel; which being, as some say, bulged by them, the vessel

[1] The rest of the Wexford Correspondence is in Tanner and elsewhere: this, which completes it, being considered hopelessly lost, must be taken as a very interesting little Document, now that it has turned up. Autograph (or Facsimile Copy? much interlined and very hastily written), now (March 1846) in the possession of Edward Crawford, Esq., Solicitor, Wellington Quay, Dublin.

sank, and they were all presently drowned in the Harbour. The other 'instance' was thus: They put divers poor Protestants into a Chapel (which, since, they have used for a Mass-house, and in which one or more of their priests were now killed), where they were famished to death.

The soldiers got a very good booty in this place; and had not they[1] had opportunity to carry their goods over the River, whilst we besieged it, it would have much more:—I could have wished for their own good, and the good of the Garrison, they had been more moderate.[2] Some things which were not easily portable, we hope we shall make use of to your behoof. There are great quantities of iron, hides, tallow, salt, pipe- and barrel-staves; which are under Commissioners' hands, to be secured. We believe there are near a hundred cannon in the Fort, and elsewhere in and about the Town. Here is likewise some very good shipping: here are three vessels, one of them of thirty-four guns, which a week's time would fit to sea; there is another of about twenty guns, very near ready likewise. And one other Frigate of twenty guns, upon the stocks; made for sailing; which is built up to the uppermost deck: for her handsomeness' sake, I have appointed the workmen to finish her, here being materials to do it, if you or the Council of State shall approve thereof. The Frigate, also, taken beside the Fort, is a most excellent vessel for sailing. Besides divers other ships and vessels in the Harbour.

This Town is now so in your power, that of the former inhabitants, I believe scarce one in twenty can challenge any property in their houses. Most of them are run away, and many of them killed in this service. And it were to be wished, that an honest people would come and plant here;—where are very good houses, and other accommodations fitted to their hands, which may by your favour be made of encouragement to them. As also a seat of good trade, both inward and outward;—and of marvellous great advantage in the point of the herring and other fishing. The Town is pleasantly seated and

[1] The Townsfolk. [2] Not forced us to storm them.

strong, having a rampart of earth within the wall near fifteen feet thick.

Thus it hath pleased God to give into your hands this other mercy. For which, as for all, we pray God may have all the glory. Indeed your instruments are poor and weak and can do nothing but through believing,—and that is the gift of God also.

I humbly take leave, and rest, your most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P. S.' A day or two before our Battery was planted, Ormond, the Earl of Castlehaven, the Lord of Ardes and Clanneboyes were on the other side of the Water, with about 1,800 horse 'and' 1,500 foot; and offered to put in four or five hundred foot more into the Town; which the Town refusing, he marched away in all haste. I sent the Lieutenant-General after him, with about 1,400 horse; but the Enemy made haste from him.[1]

Young Charles II., who has got to the Isle of Jersey, decidedly inclining towards Ireland as yet, will probably be staggered by these occurrences, when the news of them reaches him. Not good quarters Ireland at present! The Scots have proclaimed him King; but clogged it with such conditions about the Covenant, about Malignants, and what not, as nothing but the throat of an ostrich could swallow. The poor young King is much at a loss;[2] —must go somewhither, and if possible take some Mrs. Barlow with him! Laird Winram, Senator of the College of Justice, is off to deal with him;[3] to see if he cannot help him down with the Covenant: the Laird's best ally, I think, will be Oliver in Ireland. At Edinburgh these are the news from that quarter:

'In October and November this year there ran and were spread frequent rumours that Lieutenant-General Oliver Cromwell was routed in Ireland, yea killed; and again that he bore all down before him like an impetuous torrent: how that he had taken Tradaffe and Washeford,' Tredah and Wexford; 'and there, neither sparing sex nor age, had exercised all the cruelties of a merciless inhuman and bloody butcher, even brutishly against Nature. On

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 65–7); completed by Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 168–185), and the Dublin Autograph given above at p. 168.

[2] Carte's Ormond Papers, i. 316, &c.

[3] 11th October 1649, Balfour's Historical Works (Edinb. 1825), iii. 432.

these rumours Will Douglas,' no great shakes at metre, 'did write these lines :

> " Cromwell is dead, and risen ; and dead again,
> And risen the third time after he was slain :
> No wonder ! For he's messenger of Hell :—
> And now he buffets us, now posts to tell
> What's past ; and for more game new counsel takes
> Of his good friend the Devil, who keeps the stakes." '[1]

LETTERS CVIII.—CXII.

ROSS.

UNDER date 5th November 1649, we read in the old Newspapers : 'Our affairs here have made this progress : Wexford being settled under the command of Colonel Cooke, our Army stayed not long there ; but hasted farther unto Ross. Which is a walled Town, situated upon the river Barrow, a very pleasant and commodious river, bearing vessels of a very considerable burden. Upon Wednesday the 17th of this instant October, we sat down before Ross ; and my Lord-Lieutenant, the same day, sent-in this following Summons : '

LETTER CVIII.

For the Commander-in-Chief in Ross : These.

'Before Ross,' 17th October 1649.

SIR,

Since my coming into Ireland, I have this witness for myself, That I have endeavoured to avoid effusion of blood ; having been before no place, to which such terms have not been first sent as might have turned to the good and preservation of those to whom they were offered ; this being my principle, that the people and places where I come may not suffer, except through their own wilfulness.

To the end I may observe the like cause with this place and people therein, I do hereby summon you to deliver the Town of Ross into my hands, to the use of the Parliament of England. Expecting your speedy answer, I rest, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

[1] Balfour's Historical Works, iii. 433. [2] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 67).

'The trumpeter that carried this summons was denied entrance into the Town. They received his paper at the gates; and told him that an answer should be returned thereunto by a drummer of their own. Hereupon we prepared our batteries, and made ready for a storm. Ormond himself, Ardes, and Castlehaven were on the other side of the River; and sent in supplies of 1,500 foot, the day before it was surrendered to us; 1,000 foot being in it before we came unto it. Castlehaven was in it that morning they delivered it, and Inchiquin too had been there not above two or three days before our advance thither. They boated over their men into the Town in our sight; and yet that did not discourage us in making ready all provisions fitting for a storm. On Friday the 19th of this instant, our great pieces began to play, and early in the morning the Governor sent out his Answer to my Lord Lieutenant's Summons:'

"*For General Cromwell, or, in his absence, For the Commander-in-Chief of the Army now encamped before Ross.*

"Ross, 19th October 1649.

"SIR,—I received a Summons from you, the first day you appeared before this place; which should have been answered ere now, had not other occasions interrupted me. And although I am now in far better condition to defend this place than I was at that time, yet am I, upon the considerations offered in your Summons, content to entertain a Treaty; and to receive from you those conditions that may be safe and honourable for me to accept of. Which if you listen to, I desire that pledges on both sides may be sent, for performance of such Articles as shall be agreed upon; and that all acts of hostility may cease on both sides, and each party keep within their distance. To this your immediate resolution is expected by,—Sir, your servant, LUCAS TAAFF."

'Hereunto my Lord immediately returned this Answer,'—which counts here as our Hundred-and-ninth Letter:

LETTER CIX.

For the Governor of Ross: These.

'Before Ross,' 19th October 1649.

SIR,

If you like to march away with those under your command, with their arms, bag and baggage, and with drums

and colours, and shall deliver up the Town to me,—I shall give caution to perform these conditions; expecting the like from you. As to the inhabitants, they shall be permitted to live peaceably, free from the injury and violence of the soldiers.

If you like hereof, you can tell how to let me know your mind, notwithstanding my *refusal* of a cessation. By these you will see the reality of my intentions to save blood, and to preserve the place from ruin. I rest, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

'Our batteries still continued, and made a great breach in the Wall. Our men were drawn out in a readiness to storm, Lieutenant-Colonel Ingoldsby being by lot chosen to lead them; but the Governor being willing to embrace conditions, sent out this his Reply:'

"*For General Cromwell: These.*

"Ross, 19th October 1649.

"SIR,—There wants but little of what I would propose;—which is, That such Townsmen as have a desire to depart, may have liberty within a convenient time to carry away themselves and goods; and liberty of conscience to such as shall stay: and that I may carry away such artillery and ammunition as I have in my command. If you be inclined to this, I will send, upon your honour as a safe-conduct, an Officer to conclude with you. To which your immediate answer is expected by,—Sir, your servant,

"LUCAS TAAFF."

'Hereunto my Lord gave this return,'—our Hundred-and-tenth Letter:

LETTER CX.

For the Governor of Ross: These.

'Before Ross,' 19th October 1649.

SIR,

To what I formerly offered, I shall make good. As for your carrying away any artillery or ammunition, that you brought not with you, or 'that' hath not come to you

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 68).

since you had the command of that place,—I must deny you that; expecting you to leave it as you found it.

'As' for that which you mention concerning liberty of conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience. But if by liberty of conscience, you mean a liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and to let you know, Where the Parliament of England have power, *that* will not be allowed of. As for such of the Townsmen who desire to depart, and carry away themselves and goods (as you express), I engage myself they shall have three-months time so to do; and in the mean time shall be protected from violence in their persons and goods, as others under the obedience of the Parliament.

If you accept of this offer, I engage my honour for a punctual performance hereof. I rest, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

'The Governor returned this Answer:'

"*For General Cromwell: These.*

"19th October 1649.

"SIR,—I am content to yield up this place upon the terms offered in your last and first Letters. And if you please to send your safe-conduct to such as I shall appoint to perfect these conditions, I shall on receipt thereof send them to you. In the interval,—To cease all acts of hostility, and that all parties keep their own ground, until matters receive a full end. And so remains,—Sir, your servant, LUCAS TAAFF."

'Hereunto my Lord replied thus:'

LETTER CXI.

For the Governor of Ross: These.

19th October 1649.

SIR,

You have my hand and honour engaged to perform what I offered in my first and last Letters; which I shall inviolably observe. I expect you to send me immediately

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 68).

four persons of such quality as may be hostages for your performance ; for whom you have this Safe-conduct enclosed, into which you may insert their names. Without which I shall not cease acts of hostility. If anything happen by your delay, to your prejudice, it will not be my fault. Those you send may see the conditions perfected. Whilst I forbear acts of hostility, I expect you forbear all actings within. I rest, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

'This,' says the old Newspaper, 'was the last message between them : the Governor sending out his four hostages to compose and perfect the Agreement, our batteries ceased ; and our intentions to storm the Town were disappointed. Thus within three days we had possession of this place without the effusion of blood. A very considerable place, and a very good quarter for the refreshment of our soldiers. The enemy marched over to the other side of the River, and did not come out of that side of the Town where we had encamped,'—which I think was a judicious movement of theirs. What English were in the Garrison, some Five or Six hundred here, do, as their common custom is, 'join us.' Munster Royalist Forces, poor Ormond men, they had rather live, than be slain in such a Cause as this has grown.

LETTER CXII.

HERE is Cromwell's official account of the same business, in a Letter to Lenthall :

'*For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England : These.*'

Ross, 25th October 1649.

SIR,

Since my last from Wexford, we marched to Ross ; a walled Town, situated upon the Barrow ; a port-town, up to which a ship of seven or eight hundred tons may come.

We came before it upon Wednesday the 17th instant, with three pieces of cannon. That evening I sent a summons ; Major-General Taaff, being Governor, refused to admit my Trumpet into the Town ; but took the Summons in, returning

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 69).

me no answer. I did hear that near 1,000 foot had been put into this place some few days before my coming to it. The next day was spent in making preparations for our battery; and in our view there were boated over from the other side of the river, of English, Scots, and Irish, 1,500 more; Ormond, Castlehaven, and the Lord of Ardes, being on the other side of the water to cause it to be done.

That night we planted our battery; which began to play very early the next morning. The Governor immediately sent forth an Answer to my Summons; copies of all which I make bold herewith to trouble you 'with;'[1] the rather because you may see how God pulls down proud stomachs. The Governor desired commissioners might treat, and that in the mean time there might be a ceasing of acts of hostility on both sides. Which I refused; sending in word, That if he would march away with arms, bag and baggage, and give me hostages for performance, he should. Indeed he might have done it without my leave, by the advantage of the River. He insisted upon having the cannon with him; which I would not yield unto, but required the leaving the artillery and ammunition; which he was content to do, and marched away, leaving the great artillery and the ammunition in the stores to me.—When they marched away, at least 500 English, many of them of the Munster forces, came to us.

Ormond is at Kilkenny, Inchiquin in Munster, Henry O'Neil, Owen Roe's son, is come up to Kilkenny, with near 2,000 horse and foot, with whom and Ormond there is now a perfect conjunction. So that now, I trust, some angry friends will think it high time to take off their jealousy[2] from those to whom they ought to exercise more charity.

The rendition of this Garrison was a seasonable mercy, as giving us an opportunity towards Munster; and is for the present a very good refreshment for our men. We are able to say nothing as to all this, but that the Lord is still pleased to own a company of poor worthless creatures; for which we

[1] We have just read them.

[2] Jealousy of the Parliament's having countenanced Monk in his negotiations with Owen Roe and the Old-Irish of the Massacre.

desire His name to be magnified, and 'that' the hearts of all concerned may be provoked to walk worthy of such continued favours. This is the earnest desire of your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. Colonel Horton is lately dead of the Country-disease, leaving a Son behind him. He was a person of great integrity and courage. His former services, especially that of the last summer, I hope will be had in remembrance.[1]

Poor Horton; he beat the Welsh at St. Fagan's, and did good service 'last summer;' and now he is dead of 'the Country-disease,'—a pestilence raging in the rear of Famine and the Spoil of War. Famine has long reigned. When the War ended, Ludlow tells us, it was found necessary to issue a Proclamation that 'no lambs or calves should be killed for one year,' the stock of cattle being exhausted. Such waste had there been, continues he, in burning the possessions of the English, many of the Natives themselves were driven to starvation; 'and I have been informed by persons deserving credit, that the same calamity fell upon them even in the first year of the Rebellion, through the depredations of the Irish; and that they roasted men, and ate them, to supply their necessities.'[2] Such a War is worth ending at some cost!—In the Lord Lieutenant's Army, we learn elsewhere, there was an abundant supply, the country crowding in as to a good market, where sure prices were given, and fair dealing enforced; all manner of depredators being, according to the paper Proclamation, hanged in very authentic hemp. 'Much better supplied than any of the Irish Armies had ever been.'[3]

LETTERS CXIII.—CXVIII.

THE stroke that fell on Tredah, repeated at Wexford, at Ross not needing to be repeated, has, as we say, broken the brain of the Irish War; the body of which, over Ireland generally, here over the South-west more especially, everywhere staggers falling, or already lies fallen, writhing in paralytic convulsions, making haste to die. Of its final spasms, widespread confused death-agonies, and general swift death, over this Munster region, through the winter months, and of the Lord Lieutenant's demeanour therein, these Six Letters give us indication such as may suffice.

[1] Newspapers (in Parl. History, xix. 224-6). [2] Ludlow, i. 338-9. [3] Carte ii., 90.

LETTER CXIII.

HERE is a small glimpse of domesticity again, due to the Pusey Seventeen; very welcome to us in these wild scenes. Mayor has endorsed it at Hursley, 'Received 12th December 1649.' 'Cousin Barton,' I suppose, is the Barton who boggled at some things in the Marriage-Contracts; a respectable man, though he has his crotchets now and then.

For my beloved Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

Ross, 13th November 1649.

DEAR BROTHER,

I am not often at leisure, nor now, to salute my friends; yet unwilling to lose this opportunity. I take it, only to let you know that you and your Family are often in my prayers. As for Dick, I do not much expect it from him, knowing his idleness; but I am angry with my Daughter as a promise-breaker. Pray tell her so;—but I hope she will redeem herself.

It has pleased the Lord to give us (since the taking of Wexford and Ross) a good interest in Munster, by the accession [1] of Cork and Youghal, which are both submitted; their Commanders are now with me. Divers other lesser Garrisons are come in also. The Lord is wonderful in these things; it's His hand alone does them: oh that all the praise might be ascribed to Him!

I have been crazy in my health; but the Lord is pleased to sustain me. I beg your prayers. I desire you to call upon my Son to mind the things of God more and more: alas, what profit is there in the things of this world!—except they be enjoyed in Christ, they are snares. I wish he may enjoy his Wife so, and she him; I wish I may enjoy them both so.

My service to my dear Sister 'and' Cousin Ann; my blessing to my Children, and love to my Cousin Barton and the rest. Sir, I am, your affectionate brother and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

[1] 'access' in orig.

[2] Harris, p. 511; one of the Pusey set, preserved by Dunch, as intimated above.

LETTER CXIV.

THE opportune Victory at Rathmines produced the revival of an old Vote, produced also a new special Vote, in favour of Lieutenant-General Jones;[1] which new Vote ought not to fall asleep again, as the old one had done. Thomas Scott, of the Council of State, whom we have already seen; 'peppery Thomas,' is not yet to vanish from this History. Of Broghil, 'Munster Business,' and the rest, there will be farther notice in next Letter, which is of the same date with this.

'*For the Hon. Thomas Scott, of the Council of State: These.*'

Ross, 14th November 1649.

SIR,

I hope you will excuse this trouble. I understand the House did vote Lieutenant-General Jones Five-hundred pounds *per annum* of lands of inheritance from Irish Lands, upon the news of the Defeat given to the Enemy before Dublin, immediately before my coming over. I think it will be a very acceptable work, and very well taken at your hands, to move the House for an immediate settlement thereof: it will be very convenient at this time.

Another thing is this. The Lord Broghil is now in Munster; where he, I hope, will do very good offices: all his suit is for Two-hundred pounds to bring his Wife over: such a sum would not be cast away. He hath a great interest in the men that come from Inchiquin.[2] I have made him and Sir William Fenton, Colonel Blake, and Colonel Deane,—who I believe, 'at least' one of them, will be frequently in Cork Harbour; making that a victualling place for the Irish Fleet, instead of Milford Haven,—'I have made them' and Colonel Phayr, Commissioners for a temporary management of affairs there.

This Business of Munster will empty your Treasury: therefore you have need to hasten our money allotted us; lest you put us to stand with our fingers in our mouths!—I rest, Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

[1] Antea, p. 50.

[2] That desert to us from Lord Inchiquin, the Ormond Chief in Munster.

[3] Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 188).

LETTER CXV.

THE 'General Blake' of this Letter, 'Colonel Blake' of the last, is Admiral Blake; he, with Ayscough, Deane and vigilant Sea-officers, coöperating with Oliver on land, now dominates these waters. Prince Rupert, with the residue of the Revolted Ships, is lying close, for shelter from him, under the guns of Kinsdale;—verging, poor Prince, to a fugitive roaming sea-life, very like Piracy in some of its features. He abandoned it as desperate, before long. Poor Prince Maurice, sea-roving in like fashion, went to the bottom; sank, in the West Indies, mouse and man; and ended, none knows exactly where, when, or how. Rupert invented, or helped to invent, 'pinchbeck' in subsequent years, and did no other service to the public that I know of.

The defection of Cork and Youghal, full of English influences and complex distractions, followed naturally on Cromwell's successes. In *Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs* is a vivid account of the universal hurlyburly that took place at Cork, on the verge of this occurrence there: tremulous instant decision what you will do, which side you will join; swift packing in the dead of night; swift riding off, in any carriage, cart or ass-cart you can bargain with for love or money! Poor Lady Fanshawe got to Galway, there to try it yet a little longer.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Ross, 14th November 1649.

SIR,

About a fortnight since, I had some good assurance that Cork was returned to its obedience; and had refused Inchiquin, who did strongly endeavour to redintegrate himself there, but without success.[1] I did hear also that Colonel Townsend was coming to me with their submission and desires, but was interrupted by a Fort at the mouth of Cork Harbour. But having sufficient grounds upon the former information, and other confirmation out of the Enemy's camp that it was true, I desired General Blake, who was here with me, that he would repair thither in Captain Mildmay's Frigate, called the Nonsuch. Who, when they

[1] See Carte, ii. 91.

came thither, received such entertainment as these enclosed will let you see.

In the mean time the Garland, one of your third-rate Ships, coming happily into Waterford Bay, I ordered her, and a great Prize lately taken in that Bay, to transport Colonel Phayr [1] to Cork; whitherward he went, having along with him near Five-hundred foot, which I spared him out of this poor Army, and 1,500*l.* in money; giving him such instructions as were proper for the promoting of your interest there. As they went with an intention for Cork, it pleased God the wind coming cross, they were forced to ride off from Dungarvan. Where they met Captain Mildmay *returning* with the Nonsuch Frigate, with Colonel Townsend aboard, coming to me; who advertised them that Youghal had also declared for the Parliament of England. Whereupon they steered their course thither; and sent for Colonel Gifford, Colonel Warden, Major Purden (who with Colonel Townsend have been very active instruments for the return both of Cork and Youghal to their obedience, having some of them ventured their lives twice or thrice to effect it), and the Mayor of Youghal aboard them; who, accordingly, immediately came and made tender of some propositions to be offered to me. But my Lord Broghil being on board the Ship, assuring them it would be more for their honour and advantage to desire no conditions, they said they would submit. Whereupon my Lord Broghil, Sir William Fenton, and Colonel Phayr, went to the Town; and were received,—I shall give you my Lord Broghil's own words,—"*With all the real demonstrations of gladness an overjoyed people were capable of.*"

Not long after, Colonel Phayr landed his foot. And by the endeavours of the noble person[2] afore mentioned, and the rest of the gentlemen, the Garrison is put in good order; and the Munster officers and soldiers in that Garrison in a way of settlement. Colonel Phayr intends, as I hear, to leave Two-

[1] He of the King's Death-Warrant.

[2] Lord Broghil. The somewhat romantic story of Cromwell's first visit to him, and chivalrous conquest of him, at his lodgings in London, 'in the dusk of the evening,' is in Collins's Peerage (London, 1741), iv. 253; and in many other Books;—copied from Morrice's Life of Orrery.

hundred men there, and to march with the rest overland to Cork. I hear by Colonel Townsend, and the rest of the gentlemen that were employed to me, that Baltimore, Castlehaven, Cappoquin, and some other places of hard names, are come in,—I wish Foot come over seasonably to man them ;—as also that there are hopes of other places.

From Sir Charles Coote, Lord President of Connaught, I had a Letter, about three or four days since, That he is come over the Bann, and hath taken Coleraine by storm ; and that he is in conjunction with Colonel Venables,—who, I hear, hath besieged Carrickfergus ; which if through the mercy of God it be taken, I know nothing considerable in the North of Ireland, but Charlemont, that is not in your hands.

We lie with the Army at Ross ; where we have been making a bridge over the Barrow, and 'have' hardly yet accomplished 'it' as we could wish. The Enemy lies upon the Nore, on the land between the Barrow and it ; having gathered together all the force they can get. Owen Roe's men, as they report them, are Six-thousand foot, and about Four-thousand horse, beside their own Army 'in this quarter ;' and they give out they will have a day for it :—which we hope the Lord of His mercy will enable us to give them, in His own good time. In whom we desire our only trust and confidence may be.

Whilst we have lain here, we have not been without some sweet taste of the goodness of God. Your Ships have taken some good prizes. The last was thus : There came in a Dunkirk man-of-war with 32 guns ; who brought-in a Turkish man-of-war whom she had taken, and another ship of ten guns laden with poor-john and oil. These two your ships took. But the man-of-war, whose prizes these two were, put herself under the Fort of Duncannon, so that your ships could not come near her. It pleased God we had two demi-cannon with the foot, on the shore ; which being planted, raked her through, killing and wounding her men ; so that after ten shot she weighed anchor, and ran into your Fleet, with a flag of submission, surrendering herself. She was well manned, the prisoners taken being Two-hundred-and-thirty. I doubt the taking prisoners of this sort will cause the wicked trade

of Piracy to be endless. They were landed here before I was aware: and a hundred of them, as I hear, are gotten into Duncannon, and have taken up arms there; and I doubt the rest, that are gone to Waterford, will do us no good. The seamen, being so full of prizes and unprovided of victual, knew not how otherwise to dispose of them.

Another 'mercy' was this. We, having left divers sick men, both horse and foot, at Dublin,—hearing many of them were recovered, sent them orders to march up to us; which accordingly they did. Coming to Arklow on Monday the first of this instant, being about 350 horse and about 800 foot,—the Enemy, hearing of them (through the great advantage they have in point of intelligence), drew together a body of horse and foot near 3,000, which Inchiquin commanded. There went also, with this party, Sir Thomas Armstrong, Colonel Trevor, and most of their great ranters.[1] We sent fifteen or sixteen troops to their rescue, near eight hours too late. It pleased God we sent them word by a nearer way, To march close, and be circumspect, and to make what haste they could to Wexford, by the sea-side. They had marched near eighteen miles, and were come within seven miles of Wexford (the foot being miserably wearied), when the Enemy gave the scouts of the rearguard an alarm. Whereupon they immediately drew-up in the best order they could upon the sands, the sea on the one hand, and the rocks on the other; where the Enemy made a very furious charge: 'and' overbearing our horse with their numbers, which, as some of their prisoners confess, were Fifteen-hundred of their best horse, forced them in some disorder back to the foot. Our foot stood; forbearing their firing till the Enemy was come almost within pistol-shot, and then let fly very full in the faces of them: whereby some of them began to tumble; the rest running off in a very great disorder;—and 'they' faced not

[1] Braggarts, great guns. Trevor had given Venables, as above hinted, a dangerous camisado in the North lately; and was not far from ruining him, had the end corresponded with the beginning (see Carte, ii. 89). To which Cromwell alludes by and by, in this Letter. Lord Inchiquin, a man of Royalist-Presbyterian tendencies, has fought long, on various sides. The name Armstrong is not yet much of a 'ranter;' but a new Sir Thomas will become famous under Titus Oates.—Ludlow gives a curious account of this same running-fight on the sea-beach of Arklow (i. 359).

about until they got above musket-shot off. Upon this our horse took encouragement; drawing-up again; bringing-up some foot to flank them. And a gentleman of ours, that had charged through before, being amongst them undiscerned, having put his signal into his hat as they did,—took his opportunity and came off; letting our men know, That the Enemy was in great confusion and disorder, and that if they could attempt another charge, he was confident good might be done on them. It pleased God to give our men courage: they advanced; and falling upon the Enemy, totally routed them; took two colours and divers prisoners, and killed divers upon the place and in the pursuit. I do not hear that we have two men killed; and but one mortally wounded, and not five that are taken prisoners.

The quick march of our party made Inchiquin that he could reach them with nothing but his horse, hoping to put them to a stand until his foot came up; which if he had done, there had probably been no saving of a man of this party. Without doubt Inchiquin, Trevor, and the rest of those people, who are very good at this work, had swallowed up this party! And indeed it was, in human probability, lost; but God, that defeated Trevor in his attempt upon Venables (which Trevor, as I hear this night from the Enemy's camp, was shot through the belly in this service, and is carried to Kilkenny,—and Sir Thomas Armstrong is also wounded), hath disappointed them, and poured shame upon them in this defeat; giving us the lives of a company of our dear friends, which I hope will be improved to His glory and their Country's good.

Sir, having given you this account, I shall not trouble you much with particular desires. Those I shall humbly present to the Council of State. Only, in the general, give me leave humbly to offer what in my judgment I conceive to be for your service, with a full submission to you. We desire recruits may be speeded to us. It is not fit to tell you how your Garrisons will be unsupplied, and no Field marching Army considerable, if but three Garrisons more were in our hands.[1] It is not well not to follow providences.[2] Your re-

[1] Sentence omitted in the Newspaper.

[2] Beckonings of Providence.

cruits, and the forces desired, will not raise your charge, if your assignments already for the forces here do come to our hands in time. I should not doubt 'but,' by the addition of assessments here, to have your charge in some reasonable measure borne; and the soldier upheld, without too much neglect or discouragement,—which sickness, in this country so ill agreeing with their bodies, puts upon them; and 'which' this Winter's-action, I believe not heretofore known by English in this country, subjects them to. To the praise of God I speak it, I scarce know one Officer of forty amongst us that hath not been sick. And how many considerable ones we have lost, is no little thought of heart to us.[1]

Wherefore I humbly beg, that the moneys desired may be seasonably sent over; and those other necessaries, clothes, shoes and stockings, formerly desired; that so poor creatures may be encouraged: and, through the same blessed Presence that has gone along with us, I hope, before it be long, to see Ireland no burden to England, but a profitable part of its Commonwealth. And certainly the extending your help in this way, at this time, is the most profitable means speedily to effect it. And if I did not think it your best thrift, I would not trouble you at all with it.

I have sent Sir Arthur Loftus with these Letters. He hath gone along with us, testifying a great deal of love to your service. I know his sufferings are very great; for he hath lost near all: his Regiment was reduced to save your charge, not out of any exceptions to his person. I humbly therefore present him to your consideration.[2]

Craving pardon for this trouble, I rest, your most humble and faithful servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

LETTER CXVI.

Commons Journals, 12° *Decembris* 1649: 'A Letter from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was this day read. *Ordered*, That the said Letter be forthwith printed and published;'—Lord Mayor to

[1] Sentence omitted in the Newspaper. [2] Paragraph omitted.
[3] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 69-71); Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 189-97).

be sure and send it to all the Ministers next Lord's-day, who are to be, as they best may, the voice of our devout thankfulness for 'these great mercies.' Here is the Letter still extant for posterity,—with or without the thankfulness.

We cannot give the exact day of date. The Letter exists, separate, or combined with other matter, in various old Pamphlets; but is nowhere dated; and in fact, as the Entry in the Commons Journals may indicate, was never dated either as to place or time. The place we learn by the context: the time was after Saturday November 24th,[1] and before December had yet begun;—probably enough, Sunday November 25th.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

'Before Waterford, — Nov. 1649.'

MR. SPEAKER,

The Enemy being quartered between the two rivers of Nore and Barrow, and masters of all the passages thereupon; and giving out their resolutions to fight us, thereby, as we conceived, labouring to get reputation in the countries, and occasion more strength,—it was thought fit our Army should march towards them. Which accordingly, upon Thursday the 15th instant, was done. The Major-General and Lieutenant-General[2] (leaving me very sick at Ross behind them), with two battering guns, advanced towards Inistioge; a little walled Town about five miles from Ross, upon the Nore, on the south side thereof, which was possessed by the Enemy. But a party of our men under the command of Colonel Abbot, the night before, approaching the gates, and attempting to fire the same, the Enemy ran away through the River, leaving good store of provisions behind them.

Our Commanders hoped by gaining this Town to have gained a pass[3] But indeed there fell so much sudden wet as made the River unpassable by that time the Army was come up. Whereupon, hearing that the Enemy lay about two miles off upon the River, near Thomastown, a pretty large

[1] See postea, p. 100; and Whitlocke, 2d edition, p. 423.
[2] Ireton and Jones.
[3] A ford over the River.

walled Town upon the Nore, on the north side thereof, having a bridge over the River,—our Army marched thither. But the Enemy had broken the bridge, and garrisoned the Town; and in the view of our Army marched away to Kilkenny,—seeming, though I believe they were double our number, to *decline* an engagement. Which they had the power to have necessitated us unto; but 'which it' was noways in our power, if they would stand upon the advantage of the Passes, to engage them unto;—nor indeed 'was it in our power' to continue out two days longer, having almost spent all the bread they[1] carried with them.

Whereupon, seeking God for direction, they resolved to send a good party of horse and dragoons under Colonel Reynolds to Carrick; and to march the residue of the Army back towards Ross,—to gain more bread for the prosecution of that design, if, by the blessing of God, it should take. Colonel Reynolds, marching with twelve troops of horse, and three troops of dragoons, came betimes in the morning to Carrick. Where, divided himself into two parties,—whilst they were amused with the one, he entered one of the Gates with the other. Which their soldiers perceiving, divers of them and their officers escaped over the River in boats: about an hundred officers and soldiers 'were' taken prisoners, without the loss of one man on our part. In this place is a very good Castle, and one of the ancientest seats belonging to the Lord of Ormond, in Ireland: the same was rendered without any loss also, where were good store of provisions for the refreshing of our men.

The Colonel giving us speedy intelligence of God's mercy in this, we agreed to march, with all convenient speed, the residue of the Army up thither. Which accordingly was done upon Wednesday and Thursday the 21st and 22d of this instant; and, through God's mercy, I was enabled to bear them company. Being come hither, we did look at it as an especial good hand of Providence to give us this place; inasmuch as it gives us a passage over the River Suir to the

[1] 'they' and 'them' mean *we* and *us*: the swift-rushing sentence here alters its personality from first person to third, and so goes on.

City of Waterford, and indeed into Munster to our shipping and provisions, which before were beaten from us out of Waterford Bay by the Enemy's guns. It hath given us also opportunity to besiege or block-up Waterford; and we hope our gracious God will therein direct us also. It hath given us also the opportunity of our guns, ammunition, and victual; and indeed quarter for our horse, which could not have subsisted much longer: so sweet a mercy was the giving of this little place unto us.

Having rested there a night, and by noon of the next day gotten our Army over the River;—leaving Colonel Reynolds with about One-hundred-and-fifty Foot, his own six troops of horse, and one troop of dragoons, with a very little ammunition according to the smallness of our marching store;—we marched away towards Waterford, upon Friday the 23d; and on Saturday about noon came before the City. The Enemy, being not a little troubled at this unsuspected business (which indeed was the mere guidance of God), marched down with great fury towards Carrick with their whole Army, resolving to swallow it up; and upon Saturday the 24th, assault the place round, thinking to take it by storm. But God had otherwise determined. For the troopers and the rest of the soldiers with stones[1] did so pelt them, they 'were forced to draw off; after' continuing near four hours under the walls; 'after' having burnt the Gates, which our men barricaded up with stones; and likewise 'having' digged under the walls, and sprung a small mine, which flew in their own faces. But they left about forty or fifty men dead under the Walls; and have drawn off, as some say, near four-hundred more, which they buried up and down the fields; besides what are wounded. And, as Inchiquin himself confessed in the hearing of some of their soldiers lately come to us, 'this' hath lost him above a thousand men.—The Enemy was drawing off his dead a good part of the night. They were in such haste upon the assault, that they killed their own trumpeter as he was returning with an Answer to the Summons sent

[1] Having only 'a very little ammunition' and small use of guns (see Whitlocke, p. 418; Ludlow, &c.).

by them. Both in the taking and defending of this place Colonel Reynolds his carriage was such as deserves much honour.[1]

Upon our coming before Waterford,[2] I sent the Lieutenant-General with a regiment of horse, and three troops of dragoons, to endeavour the reducing of the Passage Fort: a very large Fort with a Castle in the midst of it, having five guns planted in it, and commanding the River better than Duncannon; it not being much above musket-shot over, where this Fort stands; and we can bring up hither ships of three-hundred tons, without any danger from Duncannon. Upon the attempt, though our materials were not very apt for the business, yet the Enemy called for quarter,—and had it, and we the place. We also possessed the guns which the Enemy had planted to beat our ships out of the Bay, two miles below. By the taking of this Fort we shall much straiten Duncannon from provisions by water, as we hope they are not in a condition to get much by land; besides the advantage it is to us to have provisions to come up the River.

It hath pleased the Lord, whilst these things have been thus transacting here, to add to your interest in Munster, Bandon Bridge; the Town, as we hear, upon the matter, thrusting out young Jephson,[3] who was their Governor; or else he deserting it upon that jealousy. As also Kinsale, and the Fort there:—out of which Fort Four-hundred men marched upon articles, when it was surrendered. So that now, by the good hand of the Lord, your interest in Munster is near as good already as ever it was since this War began. I sent a party about two days ago to my Lord of Broghil; from whom I expect to have an account of all.

Sir, what can be said in these things? Is it an arm of flesh that hath done these things? Is it the wisdom and counsel, or strength of men? It is the Lord only. God will curse that man and his house that dares to think otherwise! Sir, you see the work is done by a Divine leading. God gets into

[1] We shall hear of Reynolds again.

[2] Letters to and from the Mayor of Waterford on this occasion: Appendix, No. 15.

[3] 'Young Jephson,' I suppose, is the son of Jephson, Member for Stockbridge, Hants; one of those whom Pride purged away;—not without reason, as is here seen.

the hearts of men, and persuades them to come under you. I tell you, a considerable part of your Army is fitter for an hospital than the field: if the Enemy did not know it, I should have held it impolitic to have writ this. They know it; yet they know not what to do.

I humbly beg leave to offer a word or two. I beg of those that are faithful, that they give glory to God. I wish it may have influence upon the hearts and spirits of all those that are now in place of Government, in the greatest trust,—that they may all in heart draw near to God; giving Him glory by holiness of life and conversation; 'and' that these unspeakable mercies may teach dissenting brethren on all sides to agree, at least, in praising God. And if the Father of the family be so kind, why should there be such jarrings and heart-burnings amongst the children? And if it will not be received That these are the seals of God's approbation of your great Change of Government,—which indeed are no more yours than these victories and successes are ours,—yet let them with us say, even the most unsatisfied heart amongst them, That both are the righteous judgments and mighty works of God. That He hath pulled the mighty from his seat, and calls to an account 'for' innocent blood. That He thus breaks the enemies of His Church in pieces. And let them not be sullen, but praise the Lord,—and think of us as they please; and we shall be satisfied, and pray for them, and wait upon our God. And we hope we shall seek the welfare and peace of our native Country: and the Lord give them hearts to do so too. Indeed, Sir, I was constrained in my bowels to write thus much. I ask your pardon; and rest, your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

An Able-Editor in the old Newspapers has been inexpressibly favoured with the sight of a Letter to 'an Honourable Member of the Council of State;' Letter dated 'Cork, 18th December 1649;' wherein this is what we still read: 'Yesterday my Lord Lieutenant came, from Youghal the headquarter, unto Cork; my Lord Broghil, Sir William Fenton, and divers other Gentlemen and Commanders attending his Excellency. Who hath received here

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 71-73).

very hearty and noble entertainment. Tomorrow the Major-General' Ireton 'is expected here:—both in good health, God be praised. This week, I believe, they will visit Kinsale, Bandon Bridge, and other places in this Province that have lately declared for us, and that expect a return of his affection and presence, which joys many. Some report here that the Enemy burns towns and provisions near our quarters: but the example may at length turn to their own greatest prejudice. Colonel Deane and Colonel Blake, our Sea-Generals, are both riding in Cork Harbour.'[1]

Dated on the morrow is this Letter:

LETTER CXVII.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Cork, 19th December 1649.

MR. SPEAKER,

Not long after my last to you from before Waterford,—by reason of the tempestuousness of the weather, we thought fit, and it was agreed, To march away to Winter-quarters, to refresh our men until God shall please to give farther opportunity for action.

We marched off, the 2d of this instant; it being so terrible a day as ever I marched in all my life. Just as we marched off in the morning,—unexpected to us, the Enemy had brought an addition of near Two-thousand horse and foot to the increase of their Garrison: which we plainly saw at the other side of the water. We marched that night some ten or twelve miles through a craggy country, to Kilmac Thomas; a Castle some eight miles from Dungarvan. As we were marching off in the morning from thence, the Lord Broghil,—I having sent before to him to march up to me,—sent a party of horse, to let me know, He was, with about Twelve or Thirteen hundred of the Munster horse and foot, about ten miles off, near Dungarvan, which was newly rendered to him.

In the midst of these good successes, wherein the kindness and mercy of God hath appeared, the Lord, in wisdom, and

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 73).

for gracious ends best known to Himself, hath interlaced some things which may give us cause of serious consideration what His mind therein may be. And we hope we wait upon Him, desiring to know, and to submit to His good pleasure. The noble Lieutenant-General,'—whose finger, to our knowledge, never ached in all these expeditions,—fell sick ; we doubt, upon a cold taken upon our late wet march and ill accommodation : and went to Dungarvan, where, struggling some four or five days with a fever, he died ; having run his course with so much honour, courage and fidelity, as his actions better speak than my pen. What England lost hereby, is above me to speak. I am sure, I lost a noble friend, and companion in labours. You see how God mingles out the cup unto us. Indeed we are at this time a crazy company :—yet we live in His sight ; and shall work the time that is appointed us, and shall rest after that in peace.[2]

But yet there hath been some sweet at the bottom of the cup ;—of which I shall now give you an account. Being informed that the Enemy intended to take-in the Fort of Passage, and that Lieutenant-General Ferral with his Ulsters [3] was to march out of Waterford, with a considerable party of horse and foot, for that service,—I ordered Colonel Zanchy, who lay on the north side of the Blackwater, To march with his regiment of horse, and two pieces of two troops of dragoons to the relief of our friends. Which he accordingly did ; his party consisting in all of about Three-hundred-and-twenty. When he came some few miles from the place, he took some of the Enemy's stragglers in the villages as he went ; all which he put to the sword : seven troopers of his killed thirty of them in one house. When he came near the place, he found the Enemy had close begirt it, with about Five-hundred Ulster foot under Major O'Neil ; Colonel Wogan also, the Governor of Duncannon, with a party of his, with two great battering guns and a mortar-piece, and Captain Browne, the Governor of Ballihac, were there. Our men furiously charged them ; and beat them from the place. The Enemy got into a

[1] Michael Jones : Ludlow (i. 304) is a little misinformed.
[2] Yes, my brave one ; even so !
[3] Ulster-men.

place where they might draw up; and the Ulsters, who bragged much of their pikes, made indeed for the time a good resistance: but the horse, pressing sorely upon them, broke them; killed near an Hundred upon the place; took Three-hundred-and-fifty prisoners,—amongst whom, Major O'Neil, and the Officers of Five hundred Ulster foot, all but those which were killed; the renegado Wogan, with twenty-four of Ormond's kurisees, and the Governor of Ballihac, &c. Concerning some of these, I hope I shall not trouble your justice.

This mercy was obtained without the loss of one on our part, only one shot in the shoulder. Lieutenant-General Ferral was come up very near, with a great party to their relief; but our handful of men marching toward him, he shamefully hasted away, and recovered Waterford. It is not unworthy taking notice, That having appointed a Day of public Thanksgiving throughout our territories in Ireland, as well as a week's warning would permit, for the recovery of Munster,—which proves a sweet refreshment to us, even prepared by God for us, after our weary and hard labor,—That that very day, and that very time, while men were praising God, was this deliverance wrought.

Though the present state of affairs bespeaks a continuance of charge, yet the same good hand of Providence, which hath blessed your affairs hitherto, is worthy to be followed to the uttermost. And who knows, or rather who hath not cause to hope, that He may, in His goodness, put a short period to your whole charge? Than which no worldly thing is more desired and endeavoured by your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Ormond witnessed this defeat at Passage, from some steeple, or 'place of prospect' in Waterford; and found the 'Mayor,' whom he sent for, a most unreasonable man.[2]

'The renegado Wogan:' Captain Wogan, once in the Parliament service, joined himself to Hamilton and the Scots in 1648; 'bringing a gallant troop along with him.' His maraudings, pickeerings, onslaughts, and daring chivalries became very cele-

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 73, 74).

[2] Carte, ii. 103; whose account is otherwise very deficient.

brated after that. He was not slain or hanged here at Passage;[1] there remained for him yet, some four years hence, his grand feat which has rendered all the rest memorable: 'that of riding right through England, having rendezvoused at Barnet, with a party of Two-hundred horse,' to join Middleton's new Scotch Insurrection in the Highland Hills; where he, soon after, died of consumption and some slight hurt.[2] What 'kurisees' are, I do not know; may be *cuirassiers*, in popular locution: some nickname for Ormond's men,—whom few loved; whom the Mayor of Waterford, this very day, would not admit into his Town even for the saving of Passage Fort.[3] With certain of those '*your* justice' need not be troubled.

This Letter, with two others, one from Ireton and one from Broghil, all dated Cork, 19th December, were not received in the Commons House till Tuesday 8th January; such were then the delays of the winter post. On which same day it is resolved, That the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland be desired to come over, and give his attendance here in Parliament.[4] Speaker is ordered to write him a Letter to that effect.

'The ground of this resolution,' says Whitlocke, 'was That the news of the King's coming to Scotland became more probable than formerly.' Laird Winram's dealings with him, and Cromwell's successes, and the call of Necessity, are proving effectual! 'And,' continues Whitlocke, 'the proceedings of the Scots in raising of new forces gave an alarm to the Parliament: and some of their Members who had discoursed with the Lord General Fairfax upon those matters, and argued how necessary it would be to send an Army into Scotland to divert the war from England,—had found the General wholly averse to any such thing; and, by means of his Lady, who was a strict Presbyterian, to be more a friend to the Scots they,' those Members, 'wished. Therefore they thought this a fit time to send for the Lieutenant of Ireland, the rather as his Army was now drawn into winter quarters.'[5]

The Lord Lieutenant thought, or was supposed to think, of complying straightway, as the old Newspapers instruct us; but on better counsel, the Scotch peril not being very imminent as yet, decided 'to settle Ireland in a safe posture' first. Indeed, the Letter itself is long in reaching him; and the rumour of it, which

[1] Appendix, No. 16.
[2] Clarendon, iii. 679; Whitlocke, Heath's Chronicle, &c.
[3] Carte, ii. 103.
[4] Commons Journals, vi. 343-4.
[5] Whitlocke, p. 422.

arrives much sooner, has already set the Enemy on false schemes, whereof advantage might be taken.[1]

Meanwhile, in Munster, in Ireland generally, there is much to be done, on the great scale and on the small. Some days before the last Letter gets into the Speaker's hands, here is another, a private one, travelling towards Philip Lord Wharton, whom we transiently saluted last year at Knaresborough.[2]

LETTER CXVIII.

Lord Wharton, when we last saw him, was of the Derby-House Committee, a busy man and manager; but he is not now of the Council of State; having withdrawn from all management, into a painful inquiring condition. One of our zealous Puritans and Patriots, but much troubled with cautious dubitations; involved in 'reasonings,' in painful labyrinths of constitutional and other logic, for the present. Of which sort there are now many. Who indignantly drew the sword, and long zealously fought and smote with it, nothing doubting; and are now somewhat astonished at the issue that has come of it! Somewhat uncertain whether these late high actings, executing judgment on your King, abolition of your House of Lords, and so forth, are owned by the Eternal Powers or not owned. Of Temporal Powers there is clearly none that will own them; and unless the other do—? The Lord Lieutenant intimates, in his friendliest way, that surely it is indispensable to have 'satisfaction' on that score; also that it is perilous not to get it; and furthermore that labyrinths of constitutional and other logic are by no means the course towards that.

For the Right Honourable the Lord Wharton: These.

Cork, 1st Jan. 1649.

My dear Friend, my Lord,

If I know my heart, I love you in truth: and therefore if, from the jealousy of unfeigned love, I play the fool a little, and say a word or two at guess, I know you will pardon it.

It were a vain thing, by Letter, to dispute-over your doubts,

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 77).

[2] Appendix, No. 17. Letter, of 31st December, recommending a Chief-Justice for Munster.

or undertake to answer your objections. I have heard them all; and *I* have rest from the trouble of them, and 'of' what has risen in my own heart; for which I desire to be humbly thankful. I do not condemn your reasonings; I doubt them. It's easy to object to the glorious Actings of God, if we look too much upon Instruments! I have heard computations made of the Members in Parliament: "The good kept out, the worst left in,"[1] &c. :—it has been so these nine years: yet what hath God wrought! The greatest works *last;* and still is at work! Therefore take heed of this scandal.

Be not offended at the manner 'of God's working;' perhaps no other way was left. What if God accepted *their* zeal, 'even' as He did that of Phinehas,[2] whom *reason* might have called before a jury! What if the Lord have witnessed His approbation and acceptance to this 'zeal' also,—not only by signal outward acts, but to the heart 'of good men' too? What if I fear, my Friend should withdraw his shoulder from the Lord's work,—Oh, it's grievous to do so!—through scandals, through false mistaken reasonings—?

"There's difficulty, there's trouble; here, in the other way, there's safety, ease, wisdom: in the one no clearness,"—this is an objection indeed,—"in the other satisfaction."— — "Satisfaction:" it's well if we thought of that first, and 'as' severed from the other considerations,[3] which do often bias, if not bribe the mind. Whereby mists are often raised in the way we should walk in, and we call it darkness or "dissatisfaction:" Oh, our deceitful hearts! Oh, this flattering world! How great is it to be the Lord's servant in any drudgery[4]— —(I thought not to have written near 'so far as' the other side: love will not let me alone; I have been often provoked

[1] Original has 'most bad remaining;' 'these nine years' means, ever since the Parliament first met.

[2] 'And behold, one of the Children of Israel came, and brought unto his brethren a Midianitish woman; in the sight of Moses, and in the sight of all the Congregation of the Children of Israel, who were weeping before the door of the Tabernacle of the Congregation,'—by reason of those very sins. 'And when Phinehas the son of Eleazar, the son of Aaron the Priest, saw it, he rose up from among the Congregation, and took a javelin in his hand; and he went after the man of Israel into the tent, and thrust both of them through, the man of Israel and the woman, through the belly. So the plague was stayed from the Children of Israel.' (Numbers, xxv. 6–8.)

[3] of 'safety,' profit, &c.

[4] Turns the leaf, we perceive.

'to it by you')— — in all hazards His worst is far above the world's best! He makes us able, in truth, to say so; we cannot of ourselves. How hard a thing is it to *reason* ourselves up to the Lord's service, though it be so honourable; how easy to put ourselves out there, where the flesh has so many advantages!—

You were desired to go along with us: I wish it still.[1] Yet we are not triumphing;—we may, for aught flesh knoweth, *suffer* after all this: the Lord prepare us for His good pleasure! You were with us in the Power of things: why not in the Form? I am persuaded your heart hankers after the hearts of your poor Friends; and will, until you can find others to close with: which I trust, though we in ourselves be contemptible, God will not let you do!

My service to the dear little Lady: I wish you make her not a greater temptation 'to you, in this matter,' than she is! Take heed of all relations. Mercies should not be temptations: yet we too oft make them so. The Lord direct your thoughts into the obedience of His will, and give you rest and peace in the Truth. Pray for your most true and affectionate servant in the Lord, OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' I received a Letter from Robert Hammond, whom truly I love in the Lord with most entire affection: it much grieved me, not because I judged, but feared the whole spirit of it was from temptation;—indeed, I thought I perceived a proceeding in that; which the Lord will, I trust, cause him to unlearn. I would fain have written to him, but am straitened in time. Would he would be with us a little! Perhaps it would be no hurt to him.[2]

[1] Shadow of condescension, implied in this, strikes his Excellency; which he hastens to retract.

[2] Gentleman's Magazine (London, 1814), lxxxiv. p. 418. Given there without editing; no notice whence: clearly genuine.— —*Note to Third Edition.* Original, in autograph, endorsed by Wharton, 'rec: 30th January 1649. from my Lord Leefetennant of Ireland, from Ireland,' is now (1848) in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge: *Postscript* here is added from the Original. This Letter and two others to be given by and by (CXLVI. and CLXXXI.), came to the Fitzwilliam Museum, some thirty years ago; discovered 'among the Court-rolls of the Manor of Wymondham Cromwell, Norfolk.'

Of Wharton and his dubitations, which many share in, we shall again hear. Of Wharton, young Colonel Hammond, young Colonel Montague, Tom Westrow, Henry Lawrence, idle Dick, men known to us, and men unknown;—of them and their abstruse 'reasonings,' and communings with the Lord Lieutenant in St. James's Park, we shall have a hint by and by. Some of whom received full 'satisfaction,' and others never could.

Here is a kind of Epistle General, in a quite other tone, intended to give 'satisfaction' to a quite other class, if they are capable of it.

DECLARATION OF THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND,

FOR THE UNDECEIVING OF DELUDED PEOPLE.

THE 'Supreme Council of Kilkenny,' still more the Occult 'Irish Hierarchy' which was a main element thereof, remains, and is like to remain, a very dark entity in History: little other, after all one's reading, than a featureless gaunt shadow; extinct, and the emblem to us of huge noises that are also extinct. History can know that it *had* features once:—of fierce dark-visaged Irish Noblemen and Gentlemen; dark-visaged Abbases O'Teague, and an Occult Papist Hierarchy; earnestly planning, perorating, excommunicating, in a high Irish tone of voice: alas, with general result which Nature found *untrue*. Let there be noble pity for them in the hearts of the noble. Alas, there was withal some glow of real Irish Patriotism, some light of real human valour, in those old hearts: but it had parted company with Fact; came forth enveloped in such huge embodiment of headlong ferocity, of violence, hatred, noise, and general unveracity and incoherency, as—as brought a Cromwell upon it at last! These reflections might lead us far.—

What we have to say here is, that in the present expiring condition of the Irish Rebellion, nearly trodden to destruction now, it has been judged very fitting, That there be an end of excommunication for the present, and a real attempt at union instead. For which object there has, with much industry, been brought-about a 'Conventicle,' or general Meeting of the Occult Hierarchy, at a place called Clonmacnoise, in the month of December last. Clonmacnoise, 'Seven Churches of Clonmacnoise;' some kind of Abbey then; now a melancholy tract of ruins, 'on some bare

gravelly hills,' among the dreary swamps of the Shannon; nothing there but wrecks and death,—for the bones of the Irish Kings lie there, and burial there was considered to have unspeakable advantages once:—a Ruin now, and dreary Golgotha among the bogs of the Shannon; but an Abbey then, and fit for a Conventicle of the Occult Hierarchy, 'which met on the 4th of December 1649,' for the purpose above-said. There, of a certainty, in the cold days of December 1649, did the Occult Hierarchy meet,—warmed, we hope, by good log-fires and abundant turf,—and 'for somewhat less than three weeks' hold consultation. The real issue of which has now, after Two-hundred years, come to be very different from the then apparent one!

The then apparent issue was a 'Union;' worthless 'superficial Union,' as Carte[1] calls it; skin-deep, which was broken again within the month, and is of no interest to us here. But it chanced also that, to usher-in this worthless 'Union,' the Occult Hierarchy published in print a Manifesto, or general Injunction and Proclamation to the Irish People; which Manifesto coming under the eye of the Lord Lieutenant, provoked an Answer from him. And this Answer, now resuscitated, and still fit to be read by certain earnest men, Irish and other: this we may define as the real issue for us, such as it is. One of the remarkablest State-Papers ever issued by any Lord Lieutenant; which, if we could all completely *read* it, as an earnest Editor has had to try if he could do, till it became completely luminous again, and glowed with its old veracity and sacred zeal and fire again, might do us all some good perhaps!—

The Clonmacnoise Manifesto exists also, as a small brown Pamphlet of six leaves, 'printed at Kilkenny and reprinted at London in January 1649;'[2] but is by no means worth inserting here. It is written in a very smooth, indeed vague and faint style, the deeply discrepant humours at Clonmacnoise not admitting of any other for their 'superficial Union;' and remains, in the perusal, mostly insignificant, and as if obliterated into dim-gray,—till once, in the Lord Lieutenant's fiery illumination, some traits of it do come forth again. Here is our short abstract of it, more than sufficient for present purposes.

'The Kilkenny Pamphlet starts by a preamble, in the form of Public Declaration; setting forth, with some brevity, That whereas various differences had existed in the Catholic Party, said dif-

[1] Life of Ormond, ii. 105-110.

[2] King's Pamphlets, large 4to, no. 43, § 5; the London Reprint, or the day of purchasing it by the old Collector, is dated with the pen '31st January' 1649-50.

ferences do now and shall, blessed be Heaven, all reconcile themselves into a real "Union;" real Union now, by these presents, established, decreed, and bound to exist and continue:—signed duly by all the Occult Hierarchy, twenty Bishops more or less, *Antonius Clonmacnosensis* among the rest. This is the *first* part of the Clonmacnoise Manifesto: this is to be read in every Church for certain Sundays; and do what good it can.—Follows *next*, similarly signed, a short set of "Acts," special Orders to Priests and People at large, as to what they are to do by way of furthering said Union, and bringing good success to the Cause. Among which Orders we recognise one for masses, universal prayers (not wholly by machinery, we hope); and, with still more satisfaction, another for decisively putting down, or at least in every way discountenancing, those bands called "Idle-Boys" (ancestors of Captain Rock, one perceives), who much infest the country at present.

'Our Manifesto then, *thirdly*, winds-up with an earnest admonition, or Exhortation General, to the People of Ireland high and low, Not to be deceived with any show of clemency, or "moderate usage," exercised upon them hitherto; inasmuch as it is the known intention of the English Parliament to exterminate the whole of them; partly by slaughter, partly by banishment "to the Tobacco Islands" and hot West-India localities, whither many have already been sent. Known intention; as can be deduced by the discerning mind from clear symptoms, chiefly from these two: *First*, that they, the English Parliament, have passed an "Act of Subscription," *already* disposing of Irishmen's estates to English Money-lenders: and then *second*, That they have decided to extirpate the Catholic Religion,—which latter fact, not to speak of their old Scotch Covenant and the rest, may be seen with eyes, even from this Lord Lieutenant's own expressions in his Letter to the Governor of Ross;[1] which are quoted. To extirpate the Catholic Religion: how can they effect this but by extirpating the professors thereof? Let all Irishmen high and low, therefore, beware; and stand upon their guard, and adhere to the superficial Union; slaughter, or else banishment to the Tobacco Islands, being what they have to expect.' — — It is by this *third* or concluding portion of the Clonmacnoise Manifesto that the Lord Lieutenant's wrath has been chiefly kindled: but indeed he blazes athwart the whole Document, athwart it and along it, as we shall see, like a destroying sword, and slashes in pieces it and its inferences, and noxious delusions and deludings, in a very characteristic style.

[1] Antea, p. 85.

What perhaps will most strike the careless modern reader in the Clonmacnoise Manifesto, with its 'inferences' of general extermination, is that 'show of moderate usage at present;' and the total absence of those 'many Inhabitants' butchered at Drogheda lately: total absence of those; and also of the 'Two-hundred Women in the Marketplace of Wexford,' who in modern times have even grown 'Two-hundred beautiful Women' (all young, and in their Sunday clothes for the occasion), and figure still, in the Irish Imagination, in a very horrid manner. They are known to Abbe Macgeohegan, these interesting Martyrs, more or less; to Philopater Irenæus, to my Lord Clarendon, Jacobite Carte, and other parties divided by wide spaces and long centuries from them; but not to this Occult Hierarchy sitting deliberative close at hand, and doing their best in the massacre way, who are rather concerned to guard us against shows of clemency exercised hitherto! This circumstance, and still more what Cromwell himself says on the subject of 'massacring,' will strike the modern reader; and the 'Two-hundred Women,' and some other things, I persuade myself, will profitably vanish from the Marketplace henceforth!

So soon as convenient, that wretched chimera will do well to vanish;—and also, I think, a certain terrible fact, which the Irish Imagination pretends to treat sometimes as a chimera, might profitably return, and reassert itself there. The Massacre of 1641 was not, we will believe, premeditated by the Leaders of the Rebellion; but it is an awful truth, written in sun-clear evidence, that it did happen;—and the noble-minded among the men of Ireland are called to admit it, and to mourn for it, and to learn from it! To the ear of History those 'ghosts' still shriek from the Bridge of Portnadown,[1] if not now for just vengeance on their murderers, yet for pity on them, for horror at them: and no just man, whatever his new feelings may be, but will share more or less the Lord Lieutenant Cromwell's old feelings on that matter. It must not be denied, it requires to be admitted! As an act of blind hysterical fury, very blind and very weak and mad, and at once quite miserable and quite detestable, it remains on the face of Irish History; and will have to remain till Ireland cease, much more generally than it has yet done, to mistake loud bluster for inspired wisdom, and spasmodic frenzy for strength;—till, let us say, Ireland *do an equal act* of magnanimous forbearance, of valour in the silent kind! Of which also we have by no means lost hope.

[1] Affidavits, taken in 1641–44: in Sir John Temple's History of the Irish Massacre and Rebellion (Masères's edition, London, 1812), pp. 85–123; May's History of the Long Parliament; and the contemporary Books *passim*.

No :—and if among the true hearts of Ireland there chanced to be found one who, across the opaque angry whirlwind in which all Cromwell matters are enveloped for him, could recognise, in this thunderclad figure of a Lord Lieutenant now about to speak to him, the veritable Heaven's Messenger clad in thunder ; and accept the stern true message *he* brings—!—Who knows? That too, we believe, is coming; and with it many hopeful things. But to our Declaration, however that may be.

A Declaration of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, for the Undeceiving of Deluded and Seduced People : which may be satisfactory to all that do not wilfully shut their eyes against the light. In answer to certain late Declarations and Acts, framed by the Irish Popish Prelates and Clergy, in a Conventicle at Clonmacnoise.

Having lately perused a Book printed at Kilkenny in the year 1649, containing divers Declarations and Acts of the Popish Prelates and Clergy, framed in a late Conventicle at Clonmacnoise, the 4th day of December in the year aforesaid, —I thought fit to give a brief Answer unto the same.

And first to the first ;—which is a Declaration, wherein (having premised the reconciliation of some differences among themselves, 'and the hearty "Union" they have now attained to') they come to state 'the reasons of' their War, 'grounding it' upon "the interest of their Church, of his Majesty and the Nation," and their resolution to prosecute the same with unity. All which will deserve a particular survey.

The Meeting of the Archbishops, Bishops and other Prelates at Clonmacnoise is by them said to be *proprio motu*. By which term they would have the world believe that the Secular Power hath nothing to do to appoint, or superintend, their Spiritual Conventions, as they call them ;—although in the said meetings they take upon them to intermeddle in all Secular Affairs ; as by the sequel appears.—But first for their "Union" they so much boast of. If any wise man shall seriously consider what they pretend the grounds of their "dif-

ferences" to have been, and the way and course they have taken to reconcile the same; and their expressions thereabout, and the ends for which, and their resolutions how to carry on their great Design declared for; he must needs think slightly of their said "union."[1] And also for this, That they resolve all other men's consent 'and reconciliation into their own; without consulting *them* at all.

The subject of this reconciliation was, as they say, "the Clergy and Laity." The discontent and division itself was grounded on the late difference of opinion happening amongst the "Prelates and Laity."—I wonder not at differences in opinion, at discontents and divisions, where so Antichristian and dividing a term as "Clergy and Laity" is given and received. A term unknown to any save the Antichristian Church, and such as derive themselves from her: *ab initio non fuit sic.* The most pure and primitive Times, as they best knew what true *union* was, so in all addresses to the several Churches they wrote unto, not one word of this. The members of the Churches are styled "Brethren, and Saints of the same household of Faith;" 'and' although they had orders and distinctions amongst them for administration of ordinances,—of a far different use and character from yours,—yet it nowhere occasioned them to say, *contemptim*, and by way of lessening in contradistinguishing, "Laity and Clergy." It was your pride that begat this expression. And it is for filthy lucre's sake that you keep it up: that by making the People believe that they are not so holy as yourselves, they might for their penny purchase some sanctity from you; and that you might bridle, saddle and ride them at your pleasure; and do (as is most true of you) as the Scribes and Pharisees of old did by their "Laity,"—keep the knowledge of the Law from them, and then be able in their pride to say, "This people, that know not the Law, are cursed."

And no wonder,—to speak more nearly to your "differences" and "union,"—if it lie in the Prelates' power to make the Clergy and the Laity go together by the ears when they please, but that they may as easily make a simple and sense-

[1] 'jt' in orig.

less reconciliation! Which will last until the next Nuncio comes from Rome with supermandatory advices; and then this Gordian knot must be cut, and the poor "Laity" forced to dance to a new tune.

I say not this as being troubled at your "union." By the grace of God, we fear not, we care not for it. Your Covenant, 'if you understood it,' is with Death and Hell! Your union is like that of Simeon and Levi: "Associate yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces; take counsel together, and it shall come to naught!"—For though it becomes us to be humble in respect of ourselves, yet we can say to you: God is not with you. You say, Your union is "against a common enemy:" and to this, if you will be talking of "union," I will give you some wormwood to bite on; by which it will appear God is not with you.

Who is it that created this "common enemy" (I suppose you mean Englishmen)? The English? Remember, ye hypocrites, Ireland was once united to England. 'That was the original "union."' Englishmen had good inheritances which many of them purchased with their money; they and their ancestors, from you and your ancestors. They had good Leases from Irishmen, for long times to come; great stocks thereupon; houses and plantations erected at their own cost and charge. They lived peaceably and honestly amongst you. You had generally equal benefit of the protection of England with them; and equal justice from the Laws,—saving what was necessary for the State, out of reasons of State, to put upon some few people, apt to rebel upon the instigation of such as you. You broke *this* "union"! You, unprovoked, put the English to the most unheard-of and most barbarous Massacre (without respect of sex or age) that ever the Sun beheld. And at a time when Ireland was in perfect Peace. And when, through the example of English Industry, through commerce and traffic, that which was in the Natives' hands was better to them than if all Ireland had been in their possession, and not an Englishman in it. And yet then, I say, was this unheard-of villany perpetrated,—by your instigation, who boast of "peace-making" and "union against this com-

mon enemy." What think you: by this time, is not my assertion true? Is God, will God be, with you?

I am confident He will not! And though you would comprehend Old English, New English, Scotch, or whom else you will, in the bosom of your catholic charity, yet shall not this save you from breaking. I tell you and them, You will fare the *worse* for their sakes. Because I cannot but believe some of them go against, some stifle, their consciences. And it is not the fig-leaf of pretence "that they fight for their King," will serve their turn; when really they fight in protection of men of so much prodigious 'guiltiness of' blood; and with men who have declared the ground of their "union" and fighting, as you have stated it in this your Declaration, to be *Bellum Prælaticum et Religiosum*, in the first and primary intention of it. Especially when they shall consider your principles: 'and' that except what fear makes you comply with, —viz. that alone without their concurrence you are not able to carry on your work of War,—you are ready, whenever you shall get the power into your hands, to kick them off too, as some late experiences have sufficiently manifested!—And thus we come to the Design, you being thus wholesomely "united," which is intended to be prosecuted by you.

Your words are these: "That all and every of us the above Archbishops, Bishops and Prelates, are now, by the blessing of God, as one body united. And that we will, as becometh charity and our pastoral charge, stand all of us as one entire body, for the interests and immunities of the Church, and of every the Bishops and Prelates thereof; and for the honour, dignity, estate, right and possessions of all and every of the said Archbishops, Bishops and other Prelates. And we will, as one entire and united body, forward by our counsels, actions and devices, the advancement of his Majesty's Rights, and the good of this Nation, in general and in particular occasions, to our power. And that none of us, in any occasion whatsoever concerning the Catholic religion, or the good of this Kingdom of Ireland, will in any respect single himself; or be or seem opposite to the rest of us; but will hold firm and entire in one sense, as aforesaid, &c."

And now, if there were no other quarrel against you but this, which you make to be the principal and first ground of your Quarrel :—to wit, As so standing for the rights of your "Church" falsely so called, and for the rights of your "Archbishops, Bishops and Prelates," as to engage People and Nations into blood therefor :—this alone would be your confusion. I ask you, Is it for the "Lay-fee" as you call it, or for the Revenue belonging to your Church, that you will after this manner contend? Or is it your Jurisdiction, or the exercise of your Ecclesiastical Authority? Or is it for the Faith of your Church? Let me tell you, Not for all or any of these is it lawful for the Ministers of Christ, as you would be thought to be, thus to contend. And therefore we will consider them apart.

For the first, if it were "St. Peter's Patrimony," as you term it,—that would be somewhat that you lawfully came by! But I must tell you, Your predecessors cheated poor seduced men in their weakness on their deathbeds; or otherwise *un*lawfully came by most of this you pretend to. 'Not St. Peter's Patrimony, therefore, whosesoever it may be!' And Peter, though he was somewhat too forward to draw the sword in a better cause,—yet if that weapon, not being proper to the business in hand, was to be put up in *that* case, he must not, nor would he, have drawn it in *this*. And that blessed Apostle Paul, who said, "the labourer was worthy of his hire," chose rather to make tents than be burdensome to the Churches. I would you had either of those Good Men's spirits; on condition your Revenues were doubled to what the best times ever made them to your predecessors!—The same answer may be given to that of your "Power and Jurisdiction;" and to that preëminence of Prelacy you so dearly love. Only consider what the Master of these same Apostles said to them: "So it shall not be amongst *you*. Whoever will be chief shall be servant of all!" For He himself came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. And by this he that runs may read of what tribe you are.

And 'now' surely if these, that are outward things, may not thus be contended for; how much less may the Doctrines

of Faith, which are the works of Grace and the Spirit, be endeavoured by so unsuitable means! He that bids us "contend for the Faith once delivered to the Saints," tells us that we should do it by "avoiding the spirit of Cain, Corah, and Balaam;" and by "building up *ourselves* in the most holy Faith," not pinning it upon other men's sleeves. Praying "in the Holy Ghost;" not mumbling over Matins. Keeping "ourselves in the love of God;" not destroying men because they will not be of our Faith. "Waiting for the mercy of Jesus Christ;" not cruel, but merciful!—But, alas, why is this said? Why are these pearls cast before you? You are resolved not to be charmed from "using the instrument of a foolish shepherd"! You are a part of Antichrist, whose Kingdom the Scripture so expressly speaks should be "laid in blood;" yea "in the blood of the Saints." You have shed great store of that already:—and ere it be long, you must all of you have "blood to drink;" "even the dregs of the cup of the fury and the wrath of God, which will be poured out unto you!"[1]—

In the next place, you state the "interest of his Majesty," as you say, 'for a ground of this war.' And this you hope will draw some English and Scotch to your party. But what "Majesty" is it you mean? Is it France, or Spain, or Scotland? Speak plainly! You have, some of you lately, been harping,—or else we are misinformed,—upon his Majesty of *Spain* to be your protector. Was it because his Majesty of Scotland was too little a Majesty for your purpose? We know you love great Majesties! Or is it because he is not fully come over to you in point of religion? If he be short in that, you will quickly find out, upon that score, another "Majesty." His Father, who complied with you too much, you rejected; and now would make the world believe you would make the Son's interest a great part of the state of your Quarrel.—How can we but think there is some reserve in this? And that the Son has agreed to do somewhat more for you than ever his Father did? Or else tell us, Whence this new zeal is? That the Father did too much for you, in all Protestant judgments,—instead of many instances let this be considered:

[1] Read in your Bibles, and consider that!

what one of your own Doctors, Dr. Enos of Dublin 'says;' who, writing against the Agreement made between the Lord of Ormond and the Irish Catholics, finds fault with it, and says it was "nothing so good as that 'which' the Earl of Glamorgan had warrant from the King to make; but exceeding far short of what the Lord George Digby had warrant to agree 'to,' with the Pope himself at Rome, in favour of the Irish Catholics."[1]— —I intend not this to you; but to such Protestants as may incline to you, and join with you upon *this* single account, which is the only appearing inducement to them. 'To them I intend it,' seeing there is so much probability of ill in this abstracted;—and so much certainty of ill in fighting for the Romish Religion against the Protestant; and fighting 'along' with men under the guilt of so horrid a Massacre. From participating in which guilt, whilst they take part with them, they will never be able to assoil themselves, either before God or good men.

In the last place, you are pleased,—having, after your usual manner, remembered yourselves *first*, and "his Majesty," as you call him, next; like a man of your tribe, with his *Ego et Rex meus*,—you are pleased to take the People into consideration. Lest they should seem to be forgotten; or rather you would make me believe they are much in your thoughts. Indeed I think they are! Alas, poor "Laity"! That you and your King might ride them, and jade them, as your Church hath done, and as your King hath done by your means, almost in all ages!—But it would not be hard to prophesy, That the beasts being stung and kicking, this world will not last always. Arbitrary power 'is a thing' men begin to be weary of, in Kings and Churchmen; their juggle between them mutually to uphold Civil and Ecclesiastical Tyranny begins to be transparent. Some have cast off *both;* and hope by the grace of God to keep so. Others are at it! Many thoughts are laid up about it, which will have their issue and vent.[2] This principle, That People are for Kings and Churches, and Saints are for the Pope or Churchmen, as you call them, begins to be exploded;—and therefore I wonder

[1] Antea, vol. i. p. 218.

[2] Paris City A.D. 1789-95!

not to see the Fraternity so much enraged. I wish "the People" wiser than to be troubled at you; or solicitous for what you say or do.

But it seems, notwithstanding all this, you would fain have them believe it is their good you seek. And to cozen them, in deed and in truth, is the scope of your whole Declaration, and of your Acts and Decrees in your foresaid Printed Book. Therefore to discover and unveil those falsities, and to let them, 'the People,' know what they are to trust to from me, is the principal end of this my Declaration. That if I be not able to do good upon them, which I most desire,—and yet in that I shall not seek to gain them by flattery; but tell them the worst, in plainness, and that which I am sure will not be acceptable to *you;* and if I *cannot* gain them, 'I say,'—I shall have comfort in this, That I have freed my own soul from the guilt of the evil that shall ensue. And on this subject I hope to leave nothing unanswered in all your said Declarations and Decrees at Clonmacnoise.

And because you carry on your matter somewhat confusedly, I shall therefore bring all that you have said into some order; that so we may the better discern what everything signifies, and give answer thereunto.

You forewarn the People of their danger; which you make to consist: First, "in the extirpation of the Catholic Religion;" Secondly, "in the destruction of their Lives;" Thirdly, "in the ruin of their Fortunes."—To avoid all which evils you forewarn them: *First,* That they be not deceived by the Commander-in-Chief of the Parliament Forces: And in the *next* place,—having stated 'the ground of' your War, as aforesaid,—you give them your positive advice and counsel To engage in blood: and 'then' *lastly* 'you' bestow upon them a small collation in Four Ecclesiastical Decrees or Orders,—which will signify as little, being performed by your spirit, as if you had said nothing. And the obligation 'that lay on you' to all this you make to be your Pastoral relation to them, "over your Flocks."

To which last a word or two.[1] I wonder how this relation

[1] The Lord Lieutenant is very impatient with 'this last;' flies at it *first.*

was brought about! If they *be* "Flocks," and you ambitious of the relative term? 'Yes,' you are *Pastors:* but it is by an antiphrasis,—*a minime pascendo!* You either teach the People not at all; or else you do it, as some of you came to this Conventicle who were sent by others, *tanquam Procuratores*,—'teach them,' as your manner is, by sending a company of silly ignorant Priests, who can but say the Mass, and scarcely that intelligibly; or with such stuff as these your senseless Declarations and Edicts!—But how dare you assume to call these men your "Flocks," whom you have plunged into so horrid a Rebellion, by which you have made them and the Country almost a ruinous heap? And whom you have fleeced and polled and peeled hitherto, and make it your business to do so still. You cannot feed them! You poison them with your false, abominable and antichristian doctrine and practices. You keep the Word of God from them; and instead thereof give them your senseless Orders and Traditions. You teach them "implicit belief:"—he that goes amongst them may find many that do not understand anything in the matters of your Religion. I have had few better answers from any since I came into Ireland that are of your Flocks than this, "That indeed they did not trouble themselves about matters of Religion, but left that to the Church." Thus are your "Flocks" fed; and such credit have you of them. But they must take heed of "losing their Religion." Alas, poor creatures, what have they to "lose"?

Concerning this, 'of losing their Religion,' is your grand caveat, 'however.' And to back this, you tell them of "Resolutions and Covenants to extirpate the Catholic Religion out of all his Majesty's Dominions." And you instance in "Cromwell's Letter of the 19th October 1649, to the then Governor of Ross,"[1] repeating his words, which are as follows, viz. "For that which you mention concerning liberty of conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience. But if by liberty of conscience, you mean a liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and to let you know, Where the Parliament of England have power, *that* will not

[1] Antea, p. 86.

be allowed of." And this you call a "tyrannical Resolution;" which you say hath been put in execution in Wexford, Ross and Tredah.

Now let us consider. First, you say, The design is, to extirpate the Catholic Religion. Let us see your honesty herein. Your word "extirpate" is as ill collected from these grounds, and as senseless as the word "Catholic," ordinarily used by you when you mention Catholic Roman Church. The word "extirpate" means 'ruin of' a thing already *rooted* and established: which word 'is' made good by the proof of "Covenants," by that Letter expressing the non-toleration of the Mass (wherein, it seems, you place all the "Catholic Religion," and *there* you show some ingenuity),[1] and 'by' your instance of what was practised in the three Towns aforementioned: do these prove, either considered apart or all together, the "extirpation" of the Catholic Religion?

By what Law was the Mass 'ever *rooted*, or' exercised in these places, or in any the Dominions of England or Ireland, or Kingdom of Scotland? You were *intruders* herein; you were open violaters of the known Laws! And yet you call the "Covenant," and that 'refusal' in the Letter, and these practices 'at Wexford, Ross and Tredah,' "extirpation" of the Catholic Religion,—'which had' thus again 'been' set on foot by you, by the advantage of your Rebellion, and shaking off the just Authority of the State of England over you! Whereas, I dare be confident to say, You durst not own the saying of one Mass, 'for' above these eighty years in Ireland. And 'only' through the troubles you made, and through the miseries you brought on this Nation and the poor People thereof,—your numbers, which is very ominous, increasing with the 'numbers of the' *wolves*, through the desolations you made in the Country;—'only by all this' did you recover again the public exercise of your Mass! And for the maintenance of this, thus gained, you would make the poor People believe that it is ghostly counsel, and given in love to them as your "Flocks," That they should run into Wars, and venture lives, and all upon such a ground as this! But if God be

[1] Means 'ingenuousness,' as usual.

pleased to unveil you of your sheeps-clothing, that they, 'the People,' may see how they have been deluded, and by whom, I shall exceedingly rejoice ; and indeed for their sakes only have I given you these competent characters,—for *their* good, if God shall so bless it.

And now for them, 'the People of Ireland,' I do particularly declare what they may expect at my hands in this point. Wherein you will easily perceive that, as I neither have 'flattered' nor shall flatter you, so neither shall I go about to delude them with specious pretences, as you have ever done.

First, therefore : I shall not, where I have power, and the Lord is pleased to bless me, suffer the exercise of the Mass, where I can take notice of it. 'No,' nor 'in any way' suffer you that are Papists, where I can find you seducing the People, or by any overt act violating the Laws established ; but if you come into my hands, I shall cause to be inflicted the punishments appointed by the Laws,—to use your own term, *secundum gravitatem delicti*,[1]—upon you ; and 'shall try' to reduce things to their former state on this behalf.[2] As for the People, what thoughts they have in matters of Religion in their own breasts I cannot reach ; but shall think it my duty, if they walk honestly and peaceably, Not to cause them in the least to suffer for the same. And shall endeavour to walk patiently and in love towards them, to see if at any time it shall please God to give them another or a better mind. And all men under the power of England, within this Dominion, are hereby required and enjoined strictly and religiously to do the same.

To the *second* 'danger threatened ;' which is "the destruction of the Lives of the Inhabitants of this Nation : "—to make it good that this is designed, they[3] give not one reason. Which is either because they have none to give ; or else for that they believe the People will receive everything for truth they say,—which they have too well taught them, and God knows the People are too apt, to do. But I will a little help

[1] A phrase in their Pamphlet.

[2] No cozening here!

[3] Is now addressing the People ; has unconsciously turned away from the Priests, and put them into the third person.

them. They speak indeed of "rooting out the Common-People;" and also, by way of consequent, that the extirpating the Catholic Religion is not to be effected without the "massacring, destroying or banishing the Catholic Inhabitants." Which how analogical an argument this is, I shall easily make appear by and by.

Alas, the generality of "the Inhabitants" are poor "Laity" as you call them, and ignorant of the grounds of the "Catholic Religion."[1] Are they, then, so interwoven with your Church Interest as that the absence of *them* makes your "Catholic Religion" fall to the ground? We know you think not so. You reckon yourselves, and yourselves only, the pillars and supporters thereof; and the Common-People 'useful' as far as they have the exercise of club law, and, like the ass you ride on, obey your commands. But concerning these relations of your Religion, 'and your right to practise it,' enough has been spoken in another place;—only you love to mix things for your advantage.

But 'now' to your logic. Here is your argument: The design is to extirpate the Catholic Religion; but this is not to be done but by the massacring, banishing or otherwise destroying the Catholic Inhabitants: *ergo* it is designed to massacre, banish and destroy the Catholic Inhabitants.—To try this no concluding argument,—'nothing-concluding,' but yet well enough agreeing with your learning,—I give you this dilemma; by which it will appear That, whether your Religion be true or false, this will not follow:

If your Religion be the true Religion, yet if a Nation may degenerate from the true Religion, and apostatise, as too many have 'evidently' *done*,—(through the seducements of your Roman Church, 'say *we*'),—then it will not follow that men must be "massacred, banished or otherwise destroyed," necessarily; no, not as to the change of the *true* Religion in a Nation or Country![2] Only, this argument doth wonderfully

[1] Unimportant they, to the vigour or decline of it.

[2] A subtle 'dilemma,' and very Oliverian; seems to *eat* itself like a Serpent-of-eternity, and be very *circular* reasoning: yet grounds itself, if examined, upon sharp just insight, and has real logical validity. 'Call your Religion true, men *have* changed from it without being massacred: admit it to be false, will you say they need massacring? Whatever Religion you may have, I think you have not much Logic to spare!'—

well agree with your principles and practice; you having chiefly made use of fire and sword, in all the changes in Religion that you have made in the world. 'But I say,' if it be change of your Catholic Religion so-called, it will not follow: because there may be found out another means than "massacring, destruction and banishment;" to wit, the Word of God; which is able to convert. A means which you as little know as practise; which indeed you deprive the People of! 'That means may be found;' together with humanity, good life, equal and honest dealing with men of a different opinion;—which we desire to exercise towards this poor People, if you, by your wicked counsel, make them not incapable to receive it, by putting them into blood!

And therefore, by this also 'which you talk of massacring,' your false and twisted dealing may be a little discovered. Well; your words are, "massacre, destroy and banish."—Good now: *give us an instance of one man since my coming into Ireland, not in arms, massacred, destroyed or banished; concerning the massacre or the destruction of whom justice hath not been done, or endeavoured to be done.*[1] As for the other of banishment, I must now speak unto the People, whom you would delude, and whom this most concerns; that they may know in this also what to expect at my hands.

The question is of the destruction of life; or of that which is but little inferior to it, to wit, of banishment. 'Now *First:*' I shall not willingly take or suffer to be taken away the life of any man not in arms, but by the trial to which the People of this Nation are subject by Law, for offences against the same. And '*Secondly*,' as for the banishment, it hath not hitherto been inflicted on any but such who, being in arms, might justly, upon the terms they were taken 'under,' have been put to death:—as 'might' those who are instanced in your Declaration to be "sent to the Tobacco Islands." And therefore I do declare, That if the People be ready to run to arms by the instigation of their Clergy or otherwise, such as

[1] 'Concerning the two first of which,' in orig. The italics, in this passage, are mine; and can be removed as soon as Macgeohegan, Carte, Clarendon and Company, have got to be well understood.

God by His providence shall give into my hands may expect that or worse measure from me ; but not otherwise.

Thirdly, as to that of "the ruin of their Fortunes." You instance the Act of Subscription,[1] "whereby the estates of the Inhabitants of this Nation are sold, so as there remaineth now no more but to put the Purchasers in possession ;" and that for this cause are the Forces drawn out of England. And that you might carry the Interest far, 'so as' to engage the Common sort of People with you, you farther say to them, That "the moderate usage 'hitherto' exercised to them is to no other end but to our private advantage, and for the better support of our Army ;" 'we' intending at the close of our "conquest," as you term it, "to root out the Common-People also, and to plant the land with Colonies to be brought hither out of England." This, consisting of divers parts, will ask distinct answers.

And first, to the Act of Subscription. It's true there is such an Act ;—and it was a just one. For when, by your execrable Massacre and Rebellion, you had not only raised a bloody War to justify the same ; and thereby occasioned the exhausting the Treasure of England in the prosecution of so just a War against you,—was it not a wise and just act in the State to raise money by escheating the Lands of those who had a hand in the Rebellion ? Was it not fit to make their Estates to defray the charge, who had caused the trouble ? The best therefore that lies in this argument is this,—and that only reaching to them who have been in arms, for farther it goes not : "You have forfeited your Estates, and it is likely they will be escheated to make satisfaction ; and therefore you had better fight it out than repent or give-off now ;—or 'else,' see

[1] At the first breaking-out of the Irish Rebellion into an Irish Massacre, the King's Exchequer being void, and the case like a case of conflagration, an Act was passed, engaging the Public Faith, That whoever would 'subscribe' money towards suppressing the said Rebellion in Ireland, and detestable and horrible Massacre of Protestants there, should, with liberal interest, be repaid from the forfeited Estates of the Rebels,—so soon as they were got. This is the 'Act of Subscription' spoken of here. His Majesty said : "How will that answer ? It is like selling the bear's skin before you have caught your bear." A bargain, nevertheless, which hundreds and thousands entered into, with free purse and overflowing heart ; 'above a Quarter of a Million' raised by it ; generous emotion, and tragic terror and pity, lending sanction to doubtful profit-and-loss. A very wise and just Act of Parliament, the Lord Lieutenant thinks ; which did also fulfil its engagements by and by.

what mercy you may find from the State of England. And seeing holy Church is engaged in it, we will, by one means or another, hook-in the Commons, and make them sensible that they are as much concerned as you, though they were never in arms, or came quickly off!"—And for this cause doubtless are these two coupled together; by which your honest dealing is manifest enough.

But what? Was the English Army brought over for *this* purpose, as you allege? Do you think that the State of England will be at Five or Six Millions charge merely to procure Purchasers to be invested in that for which they did disburse little above a Quarter of a Million? Although there be a Justice in that also, which ought, and I trust will be seasonably performed toward them.—No, I can give you a better reason for the Army coming over than this. England hath had experience of the blessing of God in prosecuting just and righteous Causes, whatever the cost and hazard be![1] And if ever men were engaged in a righteous Cause in the world, this will scarce be a second to it. We are come to ask an account of the innocent blood that hath been shed; and to endeavour to bring to an account,—by the blessing and presence of the Almighty, in whom alone is our hope and strength,—all who, by appearing in arms, seek to justify the same. We come to break the power of a company of lawless Rebels, who having cast off the Authority of England, live as enemies to Human Society; whose principles, the world hath experience, are, To destroy and subjugate all men not complying with them. We come, by the assistance of God, to hold forth and maintain the lustre and glory of English Liberty[2] in a Nation where we have an undoubted right to do it;—wherein the People of Ireland (if they listen not to such seducers as you are) may equally participate in all benefits; to use 'their'

[1] Hear this Lord Lieutenant!

[2] 'Liberty,' here, which much astonishes our Irish friends, is very far from meaning what in most modern dialects it now does. 'Liberty,' with this Lord Lieutenant, means 'rigorous settled Obedience to Laws that are just.' Which it is very noble indeed to settle, 'and hold forth and maintain' against all men. Laws grounded on the eternal Fact of Things,—which is a much preferable 'ground' to the temporary Fiction of Things, as set forth at any Clonmacnoise, Kilkenny, or other Supreme Centre-of-Jargon, there or elsewhere, that has been or that can be!

liberty and fortune equally with Englishmen, if they keep out of arms.

And now, having said this to you, I have a word to *them;* that in this point, which concerns them in their estates and fortunes, they may know what to trust to. Such as have been formerly in arms, may, submitting themselves, have their cases presented to the State of England;—where no doubt the State will be ready to take into consideration the nature and quality of their actings, and deal mercifully with them. As for those now in arms, who shall come in, and submit, and give Engagements for their future quiet and honest carriage, and submission to the State of England, I doubt not but they will find like merciful consideration;—except only the Leading Persons and principal Contrivers of this Rebellion, whom I am confident they will reserve to make examples of Justice, whatsoever hazards they incur thereby.—And as for such Private Soldiers as lay-down their arms, and shall live peaceably and honestly at their several homes, they shall be permitted so to do.—And, 'in general,' for the first two sorts, 'for such as have been or as now are in arms and shall submit,' I shall humbly and effectually represent their cases to the Parliament, as far as becomes the duty and place I bear. But as for those who, notwithstanding all this, persist and continue in arms, they must expect what the Providence of God, in that which is falsely called the Chance of War, will cast upon them.

For such of the Nobility, Gentry and Commons of Ireland as have not been actors in this Rebellion, they shall and may expect the protection in their Goods, Liberties and Lives which the Law gives them; and in their husbandry, merchandising, manufactures and other trading whatsoever, the same. They behaving themselves as becomes honest and peaceable men; testifying their good affections, upon all occasions, to the service of the State of England, equal justice shall be done them with the English. They shall bear proportionably with them in taxes. And if the Soldiery be insolent upon them, upon complaint and proof, it shall be punished with utmost severity, and they protected equally with Englishmen.

And having said this, and purposing honestly to perform it,—if this People shall headily run on after the counsels of their Prelates and Clergy and other Leaders, I hope to be free from the misery and desolation, blood and ruin, that shall befall them; and shall rejoice to exercise utmost severity against them.

'OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Given at Youghal,—January 1649.'

This Declaration, as appears here, does not date or even expressly sign itself: but by search, chiefly in a certain Manuscript Fragment, which will by and by concern us farther,[2] we find that it was drawn up at Youghal after the 15th, and came forth printed at Cork before the 29th of January; on which latter day the Army took the field again. And so we leave this Declaration;—one of the remarkablest State-Papers ever published in Ireland since Strongbow, or even since St. Patrick, first appeared there.

LETTERS CXIX.—CXXI.

THE Speaker's Letter of Recall has never yet reached Ireland; and the rumour of it already has; which, as we intimated, sets the Enemy on fresh schemes, whereof advantage might be taken. The unwearied Lord Lieutenant, besides his labours known to us, has been rehabilitating Courts of Justice in Dublin, settling contributions, and doing much other work; and now, the February or even January weather being unusually good, he takes the field again, in hopes of perhaps soon finishing. The unhappy Irish are again about excommunicating one another; the Supreme Council of Kilkenny is again one wide howl; and Ormond is writing to the King to recall him. Now is the Lieutenant's time; the February weather being good!

[1] *Declaration*, &c. as above given. *Licensed by the Secretary of the Army. Printed at Cork: and reprinted at London by E. Griffin, and are to be sold in the Old Bailey: March 21st*, 1649. King's Pamphlets, small 4to. no. 462, § 6. In Ayscough MSS. no. 4769 (a Fragment of an anonymous Contemporary Narrative, which will by and by be more specially referred to), are some two pages of this *Declaration*, transcribed from the Cork Edition: the concluding words are not 'exercise utmost severity against them,' but 'act severity against them,' which probably is the true reading.

[2] Ayscough MSS. no. 4769 (Fragment of a Narrative, referred to in the previous Note), pp. 100 et seqq.

LETTER CXIX.

HERE is another small excerpt from Bulstrode, which we may take along with us ; a small speck of dark Ireland and its affairs rendered luminous for an instant. To which there is reference in this Letter. We saw Enniscorthy taken on the last day of September, the 'Castle and Village of Enniscorthy,' 'which belongs to Mr. Robert Wallop ;' a Garrison was settled there ; and this in some three-months time is what becomes of it.

9th January 1649, Letters reach Bulstrode, perhaps a fortnight after date, 'That the Enemy surprised Enniscorthy Castle in this manner : Some Irish Gentlemen feasted the Garrison Soldiers ; and sent in women to sell them strong-water, of which they drank too much ; and then the Irish fell upon them, took the Garrison, and put all the Officers and Soldiers to the sword.' Sharp practice on the part of the Irish Gentlemen ; and not well advised ! Which constrained the Lord Lieutenant, when he heard of it, to order 'that the Irish,' Papist or suspected Irish, 'should be *put out* of such Garrisons as were in the power of Parliament,'[1]—sent to seek quarters elsewhere.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England : These.

Castletown, 15th Feb. 1649.

MR. SPEAKER,

Having refreshed our men for some short time in our Winter-quarters,[2] and health being pretty well recovered, we thought fit to take the field ; and to attempt such things as God by His providence should lead us to upon the Enemy.

Our resolution was to fall into the Enemy's quarters two ways. The one party, being about fifteen or sixteen troops of horse and dragoons and about two-thousand foot, were ordered to go up by the way of Carrick into the County of Kilkenny under the command of Colonel Reynolds ; whom Major-General Ireton was to follow with a reserve. I myself was to go by the way of Mallow,[3] over the Blackwater, towards

[1] Whitlocke, p. 421.

[2] Youghal had been the head-quarter.

[3] 'Muyallo' he writes, and 'Mayallo.'

the County of Limerick and the County of Tipperary, with about twelve troops of horse, and three troops of dragoons, and between two and three hundred foot.

I began my march upon Tuesday the Nine-and-twentieth of January, from Youghal: and upon Thursday the One-and-thirtieth, I possessed a Castle called Kilkenny, upon the edge of the County of Limerick; where I left thirty foot. From thence I marched to a Strong-house belonging to Sir Richard Everard (called Clogheen),[1] who is one of the Supreme Council; where I left a troop of horse and some dragoons. From thence I marched to Roghill Castle, which was possessed by some Ulster foot, and a party of the Enemy's horse; which upon summons (I having taken the Captain of horse prisoner before) was rendered to me. These places being thus possessed gave us much command (together with some other holds we have) of the White-Knights' and Roche's Country; and of all the land from Mallow to the Suir-side;—especially by 'help of' another Castle, called Old Castletown, 'which,' since my march, 'was' taken by my Lord of Broghil. Which I had sent to his Lordship to endeavour; as also a Castle of Sir Edward Fitz-harris, over the Mountains in the County of Limerick;—I having left his Lordship at Mallow, with about six or seven hundred horse and four or five hundred foot, to protect those parts, and your interest in Munster; lest while we were abroad, Inchiquin, whose forces lay about Limerick and the County of Kerry, should fall in behind us. His Lordship drew two cannon to the aforesaid Castle; which having summoned, they refused. His Lordship, having bestowed about ten shot upon it, which made their stomachs come down,—he gave all the soldiers quarter for life; and shot all the Officers, being six in number, to death. Since the taking of these Garrisons, the Irish have sent their commissioners to compound for their contribution as far as the walls of Limerick.

I marched from Roghill Castle over the Suir, with very much difficulty; and from thence to Fethard, almost in the heart of the County of Tipperary; where was a Garrison of the

[1] 'Cloghern' in the old Newspaper; but it seems to be misprinted, as almost all these names are. 'Roghill' I find nowhere now extant.

Enemy. The Town is most pleasantly seated ; having a very good Wall with round and square bulwarks, after the old manner of fortifications. We came thither in the night, and indeed were very much distressed by sore and tempestuous wind and rain. After a long march, we knew not well how to dispose of ourselves ; but finding an old Abbey in the suburbs, and some cabins and poor houses,—we got into them, and had opportunity to send 'the Garrison' a summons. They shot at my trumpet ; and would not listen to him, for an hour's space : but having some Officers in our party whom they knew, I sent them, To let them know I was there with a good part of the Army. We shot not a shot at them ; but they were very angry, and fired very earnestly upon us ; telling us, It was not a time of night to send a summons. But yet in the end, the Governor was willing to send out two commissioners, —I think rather to see whether there was a force sufficient to force him, than to any other end. After almost a whole night spent in treaty, the Town was delivered to me the next morning, upon terms which we usually call honourable ; which I was the willinger to give, because I had little above Two-hundred foot, and neither ladders nor guns, nor any thing else to force them. That night, there being about Seventeen companies of the Ulster foot in Cashel, above five miles from thence, they quit it in some disorder ; and the Sovereign and the Aldermen sent to me a petition, desiring that I would protect them. Which I have also made a quarter.

From thence I marched towards Callan ; hearing that Colonel Reynolds was there, with the Party before mentioned. When I came thither, I found he had fallen upon the Enemy's horse, and routed them (being about a hundred), with his forlorn ; 'he' took my Lord of Ossory's Captain-Lieutenant, and another Lieutenant of horse, prisoners ;—and one of those who betrayed our Garrison of Enniscorthy ; whom we hanged. The Enemy had possessed three Castles in the Town ; one of them belonging to one Butler, very considerable ; the other two had about a hundred or hundred-and-twenty men in them,—which 'latter' he attempted ; and they, refusing conditions seasonably offered, were put all to the sword. In-

deed some of your soldiers did attempt very notably in this service :—I do not hear there were six men of ours lost. Butler's Castle was delivered upon conditions, for all to march away, leaving their arms behind them. Wherein I have placed a company of foot and a troop of horse, under the command of my Lord Colvil ; the place being six miles from Kilkenny. From hence Colonel Reynolds was sent with his regiment to remove a Garrison of the Enemy's from Knocktofer (being the way of our communication to Ross) ; which accordingly he did.

We marched back with the rest of the body to Fethard [1] and Cashel: where we are now quartered,—having good plenty both of horse meat and man's meat for a time ; and being indeed, we may say, even almost in the heart and bowels of the Enemy ; ready to attempt what God shall next direct. And blessed be His name only for this good success ; and for this 'also,' That we do not find our men are at all considerably sick upon this expedition, though indeed it hath been very blustering weather.—

I had almost forgot one business: The Major-General was very desirous to gain a Pass over the Suir ; where indeed we had none but by boat, or when the weather served. Wherefore, on Saturday in the evening, he marched with a party of horse and foot to Ardfinnan ; where was a Bridge, and at the foot of it a strong Castle. Which he, about four o'clock the next morning, attempted ;—killed about thirteen of the Enemy's outguard ; lost but two men, and eight or ten wounded: the Enemy yielded the place to him, and we are possessed of it,—being a very considerable Pass, and the nearest to our Pass at Cappoquin over the Blackwater, whither we can bring guns, ammunition, or other things from Youghal by water, and 'then' over this Pass to the Army. The County of Tipperary have submitted to 1,500*l.* a-month contribution, although they have six or seven of the Enemy's Garrisons yet upon them.

Sir, I desire the charge of England as to this War may be abated as much as may be, and as we know you do desire, out

[1] Letter, 'Fethard, 9th February,' to Colonel Phayr, Governer of Cork, for reinforcements: Appendix, No. 18.

of your care to the Commonwealth. But if you expect your work to be done, if the marching Army be not constantly paid, and the course taken that hath been humbly represented, —indeed it will not be for the thrift of England, as far as England is concerned in the speedy reduction of Ireland. The money we raise upon the Counties maintains the Garrison forces; and hardly that. If the active force be not maintained, and all contingencies defrayed, how can you expect but to have a lingering business of it? Surely we desire not to spend a shilling of your treasury, wherein our consciences do not prompt us. We serve you; we are willing to be out of[1] our trade of war; and shall hasten, by God's assistance and grace, to the end of our work, as the labourer doth to be at his rest. This makes us bold to be earnest with you for necessary supplies:—that of money is one. And there be some other things,—which indeed I do not think for your service to speak of publicly, which I shall humbly represent to the Council of State,—wherewith I desire we may be accommodated.

Sir, the Lord, who doth all these things, gives hopes of a speedy issue to this business; and, I am persuaded, will graciously appear in it. And truly there is no fear of the strength and combination of enemies round about, nor of slanderous tongues at home. God hath hitherto fenced you against all those, to wonder and amazement; they are tokens of your prosperity and success:—only it will be good for you, and us that serve you, to fear the Lord; to fear unbelief, self-seeking, confidence in an arm of flesh, and opinion of any instruments that they are other than as dry bones. That God be merciful in these things, and bless you, is the humble prayer of, Sir, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

Commons Journals, 25th February 1649–50: 'A Letter from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, from Castletown, 15° *Februarii* 1649, was this day read; and ordered to be forthwith printed and pub-

[1] to have done with.

[2] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 77); see also Commons Journals, 25th February 1649–50.

lished. *Ordered*, That a Letter of Thanks be sent to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and that Mr. Scott do prepare the Letter; and that Mr. Speaker do sign the same. *Resolved*, That the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland have the use of the Lodgings called the Cockpit, of the Spring Garden and St. James's House, and the command of St. James's Park.'

This Letter of Thanks, and very handsome *Resolution* did, as we shall find, come duly to hand. The Cockpit was then and long afterwards a sumptuous Royal 'Lodging' in Whitehall; Henry the Eighth's place of Cock-fighting:—stood till not very long ago, say the Topographers, where the present Privy-Council Office is. The Cromwell Family hereupon prepared to remove thither; not without reluctance on Mrs. Cromwell's part, as Ludlow intimates.

LETTER CXX.

Deep sunk among the Paper-Masses of the British Museum is an anonymous Fragment of a *Narrative of Oliver's Campaign in Ireland;* Fragment copied, as would seem, several generations ago, from an earlier Original, the beginning and end of which were already lost,—torn off by careless hands, and consumed as waste-paper. The Copyist, with due hopeful punctuality, has left blank leaves at the beginning and end: but to no purpose; they are and continue blank leaves. In this mutilated obscure state, it lies among the Manuscripts of the British Museum;—will perhaps be printed by some Dryasdust Society, in time.[1] It is by no means a Narrative of much merit: entirely anonymous, as we say, without specific date or outward indication of any kind; but written as if by a contemporary or even a fellow-actor, in a flat, diffuse, but authentic and exact manner. In obscure cases, as we have already found, it is worth consulting here and there;—contains, in particular, the following and some other unimportant Cromwell Letters, not found elsewhere, which we make a duty of preserving.

[1] It is already printed, and has been for a hundred years,—though the sleepy Catalogues give no sign! As Appendix to the Reprint of [Borlace's] History of the Irish Rebellion (Dublin, 1743), the Piece is given entire, with 'Mr. Cliffe, Ireton's Secretary,' specified as Author. The Museum Copy 'wants only some three lines at one end and fifteen at the other;' and has 'insignificant verbal variations' from the Printed Copy, where they have been collated. Our sole authority here is still the Manuscript. (Note to Third Edition.)

For the Governor of Cahir Castle: These.

'Before Cahir,' 24th Feb. 1649.

SIR,

Having brought the Army and my cannon near this place,—according to my usual manner in summoning places, I thought fit to offer you Terms, honourable for soldiers: That you may march away, with your baggage, arms and colours; free from injury or violence. But if I be necessitated to bend my cannon upon you, you must expect the extremity usual in such cases.

To avoid blood, this is offered to you by, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

What became of Cahir Castle, of it and of others, will appear in the next Letter.

LETTER CXXI.

'*For the Honourable John Bradshaw, Esquire, President of the Council of State: These.*'

Cashel, 5th March 1649.

'SIR,'

* * * It pleaseth God still to enlarge your interest here. The Castle of Cahir, very considerable, built upon a rock, and seated in an island in the midst of the Suir, was lately rendered to me. It cost the Earl of Essex, as I am informed, about eight-weeks siege with his army and artillery.[2] It is now yours without the loss of one man. So also is the Castle of Kiltinan; a very large and strong Castle of the Lord of Dunboyne's; this latter I took-in with my cannon, without the loss of a man.

We have taken the Castle of Golden Bridge, another pass upon the Suir; as also the Castle of Dundrum, at which we lost about six men,—Colonel Zanchy, who commanded the

[1] Narrative Fragment (in Ayscough MSS. no. 4769, cited above).

[2] In 1599 (Camden; in Kennet, ii. 614); but the 'eight weeks' are by no means mentioned in Camden! The Castle, a rather extensive building, overlooking from its rock 'the left bank of the main stream of the River,' is now a barrack for soldiers. Anciently, and still, a chief place of the *Butler* Family.

party, being shot through the hand. We have placed another strong Garrison at Ballynakill, upon the edge of King's and Queen's Counties. We have divers Garrisons in the County of Limerick; and by these we take away the Enemy's subsistence, and diminish their contributions. By which in time I hope they will sink. * * * *

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

LETTERS CXXII.—CXXXII.

HENRY CROMWELL, 'Colonel Henry,' and the Lord Broghil are busy with Inchiquin in Limerick County, to good purpose; as other Colonels are with other rebels elsewhere, everywhere; and 'our Enemies will not stand, but have marched to Kilkenny.' Kilkenny once taken, 'it is not thought they will be able to recruit their Army, or take the field again this summer.' On Friday 22d March, the Lord Lieutenant comes in view of Kilkenny: here, out of dim old pamphlets and repositories, readjusted into some degree of clearness, is sufficient record of what befell there. The first Summons goes on Friday evening:

LETTER CXXII.

To the Governor, and Mayor and Aldermen, of the City of Kilkenny: These.

'Before Kilkenny,' 22d March 1649.

GENTLEMEN,

My coming hither is to endeavour, if God so please to bless me, the reduction of the City of Kilkenny to their obedience to the State of England;—from which, by an unheard-of Massacre of the innocent English, you have endeavoured to rend yourselves. And as God hath begun to judge you with His sore plagues, so will He follow you until He hath destroyed you, if you repent not. Your Cause hath been judged already in England upon them who did abet your evils:[2] what may the Principals then expect?—

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 77); see also Commons Journals (vi. 381) 12th March 1649-50.

[2] Connor Lord Macguire (State Trials, iv. 654-754, 7th Feb. 1644-5), he and others have had public trial, doom and death, long since, for that: by the Law of England, well ascertained, known, and acted on, this long while, it is death to have been concerned in that.

By this free dealing, you see I entice you not to a compliance. You may have Terms 'such as' may save you in your lives, liberties and estates, according to what may be fitting for me to grant and you to receive. If you choose for the worst, blame yourselves. In confidence of the gracious blessing and presence of God with His own Cause, which by many testimonies this is,—I shall hope for a good issue upon my endeavours. Expecting a return from you, I rest, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

In Kilkenny are two military Governors, one of the City, one of the Castle; a Mayor with his Citizens and Civic Functionaries; not to speak of Priests, miscellaneous clerical or other wreck of the once Supreme Council of Kilkenny, now hastily exploded: all of whom this Letter of Friday evening throws into the natural agitation,—into the necessity of some swift resolution conjunct or several. On the morrow morning, Butler, 'Sir Walter Butler,' Governor of the City, answers with lion heart, or at least with lion voice and face, laconically in the name of all:

"*For General Cromwell.*

"Kilkenny, 23 Martii 1649.

"SIR,—Your Letter I have received; and in answer thereof:—I am commanded to maintain this City for his Majesty; which, by the power of God, I am resolved to do.—Sir,—your servant,

"WALTER BUTLER."

So that we have nothing for it but to 'take the best view we can where to plant our batteries;'—send, in the mean while, another Letter with more precise explanation of our terms,—Letter now lost,—which probably occupies the Governor and Civic Authorities during Saturday and Sunday; and on Monday morning, by which time our batteries too are about ready, produces from the Governor new emphatic refusal:

"*For General Cromwell.*

"Kilkenny, 25 Martii 1649 [*should be* 1650].

"SIR,—Your last Letter I received, and in answer:—I have such confidence in God to maintain this place as I will not lose it

[1] Narrative Fragment (in Ayscough MSS. no. 4769): found likewise, with date 23d March, in King's Pamphlets, sm. 4to, no. 464, art. 2; where the rest of these Kilkenny Letters are.

upon such terms as you offer, but will sooner lose my life and the lives of all that are here rather than submit to such dishonourable conditions. So I rest,—Sir,—your servant,

"WALTER BUTLER."

Whereupon, 'on Monday the 25th, our batteries,' unhappily only consisting of three guns, will have to open; and for the lion-voiced Governor there goes off this answer:

LETTER CXXIII.

For the Governor of Kilkenny.

'Before Kilkenny,' 25th March 1650.

SIR,

If you had been as clear as I was in my last,[1] I might perhaps have understood you so as to give you some farther answer: but, you expressing nothing particularly what you have to except-against in mine, I have nothing more to return save this, That for some reasons I cannot let your Trumpeter suddenly come back, but have sent you this by a Drummer of my own. I rest, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

Your Trumpeter cannot suddenly come back, 'for some reasons,' chiefly for this,—that our poor batteries are about to begin to play, and that, in fact, we have a thought of storming you.—Governor Butler, hearing the batteries begin to play, makes haste to specify his conditions; which still seem rather high:

"*For General Cromwell.*

"Kilkenny, 25 Martii 1650.

"SIR,—Yours of this instant I received; the particulars which you would have me express are these:

"That the Mayor and Citizens and all the other inhabitants and others now resident in the City and liberties thereof, with their servants, shall be secured with their lives, liberties, estates and goods, and live in their own habitations with all freedom: And that our Clergymen and all others here residing, of what degree, condition or quality soever, that shall be minded to depart, shall

[1] Second Letter, now lost.

[2] King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, p. 13.

be permitted to depart safely hence with their goods and whatsoever they have, to what place soever they please within this realm, and in their departure shall be safely convoyed: And that the said Inhabitants shall have free trade and traffic with all places under the Parliament of England's command and elsewhere: And that the foresaid Inhabitants shall have their arms, ammunition and artillery for their own defence, the Town and liberties thereof paying such reasonable contribution as shall be agreed upon, and not to be otherwise charged: And that the Governors, Commanders, Officers and Soldiers, both horse and foot, now garrisoned as well in the Castle as in the City, without exception of any of them, shall safely march hence," whither they list, "with their arms, ammunition, artillery, bag and baggage, and whatsoever else belongs to them; with their drums beating, colours flying, matches burning, and bullet in bouch" (musketeer's 'bouch,' *bouche* or *cheek*, in which at this epoch he keeps his bullets for immediate use); "and that they have a competent time for their departure and carrying away their goods, with a sufficient and safe convoy. And that Major Nicholas Wall, and all others Commanders, Officers and Soldiers who came out of the English quarters, now residing here, shall have the benefit of this Agreement. Without which, I am resolved to maintain this place, with God's help.

"Thus expecting your answer, and that during this treaty there shall be a cessation of arms, I rest,—Sir,—your servant,

WALTER BUTLER."

These terms are still somewhat lion-voiced; but our batteries, such as they are, continue playing; the tone, before next morning, abates a little, and this other Note has gone;—accompanied by one from the Mayor, which is now lost, but of which we can still guess the purport:

"*For General Cromwell.*

"Kilkenny, 25 Martii 1650.

"SIR,—Although I may not doubt, with God's help, to maintain this place, as I have formerly written,—yet I do send the Bearer to let you know, That I am content to treat with you of the Proposals to be made on either side, so that there be a cessation of arms and all acts of hostility during that treaty. So, expecting your answer, I rest,—your servant, WALTER BUTLER."

Meanwhile, having spent 'about a hundred shot' upon it, a breach discloses itself, which we hope is stormable. Storming

party, on Tuesday the 26th, is accordingly drawn out, waiting the signal; and on another side of the City, 'Colonel Ewer with 1,000 men' is to assault the quarter called the Irish Town. These Answers go, to their respective destinations:

LETTER CXXIV.

For the Governor of Kilkenny.

'Before Kilkenny,' 26th March 1650.

SIR,

Except the conditions were much bettered, and we in a worse posture and capacity to reduce you than before the last Letters I sent you,—I cannot imagine whence those high Demands of yours arise. I hope in God, before it be long you may have occasion to think other thoughts; to which I leave you.

I shall not so much as treat with you on those Propositions. You desire some articles for honour's sake; which out of honesty, I do deny:—viz. that of marching in the equipage you mention, 'muskets loaded, matches burning, &c.' I tell you, my business is to reduce you *from* arms, and the country to quietness and due subjection; to put an end to the War, and not to lengthen it;—wishing, if it may stand with the will of God, this People may live as happily as they did before the bloody Massacre, and better too. If you and the company with you be of those who resolve to continue to hinder this, we know Who is able to reach you, and, I believe, will.

For the Inhabitants of the Town, of whom you seem to have a care, you know your retreat[1] to be better than theirs; and therefore it's not impoliticly done to speak for them, and to engage them to keep us as long from you as they can. If they be willing to expose themselves to ruin for you, you are much beholding unto them.

As for your "Clergymen" as you call them, in case you agree for a surrender, they shall march away safely, with their goods and what belongs to them: but if they fall otherwise into my hands, I believe they know what to expect from me. —If upon what I proposed formerly, with this addition con-

[1] means of surety and withdrawal.

cerning *them*, you expect things to be cleared, I am content to have Commissioners for that purpose. I rest, Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

LETTER CXXV.

To the Mayor of Kilkenny.

'Before Kilkenny,' 26th March 1650.

SIR,

Though I could have wished you and the Citizens had been indeed more sensible of your own interests and concernments,—yet since you are minded to involve it so much with that of soldiers, I am glad to understand you, which will be some direction to me what to think and what to do. I rest, your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

On signal given, the storming party of the breach, and Colonel Ewer at the Irish Town fall on: Colonel Ewer with good success; the storming party with indifferent or bad,—finding, after the breach is got, interior retrenchments, counterworks, palisadoes, hot fire; and drawing back, with the loss of 'Captain Frewen, and 20 or 30 men.' Ewer, however, is master of the Irish Town; the breach is still there,—*more* stormable than Tredah was, it may be hoped! Here in the interim is new anxious response from the Mayor:

"*For the Right Honourable General Cromwell.*

"Kilkenny, 26th March 1650.

"RIGHT HONOURABLE,—I received your Honour's Letter in answer to mine which I wrote unto your Honour in pursuance of the Propositions sent by our Governor unto your Honour, for obtaining of the said conditions,—which seemed unto us almost befitting to be granted; the military part having exposed themselves for our defence; which obligeth us not to accept of any conditions but such as may be befitting them. I desire your Honour to grant a Cessation of arms, and that Hostages on both sides be sent, and Commissioners appointed to treat of the conditions. I rest,—your Honour's servant,

"JAMES ARCHDAKIN, Mayor of Kilkenny."

[1] King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, pp. 17, 18.
[2] King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, p. 14.

To which we answer:

LETTER CXXVI.

For the Mayor of Kilkenny.

'Before Kilkenny,' 26th March 1650.

SIR,

Those whom God hath brought to a sense of His hand upon them, and to amend, submitting themselves thereto and to the Power to which He hath subjected them, I cannot but pity and tender: and so far as that effect appears in you and your fellow-citizens, I shall be ready, without capitulation, to do more and better for you and them upon that ground, than upon the high Demands of your Governor, or his capitulations for you.

I suppose he hath acquainted you with what I briefly offered yesterday, in relation to yourself and the Inhabitants; —otherwise he hath the more to answer for to God and man. And notwithstanding the advantages (as to the commanding and entering the Town) which God hath given us since that offer, more than we were possessed of before,—yet I am still willing, upon your surrender, to make good the same to the City, and that with advantage.

Now in regard of that temper which appears amongst you by your Letters,—though I shall not engage for more upon the Governor's demands for you, whose power I conceive is now greater to prejudice and endanger the City than to protect it; 'nevertheless,' to save it from plunder and pillage, I 'have' promised the Soldiery that, if we should take it by storm, the Inhabitants shall give them a reasonable Gratuity in money, in lieu of the pillages; and so made it death for any man to plunder. Which I shall still keep them to, by God's help, although we should be put to make an entry by force, unless I shall find the Inhabitants engaging still with the Governor and 'his' Soldiery to make resistance. You may see also the way I chose for reducing the place was such as tended most to save the Inhabitants from pillage, and from perishing promiscuously the innocent with the guilty:—to wit, by attempting places which being possessed might bring it to a surrender, rather than to enter the City itself by force.

If what is here expressed may beget resolution in you which would occasion your safety and be consistent with the end of my coming hither, I shall be glad; and rest, your friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Urged by the Mayor, by Colonel Ewer, and the course of destiny, the Governor's lion-voice has abated; he writes:

"*For General Cromwell.*

"Kilkenny, 26 Martii 1650.

"SIR,—In answer of your Letter:—If you be pleased to appoint Officers for a Treaty for the surrender of the Castle and City upon soldierlike conditions, I will also appoint Officers of such quality as are in the Garrison;—provided that Hostages of equality be sent on both sides, and a cessation of arms be also granted during the Treaty. Assuring a performance, on my side, of all that will be agreed upon, I rest,—Sir,—your servant, WALTER BUTLER.

"P.S. I desire to know what's become of my Trumpeter I employed two days ago."

LETTER CXXVII.

To the Governor of Kilkenny.

'Before Kilkenny,' 26th March 1650.

SIR,

That no extremity may happen for want of a right understanding, I am content that Commissioners on each side do meet, in the Leaguer at the South side of the City; authorised to treat and conclude. For which purpose, if you shall speedily send me the names and qualities of the Commissioners you will send out, I shall appoint the like number on my part, authorised as aforesaid, to meet with them; and shall send-in a Safe-conduct for the coming out and return of yours. As for Hostages, I conceive it needless and dilatory. I expect that the Treaty begin by 8 of the clock this evening, and end by 12; during which time only will I grant a Cessation. Expecting your speedy answer, I rest, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

[1] King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, pp. 15, 16.

Governor answers, at a late hour: Time is too short; impossible to end so soon; 'your Trumpeter did not arrive till *nine:*'—Commissioners are 'Major John Crawford, Captain David Turnbull, James Cowley Esq. Recorder of this City, and Edward Rothe Merchant.' these will meet yours, where specified, at six tomorrow morning,—'so as Hostages be sent for their safe return; for without Hostages the Gentlemen will not go.'

LETTER CXXVIII.

To the Governor of Kilkenny.

'Before Kilkenny,' 27th March 1650.

SIR,

The reason of the so late coming of my answer was because my Trumpeter was refused to be received at the North end of the Town; and where he was admitted, was kept long upon the Guard.

I have sent you a Safe-conduct for the Four Commissioners named by you; and if they be such as are unwilling to take my word, I shall not, to humour them, agree to Hostages. I am willing to a Treaty for four hours, provided it be begun by 12 of the clock this morning: but for a Cessation, the time last appointed for it being past, I shall not agree unto 'it,' to hinder my own proceedings. Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

After which straightway, with official Warrant, signed both by the City Governor and by the Castle one ('Ja. Welsh'), come the Four Commissioners; and then speedily the Treaty perfects itself: City and Garrison surrender wholly; City to pay ransom of 2,000*l.* at specified short dates, Recorder Cowley and Merchant Rothe remaining 'hostages till it be paid:' Soldiers to march out, 'bullet in bouch,' with all the honours of war; but at the end of two miles to put bullet out of bouch, arms and war-honours wholly down, and, 'except 100 muskets and 100 pikes allowed them for defence against the Tories,' go off in an entirely pacific form. Thus go they;—and the Siege of Kilkenny, happily for all parties, for us here among others, terminates.

[1] King's Pamphlets no. 464, art. 2, pp. 15, 16.

LETTER CXXIX.

A ROUGH brief Note, on accidental business, 'concerning Cork House;' more interesting to the Boyle Genealogists and Dublin Antiquaries than to us.

The 'Commissioners at Dublin' are Parliamentary Commissioners, of whom there have been various successive sets, the last set just appointed,[1] for various administrative objects,—chiefly, just now, for 'advancement of the Gospel' by 'Sale of Dean-and-Chapter Lands,' to pay fit Preachers with, and provide right Churches for them. 'Cork House' is not Lismore, but the Family Mansion in Dublin; it stood on Cork Hill then, and has quite vanished now: the 'Dean at Dublin' has or had some interest in it, which might advance the Gospel if bestowed well.

'To the Commissioners at Dublin: These.'

'Carrick-on-Suir,' 1st April 1650.

GENTLEMEN,

Being desired by the Countess of Cork that nothing may be done by way of disposal of such part of Cork House as is holden of the Dean in Dublin (in case my Lord of Cork's interest be determined therein); and that my Lord of Cork may have the refusal thereof before any other, in regard his Father has been at great charge in building thereof, and some part of the same House is[2] my Lord's inheritance, and in that respect the other part would not be so convenient for any other:

Which motion I conceive to be very reasonable. And therefore I desire you not to dispose of any part of the said House to any person whatsoever, until you hear farther from me; my Lady having undertaken, in a short time, as soon as she can come at the sight of her writings 'so as' to be satisfied what interest my Lord of Cork hath yet to come therein, my Lord will renew his term in the said House, or give full resolution therein. I rest, your loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

[1] 8th March 1649-50 (Commons Journals, vi. 379): 'Colonel John Hewson Governor of Dublin, Sir Robert King, William Hawkins, Daniel Hutchinson, William Lawrence, Esqrs., or any three of them, with the consent of the Lord Lieutenant.'

[2] 'being' in orig.

[3] Old Copy, 'The Coppie of my Lord Lieutenant's Letter to the Commissioners at Dublin concerninge Corke House;' now in the possession of Sir W. Betham, Ulster King of Arms.

'My Lady of Cork,' the second Earl's Wife, Lord Broghil's sister-in-law, has good access to the Lord Lieutenant at present:—will find her business drag, nevertheless.[1]

LETTER CXXX.

Official Despatch, briefly recapitulating that affair of Kilkenny and some others;—points also towards return to England.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Carrick, 2d April 1650.

Mr. Speaker,

I think the last Letter I troubled you with, was about the taking of Cahir, since which time there were taken, by beating-up their quarters, two Colonels, a Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, and divers Captains, all of horse: Colonel Johnson,[2] Lieutenant-Colonel Laughern, and Major Simes, were shot to death, as having served under the Parliament, but now taken up arms with the Enemy.

Hearing that Castlehaven and Lieut.-General Ferral were about Kilkenny, with their Army lying there quartered, and about Carlow and Leighlin Bridge; and hearing also that Colonel Hewson, with a good Party from Dublin, was come as far as Ballysonan,[3] and had taken it,—we thought fit to send an express to him, To march up towards us for a conjunction. And because we doubted the sufficiency of his Party to march with that security that were to be wished, Colonel Shilbourn was ordered to go with some troops of horse out of the County of Wexford, which was his station, to meet him. And because the Enemy was possessed of the fittest places upon the Barrow for our conjunction, we sent a Party of seven or eight hundred horse and dragoons and about five-hundred foot, to attempt upon Castlehaven in the rear, if he should have endeavoured to defend the places against Colonel Hewson.

[1] Commons Journals, vi. 434; Lodge's Peerage (Archdall's), i. 170; &c.

[2] The other Colonel, Randall Claydon, was tried and condemned with the others; but pardoned. See Letter in Appendix, No. 20; and Whitlocke. (*Note of* 1857.)

[3] See Whitlocke, p. 430; Carte, ii. 113

Our Party, being a light nimble Party, was at the Barrow-side before Colonel Hewson could be heard of; and possessed a House, by the Graigue; they marched towards Leighlin, and faced Castlehaven at a pretty distance; but he showed no forwardness to engage. Our Party not being able to hear of Colonel Hewson, came back as far as Thomastown, a small walled Town, and a pass upon the Nore, between Kilkenny and Ross. Which our men attempting to take, the Enemy made no great resistance; but, by the advantage of the bridge, quitted the Town, and fled to a Castle about half a mile distant off, which they had formerly possessed. That night the President of Munster [1] and myself came up to the Party. We summoned the Castle; and, after two days, it was surrendered to us; the Enemy leaving their arms, drums, colours and ammunition behind them, and engaging never to bear arms more against the Parliament of England.

We lay still after this about two or three days. The President went back to Fethard, to bring up some great guns, with a purpose to attempt upon the Granny,[2] and some Castles thereabouts, for the better blocking-up of Waterford; and to cause to advance up to us some more of our foot. In the end we had advertisement that Colonel Hewson was come to Leighlin; where was a very strong Castle and pass over the Barrow. I sent him word that he should attempt it; which he did; and, after some dispute, reduced it. By which means we have a good pass over the Barrow, and intercourse between Munster and Leinster. I sent Colonel Hewson word that he should march up to me; and we, advancing likewise with our Party, met 'him,'—near by Gowran; a populous Town, where the Enemy had a very strong Castle, under the command of Colonel Hammond; a Kentishman, who was a principal actor in the Kentish Insurrection,[3] and did manage the Lord Capel's business at his Trial. I sent him a civil invitation to deliver up the Castle unto me; to which he returned me a very resolute answer, and full of height. We planted our artillery; and before we had made a breach con-

[1] Ireton (Commons Journals, 4th December 1649).

[2] Now a ruin near Waterford; he spells it 'Granno.'

[3] In 1648. None of our Hammonds.

siderable, the Enemy beat a parley for a treaty ; which I, having offered so fairly to him, refused ; but sent him in positive conditions, That the soldiers should have their lives, and the Commission Officers to be disposed of as should be thought fit ; which in the end was submitted to. The next day, the Colonel, the Major, and the rest of the Commission Officers were shot to death ; all but one, who, being a very earnest instrument to have the Castle delivered, was pardoned.[1] In the same Castle also we took a Popish Priest, who was Chaplain to the Catholics in this regiment ; who was caused to be hanged. I trouble you with this the rather, because this regiment was the Lord of Ormond's own regiment. In this Castle was good store of provisions for the Army.

After the taking of this Castle, it was agreed amongst us to march to the City of Kilkenny. Which we did upon Friday the 22d of March : and coming with our body within a mile of the Town, we advanced with some horse very near unto it ; and that evening I sent Sir Walter Butler and the Corporation a Letter. We took the best view we could where to plant our batteries ; and upon Monday the 25th, our batteries, consisting of three guns, began to play. After near a hundred shot, we made a breach, as we hoped stormable. Our men were drawn out ready for the attempt ; and Colonel Ewer 'was' ordered, with about one-thousand foot, to endeavour to possess the Irish Town, much about the time of our storming ;—which he accordingly did, with the loss of not above three or four men. Our men upon the signal fell on upon the breach : which indeed was not performed with usual courage nor success ; for they were beaten off, with the loss of one Captain, and about twenty or thirty men killed and wounded. The Enemy had made two retrenchments or counterworks, which they had strongly palisadoed : and both of them did so command our breach, that indeed it was a mercy to us we did not farther contend for an entrance there ; it being probable that, if we had, it would have cost us very dear.

[1] Infra, vol. v., Appendix, No. 20, is some farther notice of this one.

Having possessed the Irish Town; and there being another Walled Town on the other side of the River, eight companies of foot were sent over the River to possess that. Which accordingly was effected, and not above the like number lost that were in possessing the Irish Town. The Officer that commanded this party in chief attempted to pass over the Bridge into the City, and to fire the Gate; which indeed was done with good resolution;—but, lying too open to the Enemy's shot, he had forty or fifty men killed and wounded; which was a sore blow to us. We made our preparations for a second battery; which was well near perfected: 'but' the Enemy, seeing himself thus begirt, sent for a Treaty; and had it; and, in some hours, agreed to deliver up the Castle upon the Articles enclosed. Which, 'accordingly,' we received upon Thursday the 28th of March.—We find the Castle exceeding well fortified by the industry of the Enemy; being also very capacious: so that if we had taken the Town, we must have had a new work for the Castle, which might have cost much blood and time. So that, we hope, the Lord hath provided better for us; and we look at it as a gracious mercy that we have the place for you upon these terms.

Whilst these affairs were transacting, a Lieutenant-Colonel, three Majors, eight Captains, being English, Welsh and Scotch, with others, possessed of Cantwell Castle,[1]—a very strong Castle, situated in a bog, well furnished with provisions of corn,—were ordered by Sir Walter Butler to come to strengthen the Garrison of Kilkenny. But they sent two Officers to me, to offer me the place, and their service,—that they might have passes to go beyond sea to serve foreign states, with some money to bear their charges: the last whereof 'likewise' I consented to; they promising to do nothing to the prejudice of the Parliament of England. Colonel Abbot also attempted Ennisnag: where were gotten a company of rogues which 'had' revolted from Colonel Jones.[2]

[1] 'Cantwell,' still known among the peasantry by that name, is now called Sandford's Court; close upon Kilkenny: 'Donkill' seems to be Donhill, a ruined strength not far from Waterford. Of Pulkerry and Ballopoin, in this paragraph, I can hear no tidings.

[2] The late Michael Jones.

The Soldiers capitulated for life, and their two Officers were hanged for revolting. Adjutant-General Sadler was commanded with two guns to attempt some Castles in the County of Tipperary and Kilkenny; which being reduced 'would' exceedingly tend to the blocking-up of two considerable Towns. He summoned Pulkerry, a Garrison under Clonmel; battered it; they refusing to come out, stormed it; put thirty or forty of them to the sword, and the rest remaining obstinate were fired in the Castle. He took Ballopoin; the Enemy marching away, leaving their arms behind them. He took also the Granny and Donkill, two very considerable places to Waterford, upon the same terms.—We have advanced our quarters towards the Enemy, a considerable way above Kilkenny; where we hope, by the gaining of ground, to get subsistence; and still to grow upon the Enemy, as the Lord shall bless us.

Sir, I may not be wanting to tell you, and renew it again, That our hardships are not a few; that I think in my conscience, if moneys be not supplied, we shall not be able to carry on your work:—I would not say this to you, if I did not reckon it my duty so to do. But if it be supplied, and that speedily, I hope, through the good hand of the Lord, it will not be long before England will be at an end of this charge; —for the saving of which, I beseech you help as soon as you can! Sir, our horse have not had one month's pay of five. We strain what we can that the foot may be paid, or else they would starve. Those Towns that are to be reduced, especially one or two of them, if we should proceed by the rules of other states, would cost you more money than this Army hath had since we came over. I hope, through the blessing of God, they will come cheaper to you: but how we should be able to proceed in our attempts without reasonable supply, is humbly submitted and represented to you. I think I need not say, that a speedy period put to this work will break the expectation of all your enemies. And seeing the Lord is not wanting to you, I most humbly beg it, that you would not be wanting to yourselves.

In the last place, it cannot be thought but the taking of

these places, and keeping but what is necessary of them, must needs swallow-up our Foot: and I may humbly repeat it again, That I do not know of much above Two-thousand of your Five-thousand recruits come to us.—Having given you this account concerning your affairs, I am now obliged to give you an account concerning myself, which I shall do with all clearness and honesty.

I have received divers private intimations of your pleasure to have me come in person to wait upon you in England; as also copies of Votes of the Parliament to that purpose. But considering the way they came to me was but 'by' private intimations, and the Votes did refer to a Letter to be signed by the Speaker,—I thought it would have been too much forwardness in me to have left my charge here, until the said Letter came; it being not fit for me to prophesy whether the Letter would be an absolute command, or having limitations with a liberty left by the Parliament to me, to consider in what way to yield my obedience. Your Letter came to my hands upon Friday the 22d of March, the same day that I came before the City of Kilkenny, and when I was near the same. And I understood by Dr. Cartwright, who delivered it to me, that reason of cross winds, and the want of shipping in the West of England where he was, hindered him from coming with it sooner; it bearing date the 8th of January, and not coming to my hands until the 22d of March.

The Letter supposed your Army in Winter-quarters, and the time of the year not suitable for present action; making this as the reason of your command. And your Forces have been in action ever since the 29th of January; and your Letter, which was to be the rule of my obedience, coming to my hands after our having been so long in action,—with respect had to the reasons you were pleased to use therein, 'I knew not what to do.' And having received a Letter signed by yourself, of the 26th of February,[1] which mentions not a word of the continuance of your pleasure concerning my coming over, I did humbly conceive it much consisting with my duty, hum-

[1] Antea, p. 136.

bly to beg a positive signification what your will is; professing (as before the Lord) that I am most ready to obey your commands herein with all alacrity; rejoicing only to be about that work which I am called to by those whom God hath set over me, which I acknowledge you to be; and fearing only in obeying you, to disobey you.

I most humbly and earnestly beseech you to judge for me, Whether your Letter doth not naturally allow me the liberty of begging a more clear expression of your command and pleasure. Which, when vouchsafed unto me, will find most ready and cheerful obedience from, Sir, your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

LETTER CXXXI.

HERE, of the same date, is a Letter to Mayor; and then a Letter to Richard; which concludes what we have in Ireland.

For my very loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley in Hampshire: These.

Carrick, 2d April 1650.

DEAR BROTHER,

For me to write unto you the state of our affairs here were more indeed than I have leisure well to do; and therefore I hope you do not expect it from me; seeing when I write to the Parliament I usually am, as becomes me, very particular with them; and usually from thence the knowledge thereof is spread.

Only this let me say, which is the best intelligence to Friends that are truly Christian: The Lord is pleased still to vouchsafe us His presence, and to prosper His own work in our hands;—which to us is the more eminent because truly we are a company of poor weak worthless creatures. Truly our work is neither from our own brains nor from our courage and strength: but we follow the Lord who goeth before, and

[1] King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2; Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 78–81). Printed, this Letter with the others on Kilkenny, by order of Parliament; messenger, 'Richard Lehunt' (Colonel Lehunt, I believe, Vol. I., p. 284), gets 50*l*. (Commons Journals, vi. 397, 13th April 1650.)

gather what He scattereth, that so all may appear to be from Him.

The taking of the City of Kilkenny hath been one of our last works; which indeed I believe hath been a great discomposing the Enemy,—it's so much in their bowels. We have taken many considerable places lately, without much loss. What can we say to these things! If God be for us, who can be against us? Who can fight against the Lord and prosper? Who can resist His will? The Lord keep us in His love.

I desire your prayers; your Family is often in mine. I rejoice to hear how it hath pleased the Lord to deal with my Daughter.[1] The Lord bless her, and sanctify all His dispensations to them and us. I have committed my Son to you; I pray counsel him. Some Letters I have lately had from him have a good savour: the Lord treasure up grace there, that out of that treasury he may bring forth good things.

Sir, I desire my very entire affection may be presented to my dear Sister, my Cousin Ann and the rest of my Cousins, —and to idle Dick Norton when you see him. Sir, I rest, your most loving brother, OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

LETTER CXXXII.

For my beloved Son Richard Cromwell, Esquire, at Hursley in Hampshire: These.

Carrick, 2d April 1650.

DICK CROMWELL,

I take your Letters kindly: I like expressions when they come plainly from the heart, and are not strained nor affected.

I am persuaded it's the Lord's mercy to place you where you are: I wish you may own it and be thankful, fulfilling all relations to the glory of God. Seek the Lord and His face continually:—let this be the business of your life and strength,

[1] In a hopeful way, I conclude! Richard's first child, according to Noble's registers, was not born till 3d November 1652 (Noble, i. 189); a boy, who died within three weeks. Noble's registers, as we shall soon see, are very defective.

[2] Harris, p. 512.

and let all things be subservient and in order to this! You cannot find nor behold the face of God but in Christ; therefore labour to know God in Christ; which the Scripture makes to be the sum of all, even Life Eternal. Because the true knowledge is not literal or speculative; 'no,' but inward; transforming the mind to it. It's uniting to, and *participating of*, the Divine Nature (*Second Peter*, i. 4): 'That by these ye might be partakers of the Divine Nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.' It's such a *knowledge* as Paul speaks of (*Philippians*, iii. 8–10): 'Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. For whom I have suffered the loss of all things; and do count them but dung that I may win Christ, and be found in Him,—not having mine own righteousness which is of the Law, but that which is through the Faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by Faith;—that I may know Him, and the power of His Resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings; being made conformable unto His Death.'[1] How little of this knowledge is among us! My weak prayers shall be for you.

Take heed of an unactive vain spirit! Recreate yourself with Sir Walter Raleigh's History: it's a Body of History; and will add much more to your understanding than fragments of Story.—Intend[2] to understand the Estate I have settled: it's your concernment to know it all, and how it stands. I have heretofore suffered much by too much trusting others. I know my brother Mayor will be helpful to you in all this.

You will think, perhaps, I need not advise you To love your Wife! The Lord teach you how to do it;—or else it will be done ill-favouredly. Though Marriage be no instituted Sacrament, yet where the undefiled bed is, and love, this union aptly resembles 'that of' Christ and His Church. If *you* can truly love your Wife, what 'love' doth Christ bear to His Church and every poor soul therein,—who "gave Himself"

[1] These sentences,—well known to Oliver; familiar to him in their phraseology, and in their sense too; and never to be *finally* forgotten by the earnest-hearted of the Sons of Men,—are not quoted in the Original, but merely indicated.

[2] Old word for 'endeavour.'

for it and to it!——Commend me to your Wife; tell her I entirely love her, and rejoice in the goodness of the Lord to her. I wish her everyway fruitful. I thank her for her loving Letter.

I have presented my love to my Sister and Cousin Ann &c. in my Letter to my Brother Mayor. I would not have him alter his affairs because of my debt. My purse is as his: my present thoughts are but To lodge such a sum for my two little Girls;—it's in his hand as well as anywhere. I shall not be wanting to accommodate him to his mind; I would not have him solicitous.—Dick, the Lord bless you every way. I rest, your loving Father, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

In the end of this month, 'the President Frigate,' President Bradshaw Frigate, sails from Milford Haven 'to attend his Excellency's pleasure,' and bring him home if he see good to come. He has still one storm to do there first; that of Clonmel, where 'Two-thousand foot, all Ulster men,' are gathered for a last struggle;—the death-agony of this War, after which it will fairly die, and be buried. A very fierce storm, and fire-whirlwind of last agony; whereof 'take this solid account by an eye-witness and hand-actor; and so leave this part of our subject. The date is 10th May 1650; 'a Letter from Clonmel in Ireland:'

"Worthy Sir,—Yesterday," Thursday 9th May, "we stormed Clonmel: in which work both officers and soldiers did as much and more than could be expected. We had, with our guns, made a breach in their works;—where, after an hot fight, we gave back a while; but presently charged up to the same ground again. But the enemy had made themselves exceeding strong, by double-works and traverse, which were worse to enter than the breach; when we came up to it, they had cross-works, and were strongly flanked from the houses within their works. The Enemy defended themselves against us that day, until towards the evening, our men all the while keeping up close to their breach; and many on both sides were slain." The fierce death-wrestle, in the breaches here, lasted four hours: so many hours of hot storm and continuous

[1] Memoirs of the Protector Oliver Cromwell, by Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, a Descendant of the Family (London, 1822), i. 369. An incorrect, dull, insignificant Book; contains this Letter, and one or two others, 'in possession of the Cromwell Family.'—Another Descendant, Thomas Cromwell Esquire's Oliver Cromwell and his Times (London, 1821), is of a vaporous, gesticulative, dull-*aërial*, still more insignificant character; and contains nothing that is not common elsewhere.

tug of war, "and many on both sides were slain. At night the Enemy drew out on the other side, and marched away undiscovered to us; and the inhabitants of Clonmel sent out for a parley. Upon which, Articles were agreed on, before we knew the Enemy was gone. After signing of the Conditions, we discovered the Enemy to be gone; and, very early this morning, pursued them; and fell upon their rear of stragglers, and killed above 200,—besides those we slew in the storm. We entered Clonmel this morning; and have kept our Conditions with them. The place is considerable; and very advantageous to the reducing of these parts wholly to the Parliament of England."[1] Whitlocke has heard by other Letters, 'That they found in Clonmel the stoutest Enemy this Army had ever met in Ireland; and that there was never seen so hot a storm, of so long continuance, and so gallantly defended, either in England or Ireland.'[2]

The Irish Commander here was Hugh O'Neil, a kinsman of Owen Roe's: vain he too, this new brave O'Neil! It is a lost Cause. It is a Cause he has not yet seen into the secret of, and cannot prosper in. Fiery fighting cannot prosper in it; no, there needs something other first, which has never yet been done! Let the O'Neil go elsewhither, with his fighting talent; here it avails nothing, and less. To the surrendered Irish Officers the Lord Lieutenant granted numerous permissions to embody regiments, and go abroad with them into any country not at war with England. Some 'Five-and-forty Thousand' *Kurisees*, or whatever name they had, went in this way to France, to Spain, and fought there far off; and their own land had peace.

The Lord Lieutenant would fain have seen Waterford surrender before he went: but new Letters arrive from the Parliament; affairs in Scotland threaten to become pressing. He appoints Ireton his Deputy, to finish the business here; rapidly makes what survey of Munster, what adjustment of Ireland, military and civil, is possible;—steps on board the President Frigate, in the last days of May, and spreads sail for England. He has been some nine months in Ireland; leaves a very handsome spell of work done there.

At Bristol, after a rough passage, the Lord Lieutenant is received with all the honours and acclamations, 'the great guns firing thrice;' hastens up to London, where, on Friday 31st May, all the world is out to welcome him. Fairfax, and chief Officers,

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 81).
[2] Whitlocke, p. 441.

and Members of Parliament, with solemn salutation, on Hounslow Heath: from Hounslow Heath to Hyde Park, where are Trainbands and Lord Mayors; on to Whitehall and the Cockpit, where are better than these,—it is one wide tumult of salutation, congratulation, artillery-volleying, human shouting;—Hero-worship after a sort, not the best sort. It was on this occasion that Oliver said, or is reported to have said, when some sycophantic person observed, "What a crowd come out to see your Lordship's triumph!"—"Yes, but if it were to see me hanged, how many more would there be!"[1]—

Such is what the Irish common people still call the "Curse of Cromwell;" this is the summary of his work in that country. The remains of the War were finished out by Ireton, by Ludlow: Ireton died of fever, at Limerick, in the end of the second year;[2] and solid Ludlow, who had been with him for some ten months, succeeded. The ulterior arrangements for Ireland were those of the Commonwealth Parliament and the proper Official Persons; not specially Oliver's arrangements, though of course he remained a chief authority in that matter, and nothing could well be done which he with any emphasis deliberately condemned.

There goes a wild story, which owes its first place in History to Clarendon, I think, who is the author of many such: How the Parliament at one time had decided to 'exterminate' all the Irish population; and then, finding this would not quite answer, had contented itself with packing them all off into the Province of Connaught, there to live upon the moorlands; and *so* had pacified the Sister Island.[3] Strange rumours no doubt were afloat in the Council of Kilkenny, in the Conventicle of Clonmacnoise, and other such quarters, and were kept up for very obvious purposes in those days; and my Lord of Clarendon at an after date, seeing Puritanism hung on the gallows and tumbled in heaps in St. Margaret's, thought it safe to write with considerable latitude respecting its procedure. My Lord had, in fact, the story all his own way for about a hundred-and-fifty years; and, during that time, has set afloat through vague heads a great many things. His authority is rapidly sinking; and will now probably sink deeper than even it deserves.

The real procedure of the Puritan Commonwealth towards Ireland is not a matter of conjecture, or of report by Lord Clarendon;

[1] Newspapers (in Kimber, p. 148); Whitlocke, p. 441.

[2] 26th November 1651 (Wood *in voce*): Ludlow had arrived in January of the same year (Memoirs, i. 322, 332, &c.).

[3] Continuation of Clarendon's Life (Oxford, 1761), p. 119 &c.

the documentary basis and scheme of it still stands in black-on-white, and can be read by all persons.[1] In this Document the reader will find, set forth in authentic business-form, a Scheme of Settlement somewhat different from that of 'extermination;' which, if he be curious in that matter, he ought to consult. First, it appears by this Document, 'all husbandmen, ploughmen, labourers, artificers and others of the meaner sort' of the Irish nation are to be,—not exterminated; no, but rendered exempt from punishment and question, as to these Eight Years of blood and misery now ended; which is a very considerable exception from the Clarendon Scheme! Next, as to the Ringleaders, the rebellious Landlords, and Papist Aristocracy; as to these also, there is a carefully-graduated scale of punishments established, that punishment and guilt may in some measure correspond. All that can be proved to have been concerned in the Massacre of Forty-one; for these, and for certain other persons of the turncoat species, whose names are given, there shall be no pardon:—'extermination,' actual death on the gallows, or perpetual banishment and confiscation for these; but not without legal inquiry and due trial first had, for these, or for any one. Then certain others, who have been in arms at certain dates against the Parliament, but not concerned in the Massacre: these are declared to have forfeited their estates; but lands to the value of one-third of the same, as a modicum to live upon, shall be assigned them, where the Parliament thinks safest,—in the moorlands of Connaught, as it turned out. Then another class, who are open Papists and have *not* manifested their good affection to the Parliament: these are to forfeit one-third of their estates; and continue quiet at their peril. Such is the Document; which was regularly acted on; fulfilled with as much exactness as the case, now in the hands of very exact men, admitted of. The Catholic Aristocracy of Ireland have to undergo this fate, for their share in the late miseries; this and no other: and as for all 'ploughmen, husbandmen, artificers and people of the meaner sort,' they are to live quiet where they are, and have no questions asked.

In this way, not in the way of 'extermination,' was Ireland settled by the Puritans. Five-and-forty thousand armed 'kurisees' are fighting, not without utility we hope, far off in foreign parts. Incurably turbulent ringleaders of revolt are sent to the moorlands of Connaught. Men of the Massacre, where they can be convicted, of which some instances occur, are hanged. The mass of the Irish Nation lives quiet under a *new* Land Aristocracy;

[1] Scobell, Part ii. p. 197 (12th August 1652); see also p. 317 (27th June 1656).

new, and in several particulars very much improved indeed: under these lives now the mass of the Irish Nation; ploughing, delving, hammering; with their wages punctually paid them; with the truth spoken to them, and the truth done to them, so as they had never before seen it since they were a Nation! Clarendon himself admits that Ireland flourished, to an unexampled extent, under this arrangement. One can very well believe it. What is to hinder poor Ireland from flourishing, if you will do the truth to it and speak the truth, instead of doing the falsity and speaking the falsity?

Ireland, under this arrangement, would have grown-up gradually into a sober diligent drabcoloured population; developing itself, most probably, in some form of Calvinistic Protestantism. For there was hereby a Protestant *Church* of Ireland, of the most irrefragable nature, preaching daily in all its actions and procedure a real Gospel of veracity, of piety, of fair dealing and good order, to all men; and certain other 'Protestant Churches of Ireland,' and unblessed real-imaginary Entities, of which the human soul is getting weary, would of a surety never have found footing there! But the Ever-blessed Restoration came upon us. All that arrangement was torn-up by the roots; and Ireland was appointed to develop itself as we have seen. Not in the drabcoloured Puritan way;—in what other way is still a terrible dubiety, to itself and to us! It will be by some Gospel of Veracity, I think, when the Heavens are pleased to send such. This 'Curse of Cromwell,' so-called, is the only Gospel of that kind I can yet discover to have ever been fairly afoot there.

PART SIXTH.

WAR WITH SCOTLAND.

1650–51.

WAR WITH SCOTLAND.

The Scotch People, the first beginners of this grand Puritan Revolt, which we may define as an attempt to bring the Divine Law of the Bible into actual practice in men's affairs on the Earth, are still one and all resolute for that object; but they are getting into sad difficulties as to realising it. Not easy to realise such a thing: besides true will, there need heroic gifts, the highest that Heaven gives, for realising it! Gifts which have not been vouchsafed the Scotch People at present. The letter of their Covenant presses heavy on these men; traditions, formulas, dead letters of many things press heavy on them. On the whole, they too are but what we call Pedants in conduct, not Poets: the sheepskin record failing them, and old use-and-wont ending, they cannot farther; they look into a sea of troubles, shoreless, starless, on which there seems no navigation possible.

The faults or misfortunes of the Scotch People, in their Puritan business, are many: but properly their grand fault is this, That they have produced for it no sufficiently heroic man among them. No man that has an eye to see beyond the letter and the rubric; to discern, across many consecrated rubrics of the Past, the inarticulate divineness too of the Present and the Future, and dare all perils in the faith of that! With Oliver Cromwell born a Scotchman; with a Hero King and a unanimous Hero Nation at his back, it might have been far otherwise. With Oliver born Scotch, one sees not but the whole world might have become Puritan; might have struggled, yet a long while, to fashion itself

according to that divine Hebrew Gospel,—to the exclusion of other Gospels not Hebrew, which also are divine, and will have their share of fulfilment here!—But of such issue there is no danger. Instead of inspired Olivers, glowing with direct insight and noble daring, we have Argyles, Loudons, and narrow, more or less opaque persons of the Pedant species. Committees of Estates, Committees of Kirks, much tied-up in formulas, both of them: a bigoted Theocracy *without* the Inspiration; which is a very hopeless phenomenon indeed! The Scotch People are all willing, eager of heart; asking, Whitherward? But the Leaders stand aghast at the new forms of danger; and in a vehement discrepant manner some calling, Halt! others calling, Backward! others, Forward!—huge confusion ensues. Confusion which will need an Oliver to repress it; to bind it up in tight manacles, if not otherwise; and say, "There, sit there and consider thyself a little!"—

The meaning of the Scotch Covenant was, That God's divine Law of the Bible should be put in practice in these Nations; verily *it*, and not the Four Surplices at Allhallowtide, or any Formula of cloth or sheepskin here or elsewhere which merely pretended to be it. But then the Covenant says expressly, there is to be a Stuart King in the business: we cannot do without our Stuart King! Given a divine Law of the Bible on one hand, and a Stuart King, Charles First or Charles Second, on the other: alas, did History ever present a more irreducible case of equations in this world? I pity the poor Scotch Pedant Governors; still more the poor Scotch People, who had no other to follow! Nay, as for that, the People did get through, in the end; such was their indomitable pious constancy, and other worth and fortune: and Presbytery became a Fact among them, to the whole length possible for it: not without endless results. But for the poor Governors this irreducible case proved, as it were, fatal! They have never since, if we will look narrowly at it, governed Scotland, or even well known that they were there to attempt governing it. Once they lay on Dunse Hill, 'each Earl with his regiment of Tenants round him,' "*For Christ's Crown and Covenant;*" and never since had they any noble National act which it was given them to do. Growing desperate of Christ's Crown and Covenant, they, in the next generation when our *Annus Mirabilis* arrived, hurried up to Court, looking out for other Crowns and Covenants; deserted Scotland and her Cause, somewhat basely; took to *booing* and *booing* for Causes of their own, unhappy mortals; —and Scotland and all Causes that were Scotland's have had to go on very much without

them ever since! Which is a very fatal issue indeed, as I reckon; —and the time for settlement of accounts about it, which could not fail always, and seems now fast drawing nigh, looks very ominous to me. For in fact there is no creature more fatal than your Pedant; safe as he esteems himself, the terriblest issues spring from him. Human crimes are many: but the crime of being deaf to the God's Voice, of being blind to all but parchments and antiquarian rubrics when the Divine Handwriting is abroad on the sky,—certainly there is no crime which the Supreme Powers do more terribly avenge!

But leaving all that,—the poor Scotch Governors, we remark, in that old crisis of theirs, have come upon the desperate expedient of getting Charles Second to adopt the Covenant the best he can. Whereby our parchment formula is indeed saved; but the divine fact has gone terribly to the wall! The Scotch Governors hope otherwise. By treaties at Jersey, treaties at Breda, they and the hard Law of Want together have constrained this poor young Stuart to their detested Covenant; as the Frenchman said, they have 'compelled him to adopt it voluntarily.' A fearful crime, thinks Oliver, and think we. How dare you enact such mummery under High Heaven! exclaims he. You will prosecute Malignants; and, with the aid of some poor varnish, transparent even to yourselves, you adopt into your bosom the Chief Malignant? My soul come not into your secret; mine honour be not united unto you!—

In fact, his new Sacred Majesty is actually under way for the Scotch court; will become a Covenanted King there. Of himself a likely enough young man;—very unfortunate he too. Satisfactorily descended from the Steward of Scotland and Elizabeth Muir of Caldwell (whom some have called an improper female [1]); satisfactory in this respect, but in others most unsatisfactory. A somewhat loose young man; has Buckingham, Wilmot and Company, at one hand of him, and painful Mr. Livingston and Presbyterian ruling-elders at the other; is hastening now, as a Covenanted King, towards such a Theocracy as we described. Perhaps the most anomalous phenomenon ever produced by Nature and Art working together in this World!—He had sent Montrose before him, poor young man, to try if war and force could effect nothing; whom instantly the Scotch Nation took, and tragically hanged.[2] They now, winking hard at that transaction, proffer the poor young

[1] Horseloads of Jacobite, Anti-Jacobite Pamphlets; Goodall, Father Innes, &c. &c. How it was settled, I do not recollect.

[2] Details of the business, in Balfour, iv. 9–22.

man their Covenant; compel him to sign it voluntarily, and be Covenanted King over them.

The result of all which for the English Commonwealth cannot be doubtful. What Declarations, Papers, Protocols, passed on the occasion,—numerous, flying thick between Edinburgh and London in late months,—shall remain unknown to us. The Commonwealth has brought Cromwell home from Ireland; and got forces ready for him: that is the practical outcome of it. The Scotch also have got forces ready; will either invade us, or (which we decide to be preferable) be invaded by us.[1] Cromwell must now take up the Scotch coil of troubles, as he did the Irish, and deal with that too. Fairfax, as we heard, was unwilling to go; Cromwell, urging the Council of State to second him, would fain persuade Fairfax; gets him still nominated Commander-in-Chief; but cannot persuade him;—will himself have to be Commander-in-Chief, and go.

In Whitlocke and Ludlow[2] there is record of earnest intercessions, solemn conference held with Fairfax in Whitehall, duly prefaced by prayer to Heaven; intended on Cromwell's part to persuade Fairfax that it is his duty again to accept the chief command, and lead us into Scotland. Fairfax, urged by his Wife, a Vere of the fighting Veres, and given to Presbyterianism, dare not and will not go;—sends 'Mr. Rushworth, his Secretary,' on the morrow, to give up his Commission,[3] that Cromwell himself may be named General-in-Chief. In this preliminary business, says Ludlow, 'Cromwell acted his part so to the life that I really thought he wished Fairfax to go.' Wooden-headed that I was, I had reason to alter that notion by and by!

Wooden Ludlow gives note of another very singular interview he himself had with Cromwell, 'a little after,' in those same days or hours. Cromwell whispered him in the House; they agreed 'to meet that afternoon in the Council of State' in Whitehall, and there withdraw into a private room to have a little talk together. Oliver had cast his eye on Ludlow as a fit man for Ireland, to go and second Ireton there; he took him, as by appointment, into a private room, 'the Queen's Guard-chamber' to wit; and there very largely expressed himself. He testified the great value he had for me, Ludlow; combatted my objections to Ireland; spake somewhat against Lawyers, what a tortuous ungodly jungle Eng-

[1] Commons Journals, 26th June 1650.

[2] Whitlocke, pp. 444-6 (25th June 1650); Ludlow, i. 317.

[3] Commons Journals, ubi supra.

lish Law was; spake of the good that might be done by a good and brave man;—spake of the great Providences of God now abroad on the Earth; in particular 'talked for almost an hour upon the Hundred-and-tenth Psalm;' which to me, in my solid wooden head, seemed extremely singular?[1]

Modern readers, not in the case of Ludlow, will find this fact illustrative of Oliver. Before setting out on the Scotch Expedition, and just on the eve of doing it, we too will read that Psalm of Hebrew David's, which had become English Oliver's: we will fancy in our minds, not without reflections and emotions, the largest soul in England looking at this God's World with prophet's earnestness through that Hebrew Word,—two Divine Phenomena accurately correspondent for Oliver; the one accurately the prophetic symbol and articulate interpretation of the other. As if the Silences had at length found utterance, and this was their Voice from out of old Eternity:

'The Lord said unto my Lord: Sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool. The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion: rule thou in the midst of thine enemies. Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power; in the beauties of holiness, from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth. The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchizedek. The Lord, at thy right hand, shall strike through Kings in the day of his wrath. He shall judge among the Heathen; he shall fill the places with the dead bodies; he shall wound the heads over many countries. He shall drink of the brook in the way: therefore shall he lift up the head.'

In such spirit goes Oliver Cromwell to the Wars. 'A god-intoxicated man,' as Novalis elsewhere phrases it. I have asked myself, If anywhere in Modern European History, or even in ancient Asiatic, there was found a man practising this mean World's affairs with a heart more filled by the Idea of the Highest? Bathed in the Eternal Splendours,—it is so he walks our dim Earth: this man is one of few. He is projected with a terrible force out of the Eternities, and in the Times and their arenas there is nothing that can withstand him. It is great;—to us it is tragic; a thing that should strike us dumb! My brave one, thy old noble Prophecy *is* divine; older than Hebrew David; old as the Origin of Man; —and shall, though in wider ways than thou supposest, be fulfilled!—

[1] Ludlow, i. 319.

LETTERS CXXXIII.—CXXXVIII.

Hooke and his small business, in rapid public times, will not detain us. Humphrey Hooke, Alderman of Bristol, was elected to the Long Parliament for that City in 1640; but being found to have had concern in 'Monopolies,' was, like a number of others, expelled, and sent home again under a cloud. The 'service' he did at Bristol Storm, though somewhat needing 'concealment,' ought to rehabilitate him a little in the charity, at least in the pity, of the Well-affected mind. At all events, the conditions made with him must be kept;—and we doubt not were.

LETTER CXXXIII.

'*To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.*'

London, 20th June 1650.

Mr. Speaker,

When we lay before Bristol in the Year 1645, we considered the season of the year, the strength of the place, and of what importance the reducement thereof would be to the good of the Commonwealth, and accordingly applied ourselves to all possible means for the accomplishment of the same; which received its answerable effect. At which time, for something considerable done in order to that end, by Humphrey Hooke, Alderman of that place,—which, for many reasons, is desired to be concealed,—his Excellency the Lord General Fairfax and myself gave him an Engagement under our hands and seals, That he should be secured and protected, by the authority of the Parliament, in the enjoyment of his life, liberty and estate, as freely as in former times, and as any other person under the obedience of the Parliament; notwithstanding any past acts of hostility, or other thing done by him, in opposition to the Parliament or assistance of the Enemy. Which Engagement, with a Certificate of divers godly persons of that City concerning the performance of his part thereof, is ready to be produced.

I understand, that lately an Order is issued out to sequester him, whereby he is called to Composition. I thought it meet

therefore to give the honourable Parliament this account, that he may be preserved from anything of that nature. For the performance of which, in order to the good of the Commonwealth, we stand engaged in our faith and honour. I leave it to you; and remain, Sir, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

On *Wednesday* 26*th June* 1650, the Act appointing 'That Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, be constituted Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of all the Forces raised or to be raised by authority of Parliament within the Commonwealth of England,'[2] was passed. 'Whereupon,' says Whitlocke, 'great ceremonies and congratulations of the new General were made to him from all sorts of people; and he went on roundly with his business.' Roundly, rapidly; for in three days more, on Saturday the 29th, 'the Lord General Cromwell went out of London towards the North: and the news of him marching northward much startled the Scots.'[3]

He has Lambert for Major-General, Cousin Whalley for Commissary-General; and among his Colonels are Overton, whom we knew at Hull; Pride, whom we have seen in Westminster Hall; and a taciturn man, much given to chewing tobacco, whom we have transiently seen in various places, Colonel George Monk by name.[4] An excellent officer; listens to what you say, answers often by a splash of brown juice merely, but punctually does what is doable of it. Pudding-headed Hodgson the Yorkshire Captain is also there; from whom perhaps we way glean a rough lucent-point or two. The Army, as my Lord General attracts it gradually from the right and left on his march northward, amounts at Tweedside to some Sixteen-thousand horse and foot.[5] Rushworth goes with him as Secretary; historical John; having now done with Fairfax:—but, alas, his Papers for this Period are all lost to us: it was not safe to print them with the others; and they are lost! The *Historical Collections*, with their infinite rubbish and their modicum of jewels, cease at the Trial of the King; leaving us, fallen into far worse hands, to repent of our impatience, and regret the useful John!

The following Letters, without commentary, which stingy space will not permit, must note the Lord General's progress for us as they can; and illuminate with here and there a rude gleam of

[1] Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 222).
[2] Commons Journals, in die.
[3] Whitlocke, pp. 446–7.
[4] Life of Monk, by Gumble, his Chaplain.
[5] Train, 690; horse, 5,415; foot, 10,249; *in toto*, 16,354 (Cromwelliana, p. 85).

direct light at first-hand, an old scene very obsolete, confused, unexplored and dim for us.

LETTER CXXXIV.

DOROTHY CROMWELL, we are happy to find, has a 'little brat;'—but the poor little thing must have died soon: in Noble's inexact lists there is no trace of its ever having lived. The Lord General has got into Northumberland. He has a good excuse for being 'silent this way,' —the way of Letters.

For my very loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at his House at Hursley: These.

Alnwick, 17th July 1650.

DEAR BROTHER,

The exceeding crowd of business I had at London is the best excuse I can make for my silence this way. Indeed, Sir, my heart beareth me witness I want no affection to you or yours; you are all often in my poor prayers.

I should be glad to hear how the little Brat doth. I could chide both Father and Mother for their neglects of me: I know my Son is idle, but I had better thoughts of Doll. I doubt now her husband hath spoiled her; pray tell her so from me. If I had as good leisure as they, I should write sometimes. If my Daughter be breeding, I will excuse her; but not for her nursery! The Lord bless them. I hope you give my Son good counsel; I believe he needs it. He is in the dangerous time of his age; and it's a very vain world. O, how good it is to close with Christ betimes;—there is nothing else worth the looking after. I beseech you call upon him,—I hope you will discharge my duty and your own love: you see how I am employed. I need pity. I know what I feel. Great place and business in the world is not worth the looking after; I should have no comfort in mine but that my hope is in the Lord's presence. I have not sought these things; truly I have been called unto them by the Lord; and therefore am not without some assurance that He will enable His poor worm and weak servant to do His will, and to fulfil my generation. In this I desire your prayers. Desiring to be lovingly remembered to my dear

Sister, to our Son and Daughter, to my Cousin Ann and the good Family, I rest, your very affectionate brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

On *Monday 22nd July*, the Army, after due rendezvousing and reviewing, passed through Berwick ; and encamped at Mordington across the Border, where a fresh stay of two days is still necessary. Scotland is bare of resources for us. That night 'the Scotch beacons were all set on fire ; the men fled, and drove away their cattle.' Mr. Bret, his Excellency's Trumpeter, returns from Edinburgh without symptom of pacification. 'The Clergy represent us to the people as if we were monsters of the world.' "Army of Sectaries and Blasphemers," is the received term for us among the Scots.[2]

Already on the march hitherward, and now by Mr. Bret in an official way, have due Manifestos been promulgated : Declaration *To all that are Saints and Partakers of the Faith of God's Elect in Scotland*, and Proclamation *To the People of Scotland* in general. Asking of the mistaken *People*, in mild terms, Did you not see us, and try us, what kind of men we were, when we came among you two years ago ? Did you find us plunderers, murderers, monsters of the world ? 'Whose ox have we stolen ?' To the mistaken *Saints of God in Scotland*, again, the Declaration testifies and argues, in a grand earnest way, That in Charles Stuart and his party there can be no salvation ; that *we* seek the real substance of the Covenant, which it is perilous to desert for the mere outer form thereof ;—on the whole, that we are not sectaries and blasphemers ; and that it goes against our heart to hurt a hair of any sincere servant of God.—Very earnest Documents ; signed by John Rushworth in the name of General and Officers ; often printed and reprinted.[3] They bear Oliver's sense in every feature of them ; but are not distinctly of his composition : wherefore, as space grows more and more precious, and Oliver's sense will elsewhere sufficiently appear, we omit them.

'The Scots,' says Whitlocke,[4] 'are all gone with their goods towards Edinburgh, by command of the Estates of Scotland, upon penalty if they did not remove ; so that mostly all the men are gone. But the wives stay behind ; and some of them do bake and brew, to provide bread and drink for the English Army.' The public functionaries 'have told the people, "That the English

[1] Harris, p. 513 : one of the Pusey stock.

[2] Balfour, iv. 97, 100, &c. : 'Cromwell the Blasphemer' (ib. 88).

[3] Newspapers (in Parl. Hist. xix. 298, 310) ; Com. Jour. 19th July 1650.

[4] p. 450.

Army intends to put all the men to the sword, and to thrust hot irons through the women's breasts;"—which much terrified them, till once the General's Proclamations were published.' And now the wives do stay behind, and brew and bake,—poor wives!

That Monday night while we lay at Mordington, with hard accommodation out of doors and in,—my puddingheaded friend informs me of a thing. The General has made a large Discourse to the Officers and Army, now that we are across; speaks to them "as a Christian and a Soldier, To be doubly and trebly diligent, to be wary and worthy, for sure enough we have work before us! But have we not had God's blessing hitherto? Let us go on faithfully, and hope for the like still!"[1] The Army answered 'with acclamations,' still audible to me.—Yorkshire Hodgson continues:

'Well; that night we pitched at Mordington, about the House. Our Officers,' General and Staff Officers, 'hearing a great shout among the soldiers, looked out of window. They spied a soldier with a Scotch *kirn*' (churn) 'on his head. Some of them had been purveying abroad, and had found a vessel filled with Scotch cream: bringing the reversion of it to their tents, some got dishfuls, and some hatfuls; and the cream being now low in the vessel, one fellow would have a modest drink, and so lifts the kirn to his mouth: but another canting it up, it falls over his head; and the man is lost in it, all the cream trickles down his apparel, and his head fast in the tub! This was a merriment to the Officers; as Oliver loved an innocent jest.'

A week after, we find the General very serious; writing thus to the Lord President Bradshaw.

LETTER CXXXV.

'Copperspath,' of which the General here speaks, is the country pronunciation of Cockburnspath; name of a wild rock-and-river chasm, through which the great road goes, some miles to the eastward of Dunbar. Of which we shall hear again. A very wild road at that time, as may still be seen. The ravine is now spanned by a beautiful Bridge, called *Pease Bridge*, or Path's Bridge, which pleasure-parties go to visit.—The date of this Letter, in all the old Newspapers, is '30th July,' and doubtless in the Original too;[2] but the real day, as appears by the context, is Wednesday 31st.

[1] Hodgson, p. 130; Whitlocke, p. 450.

[2] 'Letter from the General, dated 30° Julii' (Commons Journals, vi. 451).

To the Right Honourable the Lord President of the Council of State: These.

Musselburgh, 30th July 1650.

My Lord,

We marched from Berwick upon Monday, being the 22d of July; and lay at my Lord Mordington's house, Monday night, Tuesday, and Wednesday. On Thursday we marched to Copperspath; on Friday to Dunbar, where we got some small pittance from our ships; from whence we marched to Haddington.

On the Lord's-day, hearing that the Scottish Army meant to meet us at Gladsmoor, we laboured to possess the Moor before them; and beat our drums very early in the morning. But when we came there, no considerable body of the Army appeared. Whereupon Fourteen-hundred horse, under the command of Major-General Lambert and Colonel Whalley, were sent as a vanguard to Musselburgh, to see likewise if they could find out and attempt any thing upon the Enemy; I marching in the heel of them with the residue of the Army. Our party encountered with some of their horse; but they could not abide us. We lay at Musselburgh, encamped close, that night; the Enemy's Army lying between Edinburgh and Leith, about four miles from us, entrenched by a Line flankered from Edinburgh to Leith; the guns also from Leith scouring most part of the Line, so that they lay very strong.

Upon Monday 29th instant, we were resolved to draw up to them, to see if they would fight with us. And when we came upon the place, we resolved to get our cannons as near them as we could; hoping thereby to annoy them. We likewise perceived that they had some force upon a Hill that overlooks Edinburgh, from whence we might be annoyed; 'and' did resolve to send up a party to possess the said Hill; —which prevailed: but, upon the whole, we did find that their Army were not easily to be attempted. Whereupon we lay still all the said day; which proved to be so sore a day and night of rain as I have seldom seen, and greatly to our disadvantage; the Enemy having enough to cover them, and we

nothing at all considerable.[1] Our soldiers did abide this difficulty with great courage and resolution, hoping they should speedily come to fight. In the morning, the ground being very wet, 'and' our provisions scarce, we resolved to draw back to our quarters at Musselburgh, there to refresh and revictual.

The Enemy, when we drew off, fell upon our rear; and put them into some little disorder: but our bodies of horse being in some readiness, came to a grabble with them; where indeed there was a gallant and hot dispute; the Major-General[2] and Colonel Whalley being in the rear; and the Enemy drawing out great bodies to second their first affront. Our men charged them up to the very trenches, and beat them in. The Major-General's horse was shot in the neck and head; himself run through the arm with a lance, and run into another place of his body,—was taken prisoner by the Enemy, but rescued immediately by Lieutenant Empson of my regiment. Colonel Whalley, who was then nearest to the Major-General, did charge very resolutely; and repulsed the Enemy, and killed divers of them upon the place, and took some prisoners, without any considerable loss. Which indeed did so amaze and quiet them, that we marched off to Musselburgh, but they dared not send out a man to trouble us. We hear their young King looked on upon all this, but was very ill satisfied to see their men do no better.

We came to Musselburgh that night; so tired and wearied for want of sleep, and so dirty by reason of the wetness of the weather, that we expected the Enemy would make an infall upon us. Which accordingly they did, between three and four of the clock this morning; with fifteen of their most select troops, under the command of Major-General Montgomery and Strahan, two champions of the Church:—upon which business there was great hope and expectation laid. The Enemy came on with a great deal of resolution; beat-in our guards, and put a regiment of horse in some disorder:

[1] 'Near a little village named, I think, Lichnagaric,'—means, Lang Niddery (Hodgson, p. 132); the *Niddery* near Duddingston, still deservedly called *Lang* by the people, though map-makers append the epithet elsewhere.

[2] Lambert.

but our men, speedily taking the alarm, charged the Enemy; routed them, took many prisoners, killed a great many of them; did execution 'to' within a quarter of a mile of Edinburgh; and, I am informed, Strahan[1] was killed there, besides divers other Officers of quality. We took the Major to Strahan's regiment, Major Hamilton; a Lieutenant-Colonel, and divers other Officers, and persons of quality, whom yet we know not. Indeed this is a sweet beginning of your business, or rather the Lord's; and I believe is not very satisfactory to the Enemy, especially to the Kirk party. We did not lose any in this business, so far as I hear, but a Cornet; I do not hear of four men more. The Major-General will, I believe, within few days be well to take the field. And I trust this work, which is the Lord's, will prosper in the hands of His servants.

I did not think advisable to attempt upon the Enemy, lying as he doth: but surely this would sufficiently provoke him to fight if he had a mind to. I do not think he is less than Six or Seven thousand horse, and Fourteen or Fifteen thousand foot. The reason, I hear, that they give out to their people why they do not fight us, is, Because they expect many bodies of men more out of the North of Scotland; which when they come, they give out they will then engage. But I believe they would rather tempt us to attempt them in their fastness, within which they are entrenched; or else hoping we shall famish for want of provisions;—which is very likely to be, if we be not timely and fully supplied. I remain, my Lord, your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' I understand, since writing of this Letter, that Major-General Montgomery is slain.[2]

Cautious David Lesley lies thus within his Line 'flankered' from Leith shore to the Calton Hill, with guns to 'scour' it; with outposts or flying parties, as we see, stationed on the back slope of Salisbury Crags or Arthur's Seat; with all Edinburgh safe behind him, and indeed all Scotland safe behind him, for supplies: and nothing can tempt him to come out. The factions and

[1] We shall hear of Strahan again, not 'killed.' This Montgomery is the Earl of Eglinton's son Robert, of whom we heard before (Letter LXXVIII. vol. i. p. 331): neither is he 'slain,' as will be seen by and by.

[2] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 85–86).

distractions of Scotland, and its Kirk Committees and State Committees; and poor Covenanted King and Courtiers, are many: but Lesley, standing steadily to his guns, persists here. His Army, it appears, is no great things of an Army: 'altogether governed by the Committee of Estates and Kirk,' snarls an angry *Un*covenanted Courtier, whom the said Committee has just ordered to take himself away again; 'altogether governed by the Committee of Estates and Kirk,' snarls he, 'and they took especial care in their levies not to admit any *Malignants* or *Engagers*' (who had been in Hamilton's Engagement); 'placing in command, for most part, Ministers' Sons, Clerks and other sanctified creatures, who hardly ever saw or heard of any sword but that of the spirit!'[1] The more reason for Lesley to lie steadily within his Line here. Lodged in 'Bruchton Village,' which means Broughton, now a part of Edinburgh New Town; there in a cautious solid manner lies Lesley; and lets Cromwell attempt upon him. It is his history, the military history of these two, for a month to come.

Meanwhile the General Assembly have not been backward with their Answer to the Cromwell Manifesto, or 'Declaration of the English Army to all the Saints in Scotland,' spoken of above. Nay, already while he lay at Berwick, they had drawn up an eloquent Counter-Declaration, and sent it to him; which he, again, has got 'some godly Ministers' of his to declare against and reply to: the whole of which Declarations, Replies and Re-replies shall, like the primary Document itself, remain suppressed on the present occasion.[2] But along with this 'Reply by some godly Ministers,' the Lord General sends a Letter of his own, which is here:

LETTER CXXXVI.

To the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland; or, in case of their not sitting, To the Commissioners of the Kirk of Scotland: These.

SIRS, Musselburgh, 3d August 1650.

Your *Answer to the Declaration of the Army* we have seen. Some godly Ministers with us did, at Berwick, compose this *Reply;*[3] which I thought fit to send you.

[1] Sir Edward Walker, Historical Discourses (London, 1705), p. 162.

[2] Titles of them, copies of several of them, in Parliamentary History, xix.

[3] The Scotch 'Answer' which 'we have seen,' dated Edinburgh, 22d July 1650, 'Answer unto the Declaration of the Army;' and then this English 'Reply' to it now sent, entitled '*Vindication* of the Declaration of the Army;' in King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 475, § 15 (Printed, London, 16th Aug. 1650).

That you or we, in these great Transactions, answer the will and mind of God, it is only from His grace and mercy to us. And therefore, having said as in our Papers, we commit the issue thereof to Him who disposeth all things, assuring you that we have light and comfort increasing upon us, day by day; and are persuaded that, before it be long, the Lord will manifest His good pleasure, so that all shall see Him; and His People shall say, *This is the Lord's work, and it is marvellous in our eyes: this is the day that the Lord hath made; we will be glad and rejoice therein.*—Only give me leave to say, in a word, 'thus much:'

You take upon you to judge us in the things of our God, though you know us not,—though in the things we have said unto you, in that which is entitled the Army's Declaration, we have spoken our hearts as in the sight of the Lord who hath tried us. And by your hard and subtle words you have begotten prejudice in those who do too much, in matters of conscience,—wherein every soul is to answer for itself to God, —depend upon you. So that some have already followed you, to the breathing-out of their souls:[1] 'and' others continue still in the way wherein they are led by you,—we fear, to their own ruin.

And no marvel if you deal thus with us, when indeed you can find in your hearts to conceal from your own people the Papers we have sent you; who might thereby see and understand the bowels of our affections to them, especially to such among them as fear the Lord. Send as many of your Papers as you please amongst ours;[2] they have a free passage. I fear them not. What is of God in them, would it might be embraced and received!—One of them lately sent, directed *To the Under-Officers and Soldiers in the English Army*, hath begotten from them this enclosed *Answer*;[3] which they de-

[1] In the Musselburgh Skirmish, &c.

[2] Our people.

[3] The Scotch Paper 'To the Under-Officers,' &c., received on the last day of July; and close following on it, this 'Answer' which it 'hath begotten from them,' addressed *To the People of Scotland (especially those among them that know and fear the Lord) from whom yesterday we received a Paper directed To the Under-Officers* &c.; of date 'Musselburgh, 1st August 1650:' in King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 475, § 10 (Printed, London, 12th August 1650).—This *Answer* 'by the Under-Officers, a very pious and zeal-

sired me to send to you: not a crafty politic one, but a plain simple spiritual one;—*what* kind of one it is, God knoweth, and God also will in due time make manifest.

And do we multiply these things,[1] as men; or do we them for the Lord Christ and His People's sake? Indeed we are not, through the grace of God, afraid of your numbers, nor confident in ourselves. We could,—I pray God you do not think we boast,—meet your Army, or what you have to bring against us. We have given,—humbly we speak it before our God, in whom all our hope is,—some proof that thoughts of that kind prevail not upon us. The Lord hath not hid His face from us since our approach so near unto you.

Your own guilt is too much for you to bear: bring not therefore upon yourselves the blood of innocent men,—deceived with pretences of King and Covenant; from whose eyes you hide a better knowledge! I am persuaded that divers of you, who lead the People, have laboured to build yourselves in these things; wherein you have censured others, and established yourselves "upon the Word of God." Is it therefore infallibly agreeable to the Word of God, all that *you* say? I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken. Precept may be upon precept, line may be upon line, and yet the Word of the Lord may be to some a Word of Judgment; that they may fall backward, and be broken and be snared and be taken![2] There may be a spiritual fulness, which the World may call drunkenness;[3] as in the second Chapter of the *Acts*. There may be, as well, a carnal confidence upon misunderstood and misapplied precepts, which may be called spiritual drunkenness. There may be a *Covenant* made with Death and Hell![2] I will not say yours was so. But judge if such things have a politic aim: To avoid the overflowing scourge;[2] or, To accomplish worldly

ous Piece, seems to have found favour among the pious Scots, and to have circulated among them in Manuscript Copies. A most mutilated unintelligible fragment, printed in Analecta Scotica (Edinburgh, 1834), ii. 271, as 'a Proclamation by Oliver Cromwell,' turns out to be in reality a fraction of *this* 'Answer by the Under-Officers:'—printed there from a 'Copy evidently made at the time,' evidently a most rumous Copy, 'and now in the possession of James Macknight, Esq.'

[1] Papers and Declarations.

[2] Bible phrases.

[3] As you now do of us; while it is rather you that are "drunk."

interests? And if therein we[1] have confederated with wicked and carnal men, and have respect for them, or otherwise 'have' drawn them in to associate with us, Whether this be a Covenant of God, and spiritual? Bethink yourselves; we hope we do.

I pray you read the Twenty-eighth of Isaiah, from the fifth to the fifteenth verse. And do not scorn to know that it is the Spirit that quickens and giveth life.

The Lord give you and us understanding to do that which is well-pleasing in His sight. Committing you to the grace of God, I rest, your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

Here is the passage from Isaiah: I know not whether the General Assembly read it and laid it well to heart, or not, but it was worth their while,—and is worth our while too:

'In that day shall the Lord of Hosts be for a crown of glory, and for a diadem of beauty, unto the residue of His people. And for a spirit of judgment to him that sitteth in judgment, and for strength to them that turn the battle to the gate.

'But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way! The Priest and the Prophet have erred through strong drink; they are swallowed up of wine; they are out of the way through strong drink. They err in vision, they stumble in judgment. For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness; so that there is no place clean.

'Whom shall He teach knowledge? Whom shall He make to understand doctrine? Them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts. For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little and there a little. For with stammering lips and another tongue will He speak to this people. To whom He said, This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest, and this is the refreshment;—yet they would not hear.' No. 'The Word of the Lord was unto them precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little, That they might go, and fall backward, and be broken and snared and taken!—Wherefore hear ye the Word of the Lord, ye scornful men that rule this people which is in Jerusalem!'

Yes, hear it, and not with the outward ear only, ye Kirk Com-

[1] *i.e.* you.

[2] Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix. 320–323).

mittees, and Prophesying and Governing Persons everywhere: it may be important to you! If God have said it, if the Eternal Truth of things have said it, will it not need to be done, think you? Or will the doing some distracted shadow of it, some Covenanted Charles Stuart of it, suffice?—The Kirk Committee seems in a bad way."

David Lesley, however, what as yet is in their favour, continues within his Line; stands steadily to his guns;—and the weather is wet; Oliver's provision is failing. This Letter to the Kirk was written on Saturday: on the Monday following,[1] 'about the 6th of August,' as Major Hodgson dates it, the tempestuous state of the weather not permitting ship-stores to be landed at Musselburgh, Cromwell has to march his Army back to Dunbar, and there provision it. Great joy in the Kirk-and-Estates Committee thereupon: Lesley steadily continues in his place.—

The famine among the Scots themselves, at Dunbar, is great; picking our horses' beans, eating our soldiers' leavings: 'they are much enslaved to their Lords,' poor creatures; almost destitute of private capital,—and ignorant of soap to a terrible extent![2] Cromwell distributes among them 'pease and wheat to the value of 240*l.*' On the 12th he returns to Musselburgh; finds, as heavy Bulstrode spells it in good Scotch, with a friskiness we hardly looked for in him, That Lesley has commanded 'The gude women should awe come away with their gear, and not stay to brew or bake, any of them, for the English;'—which makes it a place more forlorn than before.[3] Oliver decides to encamp on the Pentland Hills, which lie on the other side of Edinburgh, overlooking the Fife and Stirling roads; and to try whether he cannot force Lesley to fight, by cutting-off his supplies. Here, in the mean time, is a Letter from Lesley himself; written in 'Broughton Village,' precisely while Oliver is on march towards the Pentlands:

"*For his Excellency the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Bruchton, 13th August 1650.

"My Lord,—I am commanded by the Committee of Estates of this Kingdom, and desired by the Commissioners of the General Assembly, to send unto your Excellency this enclosed *Declaration*, as that which containeth the State of the Quarrel; wherein we are resolved, by the Lord's assistance, to fight your Army, when the

[1] Balfour, iv. 89. [2] Whitlocke, p. 452. [3] Ibid. p. 453.

Lord shall be pleased to call us thereunto. And as you have professed you will not conceal any of our Papers, I do desire that this *Declaration* may be made known to all the Officers of your Army. And so I rest,—your Excellency's most humble servant,

"DAVID LESLEY."[1]

This Declaration, done by the Kirk, and endorsed by the Estates, we shall not on the present occasion make known, even though it is brief. The reader shall fancy it a brief emphatic disclaimer, on the part of Kirk and State, of their having anything to do with Malignants;—disclaimer in emphatic words, while the emphatic facts continue as they were. Distinct hope, however, is held out that the Covenanted King will testify openly his sorrow for his Father's Malignancies, and his own resolution for a quite other course. To which Oliver, from the slope of the Pentlands,[2] returns this answer:

LETTER CXXXVII.

For the Right Honourable David Lesley, Lieutenant-General of the Scots Army: These.

From the Camp at Pentland Hills,
14th August 1650.

SIR,

I received yours of the 13th instant; with the Paper you mentioned therein, enclosed,—which I caused to be read in the presence of so many Officers as could well be gotten together; to which your Trumpet can witness. We return you this answer. By which I hope, in the Lord, it will appear that we continue the same we have professed ourselves to the Honest People in Scotland; wishing to them as to our own souls; it being no part of our business to hinder any of them from worshipping God in that way they are satisfied in their consciences by the Word of God they ought, though different from us,—but shall therein be ready to perform what obligation lies upon us by the Covenant.[3]

But that under the pretence of the Covenant, mistaken, and wrested from the most native intent and equity thereof, a

[1] Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix. 330).
[2] 'About Colinton' (Balfour, iv. 90).
[3] Ungrammatical, but intelligible and characteristic.

King should be taken in by you, to be imposed upon us ; and this 'be' called "the Cause of God and the Kingdom ;" and this done upon "the satisfaction of God's People in both Nations," as is alleged,—together with a disowning of Malignants ; although he[1] who is the head of them, in whom all their hope and comfort lies, be received ; who, at this very instant, hath a Popish Army fighting for and under him in Ireland ; hath Prince Rupert, a man who hath had his hand deep in the blood of many innocent men of England, now in the head of our Ships, stolen from us upon a Malignant account ; hath the French and Irish ships daily making depredations on our coasts ; and strong combinations by the Malignants in England, to raise Armies in our bowels, by virtue of his commissions, who hath of late issued out very many to that purpose :—How the 'Godly' Interest you pretend you have received him upon, and the Malignant Interests in their ends and consequences 'all' centering in this man, can be secured, we cannot discern ! And how we should believe, that whilst known and notorious Malignants are fighting and plotting against us on the one hand, and you declaring for him on the other, it should *not* be an "espousing of a Malignant Party's Quarrel or Interest ;" but be a mere "fighting upon former grounds and principles, and in defence of the Cause of God and the Kingdoms, as hath been these twelve years last past," as you say : how this should be "for the security and satisfaction of God's People in both Nations ;" or 'how' the opposing of this should render us enemies to the Godly with you, we cannot well understand. Especially considering that all these Malignants take their confidence and encouragement from the late transactions of your Kirk and State with your King. For as we have already said, so we tell you again, It is but 'some' satisfying security to those who employ us, and 'who' are concerned, that we seek. Which we conceive will not be by a few formal and feigned Submissions, from a Person that could not tell otherwise how to accomplish his Malignant ends, and 'is' therefore counselled to this compliance, by them who assisted his Father, and have hitherto actuated

[1] Charles Stuart.

himself in his most evil and desperate designs ; designs which are now again by them set on foot. Against which, How you will be able, in the way you are in, to secure us or yourselves ?—'this it now' is (forasmuch as concerns ourselves) our duty to look after.

If the state of your Quarrel be thus, upon which, as you say, you resolve to fight our Army, you will have opportunity to do that ; else what means our abode here ? And if our hope be not in the Lord, it will be ill with us. We commit both you and ourselves to Him who knows the heart and tries the reins ; with whom are all our ways ; who is able to do for us and you above what we know : Which we desire may be in much mercy to His poor People, and to the glory of His great Name.

And having performed your desire, in making your Papers so public as is before expressed, I desire you to do the like, by letting the State, Kirk and Army have the knowledge hereof. To which end I have sent you enclosed two Copies 'of this Letter ;' and rest, your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

The encampment on Pentland Hills, 'some of our tents within sight of Edinburgh Castle and City,' threatens to cut-off Lesley's supplies ; but will not induce him to fight. 'The gude wives fly with their bairns and gear' in great terror of us, poor gude wives ; and 'when we set fire to furze-bushes, report that we are burning their houses.'[2] Great terror of us ; but no other result. Lesley brings over his guns to the western side of Edinburgh, and awaits, steady within his fastnesses there.

Hopes have arisen that the Godly Party in Scotland, seeing now by these Letters and Papers what our real meaning is, may perhaps quit a Malignant King's Interest, and make bloodless peace with us, 'which were the best of all.' The King boggles about signing that open Testimony, that Declaration against his Father's sins, which was expected of him. 'A great Commander of the Enemy's, Colonel Gibby Carre' (Colonel Gilbert Ker, of whom we

[1] Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix. 331–333).

[2] Narrative of Farther Proceedings, dated 'From the Camp in Musselburgh Fields, 16th August 1650 ;' read in the Parliament 22d August (Commons Journals) ; reprinted in Parliamentary History (xix. 327) as a 'Narrative by General Cromwell ;' though it is clearly enough not General Cromwell's, but John Rushworth's.

shall hear farther), solicits an interview with some of ours, and has it; and other interviews and free communings take place, upon the Burrow-Moor and open fields that lie between us. Gibby Ker, and also Colonel Strahan who was thought to be slain:[1] these and some minority of others are clear against Malignancy in every form; and if the Covenanted Stuart King will not sign this Declaration—!—Whereupon the Covenanted Stuart King does sign it; signs this too,[2]—what will he not sign?—and these hopes of accommodation vanish.

Neither still will they risk a Battle; though in their interviews upon the Burrow-Moor, they said they longed to do it. Vain that we draw out in battalia; they lie within their fastnesses. We march, with defiant circumstance of war, round all accessible sides of Edinburgh; encamp on the Pentlands, return to Musselburgh for provisions; go to the Pentlands again,—enjoy one of the beautifulest prospects, over deep-blue seas, over yellow cornfields, dusky Highland mountains, from Ben Lomond round to the Bass again; but can get no Battle. And the weather is broken, and the season is advancing,—equinox within ten days, by the modern Almanac. Our men fall sick; the service is harassing;—and it depends on wind and tide whether even biscuit can be landed for us nearer than Dunbar. Here is the Lord General's own Letter 'to a Member of the Council of State,'—we might guess this or the other, but cannot with the least certainty know which.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

'To —— —— Council of State in Whitehall: These.'

Musselburgh, 30th August 1650.

SIR,

Since my last, we seeing the Enemy not willing to engage,—and yet very apt to take exceptions against speeches of that kind spoken in our Army; which occasioned some of them to come to parley with our Officers, To let them know that they would fight us,—they lying still in or near their fastnesses, on the west side of Edinburgh, we re-

[1] Letter CXXXV. antea, p. 173.

[2] At our Court at Dunfermline this 16th day of August 1650 (Sir Edward Walker, pp. 170–6; by whom the melancholy Document is, with due loyal Indignation, given at large there).

solved, the Lord assisting, to draw near to them once more, to try if we could fight them. And indeed one hour's advantage gained might probably, we think, have given us an opportunity.[1]

To which purpose, upon Tuesday the 27th instant we marched westward of Edinburgh towards Stirling; which the Enemy perceiving, marched with as great expedition as was possible to prevent us; and the vanguards of both the Armies came to skirmish,—upon a place where bogs and passes made the access of each Army to the other difficult. We, being ignorant of the place, drew-up, hoping to have engaged; but found no way feasible, by reason of the bogs and other difficulties.

We drew-up our cannon, and did that day discharge two or three hundred great shot upon them; a considerable number they likewise returned to us: and this was all that passed from each to other. Wherein we had near twenty killed and wounded, but not one Commission Officer. The Enemy, as we are informed, had about eighty killed, and some considerable Officers. Seeing they would keep their ground, from which we could not remove them, and our bread being spent,—we were necessitated to go for a new supply: and so marched off about ten or eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning.[2] The Enemy perceiving it,—and, as we conceive, fearing we might interpose between them and Edinburgh, though it was not our intention, albeit it seemed so by our march,—retreated back again, with all haste; having a bog and passes between them and us: and there followed no considerable action, saving the skirmishing of the van of our horse with theirs, near to Edinburgh, without any considerable loss to either party, saving that we got two or three of their horses.

That 'Wednesday' night we quartered within a mile of Edinburgh and of the Enemy. It was a most tempestuous

[1] Had we come one hour sooner:—but we did not.

[2] We drew towards our old Camp, one of our old Camps, that Wednesday; and off to Musselburgh 'for a new supply' next morning. Old Camp, or Bivouack, 'on Pentland Hills,' says vague Hodgson (p. 142); 'within a mile of Edinburgh,' says Cromwell in this Letter, who of course knows well.

night and wet morning. The Enemy marched in the night between Leith and Edinburgh, to interpose between us and our victual, they knowing that it was spent;—but the Lord in mercy prevented it; and we, perceiving in the morning, got, time enough, through the goodness of the Lord, to the sea-side, to re-victual; the Enemy being drawn-up upon the Hill near Arthur's Seat, looking upon us, but not attempting any thing.

And thus you have an account of the present occurrences. Your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

The scene of this Tuesday's skirmish, and cannonade across bogs, has not been investigated; though an antiquarian Topographer might find worse work for himself. Rough Hodgson, very uncertain in his spellings, calls it Gawger Field, which will evidently take us to Gogar on the western road there. The Scotch Editor of Hodgson says farther, 'The Water of Leith lay between the two Armies;' which can be believed or not;—which indeed turns out to be unbelievable. Yorkshire Hodgson's troop received an ugly cannon shot while they stood at prayers; just with the word *Amen*, came the ugly cannon-shot singing, but it hurt neither horse nor man. We also 'gave them an English shout' at one time, along the whole line,[2] making their Castle-rocks and Pentlands ring again; but could get no Battle out of them, for the bogs.

Here, in reference to those matters, is an Excerpt which, in spite of imperfections, may be worth transcribing. 'The English Army lay' at first 'near Musselburgh, about Stony Hill. But shortly after, they marched up to Braid House,' to Braid Hills, to Pentland Hills, Colinton and various other Hills and Houses in succession; 'And the Scots Army, being put in some readiness, marched up to Corstorphine Hill. But because the English feared it was too near the Castle of Edinburgh, they would not hazard battle there. Wherefore both Armies marched to Gogar, Tuesday August 27th; and played each upon other with their great guns: but because of Gogar Burn (*Brook*) and other ditches betwixt the Armies, they could not join battle. Next day, about midday,' more precisely Wednesday about ten or eleven o'clock, 'the English began to retire; and went first to their Leaguer at Braid Hills,' within a mile of Edinburgh as their General says. 'The English

[1] Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix. 339).

[2] Hodgson, p. 141.

removing, the Scots followed by Corstorphine the long gate' (*roundabout road*),—which is hard ground, and out of shot-range. 'The English,' some of them, 'marched near to Musselburgh; and, in the mid night, planted some guns in Niddry: the Scots having marched about the Hill of Arthur's Seat, towards Craigmillar, there planted some guns against those in Niddry;'[1]—and in fact, as we have seen, were drawn up on Arthur's Seat on the morrow morning, looking on amid the rain, and not attempting anything.

The Lord General writes this Letter at Musselburgh on Friday the 30th, the morrow after his return: and directly on the heel of it there is a Council of War held, and an important resolution taken. With sickness, and the wild weather coming on us, rendering even victual uncertain, and no Battle to be had, we clearly cannot continue here. Dunbar, which has a harbour, we might fortify for a kind of citadel and winter-quarter; let us retire at least to Dunbar, to be near our sole friends in this country, our Ships. On the morrow evening, Saturday the 31st, the Lord General fired his huts, and marched towards Dunbar. At sight whereof Lesley rushes out upon him; has his vanguard in Prestonpans before our rear got away. Saturday night through Haddington, and all Sunday to Dunbar, Lesley hangs, close and heavy, on Cromwell's rear; on Sunday night bends southward to the hills that overlook Dunbar, and hems him in there. As will be more specially related in the next fascicle of Letters.

LETTERS CXXXIX.—CXLVI.

BATTLE OF DUNBAR.

THE small Town of Dunbar stands, high and windy, looking down over its herring-boats, over its grim old Castle now much honeycombed,—on one of those projecting rock-promontories with which that shore of the Frith of Forth is niched and vandyked, as far as the eye can reach. A beautiful sea; good land too, now that the plougher understands his trade; a grim niched barrier of whinstone sheltering it from the chafings and tumblings

[1] Collections by a Private Hand, at Edinburgh, from 1650 to 1661 (Woodrow MSS.), printed in Historical Fragments on Scotch Affairs from 1635 to 1664 (Edinburgh, 1832), Part i. pp. 27-8.

of the big blue German Ocean. Seaward St. Abb's Head, of whinstone, bounds your horizon to the east, not very far off; west, close by, is the deep bay, and fishy little village of Belhaven: the gloomy Bass and other rock-islets, and farther the Hills of Fife, and foreshadows of the Highlands, are visible as you look seaward. From the bottom of Belhaven bay to that of the next sea-bight St. Abb's-ward, the Town and its environs form a peninsula. Along the base of which peninsula, 'not much above a mile and a half from sea to sea,' Oliver Cromwell's Army, on Monday 2d of September 1650, stands ranked, with its tents and Town behind it, —in very forlorn circumstances. This now is all the ground that Oliver is lord of in Scotland. His Ships lie in the offing, with biscuit and transport for him; but visible elsewhere in the Earth no help.

Landward as you look from the Town of Dunbar there rises, some short mile off, a dusky continent of barren heath Hills; the Lammermoor, where only mountain-sheep can be at home. The crossing of *which*, by any of its boggy passes, and brawling stream-courses, no Army, hardly a solitary Scotch Packman could attempt, in such weather. To the edge of these Lammermoor Heights, David Lesley has betaken himself; lies now along the outmost spur of them,—a long Hill of considerable height, which the Dunbar people call the Dun, Doon, or sometimes for fashion's sake the Down, adding to it the Teutonic *Hill* likewise, though *Dun* itself in old Celtic signifies Hill. On this Doon Hill lies David Lesley with the victorious Scotch Army, upwards of Twenty-thousand strong; with the Committees of Kirk and Estates, the chief Dignitaries of the Country, and in fact the flower of what the pure Covenant in this the Twelfth year of its existence can still bring forth. There lies he since Sunday night, on the top and slope of this Doon Hill, with the impassable heath-continents behind him; embraces, as within outspread tiger-claws, the base-line of Oliver's Dunbar peninsula; waiting what Oliver will do. Cockburnspath with its ravines has been seized on Oliver's left, and made impassable; behind Oliver is the sea; in front of him Lesley, Doon Hill, and the heath-continent of Lammermoor. Lesley's force is of Three-and-twenty-thousand,[1] in spirits as of men chasing, Oliver's about half as many, in spirits as of men chased. What is to become of Oliver?

[1] 27,000 say the English Pamphlets; 16,000 foot and 7,000 horse, says Sir Edward Walker (p. 182), who has access to know.

LETTER CXXXIX.

HASELRIG, as we know, is Governor of Newcastle. Oliver on Monday writes this Note; means to send it off, I suppose, by sea. Making no complaint for himself, the remarkable Oliver; doing, with grave brevity, in the hour the business of the hour. 'He was a strong man,' so intimates Charles Harvey, who knew him: 'in the dark perils of war, in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire, when it had gone out in all the others.'[1] A genuine King among men, Mr. Harvey. The divinest sight this world sees,—when it is privileged to see such, and not be sickened with the unholy apery of such! He is just now upon an 'engagement,' or complicated concern, 'very difficult.'

To the Honourable Sir Arthur Haselrig, at Newcastle or elsewhere: These. Haste, haste.

'Dunbar,' 2d September 1650.

DEAR SIR,

We are upon an Engagement very difficult. The Enemy hath blocked-up our way at the Pass at Copperspath, through which we cannot get without almost a miracle. He lieth so upon the Hills that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty; and our lying here daily consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination.

I perceive, your forces are not in a capacity for present release. Wherefore, whatever becomes of us, it will be well for you to get what forces you can together; and the South to help what they can. The business nearly concerneth all Good People. If your forces had been in a readiness to have fallen upon the back of Copperspath, it might have occasioned supplies to have come to us. But the only wise God knows what is best. All shall work for Good. Our spirits[2] are comfortable, praised be the Lord,—though our present condition be as it is. And indeed we have much hope in the Lord; of whose mercy we have had large experience.

Indeed, do you get together what forces you can against

[1] Passages in his Highness's last Sickness, already referred to.
[2] minds.

them. Send to friends in the South to help with more. Let H. Vane know what I write. I would not make it public, lest danger should accrue thereby. You know what use to make hereof. Let me hear from you. I rest, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' It's difficult for me to send to you. Let me hear from 'you' after 'you receive this.'[1]

The base of Oliver's 'Dunbar Peninsula,' as we have called it (or Dunbar Pinfold where he is now hemmed in, upon 'an entanglement very difficult'), extends from Belhaven Bay on his right, to Brocksmouth House on his left; 'about a mile and a half from sea to sea.' Brocksmouth House, the Earl (now Duke) of Roxburgh's mansion, which still stands there, his soldiers now occupy as their extreme post on the left. As its name indicates, it is the *mouth* or issue of a small Rivulet, or *Burn*, called *Brock*, *Brocksburn;* which, springing from the Lammermoor, and skirting David Lesley's Doon Hill, finds its egress here into the sea. The reader who would form an image to himself of the great Tuesday 3d of September 1650, at Dunbar, must note well this little *Burn*. It runs in a deep grassy glen, which the South-country Officers in those old Pamphlets describe as a 'deep *ditch*, forty feet in depth, and about as many in width,'—ditch dug-out by the little Brook itself, and carpeted with greensward, in the course of long thousands of years. It runs pretty close by the foot of Doon Hill; forms, from this point to the sea, the boundary of Oliver's position; his force is arranged in battle-order along the left bank of this Brocksburn, and its glassy glen; he is busied all Monday, he and his Officers, in ranking them there. 'Before sunrise on Monday' Lesley sent down his horse from the Hill-top, to occupy the other side of this Brook; 'about four in the afternoon' his train came down, his whole Army gradually came down; and they now are ranking themselves on the opposite side of Brocksburn,—on rather narrow ground; cornfields, but swiftly sloping upwards to the steep of Doon Hill. This goes on, in the wild showers and

[1] Communicated by John Hare, Esquire, Rosemont Cottage, Clifton. The MS. at Clifton is a Copy, without date; but has this title in an old hand: 'Copy of an original Letter of Oliver Cromwell, written with his own hand, the day before the Battle of Dunbarr, to Sir A. Haselridge.'— —*Note to Second Edition.* Found since (1846), with the Postscript, printed from the Original, in Brand's History of Newcastle (London, 1789), ii. 479. — —*Note to Third Edition.* Autograph Original found now (May 1847); in the possession of R. Ormston, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne. See postea, p. 206, and Appendix, No. 19.

winds of Monday 2d September 1650, on both sides of the Rivulet of Brock. Whoever will begin the attack, must get across this Brook and its glen first; a thing of much disadvantage.

Behind Oliver's ranks, between him and Dunbar, stand his tents; sprinkled up and down, by battalions, over the face of this 'Peninsula;' which is a low though very uneven tract of ground; now in our time all yellow with wheat and barley in the autumn season, but at that date only partially tilled,—describable by Yorkshire Hodgson as a place of plashes and rough bent-grass; terribly beaten by showery winds that day, so that your tent will hardly stand. There was then but one Farm-house on this tract, where now are not a few: thither were Oliver's Cannon sent this morning; they had at first been lodged 'in the Church,' an edifice standing then as now somewhat apart, 'at the south end of Dunbar.' We have notice of only one other 'small house,' belike some poor shepherd's homestead, in Oliver's tract of ground: it stands close by the Brock Rivulet itself, and in the bottom of the little glen; at a place where the banks of it flatten themselves out into a slope passable for carts; this of course, as the one 'pass' in that quarter, it is highly important to seize. Pride and Lambert lodged 'six horse and fifteen foot' in this poor hut early in the morning: Lesley's horse came across, and drove them out; killing some and 'taking three prisoners;'—and so got possession of this pass and hut; but did not keep it. Among the three prisoners was one musketeer, 'a very stout man, though he has but a wooden arm,' and some iron hook at the end of it, poor fellow. He 'fired thrice,' not without effect, with his wooden arm; and was not taken without difficulty: a handfast stubborn man; they carried him across to General Lesley to give some account of himself. In several of the old Pamphlets, which agree in all the details of it, this is what we read:

'General *David* Lesley (old Leven,' the other Lesley, 'being in the Castle of Edinburgh, as they relate[1]), asked this man, If the Enemy did intend to fight? He replied, "What do you think we come here for? We come for nothing else!"—"Soldier," says Lesley, "how will you fight, when you have shipped half of your men, and all your great guns?" The Soldier replied, "Sir, if you please to draw down your men, you shall find both men and great guns too!"'—A most dogged handfast man, this with the wooden arm, and iron hook on it! 'One of the Officers asked, How he

[1] Old Leven is *here*, if the Pamphlet knew; but only as a volunteer and without command, though nominally still General-in-chief.

durst answer the General so saucily? He said, "I only answer the question put to me!"' Lesley sent him across, free again, by a trumpet: he made his way to Cromwell; reported what had passed, and added doggedly, He for one had lost twenty shillings by the business,—plundered from him in this action. 'The Lord General gave him thereupon two pieces,' which I think are forty shillings; and sent him away rejoicing.[1]—This is the adventure at the 'pass' by the shepherd's hut in the bottom of the glen, close by the Brocksburn itself.

And now farther, on the great scale, we are to remark very specially that there is just one other 'pass' across the Brocksburn; and this is precisely where the London road now crosses it; about a mile east from the former pass, and perhaps two gunshots west from Brocksmouth House. There the great road then as now crosses the Burn of Brock; the steep grassy glen, or 'broad ditch forty feet deep,' flattening itself out here once more into a passable slope: passable, but still steep on the southern or Lesley side, still mounting up there, with considerable acclivity, into a high table-ground, out of which the Doon Hill, as outskirt of the Lammermoor, a short mile to your right, gradually gathers itself. There, at this 'pass,' on and about the present London road, as you discover after long dreary dim examining, took place the brunt or essential agony of the Battle of Dunbar long ago. Read in the extinct old Pamphlets, and ever again obstinately read, till some light rise in them, look even with unmilitary eyes at the ground as it now is, you do at last obtain small glimmerings of distinct features here and there,—which gradually coalesce into a kind of image for you; and some spectrum of the Fact becomes visible; rises veritable, face to face, on you, grim and sad in the depths of the old dead Time. Yes, my travelling friends, vehiculating in gigs or otherwise over that piece of London road, you may say to yourselves, Here without monument is the grave of a valiant thing which was done under the Sun; the footprint of a Hero, not yet quite undistinguishable, is here!—

'The Lord General about four o'clock,' say the old Pamphlets, 'went into the Town to take some refreshment,' a hasty late dinner, or early supper, whichever we may call it; 'and very soon returned back,'—having written Sir Arthur's Letter, I think, in the interim. Coursing about the field, with enough of things to order; walking

[1] Cadwell the Army-Messenger's Narrative to the Parliament (in Carte's Ormond Papers, i. 382). Given also, with other details, in King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 478, §§ 9, 7, 10; no. 479, § 1; &c. &c.

at last with Lambert in the Park or Garden of Brocksmouth House, he discerns that Lesley is astir on the Hill-side; altering his position somewhat. That Lesley, in fact, is coming wholly down to the basis of the Hill, where his horse had been since sunrise: coming wholly down to the edge of the Brook and glen, among the sloping harvest-fields there; and also is bringing up his left wing of horse, most part of it, towards his right; edging himself, 'shogging,' as Oliver calls it, his whole line more and more to the right! His meaning is, to get hold of Brocksmouth House and the pass of the Brook there;[1] after which it will be free to him to attack us when he will!—Lesley, in fact, considers, or at least the Committee of Estates and Kirk consider, that Oliver is lost; that, on the whole, he must not be left to retreat, but must be attacked and annihilated here. A vague story, due to Bishop Burnet, the watery source of many such, still circulates about the world, That it was the Kirk Committee who forced Lesley down against his will; that Oliver, at sight of it, exclaimed, "The Lord hath delivered" &c.: which nobody is in the least bound to believe. It appears, from other quarters, that Lesley *was* advised or sanctioned in this attempt by the Committee of Estates and Kirk, but also that he was by no means hard to advise; that, in fact, lying on the top of Doon Hill, shelterless in such weather, was no operation to spin-out beyond necessity;—and that if anybody pressed too much upon him with advice to come down and fight, it was likeliest to be Royalist Civil Dignitaries, who had plagued him with their cavillings at his cunctations, at his 'secret fellow-feeling for the Sectarians and Regicides,' ever since this War began. The poor Scotch Clergy have enough of their own to answer for in this business; let every back bear the burden that belongs to it. In a word, Lesley descends, has been descending all day, and 'shogs' himself to the right,—urged, I believe, by manifold counsel, and by the nature of the case; and, what is equally important for us, Oliver sees him, and sees through him, in this movement of his.

At sight of this movement, Oliver suggests to Lambert standing by him, Does it not give *us* an advantage, if we, instead of him, like to begin the attack? Here is the Enemy's right wing coming out to the open space, free to be attacked on any side; and the main-battle hampered in narrow sloping ground between Doon Hill and the Brook, has no room to manœuvre or assist:[2] beat this right wing where it now stands; take it in flank and front with an overpowering force,—it is driven upon its own main-battle,

[1] Baillie's Letters, iii. 111. [2] Hodgson.

the whole Army is beaten? Lambert eagerly assents, "had meant to say the same thing." Monk, who comes up at the moment, likewise assents; as the other Officers do, when the case is set before them. It is the plan resolved upon for battle. The attack shall begin tomorrow before dawn.

And so the soldiers stand to their arms, or lie within instant reach of their arms, all night; being upon an engagement very difficult indeed. The night is wild and wet;—2d of September means 12th by our calendar: the Harvest Moon wades deep among clouds of sleet and hail. Whoever has a heart for prayer, let him pray now, for the wrestle of death is at hand. Pray,—and withal keep his powder dry! And be ready for extremities, and quit himself like a man!—Thus they pass the night; making that Dunbar Peninsula and Brock Rivulet long memorable to me. We English have some tents; the Scots have none. The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against these whinstone bays; the sea and the tempests are abroad, all else asleep but we,—and there is One that rides on the wings of the wind.

Towards three in the morning the Scotch foot, by order of a Major-General say some,[1] extinguish their matches, all but two in a company; cower under the corn-shocks, seeking some imperfect shelter and sleep. Be wakeful, ye English; watch, and pray, and keep your powder dry. About four o'clock comes order to my puddingheaded Yorkshire friend, that his regiment must mount and march straightway; his and various other regiments march, pouring swiftly to the left to Brocksmouth House, to the Pass over the Brock. With overpowering force let us storm the Scots right wing there; beat that, and all is beaten. Major Hodgson riding along, heard, he says, 'a Cornet praying in the night;' a company of poor men, I think, making worship there, under the void Heaven, before battle joined: Major Hodgson, giving his charge to a brother Officer, turned aside to listen for a minute, and worship and pray along with them; haply his last prayer on this Earth, as it might prove to be. But no: this Cornet prayed with such effusion as was wonderful; and imparted strength to my Yorkshire friend, who strengthened his men by telling them of it. And the Heavens, in their mercy, I think, have opened us a way of deliverance!—The Moon gleams out, hard and blue, riding among hail-clouds; and over St. Abb's Head a streak of dawn is rising.

And now is the hour when the attack should be, and no Lambert is yet here, he is ordering the line far to the right yet; and Oliver

[1] 'Major-General Holburn' (he that escorted Cromwell into Edinburgh in 1648), says Walker, p. 180.

occasionally, in Hodgson's hearing, is impatient for him. The Scots too, on this wing, are awake; thinking to surprise us; there is their trumpet sounding, we heard it once; and Lambert, who was to lead the attack, is not here. The Lord General is impatient;—behold Lambert at last! The trumpets peal, shattering with fierce clangour Night's silence; the cannons awaken along all the Line: "The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts!" On, my brave ones, on!—

The dispute 'on this right wing was hot and stiff, for three quarters of an hour.' Plenty of fire, from fieldpieces, snaphances, matchlocks, entertains the Scotch main-battle across the Brock;—poor stiffened men, roused from the corn-shocks with their matches all out! But here on the right, their horse, 'with lancers in the front rank,' charge desperately; drive us back across the hollow of the Rivulet;—back a little; but the Lord gives us courage, and we storm home again, horse and foot, upon them, with a shock like tornado tempests; break them, beat them, drive them all adrift. 'Some fled towards Copperspath, but most across their own foot.' Their own poor foot, whose matches were hardly well alight yet! Poor men, it was a terrible awakening for them: fieldpieces and charge of foot across the Brocksburn; and now here is their own horse in mad panic trampling them to death. Above Three-thousand killed upon the place: 'I never saw such a charge of foot and horse,' says one;[1] nor did I. Oliver was still near to Yorkshire Hodgson when the shock succeeded; Hodgson heard him say, "They run! I profess they run!" And over St. Abb's Head and the German Ocean, just then, bursts the first gleam of the level Sun upon us, 'and I heard Nol say, in the words of the Psalmist, "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered,"'—or in Rous's metre,

> Let God arise, and scattered
> Let all his enemies be;
> And let all those that do him hate
> Before his presence flee!

Even so. The Scotch Army is shivered to utter ruin; rushes in tumultuous wreck, hither, thither; to Belhaven, or, in their distraction, even to Dunbar; the chase goes as far as Haddington; led by Hacker. 'The Lord General made a halt,' says Hodgson, 'and sang the Hundred and-seventeenth Psalm,' till our horse could gather for the chase. Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm, at the foot of the Doon Hill; there we uplift it, to the tune of Ban-

[1] Rushworth's Letter to the Speaker (in Parliamentary History, xix. 341).

gor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky :

O give ye praise unto the Lord,
All nati-ons that be ;
Likewise ye people all, accord
His name to magnify !

For great to-us-ward ever are
His lovingkindnesses ;
His truth endures forevermore :
The Lord O do ye bless !

And now, to the chase again.

The Prisoners are Ten-thousand,—all the foot in a mass. Many Dignitaries are taken ; not a few are slain ; of whom see Printed Lists,—full of blunders. Provost Jaffray of Aberdeen, Member of the Scots Parliament, one of the Committee of Estates, was very nearly slain : a trooper's sword was in the air to sever him, but one cried, He is a man of consequence ; he can ransom himself ! —and the trooper kept him prisoner.[1] The first of the Scots Quakers, by and by ; and an official person much reconciled to Oliver. Ministers also of the Kirk Committee were slain ; two Ministers I find taken, poor Carstairs of Glasgow, poor Waugh of some other place,—of whom we shall transiently hear again.

General David Lesley, vigorous for flight as for other things, got to Edinburgh by nine o'clock ; poor old Leven, not so light of movement, did not get till two. Tragical enough. What a change since January 1644, when we marched out of this same Dunbar up to the knees in snow ! It was to help and save these very men that we then marched ; with the Covenant in all our hearts. We have stood by the letter of the Covenant ; fought for our Covenanted Stuart King as we could ;—they again, they stand by the substance of it, and have trampled us and the letter of it into this ruinous state !—Yes, my poor friends ;—and now be wise, be taught ! The letter of your Covenant, in fact, will never rally again in this world. The spirit and substance of it, please God, will never die in this or in any world.

Such is Dunbar Battle ; which might also be called Dunbar Drove, for it was a frightful rout. Brought on by miscalculation ; misunderstanding of the difference between substances and semblances ;—by mismanagement, and the chance of war. My Lord General's next Seven Letters, all written on the morrow, will now be intelligible to the reader. First, however, take the following

[1] Diary of Alexander Jaffray (London, 1834 ;—unhappily relating almost all to the inner man of Jaffray).

PROCLAMATION.

Forasmuch as I understand there are several Soldiers of the Enemy's Army yet abiding in the Field, who by reason of their wounds could not march from thence:

These are therefore to give notice to the Inhabitants of this Nation That they may and hereby have [1] free liberty to repair to the Field aforesaid, and, with their carts or 'in' any other peaceable way, to carry away the said Soldiers to such places as they shall think fit:—provided they meddle not with, or take away, any the Arms there. And all Officers and Soldiers are to take notice that the same is permitted.

Given under my hand, at Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

Oliver Cromwell.

To be proclaimed by beat of drum.[2]

LETTER CXL.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

Sir,

I hope it's not ill taken, that I make no more frequent addresses to the Parliament. Things that are in trouble, in point of provision for your Army, and of ordinary direction, I have, as I could, often presented to the Council of State, together with such occurrences as have happened;—who, I am sure, as they have not been wanting in their extraordinary care and provision for us, so neither in what they judge fit and necessary to represent the same to you. And this I thought to be a sufficient discharge of my duty on that behalf.

It hath now pleased God to bestow a mercy upon you, worthy of your knowledge, and of the utmost praise and

[1] *s/c.*

[2] Old Newspaper, Several Proceedings in Parliament, no. 50 (5th-12th Sept. 1650): in Burney Newspapers (British Museum), vol. xxxiv.

thanks of all that fear and love His name ; yea, the mercy is far above all praise. Which that you may the better perceive, I shall take the boldness to tender unto you some circumstances accompanying this great business, which will manifest the greatness and seasonableness of this mercy.

We having tried what we could to engage the Enemy, three or four miles West of Edinburgh ; that proving ineffectual, and our victual failing,—we marched towards our ships for a recruit of our want. The Enemy did not at all trouble us in our rear ; but marched the direct way towards Edinburgh, and partly in the night and morning slips-through his whole Army ; and quarters himself in a posture easy to interpose between us and our victual. But the Lord made him to lose the opportunity. And the morning proving exceeding wet and dark, we recovered, by that time it was light, a ground where they could not hinder us from our victual : which was an high act of the Lord's Providence to us. We being come into the said ground, the Enemy marched into the ground we were last upon ; having no mind either to strive to interpose between us and our victuals, or to fight ; being indeed upon this 'aim of reducing us to a' lock,—hoping that the sickness of your Army would render their work more easy by the gaining of time. Whereupon we marched to Musselburgh, to victual, and to ship away our sick men ; where we sent aboard near five-hundred sick and wounded soldiers.

And upon serious consideration, finding our weakness so to increase, and the Enemy lying upon his advantage,—at a general council it was thought fit to march to Dunbar, and there to fortify the Town. Which (we thought), if anything, would provoke them to engage. As also, That the having of a Garrison there would furnish us with accommodation for our sick men, 'and' would be a good Magazine,—which we exceedingly wanted ; being put to depend upon the uncertainy of weather for landing provisions, which many times cannot be done though the being of the whole Army lay upon it, all the coasts from Berwick to Leith having not one good harbour. As also, To lie more conveniently to receive our recruits of horse and foot from Berwick.

Having these considerations,—upon Saturday the 30th[1] of August we marched from Musselburgh to Haddington. Where, by that time we had got the van-brigade of our horse, and our foot and train, into their quarters, the Enemy had marched with that exceeding expedition that they fell upon the rear-forlorn of our horse, and put it in some disorder; and indeed had like to have engaged our rear-brigade of horse with their whole Army,—had not the Lord by His Providence put a cloud over the Moon, thereby giving us opportunity to draw-off those horse to the rest of our Army. Which accordingly was done without any loss, save of three or four of our aforementioned forlorn; wherein the Enemy, as we believe, received more loss.

The Army being put into a reasonable secure posture,—towards midnight the Enemy attempted our quarters, on the west end of Haddington: but through the goodness of God we repulsed them. The next morning we drew into an open field, on the south side of Haddington; we not judging it safe for us to draw to the Enemy upon his own ground, he being prepossessed thereof;—but rather drew back, to give him way to come to us, if he had so thought fit. And having waited about the space of four or five hours, to see if he would come to us; and not finding any inclination in the Enemy so to do,—we resolved to go, according to our first intendment, to Dunbar.

By that time we had marched three or four miles, we saw some bodies of the Enemy's horse draw out of their quarters; and by that time our carriages were gotten near Dunbar, their whole Army was upon their march after us. And indeed, our drawing back in this manner, with the addition of three new regiments added to them, did much heighten their confidence, if not presumption and arrogancy.—The Enemy, that night, we perceived, gathered towards the Hills; labouring to make a perfect interposition between us and Berwick. And having in this posture a great advantage,—through his better knowledge of the country, he effected it: by sending a considerable party to the strait Pass at Copperspath; where ten

[1] *sic:* but Saturday is 31st.

men to hinder are better than forty to make their way. And truly this was an exigent to us,[1] wherewith the Enemy reproached us ;—'as' with that condition the Parliament's Army was in when it made its hard conditions with the King in Cornwall.[2] By some reports that have come to us, they had disposed of us, and of their business, in sufficient revenge and wrath towards our persons ; and had swallowed-up the poor Interest of England ; believing that their Army and their King would have marched to London without any interruption ;—it being told us (we know not how truly) by a prisoner we took the night before the fight, That their King was very suddenly to come amongst them, with those English they allowed to be about him. But in what they were thus lifted up, the Lord was above them.

The Enemy lying in the posture before mentioned, having those advantages ; we lay very near him, being sensible of our disadvantages, having some weakness of flesh, but yet consolation and support from the Lord himself to our poor weak faith, wherein I believe not a few amongst us stand : That because of their numbers, because of their advantages, because of their confidence, because of our weakness, because of our strait, we were in the Mount, and in the Mount the Lord would be seen ; and that He would find out a way of deliverance and salvation for us :—and indeed we had our consolations and our hopes.

Upon Monday evening,—the Enemy's whole numbers were very great ; about Six-thousand horse, as we heard, and Sixteen-thousand foot at least ; ours drawn down, as to sound men, to about Seven-thousand five-hundred foot, and Three-thousand five-hundred horse,—'upon Monday evening,' the Enemy drew down to the right wing about two-thirds of their left wing of horse. To the right wing ; shogging also their foot and train much to the right ; causing their right wing of horse to edge down towards the sea. We could not well im-

[1] A disgraceful summons of caption to us : 'exigent' is a law-writ issued against a fugitive,—such as we knew long since, in our young days, about Lincoln's Inn !

[2] Essex's Army six years ago, in Autumn 1644, when the King had impounded it among the Hills there (see vol. i. p. 171).

agine but that the Enemy intended to attempt upon us, or to place themselves in a more exact condition of interposition. The Major-General and myself coming to the Earl Roxburgh's House, and observing this posture, I told him I thought it did give us an opportunity and advantage to attempt upon the Enemy. To which he immediately replied, That he had thought to have said the same thing to me. So that it pleased the Lord to set this apprehension upon both of our hearts, at the same instant. We called for Colonel Monk, and showed him the thing: and coming to our quarters at night, and demonstrating our apprehensions to some of the Colonels, they also cheerfully concurred.

We resolved therefore to put our business into this posture: That six regiments of horse, and three regiments and a half of foot should march in the van; and that the Major-General, the Lieutenant-General of the horse, and the Commissary-General,[1] and Colonel Monk to command the brigade of foot, should lead on the business; and that Colonel Pride's brigade, Colonel Overton's brigade, and the remaining two regiments of horse should bring up the cannon and rear. The time of falling-on to be by break of day:—but through some delays it proved not to be so; 'not' till six o'clock in the morning.

The Enemy's word was, *The Covenant;* which it had been for divers days. Ours, *The Lord of Hosts.* The Major-General, Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, and Commissary-General Whalley, and Colonel Twistleton, gave the onset; the Enemy being in a very good posture to receive them, having the advantage of their cannon and foot against our horse. Before our foot could come up, the Enemy made a gallant resistance, and there was a very hot dispute at sword's point between our horse and theirs. Our first foot, after they had discharged their duty (being overpowered with the Enemy), received some repulse, which they soon recovered. For my own regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Goffe and my Major, White, did come seasonably in; and, at the push of pike, did repel the stoutest regiment the Enemy had there,

[1] Lambert, Fleetwood, Whalley.

merely with the courage the Lord was pleased to give. Which proved a great amazement to the residue of their foot; this being the first action between the foot. The horse in the mean time did, with a great deal of courage and spirit, beat back all oppositions; charging through the bodies of the Enemy's horse and of their foot; who were, after the first repulse given, made by the Lord of Hosts as stubble to their swords. —Indeed, I believe I may speak it without partiality: both your chief Commanders and others in their several places, and soldiers also, were acted [1] with as much courage as ever hath been seen in any action since this War. I know they look not to be named; and therefore I forbear particulars.

The best of the Enemy's horse being broken through and through in less than an hour's dispute, the whole Army being put into confusion, it became a total rout; our men having the chase and execution of them near eight miles. We believe that upon the place and near about it were about Three-thousand slain. Prisoners taken: of their officers you have this enclosed List; of private soldiers near Ten-thousand. The whole baggage and train taken, wherein was good store of match, powder and bullet; all their artillery, great and small,—thirty guns. We are confident they have left behind them not less than Fifteen-thousand arms. I have already brought in to me near Two-hundred colours, which I herewith send you.[2] What officers of theirs of quality are killed, we yet cannot learn; but yet surely divers are: and many men of quality are mortally wounded, as Colonel Lumsden, the Lord Libberton and others. And, that which is no small addition, I do not believe we have lost twenty men. Not one Commission Officer slain as I hear of, save one Cornet; and Major Rooksby, since dead of his wounds; and not many mortally wounded:—Colonel Whalley only cut in the hand-

[1] 'actuated,' as we now write it.

[2] They hung long in Westminster Hall; beside the Preston ones, and still others that came. Colonel Pride has been heard to wish, and almost to hope, That the Lawyers' gowns might all be hung up beside the Scots colours yet,—and the Lawyers' selves, except some very small and most select needful remnant, be ordered peremptorily to disappear from those localities, and seek an honest trade elsewhere! (Walker's History of Independency.)

wrist, and his horse (twice shot) killed under him; but he well recovered another horse, and went on in the chase.

Thus you have the prospect of one of the most signal mercies God hath done for England and His people, this War:—and now may it please you to give me the leave of a few words. It is easy to say, The Lord hath done this. It would do you good to see and hear our poor foot to go up and down making their boast of God. But, Sir, it's in your hands, and by these eminent mercies God puts it more into your hands, To give glory to Him; to improve your power, and His blessings, to His praise. We that serve you beg of you not to own us,—but God alone. We pray you own His people more and more; for they are the chariots and horsemen of Israel. Disown yourselves;—but own your Authority; and improve it to curb the proud and the insolent, such as would disturb the tranquillity of England, though under what specious pretences soever. Relieve the oppressed, hear the groans of poor prisoners in England. Be pleased to reform the abuses of all professions:—and if there be any one that makes many poor to make a few rich,[1] that suits not a Commonwealth. If He that strengthens your servants to fight, please to give you hearts to set upon these things, in order to His glory, and the glory of your Commonwealth,—'then' besides the benefit England shall feel thereby, you shall shine forth to other Nations, who shall emulate the glory of such a pattern, and through the power of God turn-in to the like!

These are our desires. And that you may have liberty and opportunity to do these things, and not be hindered, we have been and shall be (by God's assistance) willing to venture our lives;—and 'will' not desire you should be precipitated by importunities, from your care of safety and preservation; but that the doing of these good things may have their place amongst those which concern wellbeing,[2] and so be wrought in their time and order.

[1] 'Many of them had a *peek* at Lawyers generally' (says learned Bulstrode in these months,—appealing to posterity, almost with tears in his big dull eyes!).

[2] We as yet struggle for *being*; which is preliminary, and still more essential.

Since we came in Scotland, it hath been our desire and longing to have avoided blood in this business; by reason that God hath a people here fearing His name, though deceived. And to that end have we offered much love unto such, in the bowels of Christ; and concerning the truth of our hearts therein, have we appealed unto the Lord. The Ministers of Scotland have hindered the passage of these things to the hearts of those to whom we intended them. And now we hear, that not only the deceived people, but some of the Ministers are also fallen in this Battle. This is the great hand of the Lord, and worthy of the consideration of all those who take into their hands the instruments of a foolish shepherd,—to wit, meddling with worldly policies, and mixtures of earthly power, to set up that which they call the Kingdom of Christ, which is neither it, nor, if it were it, would such means be found effectual to that end,—and neglect, or trust not to, the Word of God, the Sword of the Spirit; which is alone powerful and able for the setting-up of that Kingdom; and, when trusted to, will be found effectually able to that end, and will also do it! This is humbly offered for their sakes who have lately too much turned aside: that they might return again to preach Jesus Christ, according to the simplicity of the Gospel;—and then no doubt they will discern and find your protection and encouragement.

Beseeching you to pardon this length, I humbly take leave; and rest, Sir, your most obedient servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Industrious dull Bulstrode, coming home from the Council of State towards Chelsea on Saturday afternoon, is accosted on the streets, 'near Charing Cross,' by a dusty individual, who declares himself bearer of this Letter from my Lord General; and imparts a rapid outline of the probable contents to Bulstrode's mind, which naturally kindles with a certain slow solid satisfaction on receipt thereof.[2]

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 87–91).
[2] Whitlocke (2d edition), p. 470 (7th Sept.).

LETTER CXLI.

LETTER CXXXIX., for Sir Arthur, did not go on Monday night; and finds now an unexpected conveyance!—Brand, Historian of Newcastle, got sight of that Letter, and of this new one enclosing it, in the hands of an old Steward of the Haselrigs, grandfather of the present possessor of those Documents, some half-century ago; and happily took copies. Letter CXXXIX. was autograph, 'folded up hastily before the ink was quite dry;—sealed with red wax:' of this there is nothing autograph but the signature; and the sealing-wax is black.

For the Honourable Sir Arthur Haselrig, at Newcastle or elsewhere: These. Haste, haste.

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

SIR,

You will see by my Enclosed, of the 2d of this month, which was the evening before the Fight, the condition we were in at that time. Which I thought fit on purpose to send you, that you might see how great and how seasonable our deliverance and mercy is, by such aggravation.

Having said my thoughts thereupon to the Parliament, I shall only give you the narrative of this exceeding mercy;[1] believing the Lord will enlarge your heart to a thankful consideration thereupon. The least of this mercy lies not in the advantageous consequences which I hope it may produce; of glory to God and good to His People, in the prosecution of that which remains; unto which this great work hath opened so fair a way. We have no cause to doubt but, if it shall please the Lord to prosper our endeavours, we may find opportunities both upon Edinburgh and Leith,—Stirling-Bridge, and other such places as the Lord shall lead unto. Even far above our thoughts; as this late and other experiences gives good encouragement.

Wherefore, that we may not be wanting, I desire you, with such forces as you have, Immediately to march to me to Dunbar; leaving behind you such of your new Levies as will pre-

[1] Means *the bare statement*. In the next sentence, 'The least lies not,' is for *The not least lies*.

vent lesser incursions :—for surely their rout and ruin is so total that they will not be provided for any thing that is very considerable.— —Or rather, which I more incline unto, That you would send Thomlinson with the Forces you have ready, and this with all possible expedition ; and that *you* will go on with the remainder of the Reserve,—which, upon better thoughts, I do not think can well be done without you.

Sir, let no time nor opportunity be lost. Surely it's probable that Kirk has done their do.[1] I believe their King will set-up upon his own score now ; wherein he will find many friends. Taking opportunity offered,—it's our great advantage, through God. I need say no more to you on this behalf ; but rest, your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My service to your good Lady.—I think it will be very fit that you bake Hard-bread again, considering you increase our numbers. I pray you do so.—Sir, I desire you to procure about Three or Four score Masons, and ship them to us with all speed : for we expect that God will suddenly put some places into our hands, which we shall have occasion to fortify.[2]

LETTER CXLII.

To the Lord President of the Council of State : These.

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

MY LORD,

I have sent the Major-General, with six regiments of horse and one of foot, towards Edinburgh ; purposing (God willing) to follow after, tomorrow, with what convenience I may.

We are put to exceeding trouble, though it be an effect of abundant mercy, with the numerousness of our Prisoners ; having so few hands, so many of our men sick ;—so little con-

[1] 'doo' in orig.

[2] Brand's History of Newcastle, ii. 489. In Brand's Book there follow Excerpts from two other Letters to Sir Arthur ; of which, on inquiry, the present Baronet of Nosely Hall unluckily knows nothing farther. The Excerpts, with their dates, shall be given presently.

veniency of disposing of them ;[1] and not, by attendance thereupon, to omit the seasonableness of the prosecution of this mercy as Providence shall direct. We have been constrained, even out of Christianity, humanity, and the forementioned necessity, to dismiss between four and five thousand Prisoners, almost starved, sick and wounded ; the remainder, which are the like, or a greater number, I am fain to send by a convoy of four troops of Colonel Hacker's, to Berwick, and so on to Newcastle, southwards.[2]

I think fit to acquaint your Lordship with two or three observations. Some of the honestest in the Army amongst the Scots did profess before the fight, That they did not believe their King in his Declaration ;[3] and it's most evident he did sign it with as much reluctancy and so much against his heart as could be : and yet they venture their lives for him upon this account ; and publish this 'Declaration' to the world, to be believed as the act of a person converted, when in their hearts they know he abhorred the doing of it, and meant it not.

I hear, when the Enemy marched last up to us, the Ministers pressed their Army to interpose between us and home ; the chief Officers desiring rather that we might have way made, though it were by a golden bridge. But the Clergy's counsel prevailed,—to their no great comfort, through the goodness of God.

The Enemy took a gentleman of Major Brown's troop prisoner, that night we came to Haddington ; and he had quarter

[1] The Prisoners :—sentence ungrammatical, but intelligible.

[2] Here are Brand's Excerpts from the two other Letters to Sir Arthur, spoken of in the former Note : '*Dunbar*, 5*th Sept.* 1650. . . . After much deliberation, we can find no way how to dispose of these Prisoners that will be consisting with these two ends : to wit, the not losing them and the not starving them, neither of which would we willingly incur,—but by sending them into England.' (Brand, ii. 481.)—'*Edinburgh*, 9*th Sept.* 1650. . . . I hope your Northern Guests are come to you by this time. I pray you let humanity be exercised towards them : I am persuaded it will be comely. Let the Officers be kept at Newcastle, some sent to Lynn, some to Chester.' (*Ibid.* p. 480.)—(*Note to Third Edition*). Letters complete, in Appendix, No. 19.

A frightful account of what became of these poor 'Northern Guests' as they proceeded 'southwards ;' how, for sheer hunger, they ate raw-cabbages in the 'walled garden at Morpeth,' and lay in unspeakable imprisonment in Durham Cathedral, and died as of swift pestilence there : In Sir Arthur Haselrig's Letter to the Council of State (reprinted, from the old Pamphlets, in Parliamentary History, xix. 417).

[3] Open Testimony against the sins of his Father, see antea, p. 183.

through Lieutenant-General David Lesley's means; who, finding him a man of courage and parts, laboured with him to take up arms. But the man expressing constancy and resolution to this side, the Lieutenant-General caused him to be mounted, and with two troopers to ride about to view their gallant Army; using that as an argument to persuade him to their side; and, when this was done, dismissed him to us in a bravery. And indeed the day before we fought, they did express so much insolency and contempt of us, to some soldiers they took, as was beyond apprehension. Your Lordship's most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

WHICH high officialities being ended, here are certain glad domestic Letters of the same date.

LETTER CXLIII.

For my beloved Wife Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpit: These.

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

MY DEAREST,

I have not leisure to write much. But I could chide thee that in many of thy Letters thou writest to me, That I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice.

The Lord hath showed us an exceeding mercy:—who can tell how great it is! My weak faith hath been upheld. I have been in my inward man marvellously supported;—though I assure thee, I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age marvellously stealing upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease! Pray on my behalf in the latter respect.

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 91).

The particulars of our late success Harry Vane or Gilbert Pickering will impart to thee. My love to all dear friends. I rest thine,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

LETTER CXLIV.

For my loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

DEAR BROTHER,

Having so good an occasion as the imparting so great a mercy as the Lord has vouchsafed us in Scotland, I would not omit the imparting thereof to you, though I be full of business.

Upon Wednesday[2] we fought the Scottish Armies. They were in number, according to all computation, above Twenty-thousand; we hardly Eleven-thousand, having great sickness upon our Army. After much appealing to God, the Fight lasted above an hour. We killed (as most think) Three-thousand; took near Ten-thousand prisoners, all their train, about thirty guns great and small, besides bullet, match and powder, very considerable Officers, about two-hundred colours, above ten-thousand arms;—lost not thirty men. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Good Sir, give God all the glory; stir up all yours, and all about you, to do so. Pray for your affectionate brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I desire my love may be presented to my dear Sister, and to all your Family. I pray tell Doll I do not forget her nor her little Brat. She writes very cunningly and complimentally to me; I expect a Letter of plain dealing from her. She is too modest to tell me whether she breeds or not. I wish a

[1] Copied from the Original by John Hare, Esq., Rosemont Cottage, Clifton. Collated with the old Copy in British Museum, Cole MSS. no. 5834, p. 38. 'The Original was purchased at Strawberry-Hill Sale' (Horace Walpole's), '30th April 1842, for Twenty-one guineas.'

[2] 'Wedensd.' in the Original. A curious proof of the haste and confusion Cromwell was in. The Battle was on *Tuesday*,—yesterday, 3d September 1650; indisputably Tuesday; and he is now writing on Wednesday!—

blessing upon her and her Husband. The Lord make them fruitful in all that's good. They are at leisure to write often; —but indeed they are both idle, and worthy of blame.[1]

LETTER CXLV.

A PIOUS Word, shot off to Ireland, for Son Ireton and the 'dear Friends' fighting for the same Cause there. That they may rejoice with us, as we have done with them: none knows but they may have 'need' again 'of mutual experiences for refreshment.'

'To Lieutenant-General Ireton, Deputy-Lieutenant of Ireland: These.'

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

SIR,

Though I hear not often from you, yet I know you forget me not. Think so of me 'too;' for I often remember you at the Throne of Grace.—I heard of the Lord's good hand with you in reducing Waterford, Duncannon, and Catherlogh:[2] His Name be praised.

We have been engaged upon a Service the fullest of trial ever poor creatures were upon. We made great professions of love; knowing we were to deal with many who were Godly, and 'who' pretended to be stumbled at our Invasion: —indeed, our bowels were pierced again and again; the Lord helped us to sweet words, and in sincerity to mean them. We were rejected again and again; yet still we begged to be believed that we loved them as our own souls; they often returned evil for good. We prayed for security:[3] they would not hear or answer a word to that. We made often appeals to God; they appealed also. We were near engagements three or four times, but they lay upon advantages. A heavy flux fell upon our Army; brought it very low,—from Fourteen to Eleven thousand: Three-thousand five-hundred horse,

[1] Harris, p. 513; one of the Pusey stock, the last now but three.

[2] 'Catherlogh' is Carlow: Narrative of these captures (10th August 1650) in a Letter from Ireton to the Speaker (Parliamentary History, xix. 234–7).

[3] Begged of them some security against Charles Stuart's designs upon England.

and Seven-thousand five-hundred foot. The Enemy Sixteen-thousand foot, and Six-thousand horse.

The Enemy prosecuted the advantage. We were necessitated; and upon September [1] the 3d, by six in the morning, we attempted their Army :—after a hot dispute for about an hour, we routed their whole Army; killed near Three-thousand; and took, as the Marshal informs me, Ten-thousand prisoners; their whole Train, being about thirty pieces, great and small; good store of powder, match and bullet; near Two-hundred Colours. I am persuaded near Fifteen-thousand Arms left upon the ground. And I believe, though many of ours be wounded, we lost not above Thirty men. Before the Fight our condition was made very sad, the Enemy greatly insulted and menaced 'us;' but the Lord upheld us with comfort in Himself, beyond ordinary experience.

I knowing the acquainting you with this great handiwork of the Lord would stir-up your minds to praise and rejoicing; and not knowing but your condition may require mutual experiences for refreshment; and knowing also that the news we had of your successes was matter of help to our faith in our distress, and matter of praise also,—I thought fit (though in the midst of much business) to give you this account of the unspeakable goodness of the Lord, who hath thus appeared, to the glory of His great Name, and the refreshment of His Saints.

The Lord bless you, and us, to return praises; to *live* them all our days. Salute all our dear Friends with you, as if I named them. I have no more;—but rest, your loving father and true friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

We observe there are no regards to Bridget Ireton, no news or notice of her, in this Letter. Bridget Ireton is at London, safe from these wild scenes; far from her Husband, far from her Father:—will never see her brave Husband more.

[1] '7ber' he writes.

[2] Russell's Life of Cromwell (Edinburgh, 1829; forming vols. 46, 47 of Constable's Miscellany), ii. 317-19. Does not say whence;—Letter undoubtedly genuine.

LETTER CXLVI.

DUBITATING Wharton must not let 'success' too much sway him; yet it were fit he took notice of these things: he, and idle Norton whom we know, and Montague of Hinchinbrook, and others. The Lord General, for his own share, has a better ground than 'success;' has the direct insight of his own soul, such as suffices him, —such as all souls to which 'the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding,' or may be capable of, one would think!

For the Right Honourable the Lord Wharton: These.

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

MY DEAR LORD,

Ay, poor I love you! Love you the Lord: take heed of disputing!—I was untoward when I spake last with you in St. James's Park. I spake cross in stating 'my' grounds: I spake to *my judgings* of you; which were: That you,—shall I name others?—Henry Lawrence, Robert Hammond, &c., had ensnared yourselves with disputes.

I believe you desired to be satisfied; and had tried and doubted your 'own' sincerities. It was well. But uprightness, if it be not *purely* of God, may be, nay commonly is, deceived. The Lord persuade you, and all my dear Friends!

The results of your thoughts concerning late Transactions I know to be mistakes of yours, by a better argument than *success*. Let not your engaging too far upon your own judgments be your temptation or snare: much less 'let' success, —lest you should be thought to return upon less noble arguments.[1] It is in my heart to write the same things to Norton, Montague and others: I pray you read or communicate these foolish lines to them. I have known my folly do good, when affection has overcome[2] my reason. I pray you judge me sincere,—lest a prejudice should be put upon after advantages.

How gracious has the Lord been in this great Business! Lord, hide not Thy mercies from our eyes!—

My service to the dear Lady. I rest, your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

[1] Decide as the essence of the matter *is*; neither persist nor 'return' upon fallacious, superficial, or external considerations.

[2] outrun.

[3] Gentleman's Magazine (London, 1814), lxxxiv. 419. Does not say whence or how.

LETTERS CXLVII.—CXLIX.

Of these Letters, the first Two, with their Replies and Adjuncts, Six Missives in all, form a Pamphlet published at Edinburgh in 1650, with the Title : *Several Letters and Passages between his Excellency the Lord General Cromwell and the Governor of Edinburgh Castle.* They have been reprinted in various quarters: we copy the Cromwell part of them from *Thurloe;* and fancy they will not much need any preface. Here are some words, written elsewhere on the occasion, some time ago.

'These Letters of Cromwell to the Edinburgh Clergy, treating of obsolete theologies and polities, are very dull to modern men: but they deserve a steady perusal by all such as will understand the strange meaning (for the present, alas, as good as obsolete in all forms of it) that possessed the mind of Cromwell in these hazardous operations of his. Dryasdust, carrying his learned eye over these and the like Letters, finds them, of course, full of "hypocrisy," &c. &c.—Unfortunate Dryasdust, they are coruscations, terrible as lightning, and beautiful as lightning, from the innermost temple of the Human Soul;—intimations, still credible, of what a Human Soul does mean when it *believes* in the Highest; a thing poor Dryasdust never did nor will do. The hapless generation that now reads these words ought to hold its peace when it has read them, and sink into unutterable reflections,—not unmixed with tears, and some substitute for "sackcloth and ashes," if it liked. In its poor canting sniffing flimsy vocabulary there is no word that can make any response to them. This man has a living god-inspired soul in him, not an enchanted artificial "substitute for salt," as our fashion is. They that have human eyes can look upon him; they that have only owl-eyes need not.'

Here also are some sentences on a favourite topic, *lightning* and *light.* 'As lightning is to light, so is a Cromwell to a Shakspeare. The light is beautifuler. Ah, yes; but until, by lightning and other fierce labour, your foul Chaos has become a World, you cannot have any light or the smallest chance for any! Honour the Amphion whose music makes the stones, rocks, and big blocks dance into figures, into domed cities, with temples and habitations:—yet know him too; how, as Volker's in the old *Nibelungen*, oftentimes his "fiddlebow" has to be of "sharp steel," and to play a tune very rough to rebellious ears! The melodious Speaker is great, but the melodious Worker is greater than he. "Our

time," says a certain author, "cannot speak at all, but only cant and sneer, and argumentatively jargon, and recite the multiplication-table. Neither as yet can it work, except at mere railroads and cotton-spinning. It will, apparently, return to Chaos soon; and then more lightnings will be needed, lightning enough, to which Cromwell's was but a mild matter;—to be followed by light, we may hope!" '—

The following Letter from Whalley, with the Answer to it, will introduce this series. The date is Monday; the Lord General observing yesterday that the poor Edinburgh people were sadly short of Sermon, has ordered the Commissary-General to communicate as follows:

"*For the Honourable the Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh.*

"Edinburgh, 9th September 1650.

"SIR,—I received command from my Lord General to desire you to let the Ministers of Edinburgh, now in the Castle with you, know, That they have free liberty granted them, if they please to take the pains, to preach in their several Churches; and that my Lord hath given special command both to officers and soldiers that they shall not in the least be molested. Sir, I am, your most humble servant, EDWARD WHALLEY."

To which straightway there is this Answer from Governor Dundas:

"'*To Commissary-General Whalley.*'

"'Edinburgh Castle,' 9th September 1650.

"SIR,—I have communicated the desire of your Letter to such of the Ministers of Edinburgh as are with me; who have desired me to return this for Answer:

"That though they are ready to be spent in their Master's service, and to refuse no suffering so they may fulfil their ministry with joy; yet perceiving the persecution to be personal, by the practice of your Party[1] upon the Ministers of Christ in England and Ireland, and in the Kingdom of Scotland since your unjust Invasion thereof; and finding nothing expressed in yours whereupon to build any security for their persons while they are there, and for their return hither;—they are resolved to reserve themselves for better times, and to wait upon Him who hath hidden His face for a while from the sons of Jacob.

[1] Sectarian Party, of Independents.

"This is all I have to say, but that I am, Sir, your most humble servant, W. DUNDAS."

To which somewhat sulky response Oliver makes Answer in this notable manner:

LETTER CXLVII.

For the Honourable the Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh: These.

Edinburgh, 9th September 1650.

SIR,

The kindness offered to the Ministers with you was done with ingenuity;[1] thinking it might have met with the like: but I am satisfied to tell those with you, That if their Master's service (as they call it) were chiefly in their eye, imagination of suffering[2] would not have caused such a return; much less 'would' the practice of our Party, as they are pleased to say, upon the Ministers of Christ in England, have been an argument of personal persecution.

The Ministers in England are supported, and have liberty to preach the Gospel; though not to rail, nor, under pretence thereof,[3] to overtop the Civil Power, or debase it as they please. No man hath been troubled in England or Ireland for preaching the Gospel; nor has any Minister been molested in Scotland since the coming of the Army hither. The speaking truth becomes the Ministers of Christ.

When Ministers pretend to a glorious Reformation; and lay the foundations thereof in getting to themselves worldly power; and can make worldly mixtures to accomplish the same, such as their late Agreement with their King; and hope by him to carry-on their design, 'they' may know that the Sion promised will not be built with such untempered mortar.

As for the unjust Invasion they mention, time was[4] when an Army of Scotland came into England, not called by the

[1] Means always *ingenously*.
[2] Fear of personal damage.
[3] Of preaching the Gospel.
[4] 1648, Duke Hamilton's time; to say nothing of 1640 and other times.

Supreme Authority. We have said, in our Papers, with what hearts, and upon what account, we came; and the Lord hath heard us,[1] though you would not, upon as solemn an appeal as any experience can parallel.

And although they seem to comfort themselves with being sons of Jacob, from whom (they say) God hath hid His face for a time; yet it's no wonder when the Lord hath lifted up His hand so eminently against a Family as He hath done so often against this,[2] and men will not see His hand,—'it's no wonder' if the Lord hide His face from such; putting them to shame both for it and their hatred of His people, as it is this day. When they purely trust to the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, which is powerful to bring down strongholds and every imagination that exalts itself,—which alone is able to square and fit the stones for the new Jerusalem;—then and not before, and by that means and no other, shall Jerusalem, the City of the Lord, which is to be the praise of the whole Earth, be built; the Sion of the Holy One of Israel.

I have nothing to say to you but that I am, Sir, your humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

The Scotch Clergy never got such a reprimand since they first took ordination! A very dangerous radiance blazes through these eyes of my Lord General's,—destructive to the owl-dominion in Edinburgh Castle and elsewhere!

Let Dundas and Company reflect on it. Here is their ready Answer: still of the same day.

"'*To the Right Honourable the Lord Cromwell, Commander-in-Chief of the English Amy.*'

"'Edinburgh Castle,' 9th September 1650.

"MY LORD,—Yours I have communicated to those with me whom it concerned; who desire me to return this Answer:

"That their ingenuity in prosecuting the ends of the Covenant, according to their vocation and place, and in adhering to their first principles, is well known; and one of their greatest regrets is that they have not been met with the like. That when Ministers of

[1] At Dunbar, six days ago.
[2] Of the Stuarts.
[3] Thurloe, i. 159; Pamphlet at Edinburgh.

the Gospel have been imprisoned, deprived of their benefices, sequestrated, forced to flee from their dwellings, and bitterly threatened, for their faithful declaring the will of God against the godless and wicked proceedings of men,—it cannot be accounted 'an imaginary fear of suffering' in such as are resolved to follow the like freedom and faithfulness in discharge of their Master's message. That it savours not of 'ingenuity' to promise liberty of preaching the Gospel, and to limit the Preachers thereof, that they must not speak against the sins and enormities of Civil Powers; since their commission carrieth them to speak the Word of the Lord unto, and to reprove the sins of, persons of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest. That to impose the name of 'railing' upon such faithful freedom was the old practice of Malignants, against the Ministers of the Gospel, who laid open to people the wickedness of their ways, lest men should be ensnared thereby.

"That their consciences bear them record, and all their hearers do know, that they meddle not with Civil Affairs, farther than to hold forth the rule of the Word, by which the straightness and crookedness of men's actions are made evident. But they are sorry they have such cause to regret that men of mere Civil place and employment should usurp the calling and employment of the Ministry:[1] to the scandal of the Reformed Kirks; and, particularly in Scotland, contrary to the government and discipline therein established,—to the maintenance whereof you are bound, by the Solemn League and Covenant.

"Thus far they have thought fit to vindicate their return to the offer in Colonel Whalley's Letter. The other part of yours, which concerns the Public as well as them, they conceive hath all been answered sufficiently in the public Papers of the State and Kirk. Only to that of the success upon your 'solemn appeal' they say again, what was said to it before, That they have not so learned Christ as to hang the equity of their Cause upon events; but desire to have their hearts established in the love of the Truth, in all the tribulations that befall them.

"I only do add that I am, my Lord, your most humble servant,

"W. Dundas."

On Thursday follows Oliver's answer,—'very inferior in composition,' says Dryasdust;—composition not being quite the trade of Oliver! In other respects, sufficiently superior.

[1] Certain of our Soldiers and Officers preach; very many of them can preach,—and greatly to the purpose too!

LETTER CXLVIII.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

Edinburgh, 12th September 1650.

Sir,

Because I am at some reasonable good leisure, I cannot let such gross mistakes and inconsequential reasonings pass without some notice taken of them.

And first, their ingenuity in relation to the Covenant, for which they commend themselves, doth no more justify their want of ingenuity in answer to Colonel Whalley's Christian offer, concerning which my Letter charged them with guiltiness 'and' deficiency, than their bearing witness to themselves of their adhering to their first principles, and ingenuity in prosecuting the ends of the Covenant, justifies them so to have done merely because they say so. They must give more leave henceforwards; for Christ will have it so, nill they, will they. And they must have patience to have the truth of their doctrines and sayings tried by the sure touchstone of the Word of God. And if there be a liberty and duty of trial, there is a liberty of judgment also for them that may and ought to try: which being[1] so, they must give others leave to think and say that they can appeal to equal judges, Who have been the truest fulfillers of the most real and equitable ends of the Covenant?

But if these Gentlemen do[2] assume to themselves to be the infallible expositors of the Covenant, as they do too much to their auditories 'to be the infallible expositors' of the Scriptures 'also,' counting a different sense and judgment from theirs Breach of Covenant and Heresy,—no marvel they judge of others so authoritatively and severely. But we have not so learned Christ. We look at Ministers as helpers of, not lords over, God's people. I appeal to their consciences, whether any 'person' trying their doctrines, and dissenting, shall not incur the censure of Sectary? And what is this but to deny

[1] 'if' in orig.
[2] 'which do' in orig.; *dele* 'which.'

Christians their liberty, and assume the Infallible Chair? What doth he whom we would not be likened unto [1] do more than this?

In the second place, it is affirmed that the "Ministers of the Gospel have been imprisoned, deprived of their benefices, sequestered, forced to fly from their dwellings, and bitterly threatened, for their faithful declaring of the will of God;" that they have been limited that they might not "speak against the sins and enormities of the Civil Powers;" that to "impose the name of railing upon such faithful freedom was the old practice of Malignants against the Preachers of the Gospel," &c.—'Now' if the Civil Authority, or that part of it which continued faithful to their trust,[2] 'and' true to the ends of the Covenant, did, in answer to their consciences, turn-out a Tyrant, in a way which the Christians in aftertimes will mention with honour, and all Tyrants in the world look at with fear; and 'if' while many thousands of saints in England rejoice to think of it, and have received from the hand of God a liberty from the fear of like usurpations, and have cast-off him [3] who trod in his Father's steps, doing mischief as far as he was able (whom you have received like fire into your bosom,—of which God will, I trust, in time make you sensible): if, 'I say,' Ministers railing at the Civil Power, and calling them murderers and the like for doing these things, have been dealt with as you mention,—will this be found a "personal persecution"? Or is sin so, because they say so? [4] They that acted this great Business [5] have given a reason of their faith in the action; and some here [6] are ready farther to do it against all gainsayers.

But it will be found that these reprovers do not only make themselves the judges and determiners of sin, that so they may reprove; but they also took liberty [7] to stir-up the people to blood and arms; and would have brought a war upon England, as hath been upon Scotland, had not God prevented it. And if such severity as hath been expressed towards them

[1] The Pope.
[2] When Pride purged them.
[3] Your Charles II., as you call him.
[4] Because you call it so.
[5] Of judging Charles First.
[6] I for one.
[7] In 1648.

be worthy of the name of "personal persecution," let all uninterested men judge: 'and' whether the calling of the practice "railing" be to be paralleled with the Malignants' imputation upon the Ministers for speaking against the Popish Innovations in the Prelates' times,[1] and the 'other' tyrannical and wicked practices then on foot, let your own consciences mind you! The Roman Emperors, in Christ's and his Apostles' times, were usurpers and intruders upon the Jewish State: yet what footstep[2] have ye either of our blessed Saviour's so much as willingness to the dividing of an inheritance, or their[3] 'ever' meddling in that kind? This was not practised by the Church since our Saviour's time, till Antichrist, assuming the Infallible Chair, and all that he called Church to be under him, practised this authoritatively over Civil Governors. The way to fulfil your Ministry with joy is to preach the Gospel; which I wish some who take pleasure in reproofs at a venture, do not forget too much to do!

Thirdly, you say, You have just cause to regret that men of Civil employments should usurp the calling and employment of the Ministry; to the scandal of the Reformed Kirks. —Are you troubled that Christ is preached? Is preaching so exclusively your function?[4] Doth it scandalise the Reformed Kirks, and Scotland in particular? Is it against the Covenant? Away with the Covenant, if this be so! I thought, the Covenant and these 'professors of it' could have been willing that any should speak good of the name of Christ: if not, it is no Covenant of God's approving; nor are these Kirks you mention insomuch[5] the Spouse of Christ. Where do you find in the Scripture a ground to warrant such an assertion, That Preaching is exclusively your function? Though an Approbation from men hath order in it, and may do well; yet he that hath no better warrant than that, hath none at all. I hope He that ascended up on high may give His gifts to whom He pleases: and if those gifts be the seal of Mission,

[1] O Oliver, my Lord General, the Lindley-Murray composition here is dreadful; the meaning struggling, like a strong swimmer, in an element very viscous!

[2] Vestige. [3] The Apostles'. [4] 'so inclusive in your function,' means that.

[5] So far as their notion of the Covenant goes.

be not 'you' envious though Eldad and Medad prophesy. You know who bids us *covet earnestly the best gifts,* but chiefly *that we may prophesy ;* which the Apostle explains there to be a speaking to instruction and edification and comfort,—which speaking, the instructed, the edified and comforted can best tell the energy and effect of, 'and say whether it is genuine.' If such evidence be, I say again, Take heed you envy not for your own sakes ; lest you be guilty of a greater fault than Moses reproved in Joshua for envying for his sake.

Indeed, you err through mistaking of the Scriptures. Approbation [1] is an act of conveniency in respect of order ; not of necessity, to give faculty to preach the Gospel. Your pretended fear lest Error should step in, is like the man who would keep all the wine out the country lest men should be drunk. It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy, to deprive a man of his natural liberty upon a supposition he may abuse it. When he doth abuse it, judge. If a man speak foolishly, ye suffer him gladly [2] because ye are wise ; if erroneously, the truth more appears by your conviction 'of him.' Stop such a man's mouth by sound words which cannot be gainsaid. If he speak blasphemously, or to the disturbance of the public peace, let the Civil Magistrate punish him : if truly, rejoice in the truth. And if you will call our speakings together since we came into Scotland,—to provoke one another to love and good works, to faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and repentance from dead works ; 'and' to charity and love towards you, to pray and mourn for you, and for your bitter returns to 'our love of you,' and your incredulity of our professions of love to you, of the truth of which we have made our solemn and humble appeals to the Lord our God, which He hath heard and borne witness to : if you will call 'these' things scandalous to the Kirk, and against the Covenant, because done by men of Civil callings,—we rejoice in them, notwithstanding what you say.

For a conclusion : In answer to the witness of God upon our solemn Appeal,[3] you say you have not so learned Christ

[1] Or say 'Ordination,' Solemn Approbation and Appointment by men.
[2] With a patient victorious feeling.
[3] At Dunbar.

'as' to hang the equity of your Cause upon events. We, 'for our part,' could wish blindness have not been upon your eyes to all those marvellous dispensations which God hath lately wrought in England. But did not you solemnly appeal and pray? Did not we do so too? And ought not you and we to think, with fear and trembling, of the hand of the Great God in this mighty and strange appearance of His; instead of slightly calling it an "event"![1] Were not both your and our expectations renewed from time to time, whilst we waited upon God, to see which way He would manifest Himself upon our appeals? And shall we, after all these our prayers, fastings, tears, expectations and solemn appeals, call these bare "events"? The Lord pity you.

Surely we, 'for our part,' fear; because it hath been a merciful and gracious deliverance to us. I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, search after the mind of the Lord in it towards you; and we shall help you by our prayers; that you may find it out: for yet (if we know our hearts at all) our bowels do, in Christ Jesus, yearn after the Godly in Scotland. We know there are stumbling-blocks which hinder you: the personal prejudices you have taken up against us[2] and our ways, wherein we cannot but think some occasion has been given,[3] and for which we mourn: the apprehension you have that we have hindered the glorious Reformation you think you were upon:—I am persuaded these and suchlike bind you up from an understanding, and yielding to, the mind of God, in this great day of His power and visitation. And, if I be rightly informed, the late Blow you received is attributed to profane counsels and conduct, and mixtures[4] in your Army, and suchlike. The natural man will not find out the cause. Look up to the Lord, that He may tell it you. Which that He would do, shall be the fervent prayer of, your loving friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

[1] 'but can slightly call it an event' in orig.

[2] Me. Oliver Cromwell.

[3] I have often, in Parliament and elsewhere, been crabbed towards your hidebound Presbyterian Formula; and given it many a fillip, not thinking sufficiently what good withal was in it.

[4] Admission of Engagers and ungodly people.

'P.S.' These 'following' Queries are sent not to reproach you, but in the love of Christ laying them before you; we being persuaded in the Lord that there is a truth in them. Which we earnestly desire may not be laid aside unsought after, from any prejudice either against the things themselves, or the unworthiness or weakness of the person that offers them. If you turn at the Lord's reproofs, He will pour-out His Spirit upon you; and you shall understand His words; and they will guide you to a blessed Reformation indeed,[1]—even to one according to the Word, and such as the people of God wait for: wherein you will find us and all saints ready to rejoice, and serve you to the utmost in our places and callings.[2]

Enclosed is the Paper of Queries; to which this Editor, anxious to bring-out my Lord General's sense, will take the great liberty to intercalate a word or two of Commentary as we read.

QUERIES.

1. Whether the Lord's controversy be not both against the Ministers in Scotland and in England, for their wresting and straining 'of the Covenant,' and employing[3] the Covenant against the Godly and Saints in England (of the same faith with them in every fundamental) even to a bitter persecution; and so making that which, in the main intention, was Spiritual, to serve Politics and Carnal ends,—even in that part especially which was Spiritual, and did look to the glory of God, and the comfort of His People?

The meaning of your Covenant was, that God's glory should be promoted: and yet how many zealous Preachers, unpresbyterian but real Promoters of God's glory, have you, by wresting and straining of the verbal phrases of the Covenant, found means to menace, eject, afflict and in every way discourage!—

2. Whether the Lord's controversy be not for your and the Ministers in England's sullenness at 'God's great providences,'

[1] 'glorious Reformation,' 'blessed Reformation,' &c. are phrases loud and current everywhere, especially among the Scotch, for ten years past.

[2] Thurloe, i. 158–162.

[3] 'improving' in orig.

and 'your' darkening and not beholding the glory of God's wonderful dispensations in this series of His providences in England, Scotland and Ireland, both now and formerly,—through envy at instruments, and because the things did not work forth your Platform, and the Great God did not come down to your minds and thoughts.

This is well worth your attention. Perhaps the Great God means something other and farther than you yet imagine. Perhaps in His infinite Thought, and Scheme that reaches through Eternities, there may be elements which the Westminster Assembly has not jotted down? Perhaps these reverend learned persons, debating at Four shillings and sixpence a day, did not get to the bottom of the Bottomless, after all? Perhaps this Universe was not entirely built according to the Westminster Shorter Catechism, but by other ground-plans withal, not yet entirely brought to paper anywhere, in Westminster or out of it, that I hear of? O my reverend Scotch friends!—

3. Whether your carrying-on a Reformation, so much by you spoken of, have not probably been subject to some mistakes in your own judgments about some parts of the same,—laying so much stress thereupon as hath been a temptation to you even to break the Law of Love, 'the greatest of all laws,' towards your brethren, and those 'whom' Christ hath regenerated; even to the reviling and persecuting of them, and to stirring-up of wicked men to do the same, for your Form's sake, or but 'for' some parts of it.

A helpless lumbering sentence, but with a noble meaning in it.

4. Whether if your Reformation be so perfect and so spiritual, be indeed the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus, it will need such carnal policies, such fleshly mixtures, such unsincere actings as 'some of these are'? To pretend to cry-down all Malignants; and yet to receive and set-up the Head of them 'all,' and to act for the Kingdom of Christ in his name,[1] and upon advantage thereof? And to publish so false a Paper,[2]

[1] Charles Stuart's: a very questionable 'name' for any Kingdom of Christ to act upon!

[2] The Declaration, or testimony against his Father's sins.

so full of special pretences to piety, as the fruit and effect of his "repentance,"—to deceive the minds of all the Godly in England, Ireland and Scotland; you, in your own consciences, knowing with what regret he did it, and with what importunities and threats he was brought to do it, and how much to this very day he is against it? And whether this be not a high provocation of the Lord, in so grossly dissembling with Him and His people?[1]

Yes, you can consider that, my Friends; and think, on the whole, what kind of course you are probably getting into; steering towards a Kingdom of Jesus Christ with Charles Stuart and Mrs. Barlow at the helm!

The Scotch Clergy reply, through Governor Dundas, still in a sulky unrepentant manner, that they stick by their old opinions; that the Lord General's arguments, which would not be hard to answer a second time, have already been answered amply, by anticipation, in the public Manifestos of the Scottish Nation and Kirk;—that, in short, he hath a longer sword than they for the present, and the Scripture says, "There is one event to the righteous and the wicked," which may probably account for Dunbar, and some other phenomena. Here the correspondence closes; his Excellency on the morrow morning (Friday 13th September 1650) finding no 'reasonable good leisure' to unfold himself farther, in the way of paper and ink, to these men. There remain other ways; the way of cannon-batteries and Derbyshire miners. It is likely his Excellency will subdue the bodies of these men; and the unconquerable mind will then follow if it can.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas it hath pleased God, by His gracious providence and goodness, to put the City of Edinburgh and the Town of Leith under my power: And although I have put forth several Proclamations, since my coming into this Country, to the like effect with this present: Yet for farther satisfaction to all those whom it may concern, I do hereby again publish and declare,

That all the Inhabitants of the country, not now being or

[1] Thurloe, i. 158–162.

continuing in arms, shall have free leave and liberty to come to the Army, and to the City and Town aforesaid, with their cattle, corn, horse, or other commodities or goods whatsoever; and shall there have free and open markets for the same; and shall be protected in their persons and goods, in coming and returning as aforesaid, from any injury or violence of the Soldiery under my command; and shall also be protected in their respective houses. And the Citizens and Inhabitants of the said City and Town shall and hereby likewise have [1] free leave to vend and sell their wares and commodities; and shall be protected from the plunder and violence of the Soldiers.

And I do hereby require all Officers and Soldiers of the Army under my command, To take due notice hereof, and to yield obedience hereto. As they will answer the contrary at their utmost peril.

Given under my hand at Edinburgh, the 14th of September 1650. OLIVER CROMWELL.

To be proclaimed in Leith and Edinburgh, by sound of trumpet and beat of drum.[2]

Listen, and be reassured, ye ancient Populations, though your Clergy sit obstinate on their Castle-rock, and your Stuart King has vanished!—While this comfortable *Oyez-oyez* goes sounding through the ancient streets, my Lord General is himself just getting on march again; as the next Letter will testify.

LETTER CXLIX.

THE Lord General, leaving the Clergy to meditate his Queries in the seclusion of their Castle-rock, sets off westward, on the second day after, to see whether he cannot at once dislodge the Governing Committee-men and Covenanted King; and get possession of Stirling, where they are busily endeavouring to rally. This, he finds, will not answer, for the moment.

[1] Grammar irremediable!

[2] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 479, art. 16 ('The Lord General Cromwell his March to Stirling: being a Diary of' &c. 'Published by Authority').

'*To the Right Honourable the Lord President of the Council of State: These.*'

Edinburgh, 25th September 1650.

* * * On Saturday the 14th instant, we marched six miles towards Stirling; and, by reason of the badness of the ways, were forced to send back two pieces of our greatest artillery. The day following, we marched to Linlithgow, not being able to go farther by reason of much rain that fell that day. On the 16th, we marched to Falkirk; and the next day following, within cannon-shot of Stirling;—where, upon Wednesday the 18th, our Army was drawn forth, and all things in readiness to storm the Town.

But finding the work very difficult; they having in the Town Two-thousand horse and more foot; and the place standing upon a river not navigable for shipping to relieve the same, 'so that' we could not, with safety, make it a Garrison, if God should have given it into our hands:—upon this, and other considerations, it was not thought a fit time to storm. But such was the unanimous resolution and courage both of our Officers and Soldiers, that greater could not be (as to outward appearance) in men.

On Thursday the 19th, we returned from thence to Linlithgow; and at night we were informed that, at Stirling, they shot-off their great guns for joy their King was come thither. On Friday the 20th, three Irish soldiers came from them to us; to whom we gave entertainment in the Army; they say, Great fears possessed the soldiers when they expected us to storm. That they know not whether old Leven be their General or not, the report being various; but that Sir John Browne, a Colonel of their Army, was laid aside. That they are endeavouring to raise all the Forces they can, in the North; that many of the soldiers, since our victory, are offended at their Ministers; that Colonel Gilbert Ker and Colonel Strahan are gone with shattered forces to Glasgow, to levy soldiers there. As yet we hear not of any of the old Cavaliers being entertained as Officers among them; 'the expectation of' which occasions differences betwixt their Ministers and the Officers of the Army.

The same day, we came to Edinburgh 'again.' Where we abide without disturbance; saving that about ten at night, and before day in the morning, they sometimes fire three or four great guns at us; and if any of our men come within musket-shot, they fire at them from the Castle. But, blessed be God, they have done us no harm, except one soldier shot (but not to the danger of his life), that I can be informed of. There are some few of the inhabitants of Edinburgh returned home; who, perceiving our civility, and 'our' paying for what we receive of them, repent their departure; open their shops, and bring provisions to the market. It's reported they have in the Castle provisions for fifteen months; some say, for a longer time. Generally the poor acknowledge that our carriage to them is better than that of their own Army; and 'that' had they who are gone away known so much, they would have stayed at home. They say, one chief reason wherefore so many are gone was, They feared we would have imposed upon them some oath wherewith they could not have dispensed.

I am in great hopes, through God's mercy, we shall be able this Winter to give the People such an understanding of the justness of our Cause, and our desires for the just liberties of the People, that the better sort of them will be satisfied therewith; although, I must confess, hitherto they continue obstinate. I thought I should have found in Scotland a conscientious People, and a barren country: about Edinburgh, it is as fertile for corn as any part of England; but the People generally 'are so' given to the most impudent lying, and frequent swearing, as is incredible to be believed. I rest, 'your Lordship's most humble servant,' OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

What to do with Scotland, in these mixed circumstances, is a question. We have friends among them, a distinct coincidence with them in the great heart of their National Purpose, could they understand us aright; and we have all degrees of enemies among them, up to the bitterest figure of Malignancy itself. What to do? For one thing, Edinburgh Castle ought to be reduced.

[1] Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix. 404).

'We have put forces into Linlithgow, and our Train is lodged in Leith,' Lesley's old citadel there; 'the wet being so great that we cannot march with our Train.' Do we try Edinburgh Castle with a few responsive shots from the Calton Hill; or from what point? My Scotch Antiquarian friends have not informed me. We decide on reducing it by mines.

'*Sunday 29th September* 1650. Resolution being taken for the springing of mines in order to the reducing of Edinburgh Castle; and our men beginning their galleries last night, the Enemy fired five pieces of ordnance, with several volleys of shot, from the Castle; but did no execution. We hope this work will take effect; notwithstanding the height, rockiness, and strength of the place.—His Excellency with his Officers met this day in the High Church of Edinburgh, forenoon and afternoon; where was a great concourse of people.' Mr. Stapylton, who did the Hursley Marriage-treaty, and is otherwise transiently known to mankind,—he, as was above intimated, occupies the pulpit there; the Scots Clergy still sitting sulky in their Castle, with Derby miners now operating on them. 'Many Scots expressed much affection at the doctrine preached by Mr. Stapylton, in their usual way of groans,—Hum-m-mrrh!—and it's hoped a good work is wrought in some of their hearts.'[1] I am sure I hope so. But to think of brother worshippers, partakers in a Gospel of this kind, cutting one another's throats for a Covenanted Charles Stuart,—Hum-m-mrrh!

LETTERS CL.—CLXI.

Haste and other considerations forbid us to do more than glance, timidly from the brink, into that sea of confusions in which the poor Scotch people have involved themselves by soldering Christ's Crown to Charles Stuart's! Poor men, they have got a Covenanted King; but he is, so to speak, a Solecism Incarnate: good cannot come of him, or of those that follow him in this course; only inextricability, futility, disaster and discomfiture can come. There is nothing sadder than to see such a Purpose of a Nation led on by such a set of persons; staggering into ever deeper confusion, down, down, till it fall prostrate into utter wreck. Were not Oliver here to gather up the fragments of it, the Cause of Scotland might now die; Oliver, little as the Scots dream of it, is Scotland's Friend too, as he was Ireland's: what

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 92).

would become of Scotch Puritanism, the one great feat hitherto achieved by Scotland, if Oliver were not now there! Oliver's Letters out of Scotland, what will elucidate Oliver's footsteps and utterances there, shall alone concern us at present. For sufficing which object, the main features of these Scotch confusions may become conceivable without much detail of ours.

The first Scotch Army, now annihilated at Dunbar, had been sedulously cleared of all Hamilton *Engagers* and other Malignant or Quasi-Malignant Persons, according to a scheme painfully laid down in what was called the *Act of Classes*,—a General-Assembly Act, defining and *class*ifying such men as shall not be allowed to fight on this occasion, lest a curse overtake the Cause on their account. Something other than a blessing has overtaken the Cause:—and now, on rallying at Stirling with unbroken purpose of struggle, there arise in the Committee of Estates and Kirk, and over the Nation generally, earnest considerations as to the methods of farther struggle; huge discrepancies as to the ground and figure it ought henceforth to take. As was natural to the case, Three Parties now develop themselves: a middle one, and two extremes. The Official Party, Argyle and the Official Persons, especially the secular portion of them, think that the old ground should as much as possible be adhered to: Let us fill-up our old ranks with new men, and fight and resist with the Covenanted Charles Stuart at the head of us, as we did before. This is the middle or Official opinion.

No, answers an extreme Party, Let us have no more to do with your covenanting pedantries; let us sign your Covenant one good time for all, and have done with it; but prosecute the King's Interest, and call on all men to join us in that. An almost openly declared Malignant Party this; at the head of which Lieutenant-General Middleton, the Marquis of Huntly and other Royalist Persons are raising forces, publishing manifestos, in the Highlands near by. Against whom David Lesley himself at last has to march. This is the one extreme; the Malignant or Royalist extreme. The amount of whose exploits was this: They invited the poor King to run off from Perth and his Church-and-State Officials, and join them; which he did,—rode out as if to hawk, one afternoon, softly across the South Inch of Perth, then galloped some forty miles; found the appointed place,—a villanous hut among the Grampian Hills, without soldiers, resources, or accommodations, 'with nothing but a turf pillow to sleep on:' and was easily persuaded back, the day after;[1] making his peace by a few

[1] 4th-6th October, Balfour, iv. 113-15.

more—what shall we call them?—poetic figments; which the Official Persons, with an effort, swallowed. Shortly after, by official persuasion and military coercion, this first extreme Party was suppressed, reunited to the main body; and need not concern us farther.

But now, quite opposite to this, there is another extreme Party; which has its seat in 'the Western Shires,' from Renfrew down to Dumfries;—which is, in fact, I think, the old *Whiggamore Raid* of 1648 under a new figure; these Western Shires being always given that way. They have now got a 'Western Army,' with Colonel Ker and Colonel Strahan to command it; and most of the Earls, Lairds, and Ministers in those parts have joined. Very strong for the Covenant; very strong against all shams of the Covenant. Colonel Ker is the 'famed Commander Gibby Carre,' who came to commune with us in the Burrow-Moor, when we lay on Pentland Hills: Colonel Strahan is likewise a famed Commander, who was thought to be slain at Musselburgh once, but is alive here still; an old acquaintance of my Lord General Cromwell's, and always suspected of a leaning to Sectarian courses. These Colonels and Gentry having, by sanction of the Committee of Estates, raised a Western Army of some Five-thousand, and had much consideration with themselves; and seen, especially by the flight into the Grampians, what way his Majesty's real inclinations are tending,—decide, or threaten to decide, that they will not serve under his Majesty or his General Lesley with their Army, till they see new light; that in fact they dare not; being apprehensive he is no genuine Covenanted King, but only the sham of one, whom it is terribly dangerous to follow! On this Party Cromwell has his eye; and they on him. What becomes of them we shall, before long, learn.

Meanwhile here is a Letter to the Official Authorities; which, however, produces small effect upon them.

LETTER CL.

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates of Scotland, at Stirling, or elsewhere: These.

Linlithgow, 9th October 1650.

Right Honourable,

The grounds and ends of the Army's entering Scotland have been heretofore, often and clearly, made known unto you; and how much we have desired the same

might be accomplished without blood. But, according to what returns we have received, it is evident your hearts had not that love to us as we can truly say we had towards you. And we are persuaded those difficulties in which you have involved yourselves,—by espousing your King's interest, and taking into your bosom that Person, in whom (notwithstanding what hath 'been' or may be said to the contrary) that which is really Malignancy and all Malignants do centre; against whose Family the Lord hath so eminently witnessed for bloodguiltiness, not to be done away by such hypocritical and formal shows of repentance as are expressed in his late *Declaration;* and your strange prejudices against us as men of heretical opinions (which, through the great goodness of God to us, have been *unjustly* charged upon us),—have occasioned your rejecting those Overtures which, with a Christian affection, were offered to you before any blood was spilt, or your People had suffered damage by us.

The daily sense we have of the calamity of War lying upon the poor People of this Nation, and the sad consequences of blood and famine likely to come upon them; the advantage given to the Malignant, Profane, and Popish party by this War; and that reality of affection which we have so often professed to you,—and concerning the truth of which we have so solemnly appealed,—do again constrain us to send unto you, to let you know, That if the contending for that Person be not by you preferred to the peace and welfare of your Country, the blood of your Peoples, the love of men of the same faith with you, and (in this above all) the honour of that God we serve,—Then give the State of England that satisfaction and security for their peaceable and quiet living beside you, which may in justice be demanded from a Nation giving so just ground to ask the same,—from those who have, as you, taken their enemy into their bosom, whilst he was in hostility against them: 'Do this;' and it will be made good to you, That you may have a lasting and durable Peace with them, and the wish of a blessing upon you in all religious and civil things.

If this be refused by you, we are persuaded that God, who

hath once borne His testimony, will do it again on the behalf of us His poor servants, who do appeal to Him whether their desires flow from sincerity of heart or not. I rest, your Lordships' humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

The Committee of Estates at Stirling or elsewhere debated about an Answer to this Letter; but sent none, except of civility merely, and after considerable delays. A copy of the Letter was likewise forwarded to Colonels Ker and Strahan and their Western Army, by whom it was taken into consideration; and some Correspondence, Cromwell's part of which is not yet altogether lost, followed upon it there; and indeed Cromwell, as we dimly discover in the old Books, set forth towards Glasgow directly on the back of it, in hopes of a closer communication with these Western Colonels and their Party.

While Ker and Strahan are busy 'at Dumfries,' says Baillie, 'Cromwell with the whole body of his Army and cannon comes peaceably by way of Kilsyth to Glasgow.' It is Friday evening, 18th October 1650. 'The Ministers and Magistrates flee all away. I got to the Isle of Cumbrae with my Lady Montgomery; but left all my family and goods to Cromwell's courtesy,—which indeed was great; for he took such a course with his soldiers that they did less displeasure at Glasgow than if they had been in London; though Mr. Zachary Boyd,' a fantastic old gentleman still known in Glasgow and Scotland, 'railed on them all, to their very face, in the High Church;'[2] calling them Sectaries and Blasphemers, the fantastic old gentleman! 'Glasgow, though not so big or rich as Edinburgh, is a much sweeter place; the completest town we have yet seen here, and one of their choicest Universities.' The people were much afraid of us till they saw how we treated them. 'Captain Covel of the Lord General's regiment of horse was cashiered here for holding some blasphemous opinions.'[3]—This is Cromwell's first visit to Glasgow: he made two others, of which on occasion notice shall be taken. In *Pinkerton's Correspondence* are certain 'anecdotes of Cromwell at Glasgow;' which, like many others on Cromwell, need not be repeated anywhere except in the nursery.

Cromwell entered Glasgow on Friday evening; over Sunday, was patient with Zachary Boyd: but got no result out of Ker and

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 93).
[2] Baillie, iii. 119; Whitlocke, p. 459.
[3] Whitlocke, p. 459: Cromwelliana, pp. 92-3.

Strahan. Ker and Strahan, at Dumfries on the Thursday, have perfected and signed their *Remonstrance* of the Western Army;[1] a Document of much fame in the old Scotch Books. 'Expressing many sad truths,' says the Kirk Committee. Expressing, in fact, the apprehension of Ker and Strahan that the Covenanted King may probably be a Solecism Incarnate, under whom it will not be good to fight longer for the Cause of Christ and Scotland; —expressing meanwhile considerable reluctancy as to the English Sectaries; and deciding, on the whole, to fight them still, though on a footing of our own. Not a very hopeful enterprise! Of which we shall see the issue by and by. Meanwhile news come that this Western Army is aiming towards Edinburgh, to get hold of the Castle there. Whereupon Cromwell, in all haste, on Monday, sets off thitherward; 'lodges the first night in a poor cottage fourteen miles from Glasgow;' arrives safe, to prevent all alarms. His first visit to Glasgow was but of two days.

LETTER CLI.

THE Western Colonels have given-in their Remonstrance to the Committee of Estates; and sat in deliberation on their copy of Cromwell's Expostulatory Letter to that Body, the Letter we have just read,—in which these two words, 'security' and 'satisfaction,' are somewhat abstruse to the Western Colonels. They decide that it will not be convenient to return any public Answer; but they have forwarded a private Letter of acknowledgment with 'Six Queries:' Letter lost to us; Six Queries still surviving. To which, directly after his return to Edinburgh, here is Cromwell's Answer. The Six Queries being very brief, may be transcribed; the Letter of acknowledgment can be conceived without transcribing:

'*Query* 1. Why is "satisfaction" demanded? 2. What is the satisfaction demanded? 3. For what is the "security" demanded? 4. What is the security ye would have? 5. From whom is the security required? 6. To whom is the security to be given?'[2] Queries which, I think, do not much look like real despatch of business in the present intricate conjuncture!

This Letter, it appears, is, if not accompanied, directly followed by 'Mr. Alexander Jaffray,' Provost of Aberdeen, and a 'Reverend

[1] Dated 17th October; given in Balfour, iv. 141-60.

[2] Balfour, iv. 135.

Mr. Carstairs' of Glasgow, two Prisoners of Oliver's ever since Dunbar Drove, who are to 'agent' the same.[1]

'*To Colonel Strahan, with the Western Army: These.*'

Edinburgh, 25th October 1650.

Sir,

I have considered of the Letter and the Queries; and, having advised with some Christian friends about the same, think fit to return an Answer as followeth:

'That' we bear unto the Godly of Scotland the same Christian affection we have all along professed in our Papers; being ready, through the grace of God, upon all occasions, to give such proof and testimony thereof as the Divine Providence shall minister opportunity to us to do. That nothing would be more acceptable to us to see than the Lord removing offences, and inclining the hearts of His People in Scotland to meet us with the same affection. That we do verily apprehend, with much comfort, that there is some stirring of your bowels by the Lord; giving some hope of His good pleasure tending hereunto; which we are most willing to comply with, and not to be wanting in anything on our part which may further the same.

And having seen the heads of two Remonstrances, the one of the Ministers of Glasgow, and the other of the Officers and Gentlemen of the West,[2] we do from thence hope that the Lord hath cleared unto you some things that were formerly hidden, and which we hope may lead to a better understanding. Nevertheless, we cannot but take notice, that from some expressions in the same Papers, we have too much cause to note that there is still so great a difference betwixt us as we are looked upon and accounted as Enemies.

And although we hope that the Six Queries, sent by you to us to be answered, were intended to clear doubts and remove the remaining obstructions; which we shall be most ready to do: yet, considering the many misconstructions which may arise from the clearest pen (where men are not all

[1] Baillie, iii. 120.

[2] Remonstrance of the Western Army is this latter; the other, very conceivable as a kind of codicil to this, is not known to me except at secondhand, from Baillie's eager, earnest, very headlong and perplexed account of that Business (iv. 120, 122 et seqq).

of one mind), and the difficulties at this distance to resolve doubts and rectify mistakes, we conceive our Answer in Writing may not so effectually reach that end as a friendly and Christian Conference by equal persons 'might.'

And we doubt not we can, with ingenuity and clearness, give a satisfactory account of those general things held forth in the Letter sent by us to the Committee of Estates,[1] and in our former Declarations and Papers; which we shall be ready to do by a Friendly Debate,—when and where our answer to these particulars may probably tend to the better and more clear understanding betwixt the Godly Party of both Nations.

To speak plainly in a few words: If those who sincerely love and fear the Lord amongst you are sensible that matters have been and are carried by your State so as that therewith God is not well pleased, but the Interest of His People 'is' hazarded, in Scotland and England, to Malignants, to Papists, and to the Profane,—we can, through Grace, be willing to lay our bones in the dust for your sakes; and can, as heretofore we have 'said,' still continue to say, That, not to impose upon you in Religious or Civil Interests, not dominion nor any worldly advantage, 'not these,' but the obtaining of a just security to ourselves,[2] were the motives, and satisfactions to our consciences, in this Undertaking. 'A just security;' which we believe by this time you may think we had cause to be sensible was more than endangered by the carriage of affairs with your King. And it is not success, and more visible clearness to our consciences arising out of the discoveries God hath made of the hypocrisies of men, that hath altered, 'or can alter,' our principles or demands. But we take from thence humble encouragement to follow the Lord's providence in serving His Cause and People; not doubting but He will give such an issue to this Business as will be to His glory and your comfort. I rest, your affectionate friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

[1] Letter CL. [2] 'securing ourselves' in orig.

[3] Clarendon State-Papers (Oxford, 1773), ii. 551-2.

There followed no 'Friendly Debate' upon this Letter; nothing followed upon it except new noise in the Western Army, and a straitlaced case of conscience more perplexing than ever. Jaffray and Carstairs had to come back on parole again; Strahan at length withdrew from the concern: the Western Army went its own separate middle road,—to what issue we shall see.

Here is another trait of the old time; not without illumination for us. 'One Watt, a tenant of the Earl of Tweedale's being sore oppressed by the English, took to himself some of his own degree; and by daily incursions and infalls on the English Garrisons and Parties in Lothian, killed and took of them above Four-hundred,' or say the half or quarter of so many, 'and enriched himself by their spoils.' The like 'did one Augustin, a High-German,' not a Dutchman, 'being purged out of the Army before Dunbar Drove,' of whom we shall hear farther. In fact, the class called Mosstroopers begins to abound; the only class that can flourish in such a state of affairs. Whereupon comes out this

PROCLAMATION.

I FINDING that divers of the Army under my command are not only spoiled and robbed, but also sometimes barbarously and inhumanly butchered and slain, by a sort of Outlaws and Robbers, not under the discipline of any Army; and finding that all our tenderness to the Country produceth no other effect than their compliance with, and protection of, such persons; and considering that it is in the power of the Country to detect and discover them (many of them being inhabitants of those places where commonly the outrage is committed); and perceiving that their motion is ordinarily by the invitation, and according to intelligence given them by Countrymen:

I do therefore declare, that wheresoever any under my command shall be hereafter robbed or spoiled by such parties, I will require life for life, and a plenary satisfaction for their goods, of those Parishes and Places where the fact shall be committed; unless they shall discover and produce the

offender. And this I wish all persons to take notice of, that none may plead ignorance.

Given under my hand at Edinburgh, the 5th of November 1650. OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

LETTER CLII.

ONE nest of Mosstroopers, not far off, in the Dalkeith region, ought specially to be abated.

To the Governor of Borhwick Castle: These.

Edinburgh, 18th November 1650.

SIR,

I thought fit to send this Trumpet to you, to let you know, That if you please to walk away with your company, and deliver the House to such as I shall send to receive it, you shall have liberty to carry-off your arms and goods, and such other necessaries as you have.

You have harboured such parties in your House as have basely and inhumanly murdered our men: if you necessitate me to bend my cannon against you, you may expect what I doubt you will not be pleased with. I expect your present Answer; and rest, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

The Governor of Borthwick Castle, Lord Borthwick of that Ilk, did as he was bidden; 'walked away,' with movable goods, with wife and child, and had 'fifteen days' allowed him to pack: whereby the Dalkeith region and Carlisle Road is a little quieter henceforth.

LETTER CLIII.

COLONELS Ker and Strahan with their *Remonstrance* have filled all Scotland with a fresh figure of dissension. The Kirk finds 'many sad truths' in it; knows not what to do with it. In the Estates themselves there is division of opinion. Men of worship, the Minister in Kirkcaldy among others, are heard to say strange

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 94).

[2] Russell's Life of Cromwell, ii. 95 (from Statistical Account of Scotland).

things: "That a Hypocrite," or Solecism Incarnate, "ought not to reign over us; that we should treat with Cromwell, and give him assurance not to trouble England with a King; that whosoever mars such a Treaty, the blood of the slain shall be on his head!" 'Which are strange words,' says Baillie, 'if true.' Scotland is in a hopeful way. The extreme party of Malignants in the North is not yet quite extinct; and here is another extreme party of Remonstrants in the West,—to whom all the conscientious rash men of Scotland, in Kirkcaldy and elsewhere, seem as if they would join themselves! Nothing but remonstrating, protesting, treatying and mistreatying from sea to sea.

To have taken up such a Remonstrance at first, and stood by it, before the War began, had been very wise: but to take it up now, and attempt not to make a Peace by it, but to continue the War with it, looks mad enough! Such, nevertheless, is Colonel Gibby Ker's project,—not Strahan's, it would seem: men's projects strangely cross one another in this time of bewilderment; and only perhaps in doing *nothing* could a man in such a scene act wisely. Lambert, however, is gone into the West with Three-thousand horse to deal with Ker and his projects; the Lord General has himself been in the West: the end of Ker's projects is succinctly shadowed forth in the following Letter. From Baillie[1] we learn that Ker, with his Western Army, was lying at a place called Carmunnock, when he made this infall upon Lambert; that the time of it was 'four in the morning of Sunday 1st December 1650;' and the scene of it Hamilton Town, and the streets and ditches thereabouts: a dark sad business, of an ancient Winter morning;—sufficiently luminous for our purpose with it here.

The 'treaties among the Enemy' means Ker and Strahan's confused remonstratings and treatyings; the 'result,' or general upshot, of which is this scene in the ditches at four in the morning.[2]

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Edinburgh, 4th December 1650.

Sir,

I have now sent you the results of some Treaties amongst the Enemy, which came to my hand this day.

The Major-General and Commissary-General Whalley marched a few days ago towards Glasgow. The Enemy at-

[1] iii. 125.

[2] See also Whitlocke, 16th December 1650.

tempted his quarters in Hamilton ; were entered the Town : but by the blessing of God, by a very gracious hand of Providence, without the loss of six men as I hear of, he beat them out ; killed about an Hundred ; took also about the same number, amongst whom are some prisoners of quality ; and near an Hundred horse,—as I am informed. The Major-General is still in the chase of them ; to whom also I have since sent the addition of a fresh party. Colonel Ker (as my Messenger, this night, tells me) is taken ; his Lieutenant-Colonel ; and one that was sometimes Major to Colonel Strahan ; and Ker's Captain-Lieutenant. The whole Party is shattered. And give me leave to say it, if God had not brought them upon us, we might have marched Three-thousand horse to death, and not have lighted on them. And truly it was a strange Providence brought them upon him. For I marched from Edinburgh on the north side of Clyde ; 'and had' appointed the Major-General to march from Peebles to Hamilton, on the south side of Clyde. I came thither by the time expected ; tarried the remainder of the day, and until near seven o'clock the next morning, — apprehending 'then that' the Major-General would not come, by reason of the waters. I being retreated, the Enemy took encouragement ; marched all that night ; and came upon the Major-General's quarters about two hours before day ; where it pleased the Lord to order as you have heard.

The Major-General and Commissary-General (as he sent me word) were still gone on in the prosecution of them ; and 'he' saith that, except an Hundred-and-fifty horse in one body, he hears they are fled, by sixteen or eighteen in a company, all the country over. Robin Montgomery was come out of Stirling, with four or five regiments of horse and dragoons,[1] but was put to a stand when he heard of the issue of this business. Strahan and some other Officers had quitted some three weeks or a month before this business ; so that Ker commanded this whole party in chief.

[1] For the purpose of rallying to him these Western forces, or such of them as would follow the official Authorities and him ; and leading them to Stirling, to the main Army (Baillie, *ubi supra*). Poor Ker thought it might be useful to do a feat on his own footing first : and here is the conclusion of him ! Colonel 'Robin Montgomery' is the Earl of Eglinton's Son, whom we have repeatedly seen before.

It is given out that the Malignants will be almost all received, and rise unanimously and expeditiously. I can assure you, that those that serve you here find more satisfaction in having to deal with men of this stamp than 'with' others; and it is our comfort that the Lord hath hitherto made it the matter of our prayers, and of our endeavours (if it might have been the will of God), To have had a Christian understanding between those that fear God in this land and ourselves. And yet we hope it hath not been carried on with a willing failing of our duty to those that trust us:—and I am persuaded the Lord hath looked favourably upon our sincerity herein; and will still do so; and upon you also, whilst you make the Interest of God's People yours.

Those religious People of Scotland that fall in this Cause we cannot but pity and mourn for them; and we pray that all good men may do so too. Indeed, there is at this time a very great distraction, and mighty workings of God upon the hearts of divers, both Ministers and People; much of it tending to the justification of your Cause. And although some are as bitter and as bad as ever; making it their business to shuffle hypocritically with their consciences and the Covenant, to make it 'seem' lawful to join with Malignants, which now they do,—as well they might long before, having taken-in the Head 'Malignant' of them: yet truly others are startled at it; and some have been constrained by the work of God upon their consciences, to make sad and solemn accusations of themselves, and lamentations in the face of their Supreme Authority; charging themselves as guilty of the blood shed in this War, by having a hand in the Treaty at Breda, and by bringing the King in amongst them. This lately did a Lord of the Session; and withdrew 'from the Committee of Estates.' And lately Mr. James Livingston, a man as highly esteemed as any for piety and learning, who was a Commissioner for the Kirk at the said Treaty,—charged himself with the guilt of the blood of this War, before their Assembly; and withdrew from them, and is retired to his own house.

It will be very necessary, to encourage victuallers to come

to us, that you take off Customs and Excise from all things brought hither for the use of the Army.

I beg your prayers; and rest, your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

This, then, is the end of Ker's fighting project; a very mad one, at this state of the business. The *Remonstrance* continued long to be the symbol of the Extreme-Covenant or Whiggamore Party among the Scots; but its practical operation ceased here. Ker lies lamed, dangerously wounded; and, I think, will fight no more.[2] Strahan and some others, voted traitorous by the native Authorities, went openly over to Cromwell;—Strahan soon after died. As for the Western Army, it straightway dispersed itself; part towards Stirling and the Authorities; the much greater part to their civil callings again, wishing they had never quitted them. 'This miscarriage of affairs in the West by a few unhappy men,' says Baillie, 'put us all under the foot of the Enemy. They presently ran over all the country; destroying cattle and crops; putting Glasgow and all other places under grievous contributions. This makes me,' for my part, 'stick at Perth; not daring to go where the Enemy is master, as he now is of all Scotland south of the Forth.'[3]

It only remains to be added, that the two Extreme Parties being broken, the Middle or Official one rose supreme, and widened its borders by the admission, as Oliver anticipated, 'of the Malignants almost all;' a set of 'Public Resolutions' so-called being passed in the Scotch Parliament to that end, and ultimately got carried through the Kirk Assembly too. Official majority of 'Resolutioners,' with a zealous party of 'Remonstrants,' who are also called 'Protesters:' in Kirk and State, these long continue to afflict and worry one another, sad fruit of a Covenanted Charles Stuart; but shall not farther concern us here. It is a great comfort to the Lord General that he has now mainly real Malignants for enemies in this country; and so can smite without reluctance. Unhappy 'Resolutioners,' if they *could* subdue Cromwell, what would become of them at the hands of their own Malignants! They have admitted the Chief Malignant, 'in whom all Malignity doth centre,' into their bosom; and have an Incarnate Solecism presiding over them. Satisfactorily descended from Elizabeth

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 94-5).

[2] Other notice of him, and of his unsubduable stiffness of neck, in Thurloe iv. 480 (Dec. 1655), &c.

[3] iii. 125 (date, 2d January 1650-1).

Muir of Caldwell, but in all other respects most unsatisfactory!—

The 'Lord of the Session,' who felt startled at this condition of things, and 'withdrew' from it, I take to have been Sir James Hope of Craighall,[1] of whom, and whose scruples, and the censures they got, there is frequent mention in these months. But the Laird of Swinton, another of the same, went still farther in the same course; and indeed, soon after this defeat of Ker, went openly over to Cromwell. 'There is very great distraction, there are mighty workings upon the hearts of divers.' 'Mr. James Livingston,' the Minister of Ancrum, has left a curious *Life* of himself:—he is still represented by a distinguished family in America.

LETTER CLIV.

The next affair is that of Edinburgh Castle. Our Derbyshire miners found the rock very hard, and made small way in it: but now the Lord General has got his batteries ready; and, on Thursday 12th December, after three-months' blockade, salutes the place with his 'guns and mortars,' and the following set of Summonses; which prove effectual.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

Edinburgh, 12th December 1650.

Sir,

We being now resolved, by God's assistance, to make use of such means as He hath put into our hands towards the reducing of Edinburgh Castle, I thought fit to send you this Summons.

What the grounds of our proceedings have been, and what our desires and aims in relation to the glory of God and the common Interest of His People, we have often expressed in our Papers tendered to public view. To which though credit hitherto hath not been given by men, yet the Lord hath been pleased to bear a gracious and favourable testimony; and hath not only kept us constant to our profession, and in our affections to such as fear the Lord in this Nation, but hath unmasked others from their pretences,—as appears by the

[1] Balfour iv., 173, 235.

present transactions at St. Johnston.[1] Let the Lord dispose your resolutions as seemeth good to Him: my sense of duty presseth me, for the ends aforesaid, and to avoid the effusion of more blood, To demand the rendering of this place to me upon fit conditions.

To which expecting your answer this day, I rest, Sir, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

The Governor's Answer to my Lord General's Letter is this:

"*For his Excellency the General of the English Forces.*

"Edinburgh, 12th December 1650.

"MY LORD,—I am intrusted by the Estates of Scotland with this place; and being sworn not to deliver it to any without their warrant, I have no power to dispose thereof by myself. I do therefore desire the space of ten days, wherein I may conveniently acquaint the said Estates, and receive their answer. And for this effect, your safe-conduct for them employed in the message. Upon the receipt of their answer, you shall have the resolution of, —my Lord, your most humble servant, W. DUNDAS."

The Lord General's Reply to Governor Walter Dundas:

LETTER CLV.

For the Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh.

Edinburgh, 12th December 1650.

SIR,

It concerns not me to know your obligations to those that trust you. I make no question the apprehensions you have of your abilities to resist those impressions which shall be made upon you,[2] are the natural and equitable rules of all men's judgments and consciences in your condition;—except you had taken an oath beyond a possibility. I leave that to your consideration; and shall not seek to contest with your thoughts: only I think it may become me to let you know, You may have honourable terms for yourself and those with you; and both yourself and soldiers have satisfaction to

[1] Readmission 'of the Malignants almost all;' Earl of Calendar, Duke of Hamilton, &c. (Balfour, iv. 179–203); by the Parliament at Perth,—at 'St. Johnston,' as the old name is.

[2] By my cannons and mortars.

all your reasonable desires; and those that have other employments, liberty and protection in the exercise of them.

But to deal plainly with you, I will not give liberty to you to consult your Committee of Estates; because I hear, those that are honest amongst them enjoy not satisfaction, and the rest are now discovered to seek another Interest than they have formerly pretended to. And if you desire to be informed of this, you may, by them you dare trust, at a nearer distance than St. Johnston.

Expecting your present answer, I rest, Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The Governor's Reply, No. 2, arrives on the morrow, Friday:

"*For his Excellency the Lord General of the English Forces in Scotland.*

"Edinburgh Castle, 13th December 1650.

"MY LORD,—It much concerneth me (considering my obligations) to be found faithful in the trust committed to me. And therefore, in the fear of the living God, and of His great Name called upon in the accepting of my trust, I do again press the liberty of acquainting the Estates. The time is but short; and I do expect it, as answerable to your profession of affection to those that fear the Lord. In the mean time I am willing to hear information of late proceedings from such as he dare trust who is,—my Lord, your humble servant, W. DUNDAS."

The Lord General's Reply, No. 2:

LETTER CLVI.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

Edinburgh, 13th December 1650.

SIR,

Because of your strict and solemn adjuration of me, in the fear and Name of the living God, That I give you time to send to the Committee of Estates, to whom you undertook the keeping of this place under the obligation of an oath, as you affirm,—I cannot but hope that it is your conscience, and not policy, carrying you to that desire. The granting of which, if it be prejudicial to our affairs,—I am as much

obliged in conscience not to do it, as you can pretend cause for your conscience' sake to desire it.

Now considering 'that' our merciful and wise God binds not His People to actions too cross one to another; but that our bands may be,[1] as I am persuaded they are, through our mistakes and darkness,—not only in the question about the surrendering this Castle, but also in all the present differences:—I have much reason to believe that, by a Conference, you may be well satisfied, in point of fact, of your Estates (to whom you say you are obliged) carrying on an Interest destructive and contrary to what they professed when they committed that trust to you,—having made to depart from them many honest men through fear of their own safety,[2] and making way for the reception of professed Malignants, both in their Parliament and Army;—and also 'that you' may have laid before you such grounds of our ends and aims to the preservation of the interest of honest men in Scotland as well as England, as will (if God vouchsafe to appear in them) give your conscience satisfaction. Which if you refuse, I hope you will not have cause to say that we are either unmindful of the great Name of the Lord which you have mentioned, nor that we are wanting to answer our profession of affection to those that fear the Lord.

I am willing to cease hostility for some hours, or convenient time to so good an end as information of judgment and satisfaction of conscience;—although I may not give liberty for the time desired, to send to the Committee of Estates; or at all stay the prosecution of my attempt.

Expecting your sudden answer, I rest, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

The Governor's Reply, No. 3, comes out on Saturday:

"*For his Excellency the Lord General of the English Forces in Scotland: These.*

"Edinburgh Castle, 14th December 1650.

"MY LORD,—What I pressed, in my last, proceeded from conscience and not from policy: and I conceived that the few days

[1] our perplexities are caused. [2] Swinton, Strahan, Hope of Craighall, &c.
[3] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 97).

desired could not be of such prejudice to your affairs as to bar the desired expressions of professed affection towards those that fear the Lord. And I expected that a small delay of our own[1] affairs should not have preponderated the satisfaction of a desire pressed in so serious and solemn a manner for satisfying conscience.

"But if you will needs persist in denial, I shall desire to hear the information of late proceedings from such as I dare trust, and 'as' have had occasion to know the certainty of things. Such I hope you will permit to come alongst at the first convenience; and during that time all acts of hostility, and prosecution of attempts, be forborne on both sides. I am, my Lord, your humble servant,

"W. DUNDAS."

The Lord General's Reply, No. 3:

LETTER CLVII.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

Edinburgh, 14th December 1650.

SIR,

You will give me leave to be sensible of delays out of conscience of duty 'too.'

If you please to name any you would speak with 'who are' now in Town, they shall have liberty to come and speak with you for one hour, if they will; provided you send presently. I expect there be no loss of time. I rest, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

Governor Dundas applies hereupon for Mr. Alexander Jaffray and the Reverend John Carstairs to be sent to him: two official persons, whom we saw made captive in Dunbar Drove, who have ever since been Prisoners-on-parole with his Excellency; doing now and then an occasional message for him; much meditating on him and his ways. Who very naturally decline to be concerned with so delicate an operation as this now on hand,—in the following characteristic Note, enclosed in his Excellency's Reply, No. 4:

[1] 'our own,' *one's own.*

[2] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 97).

LETTER CLVIII.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

Edinburgh, 14th December 1650.

SIR,

Having acquainted the Gentlemen with your desire to speak with them, and they making some difficulty of it, 'they' have desired me to send you this enclosed. I rest, Sir, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Here is 'this enclosed:'

"*For the Right Honourable the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.*

"Edinburgh, 14th December 1650.

"RIGHT HONOURABLE,—We now hearing that you was desirous o speak with us for your information of the posture of affairs, we would be glad, and we think you make no doubt of it, to be refreshing or useful to you in anything; but the matter is of so high concernment, especially since it may be you will lean somewhat upon our information in managing that important trust put upon you, that we dare not take upon us to meddle: ye may therefore do as ye find yourselves clear and in capacity; and the Lord be with you. We are, Sir, your honour's humble servants, well-wishers in the Lord,

"AL. JAFFRAY.
"JO. CARSTAIRS."

So that, for this Saturday, nothing can be done. On Sunday, we suppose, Mr. Stapylton, in black, teaches in St. Giles's; and other qualified persons, some of them in red with belts, teach in other Kirks; the Scots, much taken with the doctrine, 'answering in their usual way of groans,' Hum-m-mrrh!—and on Monday, it is like, the cannons and mortar-pieces begin to teach again, or indicate that they can at once begin. Wherefore, on Wednesday, here is a new Note from Governor Dundas; which we shall call Reply No. 4, from that much-straitened Gentleman:

"Edinburgh Castle, 18th December 1650.

"MY LORD,—I expected that conscience, which you pretended to be your motive that did induce you to summon this house before you did attempt anything against it, should also have moved

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 98).

you to have expected my Answer to your Demand of the house; which I could not, out of conscience, suddenly give without mature deliberation; it being a business of such high importance. You having refused that little time, which I did demand to the effect I might receive the commands of them that did intrust me with this place; and" I "yet not daring to fulfil your desire,—I do demand such a competent time as may be condescended upon betwixt us, within which if no relief come, I shall surrender this place upon such honourable conditions as can be agreed upon by capitulation; and during which time all acts of hostility and prosecution of attempts on both sides may be forborne. I am, my Lord, your humble servant, W. Dundas."

The Lord General's Reply, No. 5:

LETTER CLIX.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

"Edinburgh Castle, 18th December 1650.

Sir,

All that I have to say is shortly this: That if you will send out Commissioners by eleven o'clock this night, thoroughly instructed and authorised to treat and conclude, you may have terms, honourable and safe to you, and 'to' those whose interests are concerned in the things that are with you. I shall give a safe-conduct to such whose names you shall send within the time limited, and order to forbear shooting at their coming forth and going in.

To this I expect your answer within one hour, and rest, Sir, your servant, Oliver Cromwell.[1]

The Governor's Reply, No. 5:

"Edinburgh Castle, 18th December 1650.

"My Lord,—I have thought upon these two Gentlemen whose names are here mentioned; to wit, Major Andrew Abernethy and Captain Robert Henderson; whom I purpose to send out instructed, in order to the carrying-on the Capitulation. Therefore expecting a safe-conduct for them with this bearer,—I rest, my Lord, your humble servant, W. Dundas."

The Lord General's Reply, No. 6:

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 98).

LETTER CLX.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle : These.

Edinburgh, 18th December 1650.

SIR,

I have, here enclosed, sent you a safe-conduct for the coming forth and return of the Gentlemen you desire ; and have appointed and authorised Colonel Monk and Lieutenant-Colonel White to meet with your Commissioners, at the house in the safe-conduct mentioned : there to treat and conclude of the Capitulation on my part. I rest, Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Here is his Excellency's Pass or safe-conduct for them :

PASS.

To all Officers and Soldiers under my Command.

You are on sight hereof to suffer Major Andrew Abernethy and Captain Robert Henderson to come forth of Edinburgh Castle, to the house of Mr. Wallace in Edinburgh, and to return back into the said Castle, without any trouble or molestation.

Given under my hand, this 18th December 1650.

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

By tomorrow morning, in Mr. Wallace's House, Colonel Monk and the other Three have agreed upon handsome terms ; of which, except what indicates itself in the following Proclamation, published by beat of drum the same day, we need say nothing. All was handsome, just and honourable, as the case permitted ; my Lord General being extremely anxious to gain this place, and conciliate the Godly People of the Nation. By one of the conditions, the Public Registers, now deposited in the Castle, are to be accurately bundled up by authorised persons, and carried to Stirling, or whither the Authorities please ; concerning which some question afterwards accidentally rises.

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 98).
[2] Ibid. p. 99.

PROCLAMATION.

To be proclaimed by the Marshal-general, by beat of drum, in Edinburgh and Leith.

WHEREAS there is an agreement of articles by treaty concluded betwixt myself and Colonel Walter Dundas, Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh, which doth give free liberty to all Inhabitants adjacent, and all other persons who have any goods in the said Castle, to fetch forth the same from thence:

These are therefore to declare, That all such people before mentioned who have any goods in the Castle, as is before expressed, shall have free liberty between this present Thursday the 19th instant and Tuesday the 24th, To repair to the Castle, and to fetch away their goods, without let or molestation. And I do hereby farther declare and require all Officers and Soldiers of this Army, That they take strict care, that no violation be done to any person or persons fetching away their goods, and carrying them to such place or places as to them seemeth fit. And if it shall so fall out that any Soldier shall be found willingly or wilfully to do anything contrary hereunto, he shall suffer death for the same. And if it shall appear that any Officer shall, either through connivance or otherwise, do or suffer 'to be done' anything contrary to and against the said Proclamation, wherein it might lie in his power to prevent or hinder the same, he the said Officer shall likewise suffer death.

Given under my hand the 19th of December 1650.

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

It is now Thursday: we gain admittance to the Castle on the Tuesday following, and the Scotch forces march away,—in a somewhat confused manner, I conceive. For Governor Dundas and the other parties implicated are considered little better than traitors, at Stirling: in fact, they are, openly or secretly, of the Remonstrant or Protester species; and may as well come over to Cromwell;—which at once or gradually the most of them do. What became of the Clergy, let us not inquire: Remonstrants or

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 99).

Resolutioners, confused times await them! Of which here and there a glimpse may turn up as we proceed. The Lord General has now done with Scotch Treaties; the Malignants and Quasi-Malignants are ranked in one definite body; and he may smite without reluctance. Here is his Letter to the Speaker on this business. After which, we may hope, the rest of his Scotch Letters may be given in a mass; sufficiently legible without commentary of ours.

LETTER CLXI.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Edinburgh, 24th Dec. 1650.

Right Honourable,

It hath pleased God to cause this Castle of Edinburgh to be surrendered into our hands, this day about eleven o'clock. I thought fit to give you such account thereof as I could, and 'as' the shortness of time would permit.

I sent a Summons to the Castle upon the 12th instant; which occasioned several Exchanges and Replies, which, for their unusualness, I also thought fit humbly to present to you.[1] Indeed the mercy is very great, and seasonable. I think, I need to say little of the strength of the place; which, if it had not come in as it did, would have cost very much blood to have attained, if at all to be attained; and did tie-up your Army to that inconvenience, That little or nothing could have been attempted whilst this was in design; or little fruit had of anything brought into your power by your Army hitherto, without it. I must needs say, not any skill or wisdom of ours, but the good hand of God hath given you this place.

I believe all Scotland hath not in it so much brass ordnance as this place. I send you here enclosed a List thereof,[2] and of the arms and ammunition, so well as they could be taken

[1] We have already read them.

[2] Drakes, minions, murderers, monkeys, of brass and iron,—not interesting to us, except it be 'the great iron murderer called *Muckle-Meg*,' already in existence, and still held in some confused remembrance in those Northern parts.

on a sudden. Not having more at present to trouble you with, I take leave, and rest, Sir, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

LETTERS CLXII.—CLXXXI.

THE Lord General is now settled at Edinburgh till the season for campaigning return. Tradition still reports him as lodged, as in 1648, in that same spacious and sumptuous 'Earl of Murrie's House in the Cannigate;' credibly enough; though Tradition does not in this instance produce any written voucher hitherto.[2] The Lord General, as we shall find by and by, falls dangerously sick here; worn down by over-work and the rugged climate.

The Scots lie entrenched at Stirling, diligently raising new levies; parliamenting and committeeing diligently at Perth;—crown their King at Scone Kirk, on the First of January,[3] in token that they have now all 'complied' with him. The Lord General is virtually master of all Scotland south of the Forth;—fortifies, before long, a Garrison as far west as 'Newark,'[4] which we now call Port Glasgow, on the Clyde. How his forces had to occupy themselves, reducing detached Castles; coercing Mosstroopers; and, in detail, bringing the Country to obedience, the old Books at great length say, and the reader here shall fancy in his mind. Take the following two little traits from Whitlocke, and spread them out to the due expansion and reduplication:

'*February* 3*d*,-1650. Letters that Colonel Fenwick summoned Hume Castle to be surrendered to General Cromwell. The Governor answered, "I know not Cromwell; and as for my Castle, it is built on a rock." Whereupon Colonel Fenwick played upon him' a little 'with the great guns.' But the Governor still would not yield; nay sent a Letter couched in these singular terms:

> "I, William of the Wastle,
> Am now in my Castle;
> And aw the dogs in the town
> Shanna gar[5] me gang down."

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 99).

[2] Yes, in fine: Memorie of the Somervilles (Edinburgh, 1815), ii. 423, gives 'my Lady Home's Lodging,' which is known to signify that same House. (Note of 1857.)

[3] Minute description of the ceremony in Somers Tracts, vi. 117.

[4] Milton State-Papers, p. 84.

[5] 'Shand garre' is Whitlocke's reading.

So that there remained nothing but opening the mortars upon this William of the Wastle; which did gar him gang down,—more fool than he went up.

We also read how Colonel Hacker and others rooted out bodies of Mosstroopers from Strength after Strength; and 'took much oatmeal,' which must have been very useful there. But this little Entry, a few days subsequent to that of Willie Wastle, affected us most: 'Letters that the Scots in a Village called Geddard rose, and armed themselves; and set upon Captain Dawson as he returned from pursuing some Mosstroopers;—killed his guide and trumpet; and took Dawson and eight of his party, and after having given them quarter, killed them all in cold blood.'[1] In which 'Village called Geddard,' do not some readers recognise a known place, *Jeddart* or *Jedburgh*, friendly enough to Mosstroopers; and in the transaction itself, a notable example of what is called 'Jeddart Justice,'—killing a man whom you have a pique at; killing him first, to make sure, and then judging him!—However there come Letters too, 'That the English soldiers married divers of the Scots Women;' which was an excellent movement on their part;—and may serve as the concluding feature here.

LETTER CLXII.

The 'Empson' of this Letter, who is now to have a Company in Hacker's regiment, was transiently visible to us once already, as 'Lieutenant Empson of my regiment,' in the Skirmish at Musselburgh, four months ago.[2] Hacker is the well-known Colonel Francis Hacker, who attended the King on the scaffold; having a signed Warrant, which we have read, addressed to him and two other Officers to that effect. The most conspicuous, but by no means the most approved, of his military services to this Country! For which one indeed, in overbalance to many others, he was rewarded with death after the Restoration. A Rutlandshire man; a Captain from the beginning of the War; and rather favourably visible, from time to time, all along. Of whom a kind of continuous Outline of a Biography, considerably different from Caulfield's and other inane Accounts of him,[3] might still be gathered, did it much concern us here. To all appearance, a somewhat taciturn, somewhat indignant, very swift, resolute and valiant man. He

[1] 14th February 1650 (Whitlocke, p. 464).

[2] Letter CXXXV., antea, p. 173.

[3] Caulfield's High Court of Justice, pp. 83-7; Trials of the Regicides; &c.

died for his share in the Regicide; but did not profess to repent of it; intimated, in his taciturn way, that he was willing to accept the results of it, and answer for it in a much higher Court than the Westminster one. We are indeed to understand generally, in spite of the light phrase which Cromwell reprimands in this Letter, that Hacker was a religious man; and in his regicides and other operations did not act without some warrant that was very satisfactory to him. For the present he has much to do with Mosstroopers; very active upon them;—for which 'Peebles' is a good locality. He continues visible as a Republican to the last; is appointed 'to raise a regiment' for the expiring Cause in 1659,—in which, what a little concerns us, this same 'Hubbert' here in question is to be his Major.[1]

To the Honourable Colonel Hacker, at Peebles or elsewhere: These.

'Edinburgh,' 25th December 1650.

SIR,

I have 'used' the best consideration I can, for the present, in this business; and although I believe Captain Hubbert is a worthy man, and hear so much, yet, as the case stands, I cannot, with satisfaction to myself and some others, revoke the Commission I had given to Captain Empson, without offence to them, and reflection upon my own judgment.

I pray let Captain Hubbert know I shall not be unmindful of him, and that no disrespect is intended to him. But indeed I was not satisfied with your last speech to me about Empson, That he was a better preacher than fighter or soldier,—or words to that effect. Truly I think he that prays and preaches best will fight best. I know nothing 'that' will give like courage and confidence as the knowledge of God in Christ will; and I bless God to see any in this Army able and willing to impart the knowledge they have, for the good of others. And I expect it be encouraged, by all the Chief Officers in this Army especially; and I hope you will do so. I pray receive Captain Empson lovingly; I dare assure you he is a good man and a good officer; I would we had no worse. I rest, your loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

[1] Commons Journals, vii. 669, 675, 824.

[2] Harris, p. 516; Lansdowne MSS., 1236, fol. 99, contains the *address*, which Harris has omitted.

LETTER CLXIII.

LETTER Hundred-and-sixty-third relates to the exchange of three Prisoners whom we saw taken in Dunbar Drove, and have had an occasional glimpse of since. Before reading it, let us read another Letter, which is quite unconnected with this; but which lies, as we may see, on the Lord General's table in Moray House in the Canongate, while he writes this;—and indeed is a unique of its kind: A Letter from the Lord General's Wife.

'My Lord Chief Justice' is Oliver St. John, known to us this long while; 'President' is Bradshaw; 'Speaker' is Lenthall: high official persons; to whom it were better if the Lord General took his Wife's advice, and wrote occasionally.

"*The Lady Elizabeth Cromwell to her Husband the Lord General at Edinburgh.*

"'Cockpit, London,' 27th December 1650.

"MY DEAREST,—I wonder you should blame me for writing no oftener, when I have sent three for one: I cannot but think they are miscarried. Truly if I know my own heart, I should as soon neglect myself as to 'omit'[1] the least thought towards you, who in doing it, I must do it to myself. But when I do write, my Dear, I seldom have any satisfactory answer; which makes me think my writing is slighted; as well it may: but I cannot but think your love covers my weakness and infirmities.

"I should rejoice to hear your desire in seeing me; but I desire to submit to the Providence of God; hoping the Lord, who hath separated us, and hath often brought us together again, will in His good time bring us again, to the praise of His name. Truly my life is but half a life in your absence, did not the Lord make it up in Himself, which I must acknowledge to the praise of His grace.

"I would you would think to write sometimes to your dear friend my Lord Chief Justice, of whom I have often put you in mind. And truly, my Dear, if you would think of what I put you in mind of some, it might be to as much purpose as others;[2] writing sometimes a Letter to the President, and sometimes to the Speaker. Indeed, my Dear, you cannot think the wrong you do yourself in the want of a Letter, though it were but seldom. I pray think on;[3] and so rest,—yours in all faithfulness,

"ELIZABETH CROMWELL."[4]

[1] Word torn out.

[2] The grammar bad; the meaning evident or discoverable,—and the bad grammar a part of that!

[3] 'think *of*' is the Lady's old phrase.

[4] Milton State-Papers, p. 40.

This Letter, in the original, is frightfully spelt; but otherwise exactly as here: the only Letter extant of this Heroine; and not unworthy of a glance from us. It is given in *Harris* too, and in *Noble* very incorrectly.

And now for the Letter concerning Provost Jaffray and his two fellow-prisoners from Dunbar Drove.

For the Right Honourable Lieutenant-General David Lesley: These.

Edinburgh, 17th January 1650.

SIR,

I perceive by your last Letter you had not met with Mr. Carstairs[1] and Mr. Waugh, who were to apply themselves to you about Provost Jaffray's and their release, 'in exchange' for the Seamen and Officers. But I understood, by a Paper since shown me by them under your hand, that you were contented to release the said Seamen and Officers for those three Persons,—who have had their discharges accordingly.

I am contented also to discharge the Lieutenant, 'in exchange' for the Four Troopers at Stirling, who hath solicited me to that purpose.

I have, here enclosed, sent you a Letter,[2] which I desire you to cause to be conveyed to the Committee of Estates; and that such return shall be sent back to me as they shall please to give. I remain, Sir, your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

Here is a notice from Balfour:[4] 'At Perth, '22d November 1650 (*Rege Præsente,*' the King being present, as usually after that Flight to the Grampian Hills he is allowed to be), 'the Committee of Estates remits to the Committee of Quarterings the exchange of Prisoners anent Mr. Alexander Jaffray and Mr. John Carstairs, Minister, with some English Prisoners in the Castle of Dumbarton.' Nevertheless, at this date, six or seven weeks after, the business is not yet perfected.

Alexander Jaffray, as we know already, is Provost of Aberdeen; a leading man for the Covenant from of old; and generally the

[1] Custaires.
[2] The next Letter.
[3] Thurloe, i. 172. Laigh Parliament House.
[4] iv. 168.

Member for his Burgh in the Scotch Parliaments of these years. In particular, he sits as Commissioner for Aberdeen in the Parliament that met 4th January 1649;[1] under which this disastrous Quarrel with the English began. He was famed afterwards (infamous it then meant) as among the first of the Scotch Quakers; he, with Barclay of Urie, and other lesser Fallen-Stars. Personal intercourse with Cromwell, the Sectary and Blasphemer, had much altered the notions of Mr. Alexander Jaffray. Baillie informed us, three months ago, he and Carstairs, then Prisoners-on-parole, were sent Westward by Cromwell 'to agent the Remonstrance,'—to guide towards some good issue the Ker-and-Strahan Negotiation; which, alas, could only be guided headlong into the ditches at Hamilton before daybreak, as we saw!—Jaffray sat afterwards in the Little Parliament; was an official person in Scotland,[2] and one of Cromwell's leading men there.

Carstairs, we have to say or repeat, is one of the Ministers of Glasgow; deep in the confused Remonstrant-Resolutioner Controversies of that day; though on which side precisely one does not altogether know, perhaps he himself hardly altogether knew. From Baillie who has frequent notices of him, it is clear he tends strongly towards the Cromwell view in many things; yet with repugnancies, anti-sectary and other, difficult for frail human nature. How he managed his life-pilotage in these circumstances shall concern himself mainly. His Son, I believe, is the 'Principal Carstairs,'[3] who became very celebrated among the Scotch Whigs in King William's time. He gets home to Glasgow now, where perhaps we shall see some glimpses of him again.

John Waugh (whom they spell *Vauch* and *Wauch*, and otherwise distort) was the painful Minister of Borrowstounness, in the Shire of Linlithgow. A man of many troubles, now and afterwards. Captive in the Dunbar Drove; still deaf he to the temptings of Sectary Cromwell; deafer than ever. In this month of January 1651, we perceive he gets his deliverance; returns with painfully increased experience, but little change of view derived from it, to his painful Ministry; where new tribulations await him. From Baillie[4] I gather that the painful Waugh's invincible tendency was to the Resolutioner or Quasi-Malignant side; and too strong withal;—no level sailing, or smooth pilotage, possible for

[1] Balfour, iii. 382.

[2] Ousted our friend Scotstarvet,—most unjustly, thinks he of the *Staggering State* (p. 181). There wanted only that to make the Homily on Life's Nothingness complete!

[3] Biog. Britann. in voce; somewhat indistinct.

[4] iii. 248.

poor Waugh! For as the Remonstrant, Protester, or Ker-and-Strahan Party, having joined itself to the Cromwellean, came ultimately to be dominant in Scotland, there ensued for straitlaced clerical individuals who would cling too desperately to the opposite Resolutioner or Quasi-Malignant side, very bad times. There ensued in the first place, very naturally, this, That the straitlaced individual, who would not cease to pray publicly *against* the now Governing Powers, was put out of his living: this; and if he grew still more desperate, worse than this.

Of both which destinies our poor straitlaced Waugh may serve to us as an emblem here. Some three years hence we find that the Cromwellean Government has, in Waugh's, as in various other cases, ejected the straitlaced Resolutioner, and inducted a *loose*laced Protester into his Kirk;—leaving poor Waugh the straitlaced to preach 'in a barn hard by.' And though the looselaced 'have but fifteen,' and the straitlaced 'all the Parish,' it matters not; the stipend and the Kirk go with him whose lacing is loose: one has nothing but one's barn left, and sad reflections. Nay in Waugh's case, the very barn, proving as is likely an arena of too vehement discourse, was taken away from him; and he, Waugh, was lodged in Prison, in the Castle of Edinburgh.[1] For Waugh 'named the King in his prayers,' he and 'Mr. Robert Knox' even went that length! In Baillie, under date 11th November 1653, is a most doleful inflexible Letter from Waugh's own hand: "brought to the top of this rock," as his ultimate lodging-place; "having my habitation among the owls of the desert, because of my very great uselessness and fruitlessness among the sons of men." Yet he is right well satisfied, conscience yielding him a good &c. &c.—Poor Waugh, I wish he would reconsider himself. Whether it be absolutely indispensable to Christ's Kirk to have a Nell-Gwynn Defender set over it, even though descended from Elizabeth Muir; and if no other, not the bravest and devoutest of all British men, will do for that? O Waugh, it is a strange camera-obscura, the head of man!—

LETTER CLXIV.

We have heard of many Mosstroopers: we heard once of a certain Watt, a Tenant of the Earl of Tweedale's, who being ruined-out by the War, distinguished himself in this new course; and contemporary with him, of 'one Augustin a High-German.' To which latter some more special momentary notice now falls due.

[1] Baillie, iii. 243, 253, 228.

Read Balfour's record, and then Cromwell's Letter. 'One Augustin, a High-German, being purged out of the Army before Dunbar Drove, but a stout and resolute young man, and lover of the Scots Nation,—imitating Watt,—in October or November this year, annoyed the Enemy very much; killing many of his stragglers; and made nightly infalls upon their quarters, taking and killing sometimes twenty, sometimes thirty, and more or less of them: whereby he both enriched himself and his followers, and greatly damnified the Enemy. His chief abode was about and in the Mountains of Pentland and Soutra.'—And again, from Perth, 19th December 1650: '*Memorandum*, That Augustin departed from Fife with a party of Six-score horse; crossed at Blackness on Friday 13th December; forced Cromwell's guards; killed eighty men to the Enemy; put-in thirty-six men to Edinburgh Castle, with all sorts of spices, and some other things; took thirty-five horses and five prisoners, which he sent to Perth the 14th of this instant.' Which feat, with the spices and thirty-six men, could not indeed save Edinburgh Castle from surrendering, as we saw, next week; but did procure Captain Augustin 'thanks from the Lord Chancellor and Parliament in his Majesty's name,' and good outlooks for promotion in that quarter.[1]

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates of the Kingdom of Scotland: These.

Edinburgh, 17th January 1650.

My Lords,

Having been informed of divers barbarous murders and inhuman acts, perpetrated upon our men by one Augustin a German in employ under you, and one Ross a Lieutenant, I did send to Lieutenant-General David Lesley, desiring justice against the said persons. And to the end I might make good the fact upon them, I was willing either by commissioners on both parts, or in any other equal way, to have the charge proved.

The Lieutenant-General was pleased to allege a want of power from Public Authority to enable him herein: which occasions me to desire your Lordships that this business may be put into such a way as may give satisfaction;—whereby I

[1] Balfour, iv. 166, 210, 214.

may understand what rules your Lordships will hold during this sad Contest between the two Nations; 'rules' which may evidence the War to stand upon other pretences at least than the allowing of such actions will suppose.

Desiring your Lordship's answer, I rest, my Lords, your humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

No effect whatever seems to have been produced by this Letter. The Scotch Quasi-Malignant Authorities have 'thanked' Augustin, and are determined to have all the benefit they can of him,—which cannot be much, one would think! In the following June accordingly we find him become '*Colonel* Augustin,' probably Major or Lieutenant-Colonel; quartered with Robin Montgomery 'at Dumfries;' giving 'an alarm to Carlisle,' but by no means taking it;—'falling in,' on another occasion, 'with Two-hundred picked men,' but very glad to fall out again, 'nearly all cut off.' In strong practical *Remonstrance* against which, the learned Bulstrode has Letters in November, vague but satisfactory, 'That the Scots themselves rose against Augustin, killed some of his men, and drove away the 'rest;' entirely disapproving of such courses and personages. And then finally in January following, 'Letters that Augustin the great robber in Scotland,—upon disbanding of the Marquis of Huntly's forces,' the last remnant of Scotch Malignancy for the present,—'went into the Orcades, and there took ship for Norway.'[2] Fair wind and full sea to him!—

LETTER CLXV.

AN Official Medallist has arrived from London to take the Effigies of the Lord General, for a Medal commemorative of the Victory at Dunbar. The Effigies, Portrait, or 'Statue' as they sometimes call it, of the Lord General appears to be in a state of forwardness; but he would fain waive such a piece of vanity. The 'Gratuity to the Army' is a solid thing: but this of the Effigies, or Stamp of my poor transient unbeautiful Face—?—However, the Authorities, as we may surmise, have made up their mind.

[1] Thurloe, i. 173. Laigh Parliament House.

[2] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 104); Whitlocke, 23d November 1651; ib. 14th January 1651-2.

For the Honourable the Committee of the Army 'at London:' These.

Edinburgh, 4th February 1650.

GENTLEMEN,

It was not a little wonder to me to see that you should send Mr. Symonds so great a journey, about a business importing so little, as far as it relates to me; whereas, if my poor opinion may not be rejected by you, I have to offer to that[1] which I think the most noble end, to wit, The Commemoration of that great Mercy at Dunbar, and the Gratuity to the Army. Which might be better expressed upon the Medal, by engraving, as on the one side the Parliament, which I hear was intended and will do singularly well, so on the other side an Army, with this Inscription over the head of it, *The Lord of Hosts*, which was our Word that day. Wherefore, if I may beg it as a favour from you, I most earnestly beseech you, if I may do it without offence, that it may be so. And if you think not fit to have it as I offer, you may alter it as you see cause; only I do think I may truly say, it will be very thankfully acknowledged by me, if you will spare the having my Effigies in it.

The Gentleman's pains and trouble hither have been very great; and I shall make it my second suit unto you that you will please to confer upon him that Employment which Nicholas Briot had before him: indeed the man is ingenious, and worthy of encouragement. I may not presume much; but if, at my request, and for my sake, he may obtain this favour, I shall put it upon the account of my obligations, which are not few; and, I hope, shall be found ready to acknowledge 'it,' and to approve myself, Gentlemen, your most real servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

Of 'Nicholas Briot' and 'Mr. Symonds,' since they have the honour of a passing relation to the Lord General, and still enjoy, or suffer, a kind of ghost-existence in the Dilettante memory, we may subjoin, rather than cancel, the following authentic particulars. In the Commons Journals of 20th August 1642, it is: '*Or-*

[1] I should vote exclusively for that.

[2] Harris, p. 519.

dered, That the Earl of Warwick,' now Admiral of our Fleet, 'be desired that Monsieur Bryatt may have delivery of his wearing apparel; and all his other goods stayed at Scarborough, not belonging to Minting and Coining of Moneys.'—This Nicholas Bryatt, or Briot, then, must have been Chief Engraver for the Mint at the beginning of the Civil Wars. We perceive, he has gone to the King northward; but is here stopt at Scarborough, with all his baggage, by Warwick the Lord High Admiral: and is to get away. What became of him afterwards, or what was his history before, no man and hardly any Dilettante knows.

Symonds, Symons, or, as the moderns call him, Simon, is still known as an approved Medal-maker. In the Commons Journals of 17th December 1651, we find: '*Ordered*, That it be referred to the Council of State to take order that the sum of 300*l.* be paid unto Thomas Symonds, which was agreed by the Committee appointed for that purpose to be paid unto him, for the Two Great Seals made by him, and the materials thereof: And that the said Council do take consideration of what farther recompense is fit to be given unto him for his extraordinary pains therein; and give order for the payment of such sum of money as they shall think fit in respect thereof.'

An earlier entry, which still more concerns us here, is an Order, in favour of one whose name has not reached the Clerk, and is now indicated only by stars, That the Council of State shall pay him for 'making the Statue of the General,'—doubtless this Medal or Effigies of the General; the name indicated by stars being again that of Symonds. The Order, we observe, has the same date as the present Letter.[1] The Medal of Cromwell, executed on this occasion, still exists, and is said to be a good likeness.[2] The Committee-men had not taken my Lord General's advice about the Parliament, about the Army with the Lord of Hosts, and the total omitting of his own Effigies. Vertue published Engravings of all these Medals of Simon (as he spells him) in the year 1753.

The 'Two Great Seals,' mentioned in the excerpt above, are also worth a word from us. There had a good few Great Seals to be made in the course of this War; all by Symonds: of whom, with reference thereto, we find, in authentic quarters, various notices, of years long prior and posterior to this. The *first* of all the 'new Great Seals' was the one made, after infinite debates and hesitations, in 1643, when Lord Keeper Lyttleton ran away with the original: Symonds was the maker of this, as other entries of the same Rhadamanthine Commons Journals instruct us: On the 11th

[1] Commons Journals, 4th February 1650-1. [2] Harris, p. 518.

July 1643, Henry Marten is to bring 'the man' that will make the new Great Seal, and let us see him 'tomorrow;' which man, it turns out, at sight of him, not 'tomorrow,' but a week after, on the 19th July, is 'Mr. Simonds,'[1]—who, we find farther, is to have 100*l.* for his work; 40*l.* in hand, 30*l.* so soon as his work is done, and the other 30*l.* one knows not when. Symonds made the Seal duly; but as for his payment, we fear it was not very duly made. Of course when the Commonwealth and Council of State began, a couple of new Great Seals were needed; and these too, as we see above, Symonds made; and is *to be* paid for them, and for the General's Statue;—which we hope he was, but are not sure!

Other new Seals, Great and Not-so-great, in the subsequent mutations, were needed; and assiduous Symonds made them all. Nevertheless, in 1659, when the Protectorate under Richard was staggering towards ruin, we find, 'Mr. Thomas Symonds Chief Graver of the Mint and Seals,' repeatedly turning-up with new Seals, new *order* for payment, and new indication that the order was but incompletely complied with.[2] May 14th, 1659, he has made a new and newest Great Seal; he is to be paid for that, and 'for the former, for which he yet remains unsatisfied.' Also on the 24th May 1659,[3] the Council of State get a new Seal from him. Then on the 22d August, on the Rump Parliament's re-assembling, he makes a 'new Parliament Seal;' and presents a modest Petition to have his money paid him: *order* is granted very promptly to that end; 'his debt to be paid for this Seal, and for all former work done by him;'—we *hope*, with complete effect.[4]

The Restoration soon followed, and Symonds continued still in the Mint under Charles II.; when it is not very likely his claims were much better attended to; the brave Hollar, and other brave Artists, having their own difficulties to get life kept-in, during those rare times, Mr. Rigmarole!—Symonds, we see, did get the place of Nicholas Briot; and found it, like other brave men's places, full of hard work and short rations. Enough now of Symonds and the Seals and Effigies.

LETTER CLXVI.

Along with Symonds, various English strangers, we perceive, are arriving or arrived, on miscellaneous business with the Lord General in his Winter-quarters. Part of the Oxford Caput is here

[1] Commons Journals, iii. 162, 174.
[2] Ibid. vii. 654.
[3] Ibid. vii. 663.
[4] Commons Journals, vii. 654, 663, 765.

in Edinburgh, with 'a very high testimony of respect;' whom, in those same hours, the Lord General dismisses honourably with their Answer.

We are to premise that Oxford University, which at the end of the First Civil War had been found in a most broken, Malignant, altogether waste and ruinous condition, was afterwards, not without difficulty, and immense patience on the part of the Parliament Commissioners, radically reformed. Philip Earl of Pembroke, he of the loud voice, who dined once with Bulstrode in the Guildhall;[1] he, as Chancellor of the University, had at last to go down in person, in the Spring of 1648;—put the intemperate Dr. Fell, incorrigible otherwise, under lock and key; left the incorrigible Mrs. Dr. Fell, 'whom the soldiers had to carry out in her chair,' 'sitting in the quadrangle;' appointed a new Vice-Chancellor, new Heads where needful,—and, on the whole, swept the University clean of much loud Nonsense, and left some Piety and Sense, the best he could meet with, at work there in its stead.[2] At work, with earnest diligence and good success, as it has since continued actually to be,—for the contemporary clamours and *Querelas* about Vandalism, Destruction of Learning, and so forth, prove on examination to be mere agonised shrieks, and unmelodious hysterical wind, forgettable by all creatures. Not easily before or since could the Two Universities give such account of themselves to mankind, under all categories, human and divine, as during those Puritan years.

But now Philip of Pembroke, the loud-voiced Chancellor of Oxford, is dead; and the reformed University, after due consultation, has elected the Lord General in his stead; to which 'high testimony' here is his response.—'Dr. Greenwood,' who, I think, has some cast about his eyes, is otherwise a most recommendable man: 'Bachelor, then Doctor of Divinity, sometimes Fellow of Brasenose College,' says Royalist Anthony,[3] and lately made Principal of the said College by the Committee and Parliamentary Visitors; a severe and good Governor, as well in his Vice-Chancellorship as Principality; continued till the King's return, and then'—

[1] Antea, vol. ii. p. 43.

[2] Act and Visitors' names in Scobell, i. 116 (1st May 1647): see Commons Journals, v. 83-142 (10th February—15th April 1647): 8th March 1647-8, Chancellor Pembroke is to go (Neal, ii. 307; Walker, i. 133); makes report, and is thanked, 21st April 1648 (Commons Journals, v. 538). Copious history of the proceedings, from the Puritan side, in Neal, ii. 290-314; and from the Royalist side, in Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy, i. 124-142, which latter, amid its tempestuous froth, has many entertaining traits.

[3] Wood's Fasti, ii. 157 (in Athenæ, iv.), of July 1649.

To the Reverend Dr. Greenwood, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and other Members of the Convocation.

Edinburgh, 4th Feb. 1650.

HONOURED GENTLEMEN,

I have received by the hands of those worthy Persons of your University sent by you into Scotland, a Testimony of very high respect and honour, in 'your' choosing me to be your Chancellor. Which deserves a fuller return, of deep resentment, value and acknowledgment, than I am any ways able to make. Only give me leave a little to expostulate, on your and my own behalf. I confess it was in your freedom to elect, and it would be very uningenious in me to reflect upon your action; only (though somewhat late) let me advise you of my unfitness to answer the ends of so great a Service and Obligation, with some things very obvious.

I suppose a principal aim in such elections hath not only respected abilities and interest to serve you, but freedom 'as' to opportunities of time and place. As the first may not be well supposed, so the want of the latter may well become me to represent to you. You know where Providence hath placed me for the present; and to what I am related if this call were off,[1]—I being tied to attendance in another Land as much out of the way of serving you as this, for some certain time yet to come appointed by the Parliament. The known esteem and honour of this place is such, that I should wrong it and your favour very much, and your freedom in choosing me, if, either by pretended modesty or in any unbenign way, I should dispute the acceptance of it. Only I hope it will not be imputed to me as a neglect towards you, that I cannot serve you in the measure I desire.

I offer these exceptions with all candour and clearness to you, as 'leaving you' most free to mend your choice in case you think them reasonable; and shall not reckon myself the less obliged to do all good offices for the University. But if these prevail not, and that I must continue this honour,—

[1] Lord Lieutenant of Ireland 'for three years to come' (Commons Journals, vi. 239, 22d June 1649.

until I can personally serve you, you shall not want my prayers That that seed and stock of Piety and Learning, so marvellously springing up amongst you, may be useful to that great and glorious Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ; of the approach of which so plentiful an effusion of the Spirit upon those hopeful plants is one of the best presages. And in all other things I shall, by the Divine assistance, improve my poor abilities and interests in manifesting myself, to the University and yourselves, your most cordial friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

On the same Tuesday, 4th February 1650-1, while the Lord General is writing this and the former Letter, his Army, issuing from its Leith Citadel and other Winter-quarters, has marched westward towards Stirling; he himself follows on the morrow. His Army on Tuesday got to Linlithgow; the Lord General overtook them at Falkirk on Wednesday. Two such days of wind, hail, snow and rain as made our soldiers very uncomfortable indeed. On Friday, the morning proving fair, we set out again; got to Kilsyth; but the hail-reservoirs also opened on us again: we found it impossible to get along; and so returned, by the road we came; back to Edinburgh on Saturday,[2]—coated with white sleet, but endeavouring not to be discouraged. We hope we much terrified the Scots at Stirling; but the hail-reservoirs proved friendly to them.

LETTER CLXVII.

THE Oxford Convocation has received the foregoing Letter, 'canting Letter sent thereunto,' as crabbed Anthony designates it, 'dated at Edinburgh on the 4th of February,' and now at length made public in print; they have 'read it in Convocation,' continues Anthony, 'whereat the Members made the House resound with their cheerful acclamations;'[3]—and the Lord General is and continues their Chancellor; encouraging and helping forward them and their work, in many ways, amid his weighty affairs, in a really faithful manner. As begins to be credible without much proof of ours, and might still be abundantly proved if needful.

[1] From the Archives of Oxford University; communicated by Rev. Dr. Bliss.
[2] Perfect Diurnal (in Cromwelliana, p. 100).
[3] Fasti, ii. 159.

Here, however, in the first blush of the business, comes Mr. Waterhouse, with a small recommendation from the Lord General; 'John Waterhouse of Great Greenford in Middlesex, son of Francis Waterhouse by Bridget his wife,' if anybody want to know him better;[1]—'a student heretofore for eighteen years in Trinity College, Cambridge,' a meritorious Man and Healer since; whom one may well decorate with a Degree, or decorate a Degree with, by the next opportunity.

To my very worthy Friend Dr. Greenwood, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

Edinburgh, 14th February 1650.

SIR,

This Gentleman, Mr. Waterhouse, went over into Ireland as Physician to the Army there; of whose diligence, fidelity and abilities I had much experience. Whilst I was there, he constantly attended the Army: and having, to my own knowledge, done very much good to the Officers and Soldiers, by his skill and industry;—and being upon urgent occasion lately come into England, 'he' hath desired me to recommend him for the obtaining of the Degree of Doctor in that Science. Wherefore I earnestly desire you that, when he shall repair to you, you[2] will give him your best assistance for the obtaining of the said Degree; he being shortly to return back to his charge in Ireland.

By doing whereof, as you will encourage one who is willing and ready to serve the Public, so you will also lay a very great obligation upon, Sir, your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

LETTER CLXVIII.

COLONEL ROBERT LILBURN, a stout impetuous soldier, as both his Brothers were, and steady to his side as neither of them was, had the honour, at a critical time, in the Summer of 1648, while Duke

[1] Fasti, ii. 163: 'created Doctor of Physic by virtue of the Letters of Oliver Cromwell, General' (12th March 1650-1).

[2] 'that you' in the hasty original.

[3] From the Archives of Oxford University; communicated by Rev. Dr. Bliss.

Hamilton and his Scots were about invading us, to do the State good service, as we transiently saw;[1]—to beat down, namely, and quite suppress, in Lancashire, a certain Sir Richard Tempest and his hot levyings of '1000 horse,' and indeed thereby to suppress all such levyings on behalf of the said Duke, in those Northern parts. An important, and at the time most welcome service. Letter of thanks, in consequence; reward of 1000*l.* in consequence,—reward voted, never yet paid, nor, as would seem, likely soon to be. Colonel Robert will take Delinquents' lands for his 1000*l.*; will buy Bear Park, with it and with other debentures or moneys: Bear Park, once *Beaurepaire*, a pleasant manor near native Durham, belongs to the Cathedral land; and might answer both parties, would the Committee of Obstructions move.

To the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England: These.

Edinburgh, 8th March 1650.

SIR,

I am informed that Colonel Robert Lilburn is like to be damnified very much, in relation to his purchase of the Manor of Bear Park in the County of Durham, by being employed in the service of the Commonwealth in[2] Scotland:—which business (as I understand), upon his Petition to the Parliament, was referred to the Committee of Obstructions, and a Report thereof hath lain ready in the hands of Mr. John Corbet, a long time, unreported.

I do therefore humbly desire that the House may be moved to take the said Report into speedy consideration, that so Colonel Lilburn may have redress therein, according as you think fit; and that his readiness and willingness to return to his charge here, and leave his own affairs to serve the Public, may not turn to his disadvantage. I doubt not but those services he hath done in England and here will be a sufficient motive to gratify him herein; which shall be acknowledged by, Sir, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

[1] Antea, vol. i. p. 282. [2] 'of' in orig. [3] Baker MSS. (Cambridge), xxxv. 79.

Committee of Obstructions, 'a Committee for *removing* Obstructions to the Sale of Dean-and-Chapter Lands,' does accordingly bestir itself; and on Tuesday 18th March, the due order is given.[1] To which, we doubt not, as the matter then drops, effect was given,—till the Restoration came, and ousted Colonel Robert and some others. Whether the Colonel personally ever lived at Bear Park, or has left any trace of his presence there, the County Histories and other accessible records do not say.

LETTER CLXIX.

HERE next, from another quarter, is a new University matter,—Project of a College at Durham; emerging incidentally like a green fruitful islet from amid the dim storms of War; agreeably arresting the eye for a moment.

Concerning which read in the Commons Journals of May last: 'A Letter from the Sheriff and Gentlemen of the County of *Duresme*, dated 24th April 1650; with a Paper' or Petition of the same date, '"delivered-in by the Grand Jury at the Sessions of the Peace holden at Duresme the 24th of April 1650, To be presented to the Honourable Parliament of this Nation,"—were this day read. *Ordered*, That it be referred to the Committee of Obstructions for sale of Dean-and-Chapter Lands, to consider these Desires of the Gentlemen and others of that County, touching the converting some of the Buildings at Duresme called the "College," which were the Houses of the late Dean and Chapter, into some College or School of Literature; to state the business, to'[2]—in short, to get on with it if possible.

This was some ten months ago, but still there is no visible way made; and now in the wild Spring weather here has been, I suppose, some Deputation of the Northern Gentry riding through the wild mountains, with humane intent, to represent the matter to the Lord General at Edinburgh; from whom, if he pleased to help it forward, a word might be very furthersome. The Lord General is prompt with his word;—writes this Letter, as I find, this and the foregoing, in some interval of a painful fit of sickness he has been labouring under.

[1] Commons Journals, vi. 492 (7th November 1650), his 'Petition,' referred to in this Letter; ib. 549 (18th March 1650), due 'redress' to him.

[2] Ibid. vi. 410 (8th May 1650).

To the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England : These.

Edinburgh, 11th March 1650.

Sir,

Having received information from the Mayor and Citizens of Durham, and some Gentlemen of the Northern Counties, That upon their Petition to the Parliament, "that the Houses of the late Dean and Chapter in the City of Durham might be converted into a College or School of Literature," the Parliament was pleased in May last to refer the same to the Committee for removing Obstructions in the sale of Dean-and-Chapter Lands, "to consider thereon, and to report their opinion therein to the House :" [1] Which said Committee, as I am also informed, have so far approved thereof as that they are of an opinion That the said Houses will be a fit place to erect a College or School for all the Sciences and Literature, and that it will be a pious and laudable work and of great use to the Northern parts ; and have ordered Sir Arthur Haselrig to make report thereof to the House accordingly : And the said Citizens and Gentlemen having made some address to me to contribute my assistance to them therein :

To which, in so good and pious a work, I could not but willingly and heartily concur. And not knowing wherein I might better serve them, or answer their desires, than by recommending the same to the Parliament by, Sir, yourself their Speaker,—I do therefore make it my humble and earnest request that the House may be moved, as speedily as conveniently may be, To hear the Report of the said Committee concerning the said Business, from Sir Arthur Haselrig ; that so the House, taking the same into consideration, may do therein what shall seem meet for the good of those poor Countries.

Truly it seems to me a matter of great concernment and importance ; as that which, by the blessing of God, may much conduce to the promoting of learning and piety in those poor rude and ignorant parts ;—there being also many concurring advantages to this Place, as pleasantness and aptness of situation, healthful air and plenty of provisions, which seem to

[1] Commons Journals, ubi supra.

favour and plead for their desires therein. And besides the good, so obvious to us, 'which' those Northern Counties may reap, thereby, who knows but the setting on foot this work at this time may suit with God's present dispensations; and may,—if due care and circumspection be used in the right constituting and carrying-on the same,—tend to, and by the blessing of God produce, such happy and glorious fruits as are scarce thought on or foreseen!

Sir, not doubting of your readiness and zeal to promote so good and public a work, I crave pardon for this boldness; and rest, your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Whereupon the Committee for removing Obstructions does bestir itself; manages, in three months hence (for we do nothing rashly), to report[2] by 'Sir Arthur Haselrig, touching Duresme College-Buildings to be converted to a College or School for all the Sciences of Literature: That' — that — And, in brief, History itself has to report that the pious Project, thanks mainly to furtherance by the Lord General, whose power to further it increased by and by, did actually, some seven years hence, take effect;[3]—actually began giving Lessons of human Grammar, human Geography, Geometry, and other divine Knowledge, to the vacant human mind, —in those once sleepy Edifices, dark heretofore, or illuminated mainly by Dr. Cosins's Papistical waxlights or the like: and so continued, in spite of opposition, till the Blessed Restoration put a stop to it, and to some other things. In late years there is again some kind of Durham College giving Lessons.—I hope, with good success.

LETTER CLXX.

BY that tempestuous sleety expedition in the beginning of February my Lord General caught a dangerous illness, which hung about him, reappearing in three successive relapses, till June next; and greatly alarmed the Commonwealth and the Authorities. As this to Bradshaw, and various other letters still indicate.

[1] Baker MSS. xxviii. 455: printed also in Hutchinson's History of Durham; and elsewhere.

[2] Commons Journals (vi. 589), 18th June 1651.

[3] Protector's Letters-Patent of 15th May 1657, following up his Ordinance in Council of the previous Year: Hutchinson's History of the County Palatine of Durham (Newcastle, 1785) i. 514-30. See Cooper's Annals of Cambridge, iii. 473 (Cambridge Petition against it; 18th April 1659). 'Throve apace,' says Hutchinson, 'till' &c.

To the Right Honourable the Lord President of the Council of State: These.

Edinburgh, 24th March, 1650.

My Lord,

I do with all humble thankfulness acknowledge your high favour, and tender respect of me, expressed in your Letter, and the Express sent therewith to inquire after one so unworthy as myself.

Indeed, my Lord, your service needs not me: I am a poor creature; and have been a dry bone: and am still an unprofitable servant to my master and you. I thought I should have died of this fit of sickness; but the Lord seemeth to dispose otherwise. But truly, my Lord, I desire not to live, unless I may obtain mercy from the Lord to approve my heart and life to Him in more faithfulness and thankfulness, and 'to' those I serve in more profitableness and diligence. And I pray God, your Lordship, and all in public trust, may improve all those unparalleled experiences of the Lord's wonderful Workings in your sight, with singleness of heart to His glory, and the refreshment of his People; who are to Him as the apple of His eye; and upon whom your enemies, both former and latter, who have fallen before you, did split themselves.

This shall be the unfeigned prayer of, my Lord, your most humble servant, Oliver Cromwell.[1]

From Edinburgh, of date 18th March, by special Express we have this comfortable intelligence: 'The Lord General is now well recovered: he was in his dining-room to-day with his Officers, and was very cheerful and pleasant.' And the symptoms, we see, continue good and better on the 24th. 'So that there is not any fear, by the blessing of God, but our General will be enabled to take the field when the Provisions arrive.' 'Dr. Goddard' is attending him.[2] Before the end of the month he is on foot again; sieging Blackness, sieging the Island of Inchgarvie, or giving Colonel Monk directions to that end.

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 101).
[2] Ibid. pp. 100-1.

LETTER CLXXI.

THE following Letter brings its own commentary:

For my beloved Wife Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpit: These.

'Edinburgh' 12th April, 1651.

MY DEAREST,

I praise the Lord I am increased in strength in my outward man: But that will not satisfy me except I get a heart to love and serve my heavenly Father better; and get more of the light of His countenance, which is better than life, and more power over my corruptions:—in these hopes I wait, and am not without expectation of a gracious return. Pray for me; truly I do daily for thee and the dear Family; and God Almighty bless you all with His spiritual blessings.

Mind poor Betty of the Lord's great mercy. Oh, I desire her not only to seek the Lord in her necessity, but in deed and in truth to turn to the Lord; and to keep close to Him; and to take heed of a departing heart, and of being cozened with worldly vanities and worldly company, which I doubt she is too subject to. I earnestly and frequently pray for her and for him. Truly they are dear to me, very dear; and I am in fear lest Satan should deceive them,—knowing how weak our hearts are, and how subtle the Adversary is, and what way the deceitfulness of our hearts and the vain world make for his temptations. The Lord give them truth of heart to Him. Let them seek Him in truth, and they shall find Him.

My love to the dear little ones; I pray for grace for them. I thank them for their Letters; let me have them often.

Beware of my Lord Herbert's resort to your house. If he do so, it may occasion scandal, as if I were bargaining with him. Indeed, be wise,—you know my meaning. Mind Sir Henry Vane of the business of my Estate. Mr. Floyd knows my whole mind in that matter.

If Dick Cromwell and his Wife be with you, my dear love to them. I pray for them: they shall, God willing, hear

from me. I love them very dearly.—Truly I am not able as yet to write much. I am very weary; and rest, thine,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

'Betty' and 'he' are Elizabeth Claypole and her Husband; of whom, for the curious, there is a longwinded intricate account by Noble,[2] but very little discoverable in it. They lived at Norborough, which is near Market Deeping, but in Northamptonshire: where, as already intimated, the Lady Protectress, Widow Elizabeth Cromwell, after the Restoration, found a retreat. 'They had at least three sons and daughters.' Claypole became 'Master of the Horse' to Oliver; sat in Parliament; made an elegant appearance in the world:—but dwindled sadly after his widowership; his second marriage ending in 'separation,' in a third *quasi-marriage*, and other confusions, poor man! But as yet the Lady Claypole lives; bright and brave. 'Truly they are dear to me, very dear.'

'Dick Cromwell and his Wife' seem to be up in Town on a visit;—living much at their ease in the Cockpit, they. Brother Henry, in these same days, is out 'in the King's County' in Ireland; doing hard duty at 'Ballybawn' and elsewhere,[3]—the distinguished Colonel Cromwell. And Deputy Ireton, with his labours, is wearing himself to death. In the same house, one works, another goes idle.

'The Lord Herbert' is Henry Somerset, eldest son of the now Marquis of Worcester,—of the Lord Glamorgan whom we knew slightly at Ragland, in underhand 'Irish Treaties' and suchlike; whose *Century of Inventions* is still slightly known to here and there a reader of Old Books. 'This Lord Herbert,' it seems, 'became Duke of Beaufort after the Restoration.' For obvious reasons, you are to 'beware of his resort to your house at present.' A kind of professed Protestant he, but come of rank Papists and Malignants; which may give rise to commentaries. One stupid Annotator on a certain Copy of this Letter says, 'his Lordship had an intrigue with Mrs. Claypole;'—which is evidently downright stupor and falsehood, like so much else.

LETTER CLXXII.

UPON the surrender of Edinburgh Castle, due provision had been made for conveyance of the Public Writs and Registers to

[1] Cole MSS. xxxiii. 37: a Copy; Copies are frequent.
[2] ii. 375, &c. [3] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 102).

what quarter the Scotch Authorities might direct; and 'Passes,' under the Lord General's hand, duly granted for that end. Archibald Johnston, Lord Register, we conclude, had superintended the operation; had, after much labour, bundled the Public Writs properly together into masses, packages; and put them on shipboard, considering this the eligiblest mode of transport towards Stirling and the Scotch head-quarters at present. But now it has fallen out, in the middle of last month, that the said ship has been taken, as many ships and shallops on both sides now are; and the Public Writs are in jeopardy: whereupon ensues correspondence; and this fair Answer from my Lord General:

'*To the Honourable Archibald Johnston, Lord Register of Scotland: These.*'

Edinburgh, 12th April 1651.

My Lord,

Upon the perusal of the Passes formerly given for the safe passing of the Public Writs and Registers of the Kingdom of Scotland, I do think they[1] ought to be restored: and they shall be so, to such persons as you shall appoint to receive them; with passes for persons and vessels, to carry them to such place as shall be appointed:—so that it be done within one month next following.

I herewith send you a Pass for your Servant to go into Fife, and to return with the other Clerks; and rest, your servant, Oliver Cromwell.[2]

Warriston's answer, written on Monday, the 12th being Saturday, is given also in *Thurloe*. The Lord General's phrase, 'perusal of the Passes,' we now find is prospective, and means 'reperusal,' new sight of them by the Lord General; which, Archibald earnestly urges, is impossible; the original Passes being now far off in the hands of the Authorities, and the Writs in a state of imminent danger, lying in a ship at Leith, as Archibald obscurely intimates, which the English Governor has got his claws over, and keeps shut-up in dock; with a considerable leak in her, too: very bad stowage for such goods.[3] Which obscure intimation of Archibald's becomes lucid to us, as to the Lord General it already was, when we read this sentence of Bulstrode's under date 22d March

[1] The Writs and Registers.

[2] Thurloe, i. 117. Records of the Laigh Parliament House. [3] Ibid.

1650–1: 'Letters that the Books and Goods belonging to the' Scotch 'King and Register were taken by the Parliament's ships; and another ship, laden with oats, meal, and other provisions, going to Fife: twenty-two prisoners.'[1] For captures and small sea-surprisals abound in the Frith at present; the Parliament-ships busy on one hand; and the 'Captain of the Bass,' the 'Shippers of Wemyss,' and the like active persons doing their duty on the other,—whereby infinite 'biscuit,' and such small ware, is from time to time realised.[2]

Without doubt the Public Writs were all redelivered, according to the justice of the case; and the term of 'one month,' which Archibald pleads hard to get lengthened, was made into two, or the necessary time. Archibald's tone towards the Lord General is anxiously respectful, nay submissive and subject. In fact, Archibald belongs, if not by profession, yet by invincible tendency, to the Remonstrant Ker-and-Strahan Party; and looks dimly forward to a near time when there will be no refuge for him, and the like of him, but Cromwell. Strahan, in the month of January last, is already 'excommunicated, and solemnly delivered to the Devil, in the Church of Perth.'[3] This is what you have to look for, from a Quasi-Malignant set of men!

This Archibald, as is well known, sat afterwards in Cromwell's Parliaments; became 'one of Cromwell's Lords;' and ultimately lost his life for these dangerous services. Archibald Johnston of Warriston; loose-flowing Bishop Burnet's uncle by the Mother's side: a Lord Register of whom all the world has heard. Redactor of the Covenanters' protests, in 1637, and onwards; redactor perhaps of the Covenant itself; canny lynx-eyed Lawyer, and austere Presbyterian Zealot; full of fire, of heavy energy and gloom: in fact, a very notable character;—of whom our Scotch friends might do well to give us farther elucidations. Certain of his Letters edited by Lord Hailes,[4] a man of fine intelligence, though at that time ignorant of this subject, have proved well worth their paper and ink. Many more, it appears, still lie in the Edinburgh Archives. A good selection and edition of them were desirable. But, alas, will any human soul ever again *love* poor Warriston, and take pious pains with him, in this world? Properly it turns all upon that; and the chance seems rather dubious!—

[1] Whitlocke, p. 490.
[2] Balfour, iv. 204, 241, 251, &c.
[3] Ibid. iv. 240.
[4] Memorials and Letters in the Reign of Charles I. (Glasgow, 1766).

SECOND VISIT TO GLASGOW.

That Note to Warriston, and the Letter to Elizabeth Cromwell, as may have been observed, are written on the same day, Saturday 12th April 1651. Directly after which, on Wednesday the 16th, there is a grand Muster of the Army on Musselburgh Links; preparatory to new operations. Blackness Fort has surrendered; Inchgarvie Island is beset by gunboats: Colonel Monk, we perceive, who has charge of these services, is to be made Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance: and now there is to be an attack on Burntisland with gunboats, which also, one hopes, may succeed. As for the Army, it is to go westward this same afternoon; try whether cautious Lesley, straitened or assaulted from both west and east, will not come out of his Stirling fastness, so that some good may be done upon him. The Muster is held on Musselburgh Links; whereat the Lord General, making his appearance, is received 'with shouts and acclamations,' the sight of him infinitely comfortable to us.[1] The Lord General's health is somewhat reëstablished, though he has had relapses, and still tends a little towards ague. 'About three in the afternoon' all is on march towards Hamilton; quarters 'mostly in the field there.' Where the Lord General himself arrives, on Friday night late; and on the morrow afternoon we see Glasgow again.

Concerning which here are two notices from opposite points of the compass, curiously corroborative of one another; which we must not withhold. Face-to-face glimpses into the old dead actualities; worth rescuing with a Cromwell in the centre of them.

The first is from Baillie;[2] shows us a glance of our old friend Carstairs withal. Read this fraction of a Letter: "Reverend and dear Brother,—For preventing of mistakes," lest you should think us looselaced, Remonstrant, sectarian individuals, "we have thought meet to advertise you that Cromwell having come to Hamilton on Friday late, and to Glasgow on Saturday with a body of his Army, sooner than we could well with safety have retired ourselves,"—there was nothing for it but to stay and abide him here! "On Sunday forenoon he came unexpectedly to the High Inner Kirk; where quietly he heard Mr. Robert Ramsay," unknown to common readers, "preach a very honest sermon, pertinent to his" Cromwell's "case. In the afternoon he came, as unexpectedly, to the High Outer Kirk; where he heard Mr. John

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 102). [2] (Glasgow, 22d April 1651) iii. 165.

Carstairs," our old friend, "lecture, and" a "Mr. James Durham preach,—graciously, and weel to the times as could have been desired." So that you see we are not of the looselaced species, we! "And generally all who preached that day in the Town gave a fair enough testimony against the Sectaries."—Whereupon, next day, Cromwell sent for us to confer with him in a friendly manner. "All of us did meet to advise," for the case was grave: however, we have decided to go; nay are just going;—but, most unfortunately, do not write any record of our interview! Nothing, except some transient assertion elsewhere that "we had no disadvantage in the thing."[1]—So that now, from the opposite point of the compass, the old London Newspaper must come in; curiously confirmatory:

"Sir,—We came hither" to Glasgow "on Saturday last, April 19th. The Ministers and Townsmen generally stayed at home, and did not quit their habitations as formerly. The Ministers here have mostly deserted from the proceedings beyond the Water," at Perth,—and are in fact given to Remonstrant ways, though Mr. Baillie denies it: "yet they are equally dissatisfied with us. But though they preach against us in the pulpit to our faces, yet we permit them without disturbance, as willing to gain them by love.

"My Lord General sent to them to give us a friendly Christian meeting, To discourse of those things which they rail against us for; that so, if possible, all misunderstandings between us might be taken away. Which accordingly they gave us on Wednesday last. There was no bitterness nor passion vented on either side; all was with moderation and tenderness. My Lord General and Major-General Lambert, for the most part, maintained the discourse; and, on their part, Mr. James Guthry and Mr. Patrick Gillespie.[2] We know not what satisfaction they have received. Sure I am, there was no such weight in their arguments as might in the least discourage us from what we have undertaken; the chief thing on which they insisted being our Invasion into Scotland."[3]

The Army quitted Glasgow after some ten days; rather hastily, on Wednesday 30th April; pressing news, some false alarm of movements about Stirling, having arrived by express from the East. They marched again for Edinburgh;—quenched some foolish Town Riot, which had broken out among the Glasgow

[1] Baillie, iii. 168.

[2] 'Gelaspy' the Sectarian spells'; in all particulars of facts he coincides with Baillie-Guthry and Gillespie, noted men in that time, published a 'Sum' of this Interview (Baillie, iii. 168), but nobody now knows it.

[3] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 102).

Baillies themselves, on some quarrel of their own; and was now tugging and wriggling, in a most unseemly manner, on the open streets, and likely to enlist the population generally, had not Cromwell's soldiers charitably scattered it asunder before they went.[1] In three days they were in Edinburgh again.

When a luminous body, such as Oliver Cromwell, happens to be crossing a dark Country, a dark Century, who knows what he will not disclose to us! For example: On the Western edge of Lanarkshire, in the desolate uplands of the Kirk of Shotts, there dwelt at that time a worshipful Family of Scotch Lairds, of the name of Stewart, at a house called Allertoun,—a lean turreted angry-looking old Stone House, I take it; standing in some green place, in the alluvial hollows of the Auchter Burn or its tributaries: most obscure; standing lean and grim, like a thousand such; entirely unnoticeable by History,—had not Oliver chanced to pass in that direction, and make a call there! Here is an account of that event: unfortunately very vague, not written till the second generation after; indeed, palpably incorrect in some of its details; but indubitable as to the main fact; and too curious to be omitted here. The date, not given or hinted at in the original, seems to fix itself as Thursday 1st May 1651. On that day Auchter Burn rushing idly on as usual, the grim old turreted Stone House, and rigorous Presbyterian inmates, and desolate uplands of the Kirk of Shotts in general,—saw Cromwell's face, and have become memorable to us. Here is the record given as we find it.[2]

'There was a fifth Son' of Sir Walter Stewart, Laird of Allertoun: 'James; who in his younger years was called "the Captain of Allertoun,"—from this incident: Oliver Cromwell, Captain-General of the English Sectarian Army, after taking Edinburgh Castle, was making a Progress through the West of Scotland; and came down towards the River Clyde near Lanark, and was on his march back, against King Charles the Second's Army, then with the King at Stirling. Being informed of a near way through Auchtermuir, he came with some General Officers to reconnoitre; and had a Guide along. Sir Walter, being a Royalist and Covenanter, had absconded. As he' Cromwell 'passed, he called in at Allertoun for a farther Guide; but no men were to be found, save one valetudinary Gentleman, Sir Walter's Son,'—properly a poor valetudinary Boy, as appears, who of course could do nothing for him.

[1] 'Ane Information concerning the late Tumult in Glasgow, Wednesday, April 30th,' at the very time of Cromwell's Removal (in Baillie, iii. 161).

[2] Coltness Collections, published by the Maitland Club (Glasgow, 1842), p. 9.

'He found the road not practicable for carriages; and upon his return he called in at Sir Walter's House. There was none to entertain him but the Lady and Sir Walter's sickly Son. The good Woman was as much for the King and Royal Family as her Husband: but she offered the General the civilities of her House; and a glass of canary was presented. The General observed the forms of these times (I have it from good authority), and he asked a blessing in a long pathetic grace before the cup went round;—he drank his good wishes [1] for the family, and asked for Sir Walter; and was pleased to say, His Mother was a Stewart's Daughter, and he had a relation to the name. All passed easy; and our James, being a lad of ten years, came so near as to handle the hilt of one of the swords: upon which Oliver stroked his head, saying, "You are my little Captain;" and this was all the Commission our Captain of Allertoun ever had.

'The General called for some of his own wines for himself and other Officers,[2] and would have the Lady try his wine; and was so humane, When he saw the young Gentleman so maigre and indisposed, he said, Changing the climate might do good, and the South of France, Montpellier, was the place.

'Amidst all this humanity and politeness he omitted not, in person, to return thanks to God in a pointed grace after his repast; and after this hasted on his return to join the Army. The Lady had been a strenuous Royalist, and her Son a Captain in command at Dunbar; yet upon this interview with the General she abated much of her zeal. She said she was sure Cromwell was one who feared God, and had that fear in him, and the true interest of Religion at heart. A story of this kind is no idle digression; it has some small connexion with the Family concerns, anh shows some little of the genius of these distracted times.'—And so we leave it; vague, but indubitable; standing on such basis as it has.

LETTER CLXXIII.

'*For my beloved Wife Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpit: These.*'

Edinburgh, 3d May 1651.

My Dearest,

I could not satisfy myself to omit this post, although I have not much to write; yet indeed I love to write

[1] Certainly incorrect.

[2] Imaginary.

to my Dear, who is very much in my heart. It joys me to hear thy soul prospereth: the Lord increase His favours to thee more and more. The great good thy soul can wish is, That the Lord lift upon thee the light of His countenance, which is better than life. The Lord bless all thy good counsel and example to all those about thee, and hear all thy prayers, and accept thee always.

I am glad to hear thy Son and Daughter are with thee. I hope thou wilt have some good opportunity of good advice to him. Present my duty to my Mother, my love to all the Family. Still pray for thine, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Written the day after his return to Edinburgh. 'Thy Son and Daughter' are, to all appearance, Richard and his Wife, who prolonged their visit at the Cockpit. The good old 'Mother' is still spared with us, to have 'my duty' presented to her. A pale venerable Figure; who has lived to see strange things in this world;—can piously, in her good old tremulous heart rejoice in such a Son.

Precisely in these days, a small ship driven by stress of weather into Ayr Harbour, and seized and searched by Cromwell's Garrison there, discloses a matter highly interesting to the Commonwealth. A Plot, namely, on the part of the English Presbyterian-Royalists, English Royalists Proper, and all manner of Malignant Interests in England, to unite with the Scots and their King: in which certain of the London Presbyterian Clergy, Christopher Love among others, are deeply involved. The little ship was bound for the Isle of Man, with tidings to the Earl of Derby concerning the affair; and now we have caught her within the Bars of Ayr; and the whole matter is made manifest![2] Reverend Christopher Love is laid hold of, 7th May; he and others: and the Council of State is busy. It is the same Christopher who preached at Uxbridge Treaty long since, That 'Heaven might as well think of uniting with Hell.' Were a new High Court of Justice once constituted, it will go hard with Christopher.

As for the Lord General, this march to Glasgow has thrown him into a new relapse, which his Doctor counts as the third since March last. The disease is now ague; comes and goes, till, in

[1] Harris, p. 517.

[2] Bates, History of the late Troubles in England (Translation of the Elenchus Motuum; London, 1685), Part ii. 115.

the end of this month, the Council of State, as ordered by Parliament, request him to return, in the meanwhile, to England for milder air;[1] and despatches two London Doctors to him; whom the Lord Fairfax is kind enough to 'send in his own coach;' who arrive in Edinburgh on the 30th of May, 'and are affectionately entertained by my Lord.'[2] The two Doctors are Bates and Wright. Bates in his loose-tongued *History of the Troubles*, redacted in after-times, observes strict silence as to this Visit. Here is the Lord General's Answer; indicating, with much thankfulness, that he will not now need to return.

LETTER CLXXIV.

'*To the Lord President of the Council of State: These.*'

Edinburgh, 3d June 1651.

My Lord,

I have received yours of the 27th of May; with an Order from the Parliament for my liberty to return into England for change of air, that thereby I might the better recover my health. All which came unto me whilst Dr. Wright and Dr. Bates, whom your Lordship sent down, were with me.

I shall not need to recite the extremity of my last sickness: it was so violent that indeed my nature was not able to bear the weight thereof. But the Lord was pleased to deliver me, beyond expectation; and to give me cause to say once more, "He hath plucked me out of the grave!"[3]—My Lord, the indulgence of the Parliament expressed by their Order is a very high and undeserved favour: of which although it be fit I keep a thankful remembrance, yet I judge it would be too much presumption in me to[4] return a particular acknowledgment. I beseech you give me the boldness to return my humble thankfulness to the Council for sending two such worthy Persons, so great a journey, to visit me. From whom I have received much encouragement, and good directions for

[1] Whitlocke, p. 476; Commons Journals (vi. 579), 27th May 1651.

[2] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 103).

[3] Psalm xxx. 3, 'hast brought up my soul from the grave;' or, lxxxvi. 3, 'delivered my soul from:' but 'plucked' is not in any of the texts.

[4] 'not to' in orig.;—dele 'not.'

recovery of health and strength,—which I find 'now,' by the goodness of God, growing to such a state as may yet, if it be His good will, render me useful according to my poor ability, in the station wherein He hath set me.

I wish more steadiness in your Affairs here than to depend, in the least degree, upon so frail a thing as I am. Indeed they do not,—nor own any instrument. This Cause is of God, and it must prosper. Oh, that all that have any hand therein, being *so* persuaded, would gird up the loins of their mind, and endeavour in all things to walk worthy of the Lord! So prays, my Lord, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

The Lord General's case was somewhat grave; at one time, it seemed hopeless for this summer. 'My Lord is not sensible that he is grown an old man.' The Officers were to proceed without him; directed by him from the distance. Here, however, is an improvement; and two days after, on the 5th of June, the Lord General is seen abroad in his coach again; shakes his ailments and infirmities of age away, and takes the field in person once more. The Campaign is now vigorously begun; though as yet no great result follows from it.

On the 25th of June, the Army from all quarters reassembled 'in its old Camp on the Pentland Hills;' marched westward; left Linlithgow July 2d, ever westward, with a view to force the Enemy from his strong ground about Stirling. Much pickeering, vapouring, and transient skirmishing ensues; but the Enemy, strongly entrenched at Torwood, secured by bogs and brooks, cannot be forced out. We take Calendar House, and do other insults, before their eyes; they will not come out. Cannonadings there are 'from opposite Hills;' but not till it please the Enemy can there be any battle. David Lesley, second in rank, but real leader of the operations, is at his old trade again. The Problem is becoming difficult. We decide to get across into Fife; to take them in flank, and at least cut-off an important part of their supplies.

Here is the Lord General's Letter on the result of that enterprise. Farther details of the Battle, which is briefly spoken of here,—still remembered in those parts as the *Battle of Inverkeithing*,

[1] Kimber's (anonymous) Life of Oliver Cromwell (London, 1724), p. 201:—does not say whence derived.

—may be found in Lambert's own Letter concerning it.[1] 'Sir John Browne, their Major-General,' was once a zealous Parliamenteer; 'Governor of Abingdon' and much else; but the King gained him, growls Ludlow, 'by the gift of a pair of silk stockings,'—poor wretch! Besides Browne, there are Massey, and various Englishmen of mark with this Malignant Army. Massey's Brother, a subaltern person in London, is one of the conspirators with Christopher Love.—The Lord General has in the interim made his Third Visit to Glasgow; concerning which there are no details worth giving here.[2] Rev. Christopher Love, on the 5th of this month, was condemned to die.[3]

LETTER CLXXV.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Linlithgow, 21st July 1651.

SIR,

After our waiting upon the Lord, and not knowing what course to take, for indeed we know nothing but what God pleaseth to teach us of His great mercy,—we were directed to send a Party to get us a landing 'on the Fife coast' by our boats, whilst we marched towards Glasgow.

On Thursday morning last, Colonel Overton, with about One-thousand four-hundred foot and some horse and dragoons, landed at the North Ferry in Fife; we with the Army lying near the Enemy (a small river parted us and them), and having consultations to attempt the Enemy within his fortifications: but the Lord was not pleased to give way to that counsel, proposing a better way for us. The Major-General 'Lambert' marched, on Thursday night, with two regiments of horse and two regiments of foot, for better securing the place; and to attempt upon the Enemy as occasion should serve. He getting over, and finding a considerable body of the Enemy there (who would probably have beaten our men from the place if

[1] North Ferry, 22d July 1651 (Whitlocke, p. 472): the Battle was on Sunday the 20th. See also Balfour, iv. 313.

[2] Whitlocke, p. 471; Milton State-Papers, p. 84 (11th July 1651).

[3] Wood, iii. 278, &c.

he had not come), drew out and fought them ; he being about two regiments of horse, with about four-hundred of horse and dragoons more, and three regiments of foot ; the Enemy five regiments of foot, and about four or five of horse. They came to a close charge, and in the end totally routed the Enemy ; having taken about forty or fifty colours,[1] killed near Two-thousand, some say more ; have taken Sir John Browne their Major-General, who commanded in chief,—and other Colonels and considerable Officers killed and taken, and about Five or Six Hundred prisoners. The Enemy is removed from their ground with their whole Army ; but whither we do not certainly know.

This is an unspeakable mercy. I trust the Lord will follow it until He hath perfected peace and truth. We can truly say, we were gone as far as we could in our counsel and action ; and we did say one to another, we knew not what to do. Wherefore it's sealed upon our hearts, that this, as all the rest, is from the Lord's goodness, and not from man. I hope it becometh me to pray, That we may walk humbly and self-denyingly before the Lord, and believingly also. That you whom we serve, as the Authority over us, may do the work committed to you, with uprightness and faithfulness,—and thoroughly, as to the Lord. That you may not suffer anything to remain that offends the eyes of His jealousy. That common weal may more and more be sought, and justice done impartially. For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro ; and as He finds out His enemies here, to be avenged on them, so will He not spare them for whom He doth good, if by His loving kindness they become not good. I shall take the humble boldness to represent this Engagement of David's, in the Hundred-and-nineteenth Psalm, verse Hundred-and-thirty-fourth, *Deliver me from the oppression of man, so will I keep Thy precepts.* I take leave, and rest, Sir, your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. The carriage of the Major-General, as in all other things so in this, is worthy of your taking notice of ; as also

[1] Farther account of those in Appendix, No. 22.

the Colonels Okey, Overton, Daniel, West, Lydcot, Syler, and the rest of the Officers.[1]

Matters now speedily take another turn. At the Castle of 'Dundas' we are still on the South side of the Frith; in front of the Scotch lines, though distant: but Inchgarvie, often tried with gunboats, now surrenders; Burntisland, by force of gunboats and dispiritment, surrenders: the Lord General himself goes across into Fife. The following Letters speak for themselves.

LETTER CLXXVI.

'To the Right Honourable the Lord President of the Council of State: These.'

Dundas, 24th July 1651.

My Lord,

It hath pleased God to put your affairs here in some hopeful way, since the last Defeat given to the Enemy.

I marched with the Army very near to Stirling, hoping thereby to get the Pass; and went myself with General Dean, and some others, up to Bannockburn; hearing that the Enemy were marched on the other side towards our forces in Fife. Indeed they went four or five miles on towards them; but hearing of my advance, in all haste they retreated back, and possessed the Park, and their other works. Which we viewed; and finding them not advisable to attempt, resolved to march to Queensferry, and there to ship over so much of the Army as might hopefully be master of the field in Fife. Which accordingly we have almost perfected; and have left, on this side, somewhat better than four regiments of horse, and as many of foot.

I hear now the Enemy's great expectation is to supply themselves in the West with recruits of men, and what victual they can get: for they may expect none out of the North, when once our Army shall interpose between them and St.

[1] Newspapers (in Parl. Hist. xix. 494; and Cromwelliana, p. 105).

Johnston. To prevent their prevalency in the West, and making incursions into the Borders of England, * * *[1]

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

LETTER CLXXVII.

OF this Letter Sir Harry Vane and the Council of State judge it improper to publish anything in the Newspapers, except a rough abstract, in words of their own, of the *first two paragraphs* and the *concluding one*. In which state it presents itself in the Old Pamphlets.[3] The Letter copied in full lies among the *Tanner Manuscripts*;—gives us a glimpse into the private wants, and old furnitures, of the Cromwell Army. 'Pots' are cavalry helmets; 'backs-and-breasts' are still seen on cuirassier regiments; 'snaphances' (German *schnapphahn*, snapcock) are a new wonderful invention, giving fire by flint-and-steel;—promising, were they not so terribly expensive, to supersede the old slow matchlock in field-service! But, I believe, they wind-up like a watch before the trigger acts:[4] and come very high!—

To the Right Honourable the Lord President of the Council of State: These.

Linlithgow, 26th July 1651.

MY LORD,

I am able to give you no more account than what you have by my last; only we have now in Fife about Thirteen or Fourteen thousand horse and foot. The Enemy is at his old lock, and lieth in and near Stirling; where we cannot come to fight him, except he please, or we go upon too-too manifest hazards; he having very strongly laid himself, and having a very great advantage there. Whither we hear he hath lately gotten great provisions of meal, and reinforcement of his strength out of the North under Marquis Huntly. It is our business still to wait upon God, to show us our way how to deal with this subtle Enemy; which I hope He will.

[1] Sir Harry Vane, who reads the Letter in Parliament, judges it prudent to stop here (Commons Journals, vi. 614).

[2] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 107).

[3] In Parliamentary History, xix. 498.

[4] Grose's Military Antiquities.

Our forces on this side the River[1] are not very many: wherefore I have sent for Colonel Rich's; and shall appoint them, with the forces under Colonel Saunders, to embody close upon the Borders,—and to be in readiness to join with those left on this side the Frith, or to be for the security of England, as occasion shall offer; there being little use of them where they lie, as we know.

Your Soldiers begin to fall sick, through the wet weather which has lately been. It is desired, therefore, that the recruits of foot determined 'on,' may rather come sooner in time than usually; and may be sure to be full in numbers, according to your appointment, whereof great failing has lately been. For the way of raising them, it is wholly submitted to your pleasure; and we hearing you rather choose to send us Volunteers than Pressed-men, shall be very glad you go that way.

Our Spades are spent to a very small number: we desire, therefore, that of the Five-thousand tools we lately sent for, at the least Three-thousand of them may be spades,—they wearing most away in our works, and being most useful. Our Horse-arms, especially our pots, are come to a very small number: it is desired we may have a Thousand backs-and-breasts and Fifteen-hundred pots. We have left us in store but Four-hundred pair of pistols; Two-hundred saddles; Six-hundred pikes; Two-thousand and thirty muskets, whereof thirty snaphances. These are our present stores: and not knowing what you have sent us by this Fleet that is coming, we desire we may be considered therein.—Our cheese and butter is our lowest store of Victual.

We were necessitated to pay the soldiery moneys now at their going over into Fife; whereby the Treasury is much exhausted, although we desire to husband it what we can. This being the principle time of action, we desire your Lordship to take a principal care that money may be supplied us with all possible speed, and these other things herewith mentioned; your affairs so necessarily requiring the same.

The Castle of Inchgarvie, which lieth in the River, almost

[1] Means 'Frith' always.

in the midway between the North and South Ferry, commonly called Queen's Ferry,—was delivered to us on Thursday last. They marched away with their swords and baggage only; leaving us sixteen cannon, and all their other arms and ammunition. I remain, my Lord, your lordship's most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

LETTER CLXXVIII.

'To my very loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.'

'Burntisland,' 28th July 1651.

DEAR BROTHER,

I was glad to receive a Letter from you; for indeed anything that comes from you is very welcome to me. I believe your expectation of my Son's coming is deferred. I wish he may see a happy delivery of his Wife first,[2] for whom I frequently pray.

I hear my Son hath exceeded his allowance, and is in debt.

Truly I cannot commend him therein; wisdom requiring his living within compass, and calling for it at his hands. And in my judgment, the reputation arising from thence would have been more real honour than what is attained the other way. I believe vain men will speak well of him that does ill.

I desire to be understood that I grudge him not laudable recreations, nor an honourable carriage of himself in them; nor is any matter of charge, like to fall to my share, a stick[3] with me. Truly I can find in my heart to allow him not only a sufficiency but more, for his good. But if pleasure and self-satisfaction be made the business of a man's life, 'and' so much cost laid out upon it, so much time spent in it, as rather answers appetite than the will of God, or is comely before His Saints,—I scruple to feed this humour; and God forbid that

[1] Tanner MSS., in Cary, ii. 288–90.

[2] Noble's registers are very defective! These Letters, too, were before the poor man's eyes.

[3] stop.

his being my Son should be his allowance to live not pleasingly to our Heavenly Father, who hath raised me out of the dust to be what I am!

I desire your faithfulness (he being also your concernment as well as mine) to advise him to approve himself to the Lord in his course of life; and to search His statutes for a rule of conscience, and to seek grace from Christ to enable him to walk therein. This hath life in it, and will come to somewhat: what is a poor creature without this? This will not abridge of lawful pleasures; but teach such a use of them as will have the peace of a good conscience going along with it. Sir, I write what is in my heart; I pray you communicate my mind herein to my Son, and be his remembrancer in these things. Truly I love him, he is dear to me; so is his Wife; and for their sakes do I thus write. They shall not want comfort nor encouragement from me, so far as I may afford it. But indeed I cannot think I do well to feed a voluptuous humour in my Son, if he should make pleasures the business of his life,—in a time when some precious Saints are bleeding, and breathing out their last, for the safety of the rest. Memorable is the speech of Uriah to David (*Second Samuel*, xi. 11).[1]

Sir, I beseech you believe I here say not this to save my purse; for I shall willingly do what is convenient to satisfy his occasions, as I have opportunity, But as I pray he may not walk in a course not pleasing to the Lord, so 'I' think it lieth upon me to give him, in love, the best counsel I may; and know not how better to convey it to him than by so good a hand as yours. Sir, I pray you acquaint him with these thoughts of mine. And remember my love to my Daughter; for whose sake I shall be induced to do any reasonable thing. I pray for her happy deliverance, frequently and earnestly.

I am sorry to hear that my Bailiff[2] in Hantshire should do to my Son as is intimated by your Letter. I assure you I

[1] 'And Uriah said unto David, The Ark, and Israel, and Judah abide in tents; and my lord Joab, and the servants of my lord, are encamped in the open fields: shall I, then, go into mine house, to eat and to drink, and to lie with my wife? As thou livest, and as thy soul liveth, I will not do this thing.'

[2] 'Baylye.'

shall not allow any such thing. If there be any suspicion of his abuse of the Wood, I desire it may be looked after, and inquired into ; that so, if things appear true, he may be removed,—although indeed I must needs say he had the repute of a godly man, by divers that knew him, when I placed him there.

Sir, I desire my hearty affection may be presented to my Sister ; to my Cousin Ann, and her Husband though unknown. —I praise the Lord I have obtained much mercy in respect of my health ; the Lord give me a truly thankful heart. I desire your prayers ; and rest, your very affectionate brother and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

My Cousin Ann, then, is wedded! 'Her Husband though unknown' is John Dunch ; 'who, on his Father's decease, became John Dunch of Pusey ;—to whom we owe this Letter, among the others.

LETTER CLXXIX.

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England : These.

Burntisland, 29th July 1651.

SIR,

The greatest part of the Army is in Fife ; waiting what way God will farther lead us. It hath pleased God to give us in Burntisland ;[2] which is indeed very conducing to the carrying-on of our affairs. The Town is well seated ; pretty strong ; but marvellous capable of farther improvement in that respect, without great charge. The Harbour, at a high spring, is near a fathom deeper than at Leith ; and doth not lie commanded by any ground without the Town. We took three or four small men-of-war in it, and I believe thirty or forty guns.

Commissary-General Whalley marched along the sea-side in Fife, having some ships to go along the coast ; and hath taken great store of great artillery, and divers ships. The

[1] Harris, p. 513.

[2] 'Brunt Island' in orig.

Enemy's affairs are in some discomposure, as we hear. Surely the Lord will blow upon them. 'I rest,' your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

LETTER CLXXX.

IN effect, the crisis has now arrived. The Scotch King and Army, finding their supplies cut off, and their defences rendered unavailing, by this flank-movement,—break up suddenly from Stirling;[2] march direct towards England,—for a stroke at the heart of the Commonwealth itself. Their game now is, All or nothing. A desperate kind of play. Royalists, Presbyterian-Royalists and the large miscellany of Discontented Interests may perhaps join them there;—perhaps also not! They march by Biggar; enter England by Carlisle,[3] on Wednesday 6th of August 1651. 'At Girthhead, in the Parish of Wamphray, in Annandale,' human Tradition, very faintly indeed, indicates some Roman Stones or Mile-stones, by the wayside, as the place where his Sacred Majesty passed the Tuesday night;—which are not quite so venerable now as formerly.[4]

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Leith, 4th August 1651.

SIR,

In pursuance of the Providence of God, and that blessing lately given to your forces in Fife; and finding that the Enemy, being masters of the Pass at Stirling, could not be gotten out there except by hindering his provisions at St. Johnston,—we, by general advice, thought fit to attempt St. Johnston; knowing that that would necessitate him to quit his Pass. Wherefore, leaving with Major-General Harrison about three-thousand horse and dragoons, besides those which are with Colonel Rich, Colonel Saunders, and Colonel Barton, upon the Borders, we marched to St. Johnston;[5] and lying one day before it, we had it surrendered to us.

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 107).
[2] 'Last day of July' (Bates, ii. 120).
[3] Whitlocke, p. 474.
[4] Nicholas Carlisle's Topographical Dict. of Scotland, § Wamphray.
[5] 2d August 1651 (Balfour, iv. 313): 'St. Johnston,' as we know, is *Perth*.

During which time we had some intelligence of the Enemy's marching southward ; though with some contradictions, as if it had not been so. But doubting it might be true, we (leaving a Garrison in St. Johnston, and sending Lieutenant-General Monk with about Five or Six thousand to Stirling to reduce that place, and by it to put your affairs into a good posture in Scotland) marched, with all possible expedition, back again ; and have passed our foot and many of our horse over the Frith this day ; resolving to make what speed we can up to the Enemy,—who, in his desperation and fear, and out of inevitable necessity, is run to try what he can do this way.

I do apprehend, that if he goes for England, being some few-days march before us, it will trouble some men's thoughts ; and may occasion some inconveniences ;—which I hope we are as deeply sensible of, and have been, and I trust shall be, as diligent to prevent, as any. And indeed this is our comfort, That in simplicity of heart as towards God, we have done to the best of our judgments ; knowing that if some issue were not put to this Business, it would occasion another Winter's war : to the ruin of your soldiery, for whom the Scots are too hard in respect of enduring the Winter difficulties of this country ; and to the endless expense of the treasure of England in prosecuting this War. It may be supposed we might have kept the Enemy from this, by interposing between him and England. Which truly I believe we might : but how to remove him out of this place, without doing what we have done, unless we had had a commanding Army on both sides of the River of Forth, is not clear to us ; or how to answer the inconveniences aforementioned, we understand not.

We pray, therefore, that (seeing there is a possibility for the Enemy to put you to some trouble) you would, with the same courage, grounded upon a confidence in God, wherein you have been supported to the great things God hath used you in hitherto,—improve, the best you can, such forces as you have in readiness, or 'as' may on the sudden be gathered together, To give the Enemy some check, until we shall be able to reach up to him ; which we trust in the Lord we shall do our utmost endeavour in. And indeed we have this com-

fortable experience from the Lord, That this Enemy is heart-smitten by God; and whenever the Lord shall bring us up to them, we believe the Lord will make the desperateness of this counsel of theirs to appear, and the folly of it also. When England was much more unsteady than now; and when a much more considerable Army of theirs, unfoiled, invaded you; and we had but a weak force to make resistance at Preston,—upon deliberate advice, we chose rather to put ourselves between their Army and Scotland: and how God succeeded that, is not well to be forgotten! This 'present movement' is not out of choice on our part, but by some kind of necessity; and, it is to be hoped, will have the like issue. Together with a hopeful end of your work;—in which it's good to wait upon the Lord, upon the earnest of former experiences, and hope of His presence, which only is the life of your Cause.

Major-General Harrison, with the horse and dragoons under him, and Colonel Rich and the rest in those parts, shall attend the motions of the Enemy; and endeavour the keeping of them together, as also to impede his march. And will be ready to be in conjunction with what forces shall gather together for this service:—to whom orders have been speeded to that purpose; as this enclosed to Major-General Harrison will show. Major-General Lambert, this day, marched with a very considerable body of horse, up towards the Enemy's rear. With the rest of the horse, and nine regiments of foot, most of them of your old foot and horse, I am hastening up; and shall, by the Lord's help, use utmost diligence. I hope I have left a commanding force under Lieutenant-General Monk in Scotland.

This account I thought my duty to speed to you; and rest, your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

The Scots found no Presbyterian-Royalists, no Royalists Proper to speak of, nor any Discontented Interest in England disposed to join them in present circumstances. They marched, under rigorous discipline, weary and uncheered, south through Lancashire; had to dispute their old friend the Bridge of Warrington with

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 107-8).

Lambert and Harrison, who attended them with horse-troops on the left; Cromwell with the main Army steadily advancing behind. They carried the Bridge at Warrington; they summoned various Towns, but none yielded; proclaimed their King with all force of lungs and heraldry, but none cried, God bless him. Summoning Shrewsbury, with the usual negative response, they quitted the London road; bent southward towards Worcester, a City of slight Gaarison and loyal Mayor; there to entrench themselves, and repose a little.

Poor Earl Derby, a distinguished Royalist Proper, had hastened over from the Isle of Man, to kiss his Majesty's hand in passing. He then raised some force in Lancashire, and was in hopes to kindle that country again, and go to Worcester in triumph:—but Lilburn, Colonel Robert, whom we have known here before, fell upon him at Wigan; cut his force in pieces:[1] the poor Earl had to go to Worcester in a wounded and wrecked condition. To Worcester,—and, alas, to the scaffold by and by, for that business. The Scots at Worcester have a loyal Mayor, some very few adventurous loyal Gentry in the neighbourhood; and excitable Wales, perhaps again excitable, lying in the rear: but for the present, except in their own poor Fourteen-thousand right-hands, no outlook. And Cromwell is advancing steadily; by York,[2] by Nottingham, by Coventry and Stratford; 'raising all the County Militias,' who muster with singular alacrity;—flowing towards Worcester like the Ocean-tide; begirdling it with 'upwards of Thirty-thousand men.' His Majesty's royal summons to the Corporation of London is burnt there by the hands of the common hangman; Speaker Lenthall and the Mayor have a copy of it burnt by that functionary at the head of every regiment, at a review of the Trainbands in Moorfields.[3] London, England generally, seems to have made-up its mind.

At London on the 22d of August, a rigorous thing was done: Reverend Christopher Love, eloquent zealous Minister of St. Lawrence in the Jewry, was, after reperted respites and negotiations, beheaded on Tower Hill. To the unspeakable emotion of men. Nay the very Heavens seemed to testify a feeling of it,—by a thunderclap, by two thunderclaps. When the Parliament passed their vote on the 4th of July, That he should die according to the sentence of the Court, there was then a terrible thunderclap, and darkening of daylight. And now when he actually dies, 'directly

[1] Lilburn's two Letters, in Cary, ii. 338–45.
[2] See Appendix, No. 21.
[3] Bates, ii. 122: Whitlocke, p. 492: see also Commons Journals, vii. 6 (23d August 1651).

after his beheading,' arises thunderstorm that threatens the dissolution of Nature! Nature, as we see, survived it.

The old Newspaper says, It was on the 22d August 1642, that Charles late King erected his Standard at Nottingham: and now on this same day, 22d August 1651, Charles Pretender erects his at Worcester; and the Reverend Christopher dies. Men may make their reflections.—There goes a story, due to Carrion Heath or some such party, That Cromwell being earnestly solicited for mercy to this poor Christopher, did, while yet in Scotland, send a Letter to the Parliament, recommending it; which Letter, however, was seized by some roving outriders of the Scottish Worcester army; who reading it, and remembering Uxbridge Sermon, tore it, saying, "No, let the villain die!"—after the manner of Heath. Which could be proved, if time and paper were of no value, to be, like a hundred other very wooden *myths* of the same Period, without truth. *Guarda e passa.* Glance at it here for the last time, and never repeat it more!—

Charles's Standard, it would seem then, was erected at Worcester on Friday the 22d, the day of poor Christopher's death. On which same Friday, about sunrise, 'our Messenger' (the Parliament's) 'left the Lord General at Mr. Pierpoint's House,'—William Pierpoint, of the Kingston Family, much his friend,—the House called Thoresby, 'near Mansfield;' just starting for Nottingham, to arrive there that night. From Nottingham by Coventry, by Stratford and Evesham, to 'the southeast side of Worcester,' rallying Country forces as we go, will take till Thursday next. Here at Stratford on the Wednesday, eve of that, is a Letter accidentally preserved.

LETTER CLXXXI.

DUBITATING Wharton, he also might help to rally forces; his name, from 'Upper Winchington in Bucks,' or wherever he may be, might do something. Give him, at any rate, a last chance.—'Tom Westrow,' here accidentally named; once a well-known man, familiar to the Lord General and to men of worth and quality; now, as near as may be, swallowed forever in the Night-Empires;—is still visible, strangely enough, through one small chink, and recoverable into daylight as far as needful. A Kentish man, a Parliament Soldier once, named in military Kent Committees; sat in Parliament too, 'recruiter' for Hythe, though at present in abeyance owing to scruples. Above all, he was the Friend of poor

George Wither, stepson of the Muses; to whom in his undeserved distresses he lent beneficent princely sums; and who, in poor splayfooted doggrel,—very poor, but very grateful, pious, true, and on the whole noble,—preserves some adequate memory of him for the curious.[1] By this chink Tom Westrow and the ancient figure of his Life, is still recoverable if needed.

Westrow, we find by good evidence, did return to his place in Parliament;[2]—quitted it too, as Wither informs us, foreseeing the great Catastrophe; and retired to country quiet, up the River at Teddington. Westrow and the others returned: Wharton continued to dubitate;—and we shall here take leave of him. 'Poor foolish Mall,' young Mary Cromwell, one of 'my two little Wenches,' has been on a visit at Winchington, I think;—'thanks to you and the dear Lady' for her.

For my honoured Lord Wharton: These.

Stratford-on-Avon, 27th Aug. 1651.

My Lord,

I know I write to my Friend,—therefore give me leave to say one bold word.

In my very heart: Your Lordship, Dick Norton, Tom Westrow, Robert Hammond have, though not intentionally, helped one another to stumble at the dispensations of God, and to reason yourselves out of His service!—

Now 'again' you have opportunity to associate with His people in His work; and to manifest your willingness and desire to serve the Lord against His and His people's enemies. Would you be blessed out of Zion, and see the good of His people, and rejoice with His inheritance,—I advise you all in the bowels of Love, Let it appear you offer yourselves willingly to His work! Wherein to be accepted, is more honour from the Lord than the world can give or hath. I am persuaded it needs you not,—save as your Lord and Master needed the Ass's Colt, to show His humility, meekness and condescen-

[1] Westrow Revived; a Funeral Poem without Fiction, composed by George Wither, Esq.: that God may be glorified in His Saints, and that—&c. &c. (King's Pamphlets, 12mo. no. 290: London, 1653-4, dated with the pen '3d January'): unadulterated doggrel: but really *says* something, and even something *just*;—by no means your insupportablest 'poetic' reading, as times go!

[2] 'Admitted to sit:' means, readmitted after Pride's Purge: Commons Journals (vii. 27, 29), 10th October 1651.

sion: but you need it, to declare your submission to, and owning yourself the Lord's and His people's![1]—

If you can break through old disputes,—I shall rejoice if you help others to do so also. Do not say, You are now satisfied because it is the *old* Quarrel;—as if it had not been so all this while!

I have no leisure; but a great deal of entire affection to you and yours, and those named 'here,'—which I thus plainly express. Thanks to you and the dear Lady, for all loves,—and for poor foolish Mall. I am in good earnest 'thankful;' and so also you Lordship's faithful friend and most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

Charles's standard has been floating over Worcester some six days; and now on Thursday 28th of August, comes in sight Cromwell's also; from the Evesham side; with upwards of Thirty-thousand men now near him; and some say, upwards of Eighty-thousand rising in the distance to join him if need were.

LETTERS CLXXXII.—CLXXXIII.

BATTLE OF WORCESTER.

THE Battle of Worcester was fought on the evening of Wednesday 3d September 1651; anniversary of that at Dunbar last year. It could well have but one issue; defeat for the Scots and their Cause;—either swift and complete; or else incomplete, ending in slow sieges, partial revolts, and much new misery and blood. The swift issue was the one appointed; and complete enough; severing the neck of the Controversy now at last, as with one effectual stroke, no need to strike a second time.

The Battle was fought on both sides of the Severn; part of Cromwell's forces having crossed to the Western bank, by Upton Bridge, some miles below Worcester, the night before. About a week ago, Massey understood himself to have ruined this Bridge at Upton; but Lambert's men 'straddled across by the parapet,'—a dangerous kind of *saddle* for such riding, I think!—and hastily

[1] Grammar, in this last clause, lost in the haste: 'Ass's Colt' is 'Beast' in orig.

[2] Gentleman's Magazine (London, 1814), lxxxiv. p. 419.—In Appendix, No. 26, there is now (1857) another Letter to his Lordship.

repaired it; hastily got hold of Upton Church, and maintained themselves there; driving Massey back with a bad wound in the hand. This was on Thursday night last, the very night of the Lord General's arrival in those parts; and they have held this post ever since. Fleetwood crosses here with a good part of Cromwell's Army, on the evening of Tuesday September 2d; shall, on the morrow, attack the Scotch posts on the Southwest, about the Suburb of St. John's, across the River; while Cromwell, in person, on this side, plies them from the Southeast. St. John's Suburb lies at some distance from Worcester; west, or southwest as we say, on the Herefordshire Road; and connects itself with the City by Severn Bridge. Southeast of the City, again, near the then and present London Road, is 'Fort Royal,' an entrenchment of the Scots: on this side Cromwell is to attempt the Enemy, and second Fleetwood, as occasion may serve. Worcester City itself is on Cromwell's side of the River; stands high, surmounted by its high Cathedral; close on the left or eastern margin of the Severn; surrounded by fruitful fields, and hedges unfit for cavalry-fighting. This is the posture of affairs on the eve of Wednesday 3d September 1651.

But now, for Wednesday itself, we are to remark that between Fleetwood at Upton, and the Enemy's outposts at St. John's on the west side of Severn, there runs still a River Teme; a western tributary of the Severn, into which it falls about a mile below the City. This River Teme Fleetwood hopes to cross, if not by the Bridge at Powick which the Enemy possesses, then by a Bridge of Boats which he is himself to prepare lower down, close by the mouth of Teme. At this point also, or 'within pistol-shot of it,' there is to be a Bridge of Boats laid across the Severn itself, that so both ends of the Army may communicate. Boats, boatmen, carpenters, aquatic and terrestrial artificers and implements, in great abundance, contributed by the neighbouring Towns, lie ready on the River, about Upton, for this service. Does the reader now understand the ground a little?

Fleetwood, at Upton, was astir with the dawn September 3d. But it was towards 'three in the afternoon' before the boatmen were got up; must have been towards five before those Bridges were got built, and Fleetwood set fairly across the Teme to begin business. The King of Scots and his Council of War, 'on the top of the Cathedral,' have been anxiously viewing him all afternoon; have seen him build his Bridges of Boats; see him now in great force got across Teme River, attacking the Scotch on the South, fighting them from hedge to hedge towards the Suburb of St.

John's. In great force: for new regiments, horse and foot, now stream across the Severn Bridge of Boats to assist Fleetwood: nay, if the Scots knew it, my Lord General himself is come across, 'did lead the van in person, and was the first that set foot on the Enemy's ground.'—The Scots, obstinately struggling, are gradually beaten there; driven from hedge to hedge. But the King of Scots and his War-Council decide that most part of Cromwell's Army must now be over in that quarter, on the West side of the River, engaged among the hedges;—decide that they, for their part, will storm out, and offer him battle on their own East side, now while he is weak there. The Council of War comes down from the top of the Cathedral; their trumpets sound: Cromwell also is soon back, across the Severn Bridge of Boats again; and the deadliest tug of war begins.

Fort Royal is still known at Worcester, and Sudbury Gate at the southeast end of the City is known, and those other localities here specified; after much study of which and of the old dead Pamphlets, this Battle will at last become conceivable. Besides Cromwell's Two Letters, there are plentiful details, questionable and unquestionable, in *Bates* and elsewhere, as indicated below.[1] The fighting of the Scots was fierce and desperate. 'My Lord General did exceedingly hazard himself, riding up and down in the midst of the fire; riding, himself in person, to the Enemy's foot to offer them quarter, whereto they returned no answer but shot.' The small Scotch Army, begirdled with overpowering force, and cut-off from help or reasonable hope, storms forth in fiery pulses, horse and foot; charges now on this side of the River, now on that;—can on no side prevail. Cromwell recoils a little; but only to rally, and return irresistible. The small Scotch Army is, on every side, driven in again. Its fiery pulsings are but the struggles of death: agonies as of a lion coiled in the folds of a boa!

'As stiff a contest, for four or five hours, as ever I have seen.' But it avails not. Through Sudbury Gate, on Cromwell's side, through St. John's Suburb, and over Severn Bridge on Fleetwood's, the Scots are driven-in again to Worcester Streets; desperately struggling and recoiling, are driven through Worcester Streets, to the North end of the City,—and terminate there. A distracted mass of ruin: the foot all killed or taken; the horse all scattered on flight, and their place of refuge very far! His Sacred Majesty

[1] Bates, Part ii. 124–7. King's Pamphlets; small 4to, no. 507, § 12 (given mostly in Cromwelliana, pp. 114–15); large 4to, no. 54 §§ 15, 18. Letter from Stapylton the Chaplain, in Cromwelliana, p. 112.

escaped, by royal oaks and other miraculous appliances well known to mankind: but Fourteen-thousand other men, sacred too after a sort though not majesties, did not escape. One could weep at such a death for brave men in such a Cause! But let us now read Cromwell's Letters.

LETTER CLXXXII.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Near Worcester, 3d Sept. 1651 (10 at night).

SIR,

Being so weary, and scarce able to write, yet I thought it my duty to let you know thus much. That upon this day, being the 3d of September (remarkable for a mercy vouchsafed to your Forces on this day twelvemonth in Scotland), we built a Bridge of Boats over Severn, between it and Teme, about half a mile from Worcester; and another over Teme, within pistol-shot of our other Bridge. Lieutenant-General Fleetwood and Major-General Dean marched from Upton on the southwest side of Severn up to Powick, a Town which was a Pass the Enemy kept. We, 'from our side of Severn,' passed over some horse and foot, and were in conjunction with the Lieutenant-General's Forces. We beat the Enemy from hedge to hedge, till we beat him into Worcester.

The Enemy then drew all his Forces on the other side the Town, all but what he had lost; and made a very considerable fight with us, for three-hours space: but in the end we beat him totally, and pursued him to his Royal Fort, which we took,—and indeed have beaten his whole Army. When we took this Fort, we turned his own guns upon him. The Enemy hath had great loss: and certainly is scattered, and run several ways. We are in pursuit of him, and have laid forces in several places, that we hope will gather him up.

Indeed this hath been a very glorious mercy;—and as stiff a contest, for four or five hours, as ever I have seen. Both your old Forces and those new-raised have behaved themselves

with very great courage ; and He that made them come out, made them willing to fight for you. The Lord God Almighty frame our hearts to real thankfulness for this, which is alone His doing. I hope I shall within a day or two give you a more perfect account.

In the mean time I hope you will pardon, Sir, your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

On Saturday the 6th comes a farther Letter from my Lord General ; 'the effect whereof speaketh thus : '

LETTER CLXXXIII.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England : These.

Worcester, 4th September 1651.

SIR,

I am not able yet to give you an exact account of the great things the Lord hath wrought for this Commonwealth and for His People : and yet I am unwilling to be silent ; but, according to my duty, shall represent it to you as it comes to hand.

This Battle was fought with various success for some hours, but still hopeful on your part ; and in the end became an absolute victory,—and so full an one as proved a total defeat and ruin of the Enemy's Army ; and a possession of the Town, our men entering at the Enemy's heels, and fighting with them in the streets with very great courage. We took all their baggage and artillery. What the slain are, I can give you no account, because we have not taken an exact view ; but they are very many :—and must needs be so ; because the dispute was long and very near at hand ; and often at push of pike, and from one defence to another. There are about Six or Seven thousand prisoners taken here ; and many Officers and Noblemen of very great quality : Duke Hamilton, the Earl of Rothes, and divers other Noblemen,—I hear, the

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 113) ; Tanner MSS. (Cary, ii. 355).

Earl of Lauderdale; many Officers of great quality; and some that will be fit subjects for your justice.

We have sent very considerable parties after the flying Enemy; I hear they have taken considerable numbers of prisoners, and are very close in the pursuit. Indeed, I hear the Country riseth upon them everywhere; and I believe the forces that lay, through Providence, at Bewdley, and in Shropshire and Staffordshire, and those with Colonel Lilburn, were in a condition, as if this had been foreseen, to intercept what should return.

A more particular account than this will be prepared for you as we are able. I hear they had not many more than a Thousand horse in their body that fled: and I believe you have near Four-thousand forces following, and interposing between them and home;—what fish they will catch, Time will declare.[2] Their Army was about Sixteen-thousand strong; and fought ours on the Worcester side of Severn almost with their whole, whilst we had engaged about half our Army on the other side but with parties of theirs. Indeed it was a stiff business; yet I do not think we have lost Two-hundred men. Your new-raised forces did perform singular good service; for which they deserve a very high estimation and acknowledgment; as also for their willingness thereunto,—forasmuch as the same hath added so much to the reputation of your affairs. They are all despatched home again; which I hope will be much for the ease and satisfaction of the Country; which is a great fruit of these successes.

The dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts. It is, for aught I know, a crowning mercy. Surely, if it be not, such a one we shall have, if this provoke those that are concerned in it to thankfulness; and the Parliament to do the will of Him who hath done His will for it, and for the Nation;—whose good pleasure it is to establish the Nation and the Change of the Government, by making the People so willing to the defence thereof, and so signally blessing the endeavours of your servants in this late great work. I am bold humbly

[1] Phrase omitted in the Newspaper. In orig., an official hand has written on the margin 'omitt this.'

to beg, That all thoughts may tend to the promoting of His honour who hath wrought so great salvation; and that the fatness of these continued mercies may not occasion pride and wantonness, as formerly the like hath done to a chosen Nation;[1] but that the fear of the Lord, even for His mercies, may keep an Authority and a People so prospered, and blessed, and witnessed unto, humble and faithful; and that justice and righteousness, mercy and truth may flow from you, as a thankful return to our gracious God. This shall be the prayer of, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Your Officers behaved themselves with much honour in this service; and the Person[2] who is the Bearer hereof was equal, in the performance of his duty, to most that served you that day.[3]

'On Lord's-day next, by order of Parliament,' these Letters are read from all London Pulpits, amid the general thanksgiving of men. At Worcester, the while, thousands of Prisoners are getting ranked, 'penned-up in the Cathedral,' with sad outlooks: carcasses of horses, corpses of men, frightful to sense and mind, encumber the streets of Worcester; 'we are plucking Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen from their lurking-holes,' into the unwelcome light.[4] Lords very numerous; a Peerage sore slashed. The Duke of Hamilton has got his thigh broken; dies on the fourth day. The Earl of Derby, also wounded, is caught, and tried for Treason against the State; lays down his head at Bolton, where he had once carried it too high. Lauderdale and others are put in the Tower: have to lie there, in heavy dormancy, for long years. The Earls of Cleveland and Lauderdale came to Town together, about a fortnight hence. 'As they passed along Cornhill in their coaches with a guard of horse, the Earl of Lauderdale's coach made a stand near the Conduit: where a Carman gave his Lordship a visit, saying, "Oh, my Lord, you are welcome

[1] 'But Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked:—(and thou art waxen fat, thou art grown thick, thou art covered with fatness:) then he forsook God which made him, and lightly esteemed the rock of his salvation' (Deuteronomy, xxxii. 15).

[2] Major Cobbet, 'who makes a relation,' and gets 100*l.* (Commons Journals, vii. 12, 13).

[3] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 113, 114); Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 359–62).

[4] Original Commission, signed 'O. Cromwell,' and dated 8th September 1651, appointing 'Collonel John James' Governor of Worcester, is now among the MSS. of Trin. Coll. Cambridge (copy *penes me*).

to London! I protest, off goes your head, as round as a hoop!' But his Lordship passed off the fatal compliment only with a laughter, and so fared along to the Tower.'[1] His Lordship's big red head has yet other work to do in this world. Having, at the Ever-blessed Restoration, managed, not without difficulty, 'to get a new suit of clothes,'[2] he knelt before his now triumphant Sacred Majesty on that glorious Thirtieth of May; learned from his Majesty, that "Presbytery was no religion for a gentleman;" gave it up, not without pangs; and resolutely set himself to introduce the exploded Tulchan Apparatus into Scotland again, by thumbikins, by bootikins, by any and every method, since it was the will of his Sacred Majesty;—failed in the Tulchan Apparatus, as is well known; earned for himself new plentiful clothes-suits, Dukedoms and promotions, from the Sacred Majesty; and from the Scotch People deep-toned universal sound of curses, not yet become inaudible; and shall, in this place, and we hope elsewhere, concern us no more.

On Friday the 12th of September the Lord General arrived in Town. Four dignified Members, of whom Bulstrode was one, specially missioned by vote of Parliament,[3] had met him the day before with congratulations, on the other side Aylesbury; 'whom he received with all kindness and respect; and after ceremonies and salutations passed, he rode with them across the fields;—where Mr. Winwood the Member for Windsor's hawks met them; and the Lord General, with the other Gentlemen, went a little out of the way a-hawking. They came that night to Aylesbury; where they had much discourse; especially my Lord Chief Justice St. John,' the dark Shipmoney Lawyer, now Chief Justice, 'as they supped together.' To me Bulstrode, and to each of the others, he gave a horse and two Scotch prisoners: the horse I kept for carrying me; the two Scots, unlucky gentlemen of that country, I handsomely sent home again without any ransom whatever.[4] And so on Friday we arrive in Town, in very great solemnity and triumphant: Speaker and Parliament, Lord President and Council of State, Sheriffs, Mayors, and an innumerable multitude, of quality and not of quality, eagerly attending us; once more splitting the welkin with their human shoutings, and volleys of great shot and small: in the midst of which my Lord General 'carried himself with much affability; and now and afterwards,

[1] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 507, § 18.
[2] Roger Coke's Detection of the Court and State of England.
[3] Commons Journals, vii. 13 (9th Sept. 1651).
[4] Whitlocke, p. 484; see also 2d edit. p. 509.

in all his discourses about Worcester, would seldom mention anything of himself; mentioned others only; and gave, as was due, the glory of the Action unto God.'[1]—Hugh Peters, however, being of loose-spoken, somewhat sibylline turn of mind, discerns a certain inward exultation and irrepressible irradiation in my Lord General, and whispers to himself, "This man will be King of England yet." Which, unless Kings are entirely superfluous in England, I should think very possible, O Peters! To wooden Ludlow Mr. Peters confessed so much, long afterwards; and the wooden head drew its inferences therefrom.[2]

This, then, is the last of my Lord General's Battles and Victories technically so called. Of course his Life, to the very end of it, continues, as from the beginning it had always been, a *battle*, and a dangerous and strenuous one, with due modicum of victory assigned now and then; but it will be with other than the steel weapons henceforth. He here sheaths his war-sword; with that, it is not his Order from the Great Captain that he fight any more.

The distracted Scheme of the Scotch Governors to accomplish their Covenant by this Charles-Stuart method has here ended. By and by they shall have their Charles Stuart back, as a general Nell-Gwynn Defender of the Faith to us all;—and shall see how they will like him! But as Covenanted King he is off upon his travels, and will never return more. Worcester Battle has cut the heart of that affair in two: and Monk, an assiduous Lieutenant to the Lord General in his Scotch affairs, is busy suppressing the details.

On Monday the 1st of September, two days before the Battle of Worcester, Lieutenant-General Monk had stormed Dundee, the last stronghold of Scotland; where much wealth, as in a place of safety, had been laid up. Governor Lumsden would not yield on summons: Lieutenant-General Monk stormed him; the Town took fire in the business; there was once more a grim scene, of flame and blood, and rage and despair, transacted in this Earth: and taciturn General Monk, his choler all up, was become surly as the Russian bear; nothing but negatory growls to be got out of him: nay, to one clerical dignitary of the place he not only gave his "No!" but audibly threatened a slap with the fist to back it, —'ordered him, Not to speak one word, or he would scobe his mouth for him!'[3]

Ten days before, some Shadow of a new Committee of Estates attempting to sit at Alyth on the border of Angus, with intent to

[1] Whitlocke, p. 485. [2] Ludlow. [3] Balfour, iv. 316.

concert some measures for the relief of this same Dundee, had been, by a swift Colonel of Monk's, laid hold of; and the members were now all shipped to the Tower. It was a snuffing-out of the Government-light in Scotland. Except some triumph come from Worcester to rekindle it:—and, alas, no triumph came from Worcester, as we see; nothing but ruin and defeat from Worcester! The Government-light of Scotland remains snuffed out.—Active Colonel Alured, a swift devout man, somewhat given to Anabaptist notions, of whom we shall hear again, was he that did this feat at Alyth; a kind of feather in his cap. Among the Captured in that poor Committee or Shadow of Committee was poor old General Leven, time-honoured Lesley, who went to the Tower with the others; his last appearance in Public History. He got out again, on intercession from Queen Christina of Sweden; retired to his native fields of Fife; and slept soon and still sleeps in Balgony Kirk under his stone of honour,—the excellent 'crooked little Feldtmarshal' that he was. Excellent, though unfortunate. He bearded the grim Wallenstein at Stralsund once, and rolled him back from the bulwarks there, after long tough wrestle;—and, in fact, did a thing or two in his time. Farewell to him.[1]

But with the light of Government snuffed-out in Scotland, and no rekindling of it from the Worcester side, resistance in Scotland has ended. Lambert, next summer, marched through the Highlands, pacificating them.[2] There rose afterwards rebellion in the Highlands, rebellion of Glencairn, of Middleton, with much mosstroopery and horsestealing; but Monk, who had now again the command there, by energy and vigilance, by patience, punctuality, and slow methodic strength, put it down, and kept it down. A taciturn man; speaks little; thinks more or less;—does whatever is doable here and elsewhere.

Scotland therefore, like Ireland, has fallen to Cromwell to be administered. He had to do it under great difficulties: the Governing Classes, especially the Clergy or Teaching Class, continuing for most part obstinately indisposed to him, so baleful to their formulas had he been. With Monk for an assiduous Lieutenant in secular matters, he kept the country in peace;—it appears on all sides, he did otherwise what was possible for him. He sent new Judges to Scotland; 'a pack of kinless loons,' who minded no claim but that of fair play. He favoured, as was natural, the *Re-*

[1] Scotch Peerages; Förster's Wallenstein als Feldherr (Potsdam, 1834), p. 124. Granger (Biographic History of England) has some nonsense about Leven,—in his usual neat style.

[2] Whitlocke, p. 514.

monstrant Ker-and-Strahan Party in the Church ;—favoured, above all things, the Christian-Gospel Party, who had some good message in them for the soul of man. Within wide limits he tolerated the *Resolutioner* Party ; and beyond these limits would not tolerate them ;—would not suffer their General Assembly to sit ; marched the Assembly out bodily to Burntisfield Links, and sent it home again, when it tried such a thing.[1] He united Scotland to England by act of Parliament ; tried in all ways to unite it by still deeper methods. He kept peace and order in the country ; was a little heavy with taxes :—on the whole, did what he could ; and proved, as there is good evidence, a highly beneficial though unwelcome phenomenon there.

Alas, may we not say, In circuitous ways he proved the Doer of what this poor Scotch Nation really wished and willed, could it have known so much at sight of him ! The true Governor of this poor Scotch Nation ; accomplishing their Covenant *without* the Charles Stuart, since *with* the Charles it was a flat impossibility. But they knew him not ; and with their stiffnecked ways obstructed him as they could. How seldom can a Nation, can even an individual man, understand what at heart his own real will is : such masses of superficial bewilderment, of respectable hearsay, of fantasy and pedantry, and old and new cobwebbery, overlie our poor will ; much hiding *it* from us, for most part ! So that if we can once get eye on *it*, and walk resolutely towards fulfilment of it, the battle is as good as gained !—

For example, who, of all Scotch or other men, is he that verily understands the 'real ends of the Covenant,' and discriminates them well from the superficial forms thereof ; and with pious valour does them,—and continually struggles to see them done ? I should say, this Cromwell, whom we call Sectary and Blasphemer ! The Scotch Clergy, persisting in their own most hidebound formula of a Covenanted Charles Stuart, bear clear testimony, that at no time did Christ's Gospel so flourish in Scotland as now under Cromwell the Usurper. 'These bitter waters,' say they, 'were sweetened by the Lord's remarkably blessing the labours of His faithful servants. A great door and an effectual was opened to many.'[2] Not otherwise in matters civil. 'Scotland,' thus testifies a competent eye-witness, 'was kept in great order. Some Castles in the Highlands had Garrisons put into

[1] Whitlocke, 25th July 1653 ; Life of Robert Blair (Edinburgh, 1754), pp. 118-19 ; Blencowe's Sidney Papers, pp. 153-5.

[2] Life of Robert Blair, p. 120 ; Livingston's Life of Himself (Glasgow, 1754), pp. 54-5 ; &c., &c.

them, which were so careful of their discipline, and so exact to their rules,' the wild Highlanders were wonderfully tamed thereby. Cromwell built three Citadels, Leith, Ayr and Inverness, besides many little Forts, over Scotland. Seven or Eight thousand men, well paid, and paying well; of the strictest habits, military, spiritual and moral: these it was everywhere a kind of Practical Sermon to take note of! 'There was good justice done; and vice was suppressed and punished. So that we always reckon those Eight years of Usurpation a time of great peace and prosperity,'[1]—though we needed to be twice beaten, and to have our foolish Governors flung into the Tower, before we would accept the same. We, and mankind generally, are an extremely wise set of creatures.

[1] Bishop Burnet's History of his own Time, book i.

PART SEVENTH.

THE LITTLE PARLIAMENT.

1651–1653.

LETTERS CLXXXIV.—CLXXXVIII.

THE LITTLE PARLIAMENT.

Between Worcester Battle on the 3d of September 1651, and the Dismissal of the Long Parliament on the 20th of April 1653, are Nineteen very important months in the History of Oliver, which, in all our Books and Historical rubbish-records, lie as nearly as possible dark and vacant for us. Poor Dryasdust has emitted, and still emits, volumes of confused noise on the subject; but in the way of information or illumination, of light in regard to any fact, physiognomic feature, event or fraction of an event, as good as nothing whatever. Indeed, onwards from this point where Oliver's own Letters begin to fail us, the whole History of Oliver, and of England under him, becomes very dim;—swimming most indistinct in the huge Tomes of *Thurloe* and the like, as in shoreless lakes of ditchwater and bilgewater; a stagnancy, a torpor, and confused horror to the human soul! No historical genius, not even a Rushworth's, now presides over the matter: nothing but bilgewater *Correspondences;* vague jottings of a dull fat Bulstrode; vague printed babblements of this and the other Carrion Heath, or Flunky Pamphleteer of the Blessed-Restoration Period, writing from ignorant rumour and for ignorant rumour, from the winds and to the winds. After long reading in very many Books, of very unspeakable quality, earning for yourself only incredibility, inconceivability, and darkness visible, you begin to perceive that in the Speeches of Oliver himself once well read, such as they are, some shadowy outlines, authentic prefigurements of what the real History of the Time may have been, do

first, in the huge inane night, begin to loom forth for you,—credible, conceivable in some measure, there for the first time. My reader's patience is henceforth to be still more severely tried: there is unluckily no help for it, as matters stand.

Great lakes of watery *Correspondence* relating to the History of this Period, as we intimate, survive in print; and new are occasionally issued upon mankind:[1] but the essence of them has never yet in the smallest been elaborated by any man;—will require a succession and assiduous series of many men to elaborate it. To pluck-up the great History of Oliver from it, like drowned Honour by the locks; and show it to much-wondering and, in the end, right-thankful England! The richest and noblest thing England hitherto has. The basis England will have to start from again, if England is ever to struggle Godward again, instead of struggling Devilward, and Mammonward merely. Serene element of Cant has been tried now for two Centuries; and fails. Serene element, general completed life-atmosphere, of Cant religious, Cant moral, Cant political, Cant universal, where England vainly hoped to live in a serene soft-spoken manner,—England now finds herself on the point of choking there; large masses of her People no longer able to get even potatoes in that serene element. England will have to come out of that; England, too terribly awakened at last, is everywhere preparing to come out of that. England, her Amazon-eyes once more flashing strange Heaven's-light, like Phœbus Apollo's fatal to the Pythian mud-serpents, will lift her hand, I think, and her heart, and swear "By the Eternal, I will not die in that!" I had once men who knew better than that!"— —

But with regard to the History of Oliver, as we were saying, for those Nineteen months there is almost no light to be communicated at present. Of Oliver's own uttering, I have found only Five Letters, short, insignificant, connected with no phasis of Public Transactions: there are Two Dialogues recorded by Whitlocke, of dubious authenticity; certain small splinters of Occurrences not pointing very decisively anywhither, sprinkling like dust of stars the dark vacancy: these, and Dryasdust's vociferous commentaries new and old;—and of discovered or discoverable, nothing more. Oliver's own *Speech*, which the reader is by and by to hear, casts backwards some straggling gleams; well accordant, as is usual, with whatever else we know; and worthy to be well believed and meditated by Historical readers, among others. Out

[1] Thurloe's State-Papers, Milton's, Clarendon's, Ormond's, Sidney's, &c. &c. are old and very watery; new and still waterier are Vaughan's Protectorate, and others not even worth naming here.

of these poor elements the candid imagination must endeavour to shape some not inconceivable scheme and genesis of this very indubitable Fact, the Dismissal of the Long Parliament, as best it may. Perhaps if Dryasdust were once well gagged, and his vociferous commentaries all well forgotten, such a feat might not be very impossible for mankind!—

Concerning this Residue, Fag end, or 'Rump' as it had now got nicknamed, of the Long Parliament, into whose hands the Government of England had been put, we have hitherto, ever since the King's Death-Warrant, said almost nothing: and in fact there was not much to be said. 'Statesmen of the Commonwealth' so-called: there wanted not among them men of real mark; brave men, of much talent, of true resolution, and nobleness of aim: but though their title was chief in this Commonwealth, all men may see their real function in it has been subaltern all along. Not in St. Stephen's and its votings and debatings, but in the battle-field, in Oliver Cromwell's fightings, has the destiny of this Commonwealth decided itself. One unsuccessful Battle, at Preston or at any time since, had probably wrecked it;—one stray bullet hitting the life of a certain man had soon ended this Commonwealth. Parliament, Council of State, they sat like diligent Committees of Ways and Means, in a very wise and provident manner: but the soul of the Commonwealth was at Dunbar, at Worcester, at Tredah: Destiny, there questioned, "Life or Death for this Commonwealth?" has answered, "Life yet for a time!"—That is a fact which the candid imagination will have to keep steadily in view.

And now, if we practically ask ourselves, What is to become of this small junto of men, somewhat above a Hundred in all,[1] hardly above Half-a-hundred the active part of them, who now sit in the chair of authority? the shaping-out of any answer will give rise to considerations. These men have been raised thither by miraculous interpositions of Providence; they may be said to sit there only by a continuance of the like. They cannot sit there forever. They are not Kings by birth, these men; nor in any of them have I discovered qualities as of a very indisputable King by attainment. Of dull Bulstrode, with his lumbering law-pedantries, and stagnant official self-satisfactions, I do not speak; nor of dusky tough St. John, whose abstruse fanaticisms, crabbed logics, and dark ambitions, issue all, as was very natural, in 'decided avarice,' at

[1] One notices division-numbers as high as 121, and occasionally lower than even 40. Godwin (iii. 121), 'by careful scrutiny of the Journals,' has found that the utmost number of all that had still the right to come 'could not be less than 150.'

last :—not of these. Harry Marten is a tight little fellow, though of somewhat loose life : his witty words pierce yet, as light-arrows, through the thick oblivious torpor of the generations ; testifying to us very clearly, Here was a right hard-headed, stout-hearted little man, full of sharp fire and cheerful light ; sworn foe of Cant in all its figures ; an indomitable little Roman Pagan if no better :—but Harry is not quite one's King either ; it would have been difficult to be altogether loyal to Harry ! Doubtful too, I think, whether without great effort you could have worshipped even the Younger Vane. A man of endless virtues, says Dryasdust, who is much taken with him, and of endless intellect ;—but you must not very specially ask, How or Where ? Vane was the Friend of Milton : that is almost the only answer that can now be given. A man, one rather finds, of light fibre, this Sir Harry Vane. Grant all manner of purity and elevation ; subtle high discourse ; much intellectual and practical dexterity : there is an amiable, devoutly zealous, very pretty man ;—but not a royal man ; alas, no ! On the whole, rather a thin man. Whom it is even important to keep strictly subaltern. Whose tendency towards the Abstract, or Temporary-Theoretic, is irresistible ; whose hold of the Concrete, in which lies always the Perennial, is by no means that of a giant, or born Practical King ;—whose 'astonishing subtlety of intellect' conducts him not to new clearness, but to ever new abstruseness, wheel within wheel, depth under depth ; marvellous temporary empire of the air,—wholly vanished now, and without meaning to any mortal. My erudite friend, the astonishing intellect that occupies itself in splitting hairs, and not in twisting some kind of cordage and effectual draught-tackle to take the road with, is not to me the most astonishing of intellects ! And if, as is probable, it get into narrow fanaticisms ; become irrecognisant of the Perennial because not dressed in the fashionable Temporary ; become self-secluded, atrabiliar, and perhaps shrill-voiced and spasmodic, —what can you do but get away from it, with a prayer, "The Lord deliver me from thee !" I cannot do with *thee*. I want twisted cordage, steady pulling, and a peaceable bass tone of voice : not split hairs, hysterical spasmodics, and treble ! Thou amiable, subtle, elevated individual, the Lord deliver me from thee !

These men cannot continue Kings forever ; nor in fact did they in the least design such a thing ; only they find a terrible difficulty in getting abdicated. Difficulty very conceivable to us. Some weeks after Pride's Purge, which may be called the constituting of this remnant of members into a Parliament and Author-

ity, there had been presented to it, by Fairfax and the Army, what we should now call a Bentham-Sieyes Constitution, what was then called an 'Agreement of the People,'[1] which might well be imperative on honourable members sitting there; whereby it was stipulated for one thing, That this present Parliament should dissolve itself, and give place to another 'equal Representative of the People,'—in some three months hence; on the 30th of April, namely. The last day of April 1649: this Parliament was then to have its work finished, and go its ways, giving place to another. Such was our hope.

They did accordingly pass a vote to that effect; fully intending to fulfil the same: but, alas, it was found impossible. How summon a new Parliament, while the Commonwealth is still fighting for its existence? All we can do is to resolve ourselves into Grand Committee, and consider about it. After much consideration, all we can decide is, That we shall go weekly into Grand Committee, and consider farther. Duly every Wednesday we consider, for the space of eleven months and odd; find, more and more, that it is a thing of some considerableness! In brief, when my Lord General returns to us from Worcester, on the 16th of September 1651, no advance whatever towards a dissolution of ourselves has yet been made. The Wednesday Grand Committees had become a thing like the meeting of Roman augurs, difficult to go through with complete gravity; and so, after the eleventh month, have silently fallen into desuetude. We sit here very immovable. We are scornfully called the Rump of a Parliament by certain people; but we have an invincible Oliver to fight for us: we can afford to wait here, and consider to all lengths; and by one name we shall smell as sweet as by another.

I have only to add at present, that on the morrow of my Lord General's reappearance in Parliament, this sleeping question was resuscitated;[2] new activity infused into it; some show of progress made; nay, at the end of three months, after much labour and struggle, it was got decided, by a neck-and-neck division,[3] That the present *is* a fit time for fixing a limit beyond which this Parliament shall not sit. Fix a limit therefore; give us the *non-plus-ultra* of you. Next Parliament-day we do fix a limit, Three years hence, 3d November 1654; three years of rope still left us: a

[1] Commons Journals, 20th January 1648-9: some six weeks after the Purge; ten days before the King's Death.

[2] Commons Journals, 17th September 1651.

[3] 40 to 47; Commons Journals, 14th November 1651; 'Lord General and Lord Chief Justice,' Cromwell and St. John, are Tellers for the Yea.

somewhat wide limit; which, under conceivable contingencies, may perhaps be tightened a little. My honourable friends, you ought really to get on with despatch of this business; and know of a surety that not being, any of you, Kings by birth, nor very indubitably by attainment, you will actually have to go, and even in case of extremity to be shoved and sent!

LETTER CLXXXIV.

At this point the law of dates requires that we introduce Letter Hundred-and-eighty-fourth; though it is as a mere mathematical point, marking its own whereabouts in Oliver's History; and imparts little or nothing that is new to us.

Reverend John Cotton is a man still held in some remembrance among our New-England friends. He had been Minister of Boston in Lincolnshire; carried the name across the Ocean with him; fixed it upon a new small Home he had found there,—which has become a large one since; the big busy capital of Massachusetts, *Boston*, so called. *John Cotton his Mark*, very curiously stamped on the face of this Planet; likely to continue for some time! — — For the rest, a painful Preacher, oracular of high Gospels to New England; who in his day was well seen to be connected with the Supreme Powers of this Universe, the word of him being as a live-coal to the hearts of many. He died some years afterwards;—was thought, especially on his deathbed, to have manifested gifts even of Prophecy,[1]—a thing not inconceivable to the human mind that well considers Prophecy and John Cotton.

We should say farther, that the Parliament, that Oliver among and before them, had taken solemn anxious thought concerning Propagating of the Gospel in New England; and, among other measures, passed an Act to that end;[2] not unworthy of attention, were our hurry less. In fact, there are traceable various small threads of relation, interesting reciprocities and mutualities, connecting the poor young Infant, New England, with its old Puritan Mother and her affairs, in those years. Which ought to be disentangled, to be made conspicuous and beautiful by the Infant herself now that she has grown big; the busy old Mother having had to shove them, with so much else of the like, hastily out of her way for the present!—However, it is not in reference to this of Propagating the Gospel in New England; it is in congratulation

[1] Thurloe, i. 565;—in 1653.

[2] Scobell (27th July 1649), ii. 66.

on the late high Actings, and glorious Appearances of Providence in Old England, that Cotton has been addressing Oliver: introduced to him, as appears, by some small mediate or direct acquaintanceship, old or new;—founding too on their general relationship as Soldier of the Gospel and Priest of the Gospel, high brother and humble one; appointed, both of them, to fight for it to the death, each with such weapons as were given him. The Letter of Cotton, with due details, is to be seen in Hutchinson's *Collection*.[1] The date is 'Boston in New England, 28th of Fifth' (*Fifth Month*, or *July*), '1651:' the substance, full of piety and loyalty, like that of hundreds of others, must not concern us here,—except these few interesting words, upon certain of our poor old Dunbar friends: 'The Scots whom God delivered into your hands at Dunbar,' says Cotton, 'and whereof sundry were sent hither,—we have been desirous, as we could to make their yoke easy. Such as were sick of the scurvy, or other diseases, have not wanted physic and chirurgery. They have not been sold for Slaves, to *perpetual* servitude; but for six, or seven, or eight years, as we do our own. And he that bought the most of them, I hear, buildeth Houses for them, for every Four a House; and layeth some acres of ground thereto, which he giveth them as their own, requiring them three days in the week to work for him by turns, and four days for themselves; and promiseth, as soon as they can repay him the money he laid out for them, he will set them at liberty.' Which really is a mild arrangement, much preferable to Durham Cathedral and the raw cabbages at Morpeth; and may turn to good for the poor fellows, if they can behave themselves!—

For my esteemed Friend Mr. Cotton, Pastor of the Church at Boston in New England: These.

'London,' 2d October 1651.

WORTHY SIR, AND MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND,

I received yours a few days since. It was welcome to me because signed by you, whom I love and honour in the Lord: but more 'so' to see some of the same grounds of our Actings stirring in you that are in us, to quiet us to our work, and support us therein. Which hath had the greatest difficulty in our engagement in Scotland; by reason we have had to do with some who were, I verily think, Godly,

[1] Papers relative to the History of Massachusetts (Boston, 1769), p. 236.

but, through weakness and the subtlety of Satan, 'were' involved in Interests against the Lord and His People.

With what tenderness we have proceeded with such, and that in sincerity, our Papers (which I suppose you have seen) will in part manifest; and I give you some comfortable assurance of 'the same.' The Lord hath marvellously appeared even against them.[1] And now again when all the power was devolved into the Scottish King and the Malignant Party,—they invading England, the Lord rained upon them such snares as the Enclosed[2] will show. Only the Narrative in short is this, That of their whole Army, when the Narrative was framed, not five men were returned.

Surely, Sir, the Lord is greatly to be feared and to be praised! We need your prayers in this as much as ever. How shall we behave ourselves after such mercies? What is the Lord a-doing? What prophecies are now fulfilling?[3] Who is a God like ours? To know His will, to do His will, are both of Him.

I took this liberty from business, to salute you thus in a word. Truly I am ready to serve you and the rest of our Brethren and the Churches with you. I am a poor weak creature, and not worthy the name of a worm; yet accepted to serve the Lord and His People. Indeed, my dear Friend, between you and me, you know not me,—my weaknesses, my inordinate passions, my unskilfulness, and every way unfitness to my work. Yet, yet the Lord, who will have mercy on whom He will, does as you see! Pray for me. Salute all Christian friends though unknown. I rest, your affectionate friend to serve you,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[4]

About this time, for there is no date to it but an evidently vague and erroneous one, was held the famous Conference of Grandees, called by request of Cromwell; of which Bulstrode has given record. Conference held 'one day' at Speaker Lenthall's house

[1] From Preston downward.

[2] Doubtless the Official Narrative of Worcester Battle; published about a week ago, as Preamble to the Act appointing a Day of Thanksgiving; 26th September 1651; reprinted in Parliamentary History, xx. 59–65.

[3] See Psalm Hundred-and-tenth.

[4] Harris, p. 518; Birch's Original,—copied in Additional Ayscough MSS. no. 4156, § 70.

in Chancery Lane, to decide among the leading Grandees of the Parliament and Army, How this Nation *is* to be settled,—the Long Parliament having now resolved on actually dismissing itself by and by. The question is really complex: one would gladly know what the leading Grandees did think of it; even what they found good to say upon it! Unhappily our learned Bulstrode's report of this Conference is very dim, very languid: nay Bulstrode, as we have found elsewhere, has a kind of dramaturgic turn in him, indeed an occasional poetic friskiness; most unexpected, as if the hippopotamus should show a tendency to dance;—which painfully deducts from one's confidence in Bulstrode's entire accuracy on such occasions! Here and there the multitudinous Paper Masses of learned Bulstrode do seem to smack a little of the date when he redacted them,—posterior to the Ever-blessed Restoration, not prior to it. We shall, nevertheless, excerpt this dramaturgic Report of Conference: the reader will be willing to examine with his own eyes, even as in a glass darkly, any feature of that time; and he can remember always that a learned Bulstrode's fat terrene mind imaging a heroic Cromwell and his affairs is a very dark glass indeed!

The Speakers in this Conference,—Desborow, Oliver's Brother-in-law; Whalley, Oliver's Cousin; fanatical Harrison, tough St. John, my learned Lord Keeper or Commissioner Whitlocke himself,—are mostly known to us. Learned Widdrington, the mellifluous orator, once Lord Commissioner too, and like to be again, though at present 'excused from it owing to scruples,' will by and by become better known to us. A mellifluous, unhealthy, seemingly somewhat scrupulous and timorous man.[1] He is of the race of that Widdrington whom we still lament in doleful dumps,—but does not fight upon the stumps like him. There were 'many other Gentlemen,' who merely listened.

'Upon the defeat at Worcester,' says Bulstrode vaguely,[2] 'Cromwell desired a Meeting with divers Members of Parliament, and some chief Officers of the Army, at the Speaker's house. And a great many being there, he proposed to them, That now the old King being dead, and his Son being defeated, he held it necessary to come to a Settlement of the Nation. And in order thereunto, had requested this Meeting; that they together might consider and advise, What was fit to be done, and to be presented to the Parliament.

[1] Wood, *in voce*.

[2] Whitlocke, p. 491; the date, 10th December 1651, is that of the Paper merely, and as applied to the Conference itself cannot be correct.

'SPEAKER. My Lord, this Company were very ready to attend your Excellence, and the business you are pleased to propound to us is very necessary to be considered. God hath given marvellous success to our Forces under your command; and if we do not improve these mercies to some Settlement, such as may be to God's honour, and the good of this Commonwealth, we shall be very much blameworthy.

'HARRISON. I think that which my Lord General hath propounded, is, To advise as to a Settlement both of our Civil and Spiritual Liberties; and so, that the mercies which the Lord hath given-in to us may not be cast away. How this may be done is the great question.

'WHITLOCKE. It is a great question indeed, and not suddenly to be resolved! Yet it were pity that a meeting of so many able and worthy persons as I see here, should be fruitless.—I should humbly offer, in the first place, Whether it be not requisite to be understood in what way this settlement is desired? Whether of an absolute Republic, or with any mixture of Monarchy.

'CROMWELL. My Lord Commissioner Whitlocke hath put us upon the right point: and indeed it is my meaning, that we should consider, whether a Republic or a mixed Monarchical Government will be best to be settled? And if anything Monarchical, then, In whom that power shall be placed?

'SIR THOMAS WIDDRINGTON. I think a mixed Monarchical Government will be most suitable to the Laws and People of this Nation. And if any Monarchical, I suppose we shall hold it most just to place that power in one of the Sons of the late King.

'COLONEL FLEETWOOD. I think that the question, Whether an absolute Republic, or a mixed Monarchy, be best to be settled in this Nation, will not be very easy to be determined!

'LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE ST. JOHN. It will be found that the Government of this Nation, without something of Monarchical power, will be very difficult to be so settled as not to shake the foundation of our Laws, and the Liberties of the People.

'SPEAKER. It will breed a strange confusion to settle a Government of this Nation without something of Monarchy.

'COLONEL DESBOROW. I beseech you, my Lord, why may not this, as well as other Nations, be governed in the way of a Republic?

'WHITLOCKE. The Laws of England are so interwoven with the power and practice of Monarchy, that to settle a Government without something of Monarchy in it, would make so great an alteration in the proceedings of our Law, that you will scarce have

time [1] to rectify it, nor can we well foresee the inconveniences which will arise thereby.

'COLONEL WHALLEY. I do not well understand matters of Law: but it seems to me the best way, Not to have anything of Monarchical power in the Settlement of our Government. And if we should resolve upon any, whom have we to pitch upon? The King's Eldest Son hath been in arms against us, and his Second Son [2] likewise is our enemy.

'SIR THOMAS WIDDRINGTON. But the late King's Third Son, the Duke of Gloucester, is still among us; and too young to have been in arms against us, or infected with the principles of our enemies.

'WHITLOCKE. There may be a day given for the King's Eldest Son,[3] or for the Duke of York his Brother, to come-in to the Parliament. And upon such terms as shall be thought fit, and agreeable both to our Civil and Spiritual liberties, a Settlement may be made with them.

'CROMWELL. That will be a business of more than ordinary difficulty! But really I think, if it may be done with safety, and preservation of our Rights, both as Englishmen and as Christians, That a Settlement with somewhat of Monarchical power in it would be very effectual.'

Much other discourse there was, says my learned friend;—but amounting to little. The lawyers all for a mixed Government, with something of Monarchy in it; tending to call in one of the King's Sons,—I especially tending that way; secretly loyal in the worst of times. The Soldiers, again, were all for a Republic; thinking they had had enough of the King and his Sons. My Lord General always checked that secret-loyalty of Mine, and put-off the discussion of the King's Son; yet did not declare himself for a Republic either;—was indeed, as my terrene fat mind came at length to image him, merely 'fishing for men's opinions,' and for provender to himself and his appetites, as I in the like case should have been doing!—The Conference broke up, with what of 'fish' in this kind my Lord General had taken, and no other result arrived at.

Many Conferences held by my Lord General have broken-up so.

[1] Between this and November 1654.

[2] James; who has fled to the Continent some time ago, in 'women's clothes,' with one Colonel Bamfield, and is getting fast into Papistry and other confusions.

[3] Charles Stuart: 'a day' for him, upon whose *head* there was, not many weeks ago, a Reward of 1000*l.*? Did you actually *say* this, my learned friend? Or merely strive to think, and redact, at an after-period, that you had said it,—that you had thought it, meant to say it, which was virtually all the same, in a case of difficulty!

Four years ago, he ended one in King Street by playfully 'flinging a cushion' at a certain solid head of our acquaintance, and running down stairs.[1] Here too it became ultimately clear to the solid head that he had been 'fishing.' Alas, a Lord General has many Conferences to hold; and in terrene minds, ligneous, oleaginous, and other, images himself in a very strange manner!—— The candid imagination, busy to shape-out some conceivable Oliver in these Nineteen months, will accept thankfully the following small indubitabilities, or glimpses of definite events.

December 8th, 1651. In the beginning of December (Whitlocke dates it 8th December) came heavy tidings over from Ireland, dark and heavy in the house of Oliver especially: that Deputy Ireton, worn-out with sleepless Irish services, had caught an inflammatory fever, and suddenly died. Fell sick on the 16th of November 1651; died, at Limerick, on the 26th.[2] The reader remembers Bridget Ireton, the young wife at Cornbury:[3] she is now Widow Ireton; a sorrowful bereaved woman. One brave heart and subtle-working brain has ended: to the regret of all the brave. A man able with his pen and his sword; 'very stiff in his ways.'

Dryasdust, who much loves the brave Ireton in a rather blind way, intimates that Ireton's 'stern virtue' would probably have held Cromwell in awe; that had Ireton lived, there had probably been no sacrilege against the Constitution on Oliver's part. A probability of almost no weight, my erudite friend. The 'stern virtue' of Ireton was not sterner on occasion than that of Oliver; the probabilities of Ireton's disapproving what Oliver did, in the case alluded to, are very small, resting on solid Ludlow mainly; and as to those of Ireton's holding Cromwell 'in awe,' in this or in any matter he had himself decided to do, I think we may safely reckon them at zero, my erudite friend!

Lambert, now in Scotland, was appointed Deputy in Ireton's room; and meant to go; but did not. Some say the Widow Ireton, irritated that the beautiful and showy Lady Lambert should *already* 'take precedence of her in St. James's Park,' frustrated the scheme: what we find certain is, That Lambert did not go, that Fleetwood went; and farther, that the Widow Ireton in due time became Wife of the Widower Fleetwood: the rest hangs vague in the head of zealous Mrs. Hutchinson, solid Ludlow, and empty Rumour.[4] Ludlow, already on the spot, does the Irish duties

[1] Ludlow, i. 240.

[2] Wood, iii. 300; Whitlocke, p. 491.—Letter (Oliver to his Sister) in Appendix, No. 23.

[3] Letter XLI. vol. i. p. 221; and antea, p. 210.

[4] Hutchinson's Memoirs (London, 1806), p. 195; Ludlow, pp. 414, 449, 450, &c.

in the interim. Ireton has solemn Public Funeral in England; copious moneys settled on his Widow and Family; all honours paid to him, for his own sake and his Father-in-law's.

March 25th, 1652. Above two years ago, when this Rump Parliament was in the flush of youthful vigour, it decided on reforming the Laws of England, and appointed a working Committee for that object, our learned friend Bulstrode one of them. Which working Committee finding the job heavy, gradually languished; and after some Acts for having Law-proceedings transacted in the English tongue, and for other improvements of the like magnitude, died into comfortable sleep. On my Lord General's return from Worcester, it had been poked-up again; and, now rubbing its eyes, set to work in good earnest; got a subsidiary Committee appointed, of Twenty-one persons not members of this House at all, To say and suggest what improvements were really wanted: such improvements they the working Committee would then, with all the readiness in life, effectuate and introduce in the shape of specific Acts. Accordingly, on March 25th, first day of the new year 1652, learned Bulstrode, in the name of this working Committee, reports that the subsidiary Committee has suggested a variety of things: among others, some improvement in our method of Transferring Property,—of enabling poor John Doe, who finds at present a terrible difficulty in doing it, to inform Richard Roe, "I John Doe do, in very fact, sell to thee Richard Roe, such and such a Property,—according to the usual human meaning of the word *sell;* and it is hereby, let me again assure thee, indisputably SOLD to thee Richard, by me John:" which, my learned friend thinks, might really be an improvement. To which end he will introduce an Act: nay there shall farther be an Act for the 'Registry of Deeds in each County,'—if it please Heaven. 'Neglect to register your Sale of Land in this promised County-Register within a given time,' enacts the learned Bulstrode, 'such Sale shall be void. Be exact in registering it, the Land shall not be subject to any incumbrance.' Incumbrance: yes, but what is 'incumbrance'? asks all the working Committee, with wide eyes, when they come actually to sit upon this Bill of Registry, and to hatch it into some kind of perfection: What is 'incumbrance'? No mortal can tell. They sit debating it, painfully sifting it, 'for three months;'[1] three months by Booker's Almanac, and the Zodiac Horologe: March violets have become June roses; and still they debate what 'incumbrance' is;—and indeed, I think could never fix it at all; and are perhaps debating it, if so

[1] Ludlow, i. 430; Parliamentary History, xx. 84; Commons Journals, vii. 67, 110, &c.

doomed, in some twilight foggy section of Dante's Nether World, to all Eternity, at this hour!—Are not these a set of men likely to reform English Law? Likely these to strip the accumulated owl-droppings and foul guano-mountains from your rock-island, and lay the reality bare,—in the course of Eternities! The wish waxes livelier in Colonel Pride that he could see a certain addition made to the Scots Colours hung in Westminster Hall yonder.

I add only, for the sake of Chronology, that on the fourth day after this appearance of Bulstrode as a Law-reformer, occurred the famous *Black Monday;* fearfulest eclipse of the Sun ever seen by mankind. Came on about nine in the morning; darker and darker: ploughmen unyoked their teams, stars came out, birds sorrowfully chirping took to roost, men in amazement to prayers: a day of much obscurity; *Black Monday*, or *Mirk Monday*, 29th March 1652.[1] Much noised of by Lilly, Booker, and the buzzard Astrologer tribe. Betokening somewhat? Belike that Bulstrode and this Parliament will, in the way of Law-reform and otherwise, make a Practical Gospel, or real Reign of God, in this England?—

July 9th, 1652. A great external fact, which, no doubt, has its effect on all internal movements, is the War with the Dutch. The Dutch, ever since our Death-Warrant to Charles First, have looked askance at this New Commonwealth, which wished to stand well with them; and have accumulated offence on offence against it. Ambassador Dorislaus was assassinated in their country; Charles Second was entertained there; evasive slow answers were given to tough St. John, who went over as new Ambassador: to which St. John responding with great directness, in a proud, brief and very emphatic manner, took his leave, and came home again. Came home again; and passed the celebrated Navigation Act,[2] forbidding that any goods should be imported into England except either in English ships or in ships of the country where the goods were produced. Thereby terribly maiming the 'Carrying Trade of the Dutch;' and indeed, as the issue proved, depressing the Dutch Maritime Interest not a little, and proportionally elevating that of England. Embassies in consequence, from their irritated High Mightinesses; sea-fightings in consequence; and much negotiating, apologising, and bickering mounting ever higher;—which at length, at the date above given, issues in declared War. Dutch War: cannonadings and fierce sea-fights in the narrow seas; land-soldiers drafted to fight on ship-board; and land-officers,

[1] Balfour, iv. 349; Law's Memorials, p. 6.

[2] Introduced 5th August 1651; passed 9th October 1651; given in Scobell, ii. 176.

Blake, Dean, Monk, who became very famous sea-officers; Blake a thrice-famous one;—poor Dean lost his life in this business. They doggedly beat the Dutch, and again beat them: their best Van Tromps and De Ruyters could not stand these terrrible Puritan Sailors and Gunners. The Dutch gradually grew tame. The public mind, occupied with sea-fights and sea-victories, finds again that the New Representative must be patiently waited for; that this is not a time for turning-out the old Representative, which has so many affairs on its hands.

But the Dutch War brings another consequence in the train of it: renewed severity against Delinquents. The necessities of cash for this War are great: indeed, the grand business of Parliament at present seems to be that of Finance,—finding of sinews for such a War. Any remnants of Royal lands, of Dean-and-Chapter lands, —sell them by rigorous auction; the very lead of the Cathedrals one is tempted to sell; nay almost the Cathedrals themselves,[1] if any one would buy them. The necessities of the Finance Department are extreme. Money, money: our Blakes and Monks, in deadly wrestle with the Dutch, must have money!

Estates of Delinquents, one of the readiest resources from of old, cannot, in these circumstances, be forgotten. Search out Delinquents: in every County make stringent inquest after them! Many, in past years, have made light settlements with lax Committee-men; neighbours, not without pity for them. Many of minor sort have been overlooked altogether. Bring them up, every Delinquent of them; up hither to the Rhadamanthus-bar of Goldsmiths' Hall and Haberdashers' Hall; sift them, search them; riddle the last due sixpence out of them. The Commons Journals of these months have formidable ell-long Lists of Delinquents; List after List; who shall, on rigorous terms, be ordered to compound. Poor unknown Royalist Squires, from various quarters of England; whose names and surnames excite now no notion in us except that of No. 1 and No. 2: my Lord General has seen them 'crowding by thirties and forties in a morning'[2] about these Haberdasher-Grocer Halls of Doom, with haggard expression of countenance; soliciting, from what austere official person they can get a word of, if not mercy, yet at least swift judgment. In a way which affected my Lord General's feelings. We have now the third year of Peace in our borders: is this what you call Settlement of the Nation?

[1] Parliamentary History, xx. 90.
[2] Speech, postea.

LETTER CLXXXV.

THE following Letter 'to my honoured Friend Mr. Hungerford the Elder,' which at any rate by order of time introduces itself here, has probably some reference to these Committee businesses: —at all events, there hangs by it a little tale.

Some six miles from Bath, in the direction towards Salisbury, are to be seen, 'on the northeast slope of a rocky height called Farley Hill,' the ruins of an old Castle, once well known by the name of *Farley Montfort* or *Farley Hungerford:* Mansion once of the honourable Family of Hungerfords, while there was such a Family. The Hungerfords are extinct above a century ago; and their Mansion stands there as a Ruin, knowing little of them any more. But it chanced, long since, before the Ruin became quite roofless, some Land-Steward or Agent of a new Family, tapping and poking among the melancholy lumber there,—found 'an old loose Chest' shoved loosely 'under the old Chapel-altar;' and bethought him of opening the same. Masses of damp dust; unclean accumulation of beetle-and-spider exuviæ, to the conceivable amount: under these, certain bundles of rubbish-papers, extinct lease-records, marriage-contracts, all extinct now,—among which, however, were Two Letters bearing Oliver Cromwell's signature. These Two the Land-Steward carefully copied,—thanks to him;—and here, out of *Collinson's History of Somersetshire*, the first of them now is. Very dark to the Land-Steward, to Collinson, and to us. For the Hungerfords are extinct; their Name and Family, like their old Mansion, a mouldering ruin,—almost our chief light in regard to it, the Two little bits of Paper, rescued from the old Chest under the Chapel-altar, in that romantic manner!—

There were three Hungerfords in Parliament; all for Wiltshire constituencies. Sir Edward, 'Knight of the Bath,' Puritan original Member for Chippenham; Lord of this Mansion of Farley, as we find:[1] then Henry, Esq., 'recruiter' for Bedwin since 1646; probably a cadet of the House, perhaps heir to it: both these are now 'secluded Members;' purged away by Pride; nay it seems Sir Edward was already dead, about the time of Pride's Purge. The third, Anthony Hungerford, original Member for Malmesbury, declared for the King in 1642; was of course disabled, cast into the Tower when caught;—made his composition, by repentance and due fine, 'fine of 2,532*l.*,' in 1646,[2] when the First Civil War

[1] Collinson (iii. 357 n.) gives his Epitaph copied from the old Chapel; but is very dark and even self-contradictory in what he says farther.

[2] Commons Journals, iv. 565 (5th June 1646); ib. iii. 526, &c.

ended; and has lived ever since a quiet repentant man. He is of 'Blackbourton in Oxfordshire,' this Anthony; but I judge by his Parliamentary connexion and other circumstances, likewise a cadet of the House of Farley. Of him by and by, when we arrive at the next Letter.

For the present, with regard to Sir Edward, lord of the Farley Mansion, we have to report, by tremulous but authentic lights, that he stood true for the Parliament; had controversies, almost duels, in behalf of it; among other services, lent it 500*l.* Furthermore, that he is now dead, 'died in 1648;' and that his Widow cannot yet get payment of that 500*l.*; that she is yet only struggling to get a Committee to sit upon it.[1] One might guess, but nobody can know, that this Note was addressed to Henry Hungerford, in reference to that business of Sir Edward's Widow. Or possibly it may be Anthony Hungerford, the repentant Royalist, that is now the 'Elder Hungerford;' a man with whom the Lord General is not without relations? Unimportant to us, either way. A hasty Note, on some 'business' now unknown, about which an unknown 'gentleman' has been making inquiry and negotiation; for the answer to which an unknown 'servant' of some 'Mr. Hungerford the Elder' is waiting in the hall of Oliver's House,—the Cockpit, I believe, at this date:—in such faintly luminous state, revealing little save its own existence, must this small Document be left.

For my honoured Friend Mr. Hungerford the Elder, at his House: These.

'London,' 30th July 1652.

SIR,

I am very sorry my occasions will not permit me to return[2] to you as I would. I have not yet fully spoken with the Gentleman I sent to wait upon you; when I shall do it, I shall be enabled to be more particular. Being unwilling to detain your servant any longer,—with my service to your Lady and Family, I take my leave, and rest, your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

[1] Committee got, 18th February 1652-3, 'the Lord General' Cromwell in it (Commons Journals, vii. 260): Danger of Duel (ib. ii. 928, 981; iii. 185, January—June 1643). See ib. iv. 161, v. 618, &c.

[2] reply.

[3] Collinson's History of Somersetshire (Bath, 1791), iii. 357 note.—See Appendix, No. 25.

It is a sad reflection with my Lord General, in this Hungerford and other businesses, that the mere justice of any matter will so little avail a man in Parliament: you can make no way till you have got-up some party on the subject there![1] In fact, red-tape has, to a lamentable extent, tied-up the souls of men in this Parliament of the Commonwealth of England. They are becoming hacks of office; a savour of Godliness still on their lips, but seemingly not much deeper with some of them. I begin to have a suspicion *they* are no Parliament! If the Commonwealth of England had not still her Army Parliament, rigorous devout Council of Officers, men in right life-and-death earnest, who have spent their blood in this Cause, who in case of need can assemble and act again,—what would become of the Commonwealth of England? Earnest persons, from this quarter and that, make petition to the Lord General and Officers, That they would be pleased to take the matter in hand, and see right done. To which the Lord General and Officers answer always: Wait, be patient; the Parliament itself will yet do it.

What the 'state of the Gospel in Wales' is, in Wales or elsewhere, I cannot with any accuracy ascertain; but see well that this Parliament has shown no zeal that way; has shackled rather, and tied-up with its sorrowful red-tape the movements of men that had any zeal.[2] Lamentable enough. The light of the Everlasting Truth was kindled; and you do not fan the sacred flame, you consider *it* a thing which may be left to itself! Unhappy: and for what did we fight, then, and wrestle with our souls and our bodies as in strong agony; besieging Heaven with our prayers and Earth and its Strengths, from Naseby on to Worcester, with our pikes and cannon? Was it to put an Official Junto of some Threescore Persons into the high saddle in England; and say, Ride ye? They would need to be Threescore beautifuler men! Our blood shed like water, our brethren's bones whitening a hundred fields; Tredah Storm, Dunbar death-agony, and God's voice from the battle-whirlwind: did they mean no more but you!—My Lord General urges us always to be patient: Patience, the Parliament itself will yet do it. That is what we shall see!—

On the whole, it must be seriously owned by every reader, this present Fag-end of a Parliament of England has failed altogether to realise the high dream of those old Puritan hearts. 'Incumbrance,' it appears, cannot in the abstract be defined: but if you would know in the concrete what it is, look there! The thing we fought for, and gained as if by miracle, it is ours this long while,

[1] Speech, postea. [2] Speech, postea.

and yet not ours; within grasp of us, it lies there unattainable, enchanted under Parliamentary formulas. Enemies are swept away; extinguished as in the brightness of the Lord: and no Divine Kingdom, and no clear incipiency of such, has yet in any measure come!—These are sorrowful reflections.

For, alas, such high dream is difficult to realise! Not the Stuart Dynasty alone that opposes it; all the Dynasties of the Devil, the whole perversions of this poor Earth, without us and within us, oppose it.—Yea, answers with a sigh the heart of my Lord General: Yea, it is difficult, and thrice difficult;—and yet woe to us, if we do not with our whole soul try it, make some clear beginning of it; if we sit defining 'incumbrances,' instead of bending every muscle to the wheel that is incumbered! Who art thou that standest still; that having put-to thy hand, turnest back? In these years of miracle in England, were there not great things, as if by divine voices, audibly promised? 'The Lord said unto my Lord!'—And is it all to end here? In Juntos of Threescore; in Grocers-Hall Committees, in red-tape, and official shakings of the head?—

My Lord General, are there no voices, dumb voices from the depths of poor England's heart, that address themselves to you, even you? My Lord General hears voices; and would fain distinguish and discriminate them. Which, in all these, is the God's voice? That were the one to follow. My Lord General, I think, has many meditations, of a very mixed, and some of a very abstruse nature, in these months.

August 13*th*, 1652. This day came a 'Petition from the Officers of my Lord General's Army,' which a little alarmed us. Petition craving for some real reform of the Law; some real attempt towards setting-up a Gospel Ministry in England; real and general ousting of scandalous, incompetent and plainly diabolic persons from all offices of Church and State; real beginning, in short, of a Reign of Gospel Truth in this England;—and for one thing, a swift progress in that most slow-going Bill for a New Representative; an actual ending of this present Fag-end of a Parliament, which has now sat very long! So, in most respectful language, prays this Petition[1] of the Officers. Petition prefaced, they say, with earnest prayer to God: that was the preface or prologue they gave it;—what kind of epilogue they might be prepared to give it, one does not learn: but the men carry swords at their sides; and we have known them!—'Many thought this kind of Petition dangerous; and counselled my Lord General to put a stop to the

[1] Whitlocke, p. 516.

like: but he seemed to make light of it,' says Bulstrode. In fact, my Lord General does not disapprove of it: my Lord General, after much abstruse meditation, has decided on putting himself at the head of it. He, and a serious minority in Parliament, and in England at large, think with themselves, once more, if it were not for this Army Parliament, what would become of us?—Speaker Lenthall 'thanked' these Officers, with a smile which I think must have been of the grimmest, like that produced in certain animals by the act of eating thistles.

September 14*th*, 1652. The somnolent slow-going Bill for a New Representative, which has slept much, and now and then pretended to move a little, for long years past, is resuscitated by this Petition; comes out, rubbing its eyes, disposed for decided activity;—and in fact sleeps no more; cannot think of sleep any more, the noise round it waxing ever louder. Settle how your Representative shall be; for be it now actually must!

This Bill, which has slept and waked so long, does not sleep again: but, How to settle the conditions of the New Representative?—there is a question! My Lord General will have good security against 'the Presbyterial Party,' that they come not into power again; good security against the red-tape Party, that they sit not for three months defining an incumbrance again. How shall we settle the New Representative;—on the whole, what or how shall we do? For the old stagnancy is verily broken up: these petitioning Army Officers, with all the earnest armed and unarmed men of England in the rear of them, have verily torn us from our moorings; and we do go adrift,—with questionable havens, on starboard and larboard, very difficult of entrance; with Mahlstroms and Niagaras very patent right ahead! We are become to mankind a Rump Parliament; sit here we cannot much longer; and we know not what to do!

'During the month of October, some ten or twelve conferences took place,'—private conferences between the Army Officers and the Leaders of the Parliament: wherein nothing could be agreed upon. Difficult to settle the New Representative; impossible for this old Misrepresentative or Rump to continue! What shall or can be done? Summon, without popular intervention, by earnest selection on your and our part, a Body of godly wise Men, the Best and Wisest we can find in England; to them entrust the whole question; and do you abdicate, and depart straightway, say the Officers. Forty good Men, or a Hundred-and-forty; choose them well,—they will define an incumbrance in less than three months, we may hope, and tell us what to do! Such is the notion

of the Army Officers, and my Lord General; a kind of Puritan 'Convention of the Notables,' so the French would call it; to which the Parliament Party see insuperable objections. What other remedy, then? The Parliament Party mournfully insinuate that there is no remedy, except,—except continuance of the present Rump![1]

November 7th, 1652. 'About this time,' prior or posterior to it, while such conferences and abstruse considerations are in progress, my Lord General, walking once in St. James's Park, beckons the learned Bulstrode, who is also there; strolls gradually aside with him, and begins one of the most important Dialogues. Whereof learned Bulstrode has preserved some record; which is unfortunately much dimmed by just suspicion of dramaturgy on the part of Bulstrode; and shall not be excerpted by us here. It tends conspicuously to show, *first*, how Cromwell already entertained most alarming notions of 'making oneself a King,' and even wore them pinned on his sleeve, for the inspection of the learned; and *secondly*, how Bulstrode, a secret-royalist in the worst of times, advised him by no means to think of that, but to call in Charles Stuart,—who had an immense popularity among the Powerful in England just then! 'My Lord General did not in words express any anger, but only by looks and carriage; and turned aside from me to other company,'—as this Editor, in quest of certainty and insight, and not of doubt and fat drowsy pedantry, will now also do!

LETTER CLXXXVI.

HERE, from the old Chest of Farley Castle, is the other Hungerford Letter; and a dim glance into the domesticities again. *Anthony* Hungerford, as we saw, was the Royalist Hungerford, of Blackbourton in Oxfordshire; once Member for Malmesbury; who has been living these six or seven years past in a repentant wholesomely secluded state. 'Cousin Dunch' is young Mrs. Dunch of Pusey, once Ann Mayor of Hursley; she lives within visiting distance of Blackbourton, when at Pusey; does not forget old neighbours while in Town,—and occasionally hears gloomy observations from them. "Your Lord General is become a great man now!"—From the Answer to which we gather at least one thing: That the 'offer of a very great Proposition' as to Son Richard's marriage, which we once obscurely heard of,[2] was, to all

[1] Speech, postea. [2] Antea, vol. i. p. 259.

appearance, made by this Anthony Hungerford,—perhaps in behalf of his kinsman Sir Edward, who, as he had no Son,[1] might have a Daughter that would be a very great Proposition to a young man. Unluckily 'there was not that assurance of Godliness that seemed to warrant it: however, the nobleness of the Overture is never to be forgotten.

For my honoured Friend Anthony Hungerford, Esquire: These.

Cockpit, 10th December 1652.

Sir,

I understand, by my Cousin Dunch, of so much trouble of yours, and so much unhandsomeness (at least seeming so) on my part, as doth not a little afflict me, until I give you this account of my innocency.

She was pleased to tell my Wife of your often resorts to my house to visit me, and of your disappointments. Truly, Sir, had I but once known of your being there, and "had concealed myself," it had been an action so below a gentleman or an honest man, so full of ingratitude for your civilities I have received from you, as would have rendered me unworthy of human society! Believe me, Sir, I am much ashamed that the least colour of the appearance of such a thing should have happened; and 'I' could not take satisfaction but by this plain-dealing for my justification, which I ingenuously offer you. And although Providence did not dispose other matters to our mutual satisfaction, yet your nobleness in that Overture obligeth me, and I hope ever shall whilst I live, to study upon all occasions to approve myself your Family's and your most affectionate and humble servant,

Oliver Cromwell.

My Wife and I desire our service be presented to your Lady and Family.[2]

[1] Epitaph in Collinson's Somersetshire.

[2] Oliver Cromwell's Memoirs of the Protector (3d edition, London, 1822), ii. 488; see Collinson's History of Somersetshire, iii. 357 note.

LETTER CLXXXVII.

SEEMINGLY belonging to the same neighbourhood is the following altogether domestic Letter to Fleetwood; which still survives in Autograph; but has no date whatever, and no indication that will enable us to fix its place with perfect exactness. Fleetwood's Commission for Ireland is dated 10th July, 1652;[1] the precise date of his marriage with Bridget Ireton, of his departure for Ireland, or of any ulterior proceedings of his, is not recoverable, in those months. Of Henry Cromwell, too, we know only that he sat in the *Little Parliament;* and, indisputably therefore, was home from Ireland before summer next. From the total silence as to Public Affairs, in this Letter, it may be inferred that nothing decisive had yet been done or resolved upon;—that through this strange old Autograph, as through a dim Horn-Gate (not of Dreams but of Realities), we are looking into the interior of the Cromwell Lodging, and the Cromwell heart, in the Winter of 1652.

For the Right Honourable Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland: These.

'Cockpit, — — 1652.'

DEAR CHARLES,

I thank you for your loving Letter. The same hopes and desires, upon your planting into my Family, were much the same in me that you express in yours towards me. However, the dispensation of the Lord is, to have it otherwise for the present; and therein I desire to acquiesce;—not being out of hope that it may lie in His good pleasure, in His time, to give us the mutual comfort of our relation: the want whereof He is able abundantly to supply by His own presence; which indeed makes-up all defects, and is the comfort of all our comforts and enjoyments.

Salute your dear Wife from me. Bid her beware of a *bondage* spirit.[2] Fear is the natural issue of such a spirit;—the antidote is Love. The voice of Fear is: If I had done this;

[1] Thurloe, i. 212.

[2] A Secretary has written hitherto; the Lord General now begins himself, with a new pen.

if I had avoided that, how well it had been with me!—I know this hath been her vain reasoning: 'poor Biddy!'

Love argueth in this wise: What a Christ have I; what a Father in and through Him! What a Name hath my Father: *Merciful, gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth; forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin.* What a Nature hath my Father: *He is* Love;—free in it, unchangeable, infinite! What a Covenant between Him and Christ,—for all the Seed, for every one: wherein He undertakes all, and the poor Soul nothing. The new Covenant is *Grace*,—to or upon the Soul; to which it, 'the Soul,' is passive and receptive: *I'll do away their sins; I'll write my Law*, &c.; *I'll put it in their hearts: they shall never depart from me*, &c.[1]

This commends the Love of God: it's Christ dying for men *without* strength, for men whilst sinners, whilst enemies. And shall we seek for the root of our comforts within us,—What God hath done, what He is to us in Christ, is the root of our comfort: in this is stability; in us is weakness. Acts of obedience are not perfect, and therefore yield not perfect Grace. Faith, as an act, yields it not; but 'only' as it carries us into Him, who is our perfect rest and peace; in whom we are accounted of, and received by, the Father,—even as Christ Himself. This is our high calling. Rest we here, and here only.[2]

Commend me to Harry Cromwell: I pray for him. That he may thrive, and improve in the knowledge and love of Christ. Commend me to all the Officers. My prayers indeed are daily for them. Wish them to beware of bitterness of spirit; and of all things uncomely for the Gospel. The Lord give you abundance of wisdom, and faith and patience. Take heed also of your natural inclination to compliance.

Pray for me. I commit you to the Lord; and rest, your loving father,

Oliver Cromwell.[3]

[1] Has been crowding, for the last line or two, very close upon the bottom of the page; finds now that it will not do; and takes to the margin.

[2] Even so, my noble one! The noble soul will, one day, again come to understand these old words of yours.

[3] Has exhausted the long broad margin; inverts now, and writes atop.

The Boy and Betty are very well. Show what kindness you well may to Colonel Clayton, to my nephew Gregory, to Claypole's Brother.[1]

And so the miraculous Horn-Gate, not of Dreams but of Realities and old dim Domesticities, closes again, into totally opaque ;—and we return to matters public.

December 1652—*March* 1653. The Dutch War prospers and has prospered, Blake and Monk beating the Dutch in tough seafights ; Delinquents, monthly Assessments, and the lead of Cathedrals furnishing the sinews : the Dutch are about sending Ambassadors to treat of Peace. With home affairs, again, it goes not so well. Through winter, through spring, that Bill for a New Representative goes along in its slow gestation ; reappearing Wednesday after Wednesday ; painfully struggling to take a shape that shall fit both parties, Parliament Grandees and Army Grandees both at once. A thing difficult ; a thing impossible ! Parliament Grandees, now become a contemptible Rump, wish they could grow into a Reputable Full Parliament again, and have the Government and the Governing Persons go on as they are now doing ; this naturally is their wish. Naturally too the Army Party's wish is the reverse of this : that a Full free Parliament, with safety to the Godly Interests, and due subordination of the Presbyterian and other factions, should assemble ; but also that the present Governing Persons, with their red-tape habits unable to define an incumbrance in three months, should for most part be out of it. Impossible to shape a Bill that will fit both of these Parties : Tom Thumb and the Irish Giant, you cannot, by the art of Parliamentary tailoring, clip-out a coat that will fit them both ! We can fancy 'conferences,' considerations deep and almost awful ; my Lord General looking forward to possibilities that fill even him with fear. Puritan Notables they will not have ; these present Governing men are clear against that : not Puritan Notables ;—and if they themselves, by this new Bill or otherwise, insist on staying there, what is to become of them ?

Dryasdust laments that this invaluable Bill, now in process of gestation, is altogether lost to Posterity ; no copy even of itself, much less any record of the conferences, debates, or contempo-

[1] Ayscough MSS. no. 4165, f. 1. On the inner or blank leaf of this curious old Sheet are neatly pasted two square tiny bits of Paper : on one of them, 'Fairfax' in autograph ; on the other these words, 'God blesse the now Lord Protector ;' and crosswise, 'Marquis Worcester writt it ;'—concerning which Marquis, once 'Lord Herbert,' see antea, p. 274.

raneous considerations on it, attainable even in fractions by mankind. Much is lost, my erudite friend;—and we must console ourselves! The substantial essence of the Bill came out afterwards into full practice, in Oliver's own Parliaments. The present form of the Bill, I do clearly perceive, had one clause, That all the Members of this present Rump should continue to sit without reëlection; and still better, another, That they should be a general Election Committee, and have power to say to every new Member, "Thou art dangerous, thou shalt not enter; go!" This clearly in the Bill: and not less clearly that the Lord General and Army Party would in no wise have a Bill with this in it,—or indeed have any Bill that was to be the old story over again under a new name. So much, on good evidence, is very clear to me;—the rest, which is all obliterated, becomes not inconceivable. Cost what it may cost, this Rump Parliament, which has by its conduct abundantly 'defined what an incumbrance is,' shall go about its business. Terrible Voices, supernal and other, have said it, awfully enough, in the hearts of some men! Neither under its own shabby figure, nor under another more plausible, shall *it* guide the Divine Mercies and Miraculous Affairs of this Nation any farther.

The last of all the conferences was held at my Lord General's house in Whitehall, on Tuesday evening, 19th of April 1653. Above twenty leading Members of Parliament present, and many Officers. Conference of which we shall have some passing glimpse, from a sure hand, by and by.[1] Conference which came to nothing, as all the others had done. Your Bill, with these clauses and visible tendencies in it, cannot pass, says the one party: Your Scheme of Puritan Notables seems full of danger, says the other. What remedy? "No remedy except,—except that you leave us to sit as we are, for a while yet!" suggest the Official persons.—"In no wise!" answer the Officers, with a vehemence of look and tone, which my Lord General, seemingly anxious to do it, cannot repress. You must not, and cannot sit longer, say the Officers;—and their look says even, Shall not! Bulstrode went home to Chelsea, very late, with the tears in his big dull eyes, at thought of the courses men were getting into. Bulstrode and Widdrington were the most eager for sitting; Chief-Justice St. John, strange thing in a Constitutional gentleman, declared that there could be no sitting for us any longer. We parted, able to settle on nothing, except the engagement to meet here again tomorrow morning, and to leave the Bill asleep till something were settled

[1] Speech, postea; see also Whitlocke, p. 529.

on. 'A leading person,' Sir Harry Vane or another, undertook that nothing should be done in it till then.

Wednesday 20th April 1653. My Lord General accordingly is in his reception-room this morning, 'in plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings;' he, with many Officers: but few Members have yet come, though punctual Bulstrode and certain others are there. Some waiting there is; some impatience that the Members would come. The Members do not come: instead of Members, comes a notice that they are busy getting-on with their Bill in the House, hurrying it double-quick through all the stages. Possible? New message that it will be Law in a little while, if no interposition take place! Bulstrode hastens off to the House: my Lord General, at first incredulous, does now also hasten off,—nay orders that a Company of Musketeers of his own regiment attend him. Hastens off, with a very high expression of countenance, I think;—saying or feeling: Who would have believed it of them? "It is not honest; yea, it is contrary to common honesty!"—My Lord General, the big hour is come!

Young Colonel Sidney, the celebrated Algernon, sat in the House this morning; a House of some Fifty-three.[1] Algernon has left distinct note of the affair; less distinct we have from Bulstrode, who was also there, who seems in some points to be even wilfully wrong. Solid Ludlow was far off in Ireland, but gathered many details in after-years; and faithfully wrote them down, in the unappeasable indignation of his heart. Combining these three originals, we have, after various perusals and collations and considerations, obtained the following authentic, moderately conceivable account:[2]

'The Parliament sitting as usual, and being in debate upon the Bill with the amendments, which it was thought would have been passed that day, the Lord General Cromwell came into the House, clad in plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings, and sat down, as he used to do, in an ordinary place.' For some time he listens to this interesting debate on the Bill; beckoning once to Harrison, who came over to him, and answered dubitatingly. Whereupon the Lord General sat still, for about a quarter of an hour longer. But now the question being to be put, That this Bill do now pass, he beckons again to Harrison, says, "'This is the time; I must do it!'"—and so 'rose up, put off his hat, and

[1] That is Cromwell's number; Ludlow, far distant, and not credible on this occasion, says 'Eighty or a Hundred.'

[2] Blencowe's Sidney Papers (London, 1825), pp. 139–41; Whitlocke, p. 529; Ludlow, ii. 456;—the last two are reprinted in Parliamentary History, xx. 128.

spake. At the first, and for a good while, he spake to the commendation of the Parliament for their pains and care of the public good; but afterwards he changed his style, told them of their injustice, delays of justice, self-interest, and other faults,'—rising higher and higher, into a very aggravated style indeed. An honourable Member, Sir Peter Wentworth by name, not known to my readers, and by me better known than trusted, rises to order, as we phrase it; says, "It is a strange language this; unusual within the walls of Parliament this! And from a trusted servant too; and one whom we have so highly honoured; and one"—"'Come, come!'" exclaims my Lord General in a very high key, "we have had enough of this,"—and in fact my Lord General now blazing all up into clear conflagration, exclaims, "'I will put an end to your prating,'" and steps forth into the floor of the House, and 'clapping-on his hat,' and occasionally 'stamping the floor with his feet,' begins a discourse which no man can report! He says —Heavens! he is heard saying: "'It is not fit that you should sit here any longer!' You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing lately. 'You shall now give place to better men!—Call them in!'" adds he briefly, to Harrison, in word of command: and 'some twenty or thirty' grim musketeers enter, with bullets in their snaphances; grimly prompt for orders; and stand in some attitude of Carry-arms there. Veteran men: men of might and men of war, their faces are as the faces of lions, and their feet are swift as the roes upon the mountains;—not beautiful to honourable gentlemen at this moment!

"You call yourselves a Parliament," continues my Lord General in clear blaze of conflagration: "'You are no Parliament; I say you are no Parliament! Some of you are drunkards,'" and his eye flashes on poor Mr. Chaloner, an official man of some value, addicted to the bottle; "'some of you are ——'" and he glares into Harry Marten, and the poor Sir Peter who rose to order, lewd livers both; "living in open contempt of God's Commandments. Following your own greedy appetites, and the Devil's Commandments. 'Corrupt unjust persons,'" and here I think he glanced 'at Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke, one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal, giving him and others very sharp language, though he named them not:' "'Corrupt unjust persons; scandalous to the profession of the Gospel:' how can you be a Parliament for God's People? Depart, I say; and let us have done with you. In the name of God,—go!"

The House is of course all on its feet,—uncertain almost whether not on its head: such a scene as was never seen before in any

House of Commons. History reports with a shudder that my Lord General, lifting the sacred Mace itself, said, "'What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!'"—and gave it to a musketeer. And now,—"Fetch him down!" says he to Harrison, flashing on the Speaker. Speaker Lenthall, more an ancient Roman than anything else, declares, He will not come till forced. "Sir," said Harrison, "I will lend you a hand;" on which Speaker Lenthall came down, and gloomily vanished. They all vanished; flooding gloomily, clamorously out, to their ulterior businesses and respective places of abode: the Long Parliament is dissolved! "'It's you that have forced me to this,'" exclaims my Lord General: "'I have sought the Lord night and day, that He would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work.'" 'At their going out, some say the Lord General said to young Sir Harry Vane, calling him by his name, That *he* might have prevented this; but that he was a juggler, and had not common honesty.' "'Oh, Sir Harry Vane,' thou with thy subtle casuistries and abstruse hair-splittings, thou art other than a good one, I think! 'The Lord deliver me from thee, Sir Harry Vane!'" 'All being gone out, the door of the House was locked, and the Key with the Mace, as I heard, was carried away by Colonel Otley;'—and it is all over, and the unspeakable Catastrophe has come, and remains.

Such was the destructive wrath of my Lord General Cromwell against the Nominal Rump Parliament of England. Wrath which innumerable mortals since have accounted extremely diabolic; which some now begin to account partly divine. Divine or diabolic, it is an indisputable fact; left for the commentaries of men. The Rump Parliament has gone its ways;—and truly, except it be in their own, I know not in what eyes are tears at their departure. They went very softly, softly as a Dream, say all witnesses. "We did not hear a dog bark at their going!" asserts my Lord General elsewhere.

It is said, my Lord General did not, on his entrance into the House, contemplate quite as a certainty this strong measure; but it came upon him like an irresistible impulse, or inspiration, as he heard their Parliamentary eloquence proceed. "Perceiving the spirit of God so strong upon me, I would no longer consult flesh and blood."[1] He has done it, at all events; and is responsible for the results it may have. A responsibility which he, as well as most of us, knows to be awful: but he fancies it was in

[1] Godwin, iii. 456 (who cites Echard; not much of an authority in such matters).

answer to the English Nation, and to the Maker of the English Nation and of him; and he will do the best he may with it.

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

We have to add here an Official Letter, of small significance in itself, but curious for its date, the Saturday after this great Transaction, and for the other indications it gives. Except the Lord General, 'Commander-in-Chief of all the Forces raised and to be raised,' there is for the moment no Authority very clearly on foot in England;—though Judges, and all manner of Authorities whatsoever do, after some little preliminary parleying, consent to go on as before.

The Draining of the Fens had been resumed under better auspices when the War ended;[1] and a new Company of Adventurers, among whom Oliver himself is one, are vigorously proceeding with a New Bedford Level,—the same that yet continues. A 'Petition' of theirs, addressed 'To the Lord General,' in these hasty hours, sets forth that upon the '20th of this instant April' (exactly while Oliver was turning out the Parliament), 'about a Hundred-and-fifty persons,' from the Towns of Swaffham and Botsham,—which Towns had petitioned about certain rights of theirs, and got clear promise of redress in fit time,—did 'tumultuously assemble,' to seek redress for themselves; did 'by force expel your Petitioners' workmen from their diking and working in the said Fens;' did tumble-in again 'the dikes by them made;' and in fine did peremptorily signify that if they or any other came again to dike in these Fens, it would be worse for them. 'The evil effects of which'—are very apparent indeed. Whereupon this Official Letter, or Warrant; written doubtless in the press of much other business.

'To Mr. Parker, Agent for the Company of Adventurers for Draining the Great Level of the Fens.'

'Whitehall,' 23d April 1653.

Mr. Parker,

I hear some unruly persons have lately committed great outrages in Cambridgeshire, about Swaffham and Botsham, in throwing-down the works making by the Adventurers, and menacing those they employ thereabout.

[1] Act for that object (Scobell, ii. 33), 29th May 1649.

Wherefore I desire you to send one of my Troops, with a Captain, who may by all means persuade the people to quiet, by letting them know, They must not riotously do anything, for that must not be suffered: but 'that' if there be any wrong done by the Adventurers,—upon complaint, such course shall be taken as appertains to justice, and right will be done. I rest, your loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

The *Declaration of the Lord General and his Council of Officers*,[2] which came out on the Friday following the grand Catastrophe, does not seem to be of Oliver's composition: it is a Narrative of calm pious tone, of considerable length; promises, as a second Declaration still more explicitly does,[3] a Real Assembly of the Puritan Notables;—and, on the whole, can be imagined by the reader; nay we shall hear the entire substance of it from Oliver's own mouth, before long. These Declarations and other details we omit. Conceive that all manner of Authorities, with or without some little preambling, agree to go on as heretofore; that adherences arrive from Land-Generals and Sea-Generals by return of post; that the old Council of State having vanished with its Mother, a new Interim Council of State, with 'Oliver Cromwell, Captain General,' at the head of it, answers equally well; in a word, that all people are looking eagerly forward to those same 'Known Persons, Men fearing God, and of approved Integrity,' who are now to be got together from all quarters of England, to say what *shall* be done with this Commonwealth,—whom there is now no Fag-end of a corrupt Parliament to prevent just men from choosing with their best ability. Conceive all this; and read the following

SUMMONS.

To ——— ———

FORASMUCH as, upon the dissolution of the late Parliament, it became necessary that the peace, safety and good government of this Commonwealth should be provided for: And in order thereunto, divers Persons fearing God, and of approved

[1] From the Records of the Fen Office, in Sergeants' Inn, London; communicated, with other Papers relating thereto, by Samuel Wells, Esq.

[2] 22d April, Cromwelliana, p. 120.

[3] 30th April, ibid. p. 122.

Fidelity and Honesty, are, by myself with the advice of my Council of Officers, nominated; to whom the great charge and trust of so weighty affairs is to be committed: And having good assurance of your love to, and courage for, God and the interest of His Cause, and 'that' of the good People of this Commonwealth:

I, Oliver Cromwell, Captain General and Commander-in-chief of all the Armies and Forces raised and to be raised within this Commonwealth, do hereby summon and require You, —— ——, being one of the Persons nominated,—Personally to be and appear at the Council-Chamber, commonly known or called by the name of the Council-Chamber at Whitehall, within the City of Westminster, upon the Fourth day of July next ensuing the date hereof; Then and there to take upon you the said Trust; unto which you are hereby called, and appointed to serve as a Member for the County of ——. And hereof you are not to fail.

Given under my hand and seal the 6th day of June 1653.

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

SPEECH FIRST.

A HUNDRED-AND-FORTY of these Summonses were issued; and all of the Parties so summoned, 'only two' did not attend. Disconsolate Bulstrode says, 'Many of this Assembly being persons of fortune and knowledge, it was much wondered-at by some that they would, at this Summons, and from such hands, take upon them the Supreme Authority of this Nation: considering how little right Cromwell and his Officers had to give it, or those Gentlemen to take it.'[2] My disconsolate friend, it is a sign that Puritan England in general accepts this action of Cromwell and his Officers, and thanks them for it, in such a case of extremity; saying as audibly as the means permitted: Yea, we did wish it so! Rather mournful to the disconsolate official mind!—Lord Clarendon again, writing with much latitude, has characterised this Convention as containing in it 'divers Gentlemen who had estates, and such a proportion of credit' in the world as might give some colour to the business; but consisting, on the whole, of a very miserable beggarly

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 125). [2] Whitlocke, p. 534.

sort of persons, acquainted with nothing but the art of praying; 'artificers of the meanest trades,' if they even had any trade:—all which the reader shall, if he please, add to the general *guano*-mountains, and pass on not regarding.

The undeniable fact is, these men were, as Whitlocke intimates, a quite reputable Assembly; got together by anxious 'consultation of the godly Clergy' and chief Puritan lights in their respective Counties; not without much earnest revision, and solemn consideration in all kinds, on the part of men adequate enough for such a work, and desirous enough to do it well. The List of the Assembly exists;[1] not yet entirely gone dark for mankind. A fair proportion of them still recognisable to mankind. Actual Peers one or two: founders of Peerage Families two or three, which still exist among us,—Colonel Edward Montague, Colonel Charles Howard, Anthony Ashley Cooper. And, better than King's Peers, certain Peers of Nature; whom if not the King and his pasteboard Norroys have had the luck to make Peers of, the living heart of England has since raised to the Peerage, and means to keep there,—Colonel Robert Blake the Sea-King, for one. 'Known persons,' I do think; 'of approved integrity, men fearing God;' and perhaps not entirely destitute of sense any one of them! Truly it seems rather a distinguished Parliament,—even though Mr. Praisegod Barbone, 'the Leather-merchant in Fleet-street,' be, as all mortals must admit, a member of it. The fault, I hope, is forgivable! Praisegod, though he deals in leather, and has a name which can be misspelt, one discerns to be the son of pious parents; to be himself a man of piety, of understanding and weight,—and even of considerable private capital, my witty flunky friends! We will leave Praisegod to do the best he can, I think.—And old Francis Rouse is there from Devonshire; once member for Truro; Provost of Eton College; whom by and by they make Speaker;—whose Psalms the Northern Kirks still sing. Richard Mayor of Hursley is there, and even idle Dick Norton; Alexander Jaffray of Aberdeen, Laird Swinton of the College of Justice in Edinburgh; Alderman Ireton, brother of the late Lord Deputy, colleague of Praisegod in London. In fact, a real Assembly of the Notables in Puritan England; a Parliament, *Parliamentum*, or real *Speaking-Apparatus* for the now dominant Interest in England, as exact as could well be got,—much more exact, I suppose, than any ballot-box, free hustings or ale-barrel election usually yields.

Such is the Assembly called the Little Parliament, and wittily

[1] Somers Tracts, i. 216.

Barebones's Parliament; which meets on the 4th of July. Their witty name survives; but their history is gone all dark; and no man, for the present, has in his head or in his heart the faintest intimation of what they did, or what they aimed to do. They are very dark to us; and will never be illuminated much! Here is one glance of them face to face; here in this Speech of Oliver's,—if we can read it, and listen along with them to it. There is this one glance; and for six generations, we may say, in the English mind there has not been another.

Listening from a distance of two Centuries, across the Death-chasms and howling kingdoms of Decay, it is not easy to catch everything! But let us faithfully do the best we can. Having once packed Dryasdust, and his unedifying cries of "Nonsense! Mere hypocrisy! Ambitious dupery!" &c. &c., about his business; closed him safe under hatches, and got silence established, —we shall perhaps hear a word or two; have a real glimpse or two of things long vanished; and *see* for moments this fabulous Barebones's Parliament itself, standing dim in the heart of the extinct Centuries, as a recognisable fact, once flesh and blood, now air and memory; not untragical to us!

Read this first, from the old Newspapers; and then the Speech itself, which a laborious Editor has, with all industry, copied and corrected from Two Contemporaneous Reports by different hands, and various editions of these. Note, however: The *Italic* sentences in brackets, most part of which, and yet perhaps not enough of which I have suppressed, are evidently by an altogether modern hand!

'*July 4th*, 1653. This being the day appointed, by the Letters of Summons from his Excellency the Lord General, for the meeting of the Persons called to the Supreme Authority, there came about a Hundred-and-twenty of them to the Council-Chamber in Whitehall. After each person had given-in a Ticket of his Name, they all entered the room, and sat down in chairs appointed for them, round about the table. Then his Excellency the Lord General, standing by the window opposite to the middle of the table, and as many of the Officers of the Army as the room could well contain, some on his right hand, and others on his left, and about him,—made the following Speech to the Assembly:[1]

GENTLEMEN,

I suppose the Summons that hath been instrumental to bring you hither gives you well to understand the occasion of your being here. Howbeit, I have something

farther to impart to you, which is an Instrument drawn-up by the consent and advice of the principal Officers of the Army; which is a little (as we conceive) more significant than the Letter of the Summons. We have that here to tender you; and somewhat likewise to say farther for our own exoneration;[1] which we hope may be somewhat farther for your satisfaction. And withal seeing you sit here somewhat uneasily by reason of the scantness of the room and heat of the weather, I shall contract myself with respect thereunto.

We have not thought it amiss a little to remind you of that Series of Providences wherein the Lord hath appeared, dispensing wonderful things to these Nations from the beginning of our Troubles to this very day.

If I should look much backward, we might remind you of the state of affairs as they were before the Short, that is the last, Parliament,—in what posture the things of this Nation then stood: but they do so well, I presume, occur to all your memories and knowledge, that I shall not need to look so far backward. Nor yet to those hostile occasions which arose between the King that was and the Parliament[2] that then followed. And indeed, should I begin much later, the things that would fall very necessarily before you, would rather be for a History than for a verbal Discourse at this present.

But thus far we may look back. You very well know, it pleased God, much about the midst of this War, to winnow (if I may so say) the Forces of this Nation;[3] and to put them into the hands of other men of other principles than those that did engage at the first. By what ways and means that was brought about, would ask more time than is allotted me to mind you of it. Indeed, there are Stories that do recite those Transactions, and give you narratives of matters of fact: but those things wherein the life and power of them lay; those strange windings and turnings of Providence; those very great appearances of God, in crossing and thwarting the

[1] 'exoneration' does not here mean 'excuse' or 'shifting-away of blame,' but mere laying-down of office with due form.

[2] The Long Parliament.

[3] Self-denying Ordinance; beginning of 1645: see vol. i. p. 170 et seq.

purposes of men, that He might raise up a poor and contemptible company of men,[1] neither versed in military affairs, nor having much natural propensity to them, 'into wonderful success—!' Simply by their owning a Principle of Godliness and Religion; which so soon as *it* came to be owned, and the state of affairs put upon the foot of that account,[2] how God blessed them, furthering all undertakings, yet using the most improbable and the most contemptible and despicable means (for that we shall ever own): is very well known to you.

What the several Successes and Issues have been, is not fit to mention at this time neither;—though I confess I thought to have enlarged myself upon that subject; forasmuch as Considering the works of God, and the operations of His hands, is a principal part of our duty; and a great encouragement to the strengthening of our hands and of our faith, for that which is behind.[3] And among other ends which those marvellous Dispensations have been given us for, that's a principal end, which ought to be minded by us.

'Certainly' in this revolution of affairs, as the issue of those Successes which God was pleased to give to the Army, and 'to' the Authority that then stood, there were very great things brought about;—besides those dints that came upon the Nations[4] and places where the War itself was, very great things in Civil matters too. 'As first,' the bringing of Offenders to justice,—and the Greatest of them. Bringing of the State of this Government to the name (at least) of a Commonwealth. Searching and sifting of all persons and places. The King removed, and brought to justice; and many great ones with him. The House of Peers laid aside. The House of Commons itself, the representative of the People of England, winnowed, sifted, and brought to a handful; as you very well remember.

And truly God would not rest there:—for, by the way, although it's fit for us to ascribe[5] our failings and miscarriages to ourselves, yet the gloriousness of the work may well be attributed to God Himself, and may be called His strange work. You remember well that at the Change of the Government

[1] Fairfax's Army. [2] upon that footing. [3] still to come.
[4] England, Ireland, Scotland. [5] 'intitle' in orig.

there was not an end of our Troubles, [*No!*]—although in that year were such high things transacted as indeed made it to be the most memorable year (I mean the Year 1648) that this Nation ever saw. So many Insurrections,[1] Invasions, secret Designs, open and public Attempts, all quashed in so short a time, and this by the very signal appearance of God Himself; which, I hope, we shall never forget!—You know also, as I said before, that, as the first effect of that memorable year of 1648 was to lay a foundation, by bringing Offenders to Punishment, so it brought us likewise to the Change of Government:—although it were worth the time 'perhaps, if one had time,' to speak of the carriage of some in places of trust, in most eminent places of trust, which was such as (had not God miraculously appeared) would have frustrated us of the hopes of all our undertakings. I mean by the closure of the Treaty that was endeavoured with the King;[2] whereby they would have put into his hands all that we had engaged for, and all our security should have been a little piece of Paper! That thing going off, you very well know how it kept this Nation still in broils by sea and land. And yet what God wrought in Ireland and Scotland you likewise know; until He had finished these Troubles, upon the matter,[3] by His marvellous salvation wrought at Worcester.

I confess to you, that I am very much troubled in my own spirit that the necessity of affairs requires I should be so short in those things: because, as I told you, this is the *leanest* part of the Transactions, this mere historical Narrative of them; there being in every particular; in the King's first going from the Parliament, in the pulling-down of the Bishops, the House of Peers, in every step towards that Change of the Government,—I say there is not any one of these things, thus removed and reformed, but hath an evident print of Providence set upon it, so that he who runs may read it. I am sorry I have not an opportunity to be more particular on these points,

[1] Kent, St. Neot's, Colchester, Welsh Poyer at Pembroke, Scotch Hamilton at Preston, &c. &c.

[2] Treaty of the Isle of Wight, again and again endeavoured.

[3] Means 'so to speak;' a common phrase of those times; a perpetual one with Clarendon, for instance.

which I principally designed, this day; thereby to stir-up your hearts and mine to gratitude and confidence.

I shall now begin a little to remind you of the passages that have been transacted since Worcester. Coming from whence, with the rest of my fellow Officers and Soldiers, we did expect, and had some reasonable confidence our expectations would not be frustrated, That, having such an history to look back unto, such a God, so eminently visible, even our enemies confessing that "God Himself was certainly engaged against them, else they should never have been disappointed in *every* engagement,"—and that may be used by the way, That if we had but miscarried in the least,[1] all our former mercies were in danger to be lost:—I say, coming up then, we had some confidence That the mercies God had shown, and the expectations which were upon our hearts, and upon the hearts of all good men, would have prompted those who were in Authority to do those good things which might, by honest men, have been judged fit for such a God, and worthy of such mercies; and indeed been a discharge of duty from those to whom all these mercies had been shown, for the true interest of this Nation! [*Yes!*]—If I should now labour to be particular in enumerating how businesses have been transacted from that time to the Dissolution of the late Parliament, indeed I should be upon a theme which would be troublesome to myself. For I think I may say for myself and my fellow Officers, That we have rather desired and studied Healing and Looking-forward than to rake into sores and to look backward,—to give things forth in those colours that would not be very pleasing to any good eye to look upon. Only this we shall say for our own vindication, as pointing out the ground for that unavoidable necessity, nay even that duty that was incumbent upon us, to make this last great Change—I think it will not be amiss to offer a word or two to that. [*Hear, hear!*] As I said before, we are loath to rake into businesses, were there not a necessity so to do.

Indeed, we may say that, ever since the coming-up of my-

[1] lost one battle of these many.

self and those Gentlemen who have been engaged in the military part, it hath been full in our hearts and thoughts, To desire and use all the fair and lawful means we could to have the Nation reap the fruit of all the blood and treasure that had been spent in this Cause: and we have had many desires, and thirstings in our spirits, to find out ways and means wherein we might be anywise instrumental to help it forward. We were very tender, for a long time, so much as to petition. For some of the Officers being Members; and others having very good acquaintance with, and some relations to, divers Members of Parliament,—we did, from time to time, solicit such; thinking if there had been nobody to prompt them, nor call upon them, these things might have been attended to, from ingenuity[1] and integrity in those that had it in their power to answer such expectations.

Truly, when we saw nothing would be done, we did, as we thought according to our duty, a little, to remind them by a Petition; which I suppose you have seen: it was delivered, as I remember, in August last.[2] What effect that had, is likewise very well known. The truth is, we had no return at all for our satisfaction,—a few words given us; the things presented by us, or the most of them, we were told "were under consideration:" and those not presented by us had very little or no consideration at all. Finding the People dissatisfied in every corner of the Nation, and 'all men' laying at our doors the non-performance of these things, which had been promised, and were of duty to be performed,—truly we did then think ourselves concerned, if we would (as becomes honest men) keep-up the reputation of honest men in the world. And therefore we, divers times, endeavoured to obtain meetings with divers Members of Parliament;—and we did not begin those till about October last. And in these meetings we did, with all faithfulness and sincerity, beseech them that they would be mindful of their duty to God and men, in the discharge of the trust reposed in them. I believe (as there are many gentlemen here know), we had at least ten or twelve meetings; most humbly begging and beseeching of

[1] ingenuousness. [2] Antea, p. 328; Commons Journals, vii. 164 (13th August 1652).

them, That by their own means they would bring forth those good things which had been promised and expected ; that so it might appear they did not do them by any suggestion from the Army, but from their own ingenuity: so tender were we to preserve them in the reputation of the People. Having had very many of those meetings ; and declaring plainly that the issue would be the displeasure and judgment of God, the dissatisfaction of the People, the putting of 'all' things into a confusion : yet how little we prevailed, we very well know, and we believe it's not unknown to you.

At last, when indeed we saw that things would not be laid to heart, we had a very serious consideration among ourselves what other ways to have recourse unto [*Yea, that is the question!*] ; and when we grew to more closer considerations, then they 'the Parliament men' began to take the Act for a Representative [1] to heart, and seemed exceeding willing to put it on. And had it been done with integrity, there could nothing have happened more welcome to our judgments than that. But plainly the intention was, Not to give the People a right of choice ; it would have been but a seeming right : that 'semblance' of giving them a choice was only to recruit the House, the better to perpetuate *themselves*. And truly, having been, divers of us, spoken unto to give way hereunto, to which we made perpetual aversions, indeed abominating the thoughts of it,—we declared our judgments against it, and our dissatisfaction with it. And yet they that would not hear of a Representative formerly, when it lay three years before them, without proceeding one line, or making any considerable progress,—I say, those that would not hear of this Bill formerly, did now, when they saw us falling into more closer considerations, make, instead of protracting their Bill, as much preposterous haste with it on the other side, and run into that 'opposite' extremity.

Finding that this spirit was not according to God ; and that the whole weight of this Cause,—which must needs be very dear unto us who had so often adventured our lives for it, and we believe it was so to you,—did hang upon the busi-

[1] For a New Parliament and Method of Election.

ness now in hand; and seeing plainly that there was not here any consideration to assert this Cause, or provide security for *it*, but only to cross the troublesome people of the Army, who by this time were high enough in their displeasures: Truly, I say, when we saw all this, having power in our hands, 'we could not resolve' to let such monstrous proceedings go on, and so to throw away all our liberties into the hands of those whom we had fought against [*Presbyterian-Royalists; at Preston and elsewhere,—"fought against," yea and beaten to ruin, your Excellency might add!*]; we came, first, to this conclusion among ourselves, That if we had been *fought* out of our liberties and rights, Necessity would have taught us patience; but that to deliver them 'sluggishly' up would render us the basest persons in the world, and worthy to be accounted haters of God and of His People. When it pleased God to lay this close to our hearts; and indeed to show us that the interest of His People was grown cheap, 'that *it* was' not at all laid to heart, but that if things came to real competition, His Cause, even among themselves, would also in every point go to the ground: indeed, this did add more considerations to us, That there was a duty incumbent upon us, 'even upon us.' And,—I speak here in the presence of some that were at the closure of our consultations, and as before the Lord,—the thinking of an act of violence was to us worse than any battle that ever we were in, or that could be, to the utmost hazard of our lives [*Hear him!*]: so willing were we, even very tender and desirous, if possible, that these men might quit their places with honour.

I am the longer upon this; because it hath been in our own hearts and consciences, justifying us, and hath never been yet thoroughly imparted to any; and we had rather begin with you than have done it before;—and do think indeed that this Transaction is more proper for a verbal communication than to have it put into writing. I doubt, he whose pen is most gentle in England would, in recording that, have been tempted, whether he would or no, to dip it deep in anger and wrath. [*Stifled cries from Dryasdust.*]—But affairs being at this posture; we seeing plainly, even in

some critical cases,' that the Cause of the People of God was a despised thing ;—truly we did believe then that the hands of other men 'than these' must be the hands to be used for the work. And we thought then, it was very high time to look about us, and to be sensible of *our* duty. [*Oliver's voice somewhat rising; Major-General Harrison and the others looking rather animated.*]

If, I say, I should take-up your time to tell you what instances we have to satisfy our judgments and consciences, That these are not vain imaginations, nor things fictitious, but which fell within the compass of our own certain knowledge, it would bring me, I say, to what I would avoid, to rake-into these things too much. Only this. If anybody was in competition for any place of real and signal trust, 'if any really public interest was at stake in that Parliament,' how hard and difficult a matter was it to get anything carried without making parties,—without practices[1] indeed unworthy of a Parliament! When things must be carried so in a Supreme Authority, indeed I think it is not as it ought to be, to say no worse [*Nor do I*] !—Then, when we came to other trials, as in that case of Wales, 'of establishing a Preaching Ministry in Wales,' which, I must confess for my own part, I set myself upon,—if I should relate what discountenance that business of the poor People of God there had (who had men[2] watching over them like so many wolves, ready to catch the lambs so soon as they were brought forth into the world) ; how signally that Business was trodden under foot 'in Parliament,' to the discountenancing of the Honest People, and the countenancing of the Malignant Party, of this Commonwealth—! I need but say it was so. For many of you know, and by sad experience have felt it to be so. And somebody I hope will, at leisure, better impart to you the state of that Business 'of Wales ;' which really, to myself and Officers, was as plain a trial of their spirits, 'the Parliament's spirits,' as anything,—it being known to many of us that God had kindled a seed there,[3] indeed hardly to be paralleled since the Primitive time.—

[1] 'things.'

[2] Clergymen so-called.

[3] Expression then correct enough : 'kindle'=*kindeln* (German), meaning 'give birth to,' 'create.' Occurs in Shakspeare more than once.

I would these had been all the instances we had! Finding, 'however,' which way the spirits of men went, finding that good was never intended to the People of God,—I mean, when I say the People of God, I mean the *large* comprehension of them, under the several Forms of Godliness in this Nation;—finding, I say, that all tenderness was forgotten to the Good People (though it was by *their* hands and their means, under the blessing of God, that *those* sat where they did),—we thought this very bad requital! I will not say, they were come to an utter inability of working Reformation,—though I might say so in regard to one thing: the Reformation of the Law, so much groaned under in the posture it now is in. [*Hear, hear!*] That was a thing we had many good words spoken for; but we know that many months together were not enough for the settling of one word, "Incumbrances" [*Three calendar months! A grim smile on some faces*],—I say, finding that this was the spirit and complexion of men,—although these were faults for which no man should lift-up his hand against the Superior Magistrate; not simply for these faults and failings,—yet when we saw that this 'New Representative of theirs' was meant to perpetuate men of such spirits; nay when we had it from their own mouths, That they could not endure to hear of the Dissolution of this Parliament: we thought this an high breach of trust. If they had been a Parliament never violence was upon,[1] sitting as free and clear as any in former ages, it was thought, this, to be a breach of trust, such as a greater could not be.

And that we might not be in doubt about these matters; having had that Conference among ourselves which I gave you an account of, we did desire one more,—and indeed it was the night before the Dissolution; it had been desired two or three nights before: we did desire that we might speak with some of the principal persons of the House. That we might with ingenuity open our hearts to them; that we might either be convinced of the certainty of their intentions; or else that they would be pleased to hear our expedients to prevent these inconveniences. And indeed we could not attain our

[1] Had no Pride's Purge, Apprentice-riot, or the like, ever come upon them.

desire till the night before the Dissolution. There is a touch of this in our Declaration.[1] As I said before, at that time we had often desired it, and at that time we obtained it: where about Twenty of them were, none of the least in consideration for their interest and ability; with whom we desired some discourse upon these things; and had it. And it pleased these Gentlemen, who are here, the Officers of the Army, to desire me to offer their sense for them, which I did, and it was shortly thus: We told them "the reason of our desire to wait upon them now was, that we might know from them, What security lay in their manner of proceeding, so hastened, for a New Representative; wherein they had made a few qualifications, such as they were: and How the whole business would, 'in actual practice,' be executed: Of which we had as yet no account; and yet we had our interest, our lives, estates and families therein concerned; and, we thought likewise, the Honest People had interest in us: 'How all this was to be?' That so, if it did seem they meant to appear in such honest and just ways as might be security to the Honest Interest, we might therein acquiesce: or else that they would hear what we had to offer." Indeed, when this desire was made, the answer was, "That nothing would do good for this Nation but the continuance of this Parliament!" We wondered we should have such a return. We said little to that: but, seeing they would not give us satisfaction that their ways were honourable and just, we craved their leave to make our objections. We then told them, That the way they were going in would be impracticable. 'That' we could not tell how to send out an Act with such qualifications as to be a rule for electing and for being elected, Until we first knew who the persons were that should be admitted to elect. And above all, Whether any of the qualifications reached 'so far as to include' the Presbyterian Party.[2] And we were bold to tell them, That none of that judgment who had deserted this Cause and Interest[3] should have any power therein. We did think we should profess it, That we had as good deliver

[1] Of April 22d; referred to, not given, at p. 340.

[2] 'Presbytery' in orig.

[3] None of your Royalists, Hamilton-Invasion Presbyterians.

up our Cause into the hands of any as into the hands of those who had deserted us, or who were as neuters! For it's one thing to love a brother, to bear with and love a person of different judgment in matters of religion; and another thing to have anybody so far set in the saddle on that account, as to have all the rest of his brethren at mercy.

Truly, Gentlemen, having this discourse concerning the impracticableness of the thing, the bringing-in of neuters, and such as had deserted this Cause, whom we very well knew; objecting likewise how dangerous it would be by drawing concourses of people in the several Counties (every person that was within the qualification or without); and how it did fall obvious to us that the power would come into the hands of men who had very little affection to this Cause: the answer again was made, and that by very eminent persons, "That nothing would save the Nation but the continuance of this Parliament." This being so, we humbly proposed,—since neither our counsels, our objections to their way of proceeding, nor their answers to justify that, did give us satisfaction; nor did we think they ever intended to give us any, which indeed some of them have since declared 'to be the fact,'—we proposed to them, I say, *our* expedient; which was indeed this: That the Government of the Nation being in such a condition as we saw, and things 'being' under so much ill sense abroad, and likely to end in confusion 'if we so proceeded,'—we desired they would devolve the trust over to some Well-affected Men, such as had an interest in the Nation, and were known to be of good affection to the Commonwealth. Which, we told them, was no new thing when this Land was under the like hurlyburlies. And we had been labouring to get precedents 'out of History' to convince them of it; and it was confessed by them it had been no new thing. This expedient we offered out of the deep sense we had of the Cause of Christ; and were answered so as I told you, That nothing would save this Nation but the continuance of that Parliament. 'The continuance:' they would not 'be brought to' say the *perpetuating* of it, at this time; yet we found their endeavours did directly tend that way; they gave

us this answer, "That the thing we offered was of a very high nature and of tender consideration: How would money be raised?"—and made some other objections. We told them 'how;' and that we here offered an expedient five times better than that 'of theirs,' for which no reason was given, nor we thought could be given [*Why should the Fag-end of this poor old Parliament, now fallen impotent except to raise money for itself, continue? No reason is given, nor we think can be, that will convince mankind*];—and desired them that they would lay things seriously to heart! They told us, They would take time for the consideration of these things till to-morrow; they would sleep upon them, and consult some friends; 'some friends,'—though, as I said, there were about Twenty-three 'of them here,' and not above Fifty-three in the House. And at parting, two or three of the chief of them, one of the chief [*O, Sir Harry Vane!*], and two or three more, did tell us, That they would endeavour to suspend farther proceedings about their Bill for a New Representative until they had another conference with us. And upon this we had great satisfaction; and had hope, if our expedient could receive a loving debate, that the next day we should have some such issue thereof as would give satisfaction to all.[1] And herewith they went away, 'it' being late at night.

The next morning, we considering how to order what we had farther to offer to them in the evening, word was brought us that the House was proceeding with all speed upon the New Representative! We could not believe it, that such persons would be so unworthy; we remained there till a second and third messenger came, with tidings That the House was really upon that business, and had brought it near to the issue,—and with that height[2] as was never before exercised; leaving out all things relating to the due exercise of the qualifications (which had appeared all along 'in it till now'); and 'meaning,' as we heard, to pass it only on paper, without engrossing, for the quicker despatch of it.—Thus, as we apprehend, would the Liberties of the Nation have been thrown away into the hands of those who had never fought for it.

[1] 'hoping by conference to have satisfaction to all' in orig.

[2] violence, height of temper.

And upon this we thought it our duty not to suffer it. [*No!*] —And upon this the House was dissolved, even when the Speaker was going to put the last question. [*Let* HIM *travel, at any rate!*]

I have too much troubled you with this: but we have made this relation, that you might know that what hath been done in the Dissolution of the Parliament was as necessary to be done as the preservation of this Cause. And the necessity which led us to do that, hath brought us to this 'present' issue, Of exercising an extraordinary way and course to draw You together 'here;' upon this account, that you are men who know the Lord, and have made observations of His marvellous Dispensations; and may be trusted, as far as men may be trusted, with this Cause.

It remains now for me to acquaint you 'a little' farther with what relates to your taking upon you this great Business. 'But indeed' that is contained in the Paper[1] here in my hand, which will be offered presently to you to read.[2] But having done that, we have done [*Dissolving of the Parliament; which cannot be repented of, and need not be boasted of!*] upon such ground of necessity as we have 'now' declared, which was not a feigned necessity but a real,—'it did behove us,' to the end we might manifest to the world the singleness of our hearts and our integrity who did these things, Not to grasp at the power ourselves, or keep it in military hands, no not for a day; but, as far as God enabled us with strength and ability, to put it into the hands of Proper Persons that might be called from the several parts of the Nation. This necessity; and I hope we may say for ourselves, this integrity of concluding to divest the Sword of all power in the Civil Administration,—hath been that that hath moved us to put You to this trouble 'of coming hither:' and having done that, truly

[1] An Indenture or Instrument of Government, some account of which can be found, if any one is curious about it, in Parliamentary History, xx. 175.

[2] Considerable discrepancies in the Two Reports throughout this paragraph; indicating some embarrassment and intricacy in the Speaker. Which with our best industry we endeavour to reconcile; to elicit from them what the real utterance, or thought and attempted utterance, of the Speaker may have been. The two Reporters being faithful according to their ability, and the Speaker faithful according to his, all discrepancies ought to dissolve themselves in clearer insight and conviction; as we hope they do.

we think we cannot, with the discharge of our own consciences, but offer somewhat to you on the devolving of the burden on your shoulders.[1] It hath been the practice of others who have, voluntarily and out of a sense of duty, divested themselves, and devolved the Government into new hands; I say, it hath been the practice of those that have done so; it hath been practised, and is very consonant to reason, To lay 'down,' together with their Authority, some Charge 'how to employ it'[2] (as we hope we have done), and to press the duty 'of employing it well:' concerning which we have a word or two to offer you.

Truly God hath called you to this Work by, I think, as wonderful providences as ever passed upon the sons of men in so short a time. And truly I think, taking the argument of necessity, for the Government must not *fall;* taking the appearance of the hand of God in this thing,—'I think' you would have been loath it should have been resigned into the hands of wicked men and enemies! I am sure, God would not have it so. It's come, therefore, to you by the way of necessity; by the way of the wise Providence of God,—through weak hands. And therefore, I think, coming through our hands, though such as we are, it may not be ill taken if we do offer somewhat (as I said before) as to the discharge of the Trust which is now incumbent upon you. [*Certainly not!*] And although I seem to speak of that which may have the face and interpretation of a Charge, it's a very humble one: and if he that means to be a Servant to you, who hath now called you to the exercise of the Supreme Authority, discharge what he conceives to be a duty to you, we hope you will take it in good part.

And truly I shall not hold you long in it; because I hope it's written in your hearts to approve yourselves to God. Only this Scripture I shall remember to you, which hath been

[1] 'for our own exoneration' in orig.

[2] He seems embarrassed lest he be thought to have some authority over this new Little Parliament, and to treat them as if he were their King. The dissolving of the old Parliament has also its embarrassment, though not so prominent here; and both together make an intricate paragraph. Our Two Reports, from this point, virtually coincide again.

much upon my spirit: *Hosea*, xi. 12, "Judah yet ruleth with God, and is faithful with the Saints." It's said before, that "Ephraim compassed God about with lies, and the house of Israel with deceit." How God hath been compassed about by fastings and thanksgivings,[1] and other exercises and transactions, I think we have all cause to lament. Truly you are called by God, 'as Judah was,' to "rule with Him," and for Him. And you are called to be faithful with the Saints who have been instrumental to your call. 'Again,' *Second Samuel*, xxi. 3, "He that ruleth over men," the Scripture saith, "must be just, ruling in the fear of God." [*Groans from Dryasdust. Patience, my friend! Really, does not all this seem an incredibility;—a palpable hypocrisy, since it is not the mouth of an imbecile that speaks it? My estimable timberheaded, leadenhearted friend, can there be any doubt of it?*]

And truly it's better to *pray* for you than to *counsel* you in that matter, That you may exercise the judgment of mercy and truth! It's better, I say, to pray for you than counsel you; to ask wisdom from Heaven for you; which I am confident many thousands of Saints do this day, 'and' have done, and will do, through the permission of God and His assistance. I say it's better to pray than advise: yet truly I think of another Scripture, which is very useful, though it seems to be for a common application to every man as a Christian,—wherein he is counselled to ask wisdom;[2] and he is told what that is. That's "from Above," we are told; it's "pure, peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits;" it's "without partiality and without hypocrisy." Truly my thoughts run much upon this place, that to the execution of judgment (the judgment of truth, for

[1] There was a Monthly Fast, the Last Wednesday of every Month, held duly for about Seven Years; till, after the King's Death, we abolished it. Immense preaching and howling, all over the country, there has been on these stated Wednesdays: sincere and insincere. Not to speak of due Thanksgivings for victories and felicities innumerable; all ending in this infelicitous condition! His Excellency thinks we ought to restrain such habits; not to imitate Ephraim, or the Long Parliament, in such. The rest of this Discourse is properly a Sermon of his; and one conceived in a different style.

[2] 'But the Wisdom that is from Above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated: full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace' (James, iii. 17 18).

that's the judgment) you must have wisdom "from Above;" and that's "pure." That will teach you to exercise the judgment of truth: it's "without partiality." Purity, impartiality, sincerity: these are the effects of "wisdom," and these will help you to execute the judgment of truth. And then if God give you hearts to be "easy to be entreated," to be "peaceably spirited," to be "full of good fruits," bearing good fruits to the Nation, to men as men, to the People of God, to all in their several stations,—*this* will teach you to execute the judgment of mercy and truth. [*Yes, if thou understand it; still yes,—and nothing else will!*] And I have little more to say to this. I shall rather bend my prayers for you in that behalf, as I said; and many others will.

Truly the "judgment of truth," it will teach you to be as just towards an Unbeliever as towards a Believer; and it's our duty to do so. I confess I have said sometimes, foolishly it may be: I had rather miscarry to a Believer than an Unbeliever.[1] This may seem a paradox:—but let's take heed of doing that which is evil to either! Oh, if God fill your hearts with such a spirit as Moses had, and as Paul had,—which was not a spirit for Believers only, but for the whole People! Moses, he could die for them; wish himself "blotted out of God's Book:"[2] Paul could wish himself "accursed for his countrymen after the flesh"[3] [*Let us never forget that, in Moses and Paul.—Are not these amazing sentiments, on their part, my estimable, timberheaded, leadenhearted friend?*]: so full of affection were their spirits unto all. And truly this would help you to execute the judgment of truth, and of mercy also.

A second thing is, To desire you would be faithful with the Saints; to be touched with them. And I hope, whatever others may think, it may be a matter to us all of rejoicing to have our hearts touched (with reverence be it spoken) as Christ, "being full of the spirit," was "touched with our infirmities," that He might be merciful. So should we be; we should be pitiful. Truly, this calls us to be very much touched with the infirmities of the Saints; that we may have a respect

[1] Do wrong to a good than to a bad man; a remarkable sentiment.
[2] Exodus, xxxii. 32. [3] Romans, ix. 3.

unto all, and be pitiful and tender towards all, though of different judgments. And if I did seem to speak something that reflected on those of the Presbyterial judgment,—truly I think if we have not an interest of love for them too, we shall[1] hardly answer this of being faithful to the Saints.

In my pilgrimage, and some exercises I have had abroad, I did read that Scripture often, Forty-first of *Isaiah;* where God gave me, and some of my fellows, encouragement 'as to' what He would do there and elsewhere; which He hath performed for us. He said, "He would plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah-tree, and the myrtle and the oil-tree; and He would set in the desert the fir-tree, and the pine-tree, and the box-tree together." For what end will the Lord do all this? "That they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together, That the hand of the Lord hath done this;"—that it is He who hath wrought all the salvations and deliverances we have received. For what end? To see, and know, and understand together, that He hath done and wrought all this for the good of the Whole Flock. [*Even so. For 'Saints' read 'Good Men;' and it is true to the end of the world.*] Therefore, I beseech you,—but I think I need not,—have a care of the Whole Flock! Love the sheep, love the lambs; love all, tender all, cherish and countenance all, in all things that are good. And if the poorest Christian, the most mistaken Christian, shall desire to live peaceably and quietly under you,—I say, if any shall desire but to lead a life of godliness and honesty, let him be protected.

I think I need not advise, much less press you, to endeavour the Promoting of the Gospel; to encourage the Ministry;[2] such a Ministry and such Ministers as be faithful in the land; upon whom the true character is. Men that have received the Spirit, which Christians will be able to discover, and do 'the will of;' men that "have received Gifts from Him who is ascended up on high, who hath led captivity captive, to *give* gifts to men,"[3] even for this same work of the Ministry! And truly the Apostle, speaking in another place, in the Twelfth of the *Romans*, when he has summed-up all the mercies of God,

[1] 'will' in orig. [2] Preaching Clergy. [3] Ephesians, iv. 8.

and the goodness of God; and discoursed, in the former Chapters, of the foundations of the Gospel, and of those things that are the subject of those first Eleven Chapters,—he beseecheth them to "present their bodies a living sacrifice." [*Note that!*] He beseecheth them that they would not esteem highly of themselves, but be humble and sober-minded, and not stretch themselves beyond their line; and also that they would have a care for those that "had received gifts" to the uses there mentioned. I speak not,—I thank God it is far from my heart,—for a Ministry deriving itself from the Papacy, and pretending to that which is so much insisted on, "Succession." ["*Hear, hear!*" *from the Puscyites.*] The true Succession is through the Spirit—[*I should say so!*]—given in its measure. The Spirit is given for that use, 'To make proper Speakers-forth of God's eternal Truth;' and that's right Succession. But I need not discourse of these things to you; who, I am persuaded, are taught of God, much more and in a greater measure than myself, concerning these things.

Indeed I have but one word more to say to you; though in that perhaps I shall show my weakness: it's by way of encouragement to go on in this Work. And give me leave to begin thus. I confess I never looked to see such a Day as this,—it may be nor you neither,—when Jesus Christ should be so owned as He is, this day, in this Work. Jesus Christ is owned this day by the Call of You; and you own Him by your willingness to appear for Him. And you manifest this, as far as poor creatures may do, to be a Day of the Power of Christ. I know you well remember that Scripture, "He makes His People willing in the day of His power."[1] God manifests this to be the Day of the Power of Christ; having, through so much blood, and so much trial as hath been upon these Nations, made this to be one of the great issues thereof: To have His People called to the Supreme Authority. [*A thing, I confess; worth striving for; and the one thing worth striving for!*] He makes this to be the greatest mercy, next to His own Son. God hath owned His Son; and He hath owned you, and made you own Him. I confess I never looked to have seen such a

[1] Psalm cx. 3; a favourite Psalm of Oliver's, as we know already, and solid Ludlow knows.

day ; I did not.—Perhaps you are not known by face to one another ; 'indeed' I am confident you are strangers, coming from all parts of the Nation as you do : but we shall tell you that indeed we have not allowed ourselves the choice of one person in whom we had not this good hope, That there was in him faith in Jesus Christ, and love to all His people and Saints. [*What a Parliament ; unexampled before and since in this world !*]

Thus God hath owned you in the eyes of the world ; and thus, by coming hither, you own Him : and, as it is in *Isaiah*, xliii. 21,—it's an high expression : and look to your own hearts whether, now or hereafter, God shall apply it to *you :* "This People," saith God, "I have formed for Myself, that they may show forth my praise." I say it's a memorable passage ; and, I hope, not unfitly applied : the Lord apply it to each of your hearts ! I shall not descant upon the words ; they are plain : indeed you are as like the "forming of God" as ever people were. If a man should tender a Book to you 'to swear you upon,' I dare appeal to all your consciences, Neither directly nor indirectly did you seek for your coming hither. You have been passive in coming hither ; being *called*, —and indeed that's an active work,—'though not on your part !' "This people have *I formed :*" consider the circumstances by which you are "called" hither ; through what strivings [*At Marston Moor, at Naseby, Dunbar and elsewhere*], through what blood you are come hither,—where neither you nor I, nor no man living, three months ago, had any thought to have seen such a company taking upon them, or rather being called to take, the Supreme Authority of this Nation ! Therefore own your call ! Indeed, I think it may be truly said that there never was a Supreme Authority consisting of such a Body, above One-hundred-and-forty, I believe ; 'never such a Body' that came into the Supreme Authority 'before,' under such a notion 'as this,' in such a way of owning God, and being owned by Him. And therefore I may also say, never such a "People" so "formed," for such a purpose, 'were' thus called before. [*These are lucent considerations ; lucent, nay radiant !*]

If it were a time to compare your standing with 'that of' those that have been "called" by the Suffrages of the People —[*He does not say what the result would be*]—Which who can tell how soon God may fit the People for such a thing? None can desire it more than I! Would all were the Lord's People; as it was said, "Would all the Lord's People were Prophets!" [*Fit to sit in Parliament and make Laws: alas, hitherto but few of them can "prophesy"!*] I would all were fit to be called. It ought to be the longing of our hearts to see men brought to own the Interest of Jesus Christ. And give me leave to say: If I know anything in the world, what is there likelier to win the People to the interest of Jesus Christ, to the love of Godliness (and therefore what stronger duty lies on you, being thus called), than an humble and godly conversation? So that they may see 'that' you love them; 'that' you lay yourselves out, time and spirits, for them! Is not this the likeliest way to bring them to their liberties? [*To make them free by being servants of God; free, and fit to elect for Parliament!*] And do not you, by this, put it upon God to find out times and seasons for you; 'fit seasons' by putting forth His Spirit? At least you convince them that, as men fearing God have fought them out of their bondage under the Regal Power, so men fearing God do now rule them in the fear of God, and take care to administer Good unto them.—But this is some digression. I say, own your call; for it is of God! Indeed, it is marvellous, and it hath been unprojected. It's not long since either you or we came to know of it. And indeed this hath been the way God dealt with us all along, To keep things from our eyes all along, so that we have seen nothing, in all His dispensations, long beforehand;—which is also a witness, in some measure, to our integrity. ["*Integrity!*" *from Dryasdust.—Husht, my friend, it is incredible! A flat impossibility, how can it be believed? To the human Owl, living in his perennial London Fog, in his Twilight of all imaginable corrupt Exhalations, and with his poor head, too, overspun to such extent with red-tape, parliamentary eloquence, force of public opinion and suchlike, how shall the Azure Firmaments and Everlasting Stars become credible? They are and remain*

incredible. From his shut sense all light-rays are victoriously repelled; no light shall get admittance there. In no Heaven's-light will he, for his part, ever believe;—till at last, as is the necessity withal, it come to him as lightning! Then he will believe it.]—I say, you are called with an high calling. And why should we be afraid to say or think, That *this* may be the door to usher in the Things that God has promised; which have been prophesied of; which He has set the hearts of His People to wait for and expect?[1] We know who they are that shall war with the Lamb, "against His enemies:" they shall be "a people called, and chosen and faithful." And God hath, in a Military way,—we may speak it without flattering ourselves, and I believe you know it,—He hath appeared with them, 'with that same "people,"' and for them; and now in these Civil Powers and Authorities 'does not He appear'? These are not ill prognostications of the God we wait for. Indeed I do think somewhat is at the door: we are at the threshold;—and therefore it becomes us to lift-up our heads, and encourage ourselves in the Lord. And we have thought, some of us, That it is our duties to *endeavour* this way; not merely to *look* at that Prophecy in Daniel, "And the Kingdom shall not be delivered to another people," 'and passively wait.' Truly God hath brought this to your hands; by the owning of your call; blessing the Military Power. The Lord hath directed their [*our*] hearts to be instrumental to call you; and set it upon our hearts to deliver over the Power "to another people." [*Therefore "we" are not the persons prophesied of?*]—But I may appear to be beyond my line here; these things are dark. Only, I desire my thoughts[2] to be exercised in these things, and so I hope are yours.

Truly seeing things are thus, that you are at the edge of the Promises and Prophecies—[*Does not say what results*]—At least, if there were neither Promise nor Prophecy, yet you are carrying-on the best things, you are endeavouring after the best things; and, as I have said elsewhere,[3] if I were to

[1] Hundred-and-tenth Psalm, and other Scriptures, are known to Ludlow and us!

[2] 'senses' in orig.

[3] In some Speech now lost:—probably in many Speeches: certainly in all manner of Practice and Action.

choose any servant, the meanest Officer for the Army or the Commonwealth, I would choose a godly man that hath principles. Especially where a trust is to be committed. Because I know where to *have* a man that hath principles. I believe if any one of you should choose a servant, you would do thus. And I would all our Magistrates were so chosen :—this may be done ; there may be good effects of this ! Surely it's our duty to choose men that fear the Lord, and will praise the Lord : such hath the Lord "formed for Himself ;" and He expects no praises from *other* 'than such.' [*O, Secretary of the Home Department, my right honourable friend !*]

This being so, truly it puts me in mind of another Scripture, that famous Psalm, Sixty-eighth Psalm ;[1] which indeed is a glorious Prophecy, I am persuaded, of the Gospel Churches,—it may be, of the Jews also. There it prophesies that "He will bring His People again from the depths of the Sea, as once He led Israel through the Red Sea." And it may be, as some think, God will bring the Jews home to their station "from the isles of the sea," and answer their expectations "as from the depths of the sea." But, 'at all events,' sure I am, when the Lord shall set-up the glory of the Gospel Church, it shall be a gathering of people as "out of deep waters," "out of the multitude of waters :" such are His People, drawn out of the multitudes of the Nations and People of this world.—And truly that Psalm is very glorious in

[1] We remember it ever since Dunbar morning ; let us read a passage or two of it again : His Excellency and the Little Parliament will perhaps wait a moment ; and it may do us good !

'Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered : let them also that hate Him flee before Him. As smoke is driven away, so drive them away ; as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish before the presence of God.' The unhappy !

'But let the righteous be glad : let them rejoice before God, yea let them rejoice exceedingly. Sing unto God, sing praises to His name. A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation,—

'O God, when Thou wentest forth before Thy People,— —the Earth shook, the Heavens also dropped. Kings of Armies did flee apace ; and she that tarried at home divided the spoil.' Ye poor and brave, be ye of courage ! 'Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.

'The Hill of God is as the Hill of Bashan ; an high Hill as the Hill of Bashan.' Inexpugnable, that ! 'Why leap ye, ye high Hills ? This is the Hill of God, which God desireth to dwell in : yea the Lord will dwell in it forever. The chariots of God are twenty-thousand, even thousands of Angels ; the Lord is among them, as in Sinai in the holy place,'

many other parts of it: When He gathers them, "great was the company" of them that publish His word. "Kings of Armies did flee apace, and she that tarried at home divided the spoil" [*Consider Charles Stuart, First and Second; and what we see this day!*]; and "Although ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." [*Hah!*] And indeed the triumph of that Psalm is exceeding high and great; and God is accomplishing it. And the close of it,—that closeth with my heart, and I do not doubt with yours, "The Lord shakes the hills and mountains, and they reel." And God hath a Hill too; "an high Hill as the Hill of Bashan: and the chariots of God are twenty-thousand, even thousands of Angels, and God will dwell upon this Hill for ever!"—[PROCUL PROFANI! *The man is without a soul that looks into this Great Soul of a man, radiant with the splendours of very Heaven, and sees nothing there but the shadow of his own mean darkness. Ape of the Dead Sea, peering asquint into the Holy of Holies, let us have done with* THY *commentaries! Thou canst not fathom it.*]

I am sorry I have troubled you, in such a place of heat as this is, so long. All I have to say, in my own name, and that of my fellow Officers who have joined with me in this work, is: That we shall commend you to the grace of God, to the guidance of His Spirit: 'That' having thus far served you, or rather our Lord Jesus Christ 'in regard to you,' we shall be ready in our stations, according as the Providence of God shall lead us, to be subservient to the 'farther' work of God, and to that Authority which we shall reckon God hath set over us. And though we have no formal thing to present you with, to which the hands, or visible expressions, of the Officers and Soldiers of the three Nations of England, Scotland and Ireland 'are set;' yet we may say of them, and we may say also with confidence for our brethren at Sea,—with whom neither in Scotland, Ireland, nor at Sea, hath there been any artifice used to persuade their consents to this work,—that nevertheless their consents have flowed in to us from all parts, beyond our expectations: and we may with all confidence say, that as we have their approbation and full consent

to the other work, so you have their hearts and affections unto this.[1] And not only theirs: we have very many Papers from the Churches of Christ throughout the Nation; wonderfully both approving what hath been done in removing of obstacles, and approving what we have done in this very thing. And having said this, we shall trouble you no more. But if you will be pleased that this Instrument[2] be read to you, which I have signed by the advice of the Council of Officers, —we shall then leave you to your own thoughts and the guidance of God; to dispose of yourselves for a farther meeting, as you shall see cause.[3]

I have only this to add. The affairs of the Nation lying on our hands to be taken care of; and we knowing that both the Affairs at Sea, the Armies in Ireland and Scotland, and the providing of things for the preventing of inconveniences, and the answering of emergencies, did require that there should be no Interruption, but that care ought to be taken for these things; and foreseeing likewise that before you could digest yourselves into such a method, both for place, time and other circumstances, as you shall please to proceed in, some time would be required,—which the Commonwealth could not bear in respect to the managing of things: I have, within a week 'past,' set-up a Council of State, to whom the managing of affairs is committed. Who, I may say, very voluntarily and freely, before they see how the issue of things will be, have engaged themselves in business; eight or nine of them being Members of the House that late was.—I say I did exercise that power which, I thought, was devolved upon me at that time; to the end affairs might not have any interval 'or interruption.' And now when you are met, it will ask some time for the settling of your affairs and your way. And, 'on the other hand,' a day cannot be lost, 'or left vacant,' but they must be in continual Council till you take farther order.

[1] 'other work' delicately means dissolving the old Parliament; 'this' is assembling of you, 'this very thing.'

[2] The Instrument is to be found among the Old Pamphlets: but being of a much lower strain, mere constitutionalities, &c. in phrase and purport alike leaden, we do not read it.

[3] Report in Parliamentary History, and the common Pamphlets, ends here.

So that the whole matter of their consideration also which regards them is at your disposal, as you shall see cause. And therefore I thought it my duty to acquaint you with thus much, to prevent distractions in your way: That things have been thus ordered; that your affairs will 'not stop, but' go on, 'in the meanwhile,'—till you see cause to alter this Council; they having no authority or continuance of sitting, except simply until you take farther order.[1]

The reader has now struggled through this First Speech of my Lord General's; not without astonishment to find that he has some understanding of it. The Editor has had his difficulties: but the Editor too is astonished to consider how such a Speech should have lain so long before the English Nation, asking, "Is there no meaning whatever in me, then?"—with negatory response from almost all persons. Incompetent Reporters;—still more the obscene droppings of an extensive Owl-population, the accumulated *guano* of Human Stupor in the course of ages, do render Speeches unintelligible! It ought to be added, that my Lord General always spoke extempore; ready to speak, if his mind were full of meaning; very careless about the words he put it into. And never, except in one instance, which we shall by and by come upon, does he seem to have taken any charge as to what Report might be published of it. One of his Parliaments once asks him for a correct Report of a certain Speech, spoken some days before: he declares, "He cannot remember four lines of it."[2] It appears also that his meaning, much as Dryasdust may wonder, was generally very well understood by his audience:—it was not till next generation, when the owl-droppings already lay thick, and Human Stupor had decidedly set in, that the cry of Unintelligibility was much heard of. Tones and looks do much;—yes, and the *having* a meaning in you is also a great help! Indeed, I fancy he must have been an opaque man to whom these utterances of such a man, all in a blaze with such a conviction of heart, had remained altogether dark.

The printed state of this Speech, and still more of some others, will impose hard duties on an Editor; which kind readers must

[1] Milton State-Papers, pp. 106–114: and Parliamentary History, xx. 153–175; which latter is identical with Harleian Miscellany (London, 1810), vi. 331–344. Our Report, in some cramp passages, which could not always be indicated without confusion, is a *tertium quid* between these two. Generally throughout we adhere to Milton's, which is the more concise, intelligible and everyway better Report.

[2] Burton's Diary. Postea, Speech XVII.

take their share of. In the present case, it is surprising how little change has been needed, beyond the mere punctuation, and correct division into sentences. Not the slightest change of meaning has, of course, anywhere seemed, or shall anywhere seem, permissible; nor indeed the twentieth part of that kind of liberty which a skilful Newspaper Reporter takes with every speech he commits to print in our day.

A certain Critic, whom I sometimes cite from, but seldom without some reluctance, winds-up his multifarious Commentaries on the present Speech in the following extraordinary way:

'Intelligent readers,' says he, 'have found intelligibility in this Speech of Oliver's: but to one who has had to read it as a painful Editor, reading every fibre of it with magnifying-glasses, has to do,—it becomes all glowing with intelligibility, with credibility; with the splendour of genuine Veracity and heroic Depth and Manfulness;—and seems in fact, as Oliver's Speeches generally do, to an altogether singular degree, the express image of the soul it came from!—Is not this the end of all speaking, and wagging of the tongue in every conceivable sort, except the false and accursed sorts? Shall we call Oliver a *bad* Speaker, then; shall we not, in a very fundamental sense, call him a good Speaker?—

'Art of Speech? Art of Speech? The Art of Speech, I take it, will first of all be the art of having something genuine to speak! Into what strange regions has it carried us, that same sublime "Art," taken up otherwise! One of the saddest bewilderments, when I look at all the bearings of it, nay properly the fountain of all the sad bewilderments, under which poor mortals painfully somnambulate in these generations. "I have made an excellent Speech about it, written an excellent Book about it,"—and there an end. How much better, hadst thou done a moderately good deed about it, and not had anything to speak at all! He who is about *doing* some mute veracity has a right to be heard speaking, and consulting of the doing of it; and properly no other has. The light of a man shining all as a paltry phosphorescence on the surface of him, leaving the interior dark, chaotic, sordid, dead-alive,—was once regarded as a most mournful phenomenon!

'False Speech is probably capable of being the falsest and most accursed of all things. False Speech; so false that it has not even the veracity to know that it is false,—as the poor commonplace *liar* still does! I have heard Speakers who gave rise to thoughts in me *they* were little dreaming of suggesting! Is man, then, no longer an "Incarnate Word," as Novalis calls him,—sent into this world to utter out of him, and by all means to make

audible and visible what of *God's*-Message he has; sent hither and made alive even for that, and for no other definable object? Is there no sacredness, then, any longer, in the miraculous tongue of man? Is his head become a wretched cracked pitcher, on which you jingle to frighten crows, and make bees hive? He fills me with terror, this two-legged Rhetorical Phantasm! I could long for an Oliver without Rhetoric at all. I could long for a Mahomet, whose persuasive-eloquence, with wild-flashing heart and scimitar, is: "Wretched mortal, give up that; or by the Eternal, thy Maker and mine, I will kill thee! Thou blasphemous scandalous Misbirth of Nature, is not even that the kindest thing I can do for thee, if thou repent not and alter, in the name of Allah?"'—

LETTERS CLXXXIX.—CXCI.

Concerning this Puritan Convention of the Notables, which in English History is called the *Little Parliament*, and derisively *Barebones's Parliament*, we have not much more to say. They are, if by no means the remarkablest Assembly, yet the Assembly for the remarkablest purpose who have ever met in the Modern World. The business is, No less than introducing of the Christian Religion into real practice in the Social Affairs of this Nation. Christian Religion, Scriptures of the Old and New Testament: such, for many hundred years, has been the universal solemnly recognised Theory of all men's Affairs; Theory sent down out of Heaven itself: but the question is now that of reducing it to Practice in said Affairs;—a most noble, surely, and most necessary attempt; which should not have been put off so long in this Nation! We have conquered the enemies of Christ; let us now, in real practical earnest, set about doing the Commandments of Christ, now that there is free room for us! Such was the purpose of this Puritan Assembly of the Notables which History calls the *Little Parliament*, or derisively *Barebones's Parliament*.

It is well known they failed: to us, alas, it is too evident they could not but fail. Fearful impediments lay against that effort of theirs: the sluggishness, the slavish half-and-halfness, the greediness, the cowardice, and general opacity and falsity of some ten million men against it;—alas, the whole world, and what we call the Devil and all his angels, against it! Considerable angels, human and other: most extensive arrangements, investments, to be sold-off at a tremendous sacrifice;—in general the entire set of luggage-traps and very extensive stock of merchant-goods and real and

floating property, amassed by that assiduous Entity above mentioned, for a thousand years or more! For these, and also for other obstructions, it could not take effect at that time;—and the *Little Parliament* became a *Barebones's Parliament*, and had to go its way again.

Read these three Letters, two of them of small or no significance as to it or its affairs; and then let us hasten to the catastrophe.

LETTER CLXXXIX.

THE Little Parliament has now sat some seven weeks; the dim old world of England, then in huge travail-throes, and somewhat of the Lord General's sad and great reflections thereon, may be dimly read here.

'For the Right Honourable Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland: These.'

Cockpit, 22d August, 1653.

DEAR CHARLES,

Although I do not so often as is desired by me acquaint you how it is with me, yet I doubt not of your prayers in my behalf, That in all things I may walk as becometh the Gospel.

Truly I never more needed all helps from my Christian Friends than now! Fain would I have my service accepted of the Saints, if the Lord will;—but it is not so. Being of different judgments, and 'those' of each sort seeking most to propagate their own, that spirit of kindness that is [1] to them all, is hardly accepted of any. I hope I can say it, My life has been a willing sacrifice,—and I hope,—for them *all*. Yet it much falls out as when the Two Hebrews were rebuked: you know upon whom they turned their displeasure![2]

But the Lord is wise; and will, I trust, make manifest that I am no enemy. Oh, how easy is mercy to be abused:—Persuade friends with you to be very sober! If the Day of the

[1] 'in me' modestly suppressed.

[2] 'And he,' the wrongdoer of the Two, 'said unto Moses, "Who made thee a Prince and a Judge over us? Intendest thou to kill me, as thou killedst the Egyptian!"' (Exodus, ii. 14.)

Lord *be* so near as some say, how should our moderation appear! If every one, instead of contending, would justify his form 'of judgment' by love and meekness, Wisdom would be "justified of her children." But, alas!— —

I am, in my temptation, ready to say, "Oh, would I had wings like a dove, then would I," &c :[1] but this, I fear, is my "haste." I bless the Lord I have somewhat keeps me alive: some sparks of the light of His countenance, and some sincerity above man's judgment. Excuse me thus unbowelling myself to you: pray for me; and desire my Friends to do so also. My love to thy dear Wife,—whom indeed I entirely love, both naturally and upon the best account;—and my blessing, if it be worth anything, upon thy little Babe.

Sir George Ayscough having occasions with you, desired my Letters to you on his behalf: if he come or send, I pray you show him what favour you can. Indeed his services have been considerable for the State; and I doubt he hath not been answered with suitable respect. Therefore again I desire you and the Commissioners to take him into a very particular care, and help him so far as justice and reason will anyways afford.

Remember my hearty affections to all the Officers. The Lord bless you all. So prayeth your truly loving father,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' All here love you, and are in health, your Children and all.[2]

LETTER CXC.

IN the Commons Journals,[3] while this Little Parliament sat, we find that, among other good services, the arrangement of the

[1] 'then would I fly away, and be at rest. Lo, then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness. I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest!' (Psalm lv. 6, 7, 8).

[2] Harleian MSS. no. 7502, f. 13: 'Copyed from the Original in ye hands of Mrs. Cook (Grandaughter to Lieutenant-General Fleetwood) of Newington, Midsex: Novr 5, 1759, by A. Gifford.' Printed, without reference, incorrectly, in Annual Register for 1761, p. 49; in Gentleman's Magazine, &c.—Appendix, No. 27.

[3] vii. 323, 23d September 1653,

Customs Department was new-modelled; that instead of Farmers of the Customs, there was a 'Committee' of the Parliament appointed to regulate and levy that impost: Committee appointed on the 23d of September 1653: among whom we recognise 'Alderman Ireton,' the deceased General's Brother; 'Mr. Mayor,' of Hursley, Richard Cromwell's Father-in-Law; 'Alderman Titchborne;' 'Colonel Montague,' afterwards Earl of Sandwich; and others. It is to this Committee that Oliver's Letter is addressed. It has no date of time: but as the Little Parliament ended, in Self-dissolution and Protectorship, on the 12th of December, the date of the Letter lies between the 23d September and that other limit. My Lord General,—who is himself a Member of the Parliament, he and his chief Officers having been forthwith invited to sit,—feels evidently that his recommendations, when grounded in justice, ought to be attended to.

For my honoured Friends, the Committee for Regulating the Customs: These present.

'Cockpit, October 1653.'

GENTLEMEN,

I am sorry after recommendation of a Friend of mine the Bearer hereof,—considering him in relation to his poor Parents an object of pity and commiseration, yet well deserving and not less qualified for employment,—he should find such cold success amongst you.

His great necessities and my love once more invite me to write unto you, in his behalf, To bestow on him, if it may not be in the City by reason of multiplicity of suitors, a place in the Out-ports: and I doubt not but his utmost abilities will be improved to the faithful discharging of such trust as you shall impose on him, for the good of the Commonwealth. And thereby you will engage him who remains, your affectionate friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

LETTER CXCI.

THIS 'Henry Weston,' otherwise unknown to all Editors, is a Gentleman of Surrey; his 'House at Ockham,' not *Oakham*, is in the neighbourhood of Guildford in that County. So much,

[1] Letter genuine, *teste me*; reference unfortunately lost.

strangely enough, an old stone Tablet still legible in Ockham Church, which a beneficent hand has pointed out, enables me to say;—an authentic dim old Stone in Surrey, curiously reflecting light on a dim old Piece of Paper which has fluttered far about the world before it reached us here! 'Brother Ford,' I find by the same authority, is of knightly rank in Sussex: and Henry Weston's Father 'lieth buried in the Chancel of Speldhurst Church' in Kent; his Uncle, a childless man, resting here at Ockham, 'since the 8th day of July 1638, in the clymacteric of his age, 63.'[1]—'Reverend Mr. Draper' has not elsewhere come across me. Happily we can hope he officiates well in Kent; and read this Letter without other light.

For my honoured Friend Henry Weston, Esquire, at his House in Ockham: These.

'London,' 16th Nov. 1653.

SIR, MY NOBLE FRIEND,

Your Brother Ford was lately with me, acquainting me with my presumption in moving for, and your civility in granting, the Advowson of Speldhurst to one Mr. Draper, who is now incumbent there, and who, it seems, was there for three or four years before the death of the old incumbent, by virtue of a sequestration.

Sir, I had almost forgot upon what account I made thus bold with you; but now have fully recollected. I understand the person is very able and honest, well approved of by most of the good ministers thereabout; and much desired by the honest people who are in a Religious Association in those parts.[2] Wherefore I now most heartily own and thank you for your favour showed Mr. Draper for my sake; beseeching the continuance of your respects to the Gentleman,—who shall be very much tied to pay you all service; and so shall, in what lieth in his power, your affectionate friend to serve you,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

[1] Copy of the Inscription *penes me.*

[2] Has crossed-out 'thereabouts;' and written 'in those parts,' as preferable.

[3] Additional Ayscough MSS. no. 12,098. Original, in good preservation; with this endorsement in a newer hand: 'The General Cromwell's letter about Spelderst living;' and this Note appended: 'In an old Bible I had from England with other Books, March 1726.' Some Transatlantic Puritan, to all appearance.

And now to Parliament affairs again,—to the catastrophe now nigh.

On the whole, we have to say of this Little Parliament, that it sat for five months and odd days, very earnestly striving; earnestly, nobly,—and by no means unwisely, as the ignorant Histories teach. But the farther it advanced towards real Christianism in human affairs, the louder grew the shrieks of Sham-Christianism everywhere profitably lodged there;—and prudent persons, responsible for the issue, discovered that of a truth, for one reason or another, for reasons evident and for reasons not evident, there could be no success according to that method. We said, the History of this Little Parliament lay all buried very deep in the torpors of Human Stupidity, and was not likely ever to be brought into daylight in this world. In their five-months time they passed various good Acts; chose, with good insight, a new Council of State; took wise charge of the needful Supplies; did all the routine business of a Parliament in a quite unexceptionable, or even in a superior manner. Concerning their Council of State, I find this Note; which, though the Council had soon to alter itself, and take new figures, may be worth appending here.[1]

Routine business done altogether well by this Little Parliament. But, alas, they had decided on abolishing Tithes, on supporting a Christian Ministry by some other method than Tithes;—nay far worse, they had decided on abolishing the Court of Chancery! Finding grievances greater than could be borne; finding, for one thing, 'Twenty-three thousand Causes of from five to thirty years continuance' lying undetermined in Chancery, it seemed to the Little Parliament that some Court ought to be contrived which would actually determine these and the like Causes;—and that, on the whole, Chancery would be better for abolition. Vote to that effect stands registered in the Commons Journals:[2] but still, for near two-hundred years now, only expects fulfilment. So far as

[1] Council of State elected,—Tuesday 1st November 1653 (Commons Journals, vii. 344), The Election is by ballot, 113 Members present; 'Colonel Montague' (Sandwich), 'Colonel Cromwell' (Henry), and 'Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper,' are three of the Four Scrutineers. Among the Names reported as chosen, here are some, with the Numbers voting for them: Lord General Cromwell (113, one and all); Sir Gilbert Pickering (Poet Dryden's Cousin and Patron,—110); Desborow (74); Harrison (58); Mayor (of Hursley,—57); Colonel Montague (59); Ashley Cooper (60); Lord Viscount Lisle (Algernon Sidney's Brother,—58); Colonel Norton (idle Dick, recovered from the Pride's Purge again, but liable to relapse again,—57). The Council is of Thirty one; Sixteen of the Old or Interim Council (above referred to in Cromwell's Speech are to continue; Fifteen new: these mentioned here are all among the Old, whom the Lord General and his Officers had already nominated.

[2] vii. 296; 5th August 1653.

one can discover in the huge twilight of Dryasdust, it was mainly by this attack on the Lawyers, and attempt to abolish Chancery, that the Little Parliament perished. Tithes helped, no doubt; and the clamours of a safely-settled Ministry, Presbyterian-Royalists many of them. But the Lawyers exclaimed: "Chancery? Law of the Bible? Do you mean to bring-in the *Mosaic Dispensation*, then; and deprive men of their properties? Deprive men of their properties; and us of our learned wigs and lucrative longwinded senses,—with your search for 'Simple Justice' and 'God's Law,' instead of Learned-Sergeant's Law?"—There was immense 'carousing in the Temple' when this Parliament ended; as great tremors had been in the like quarters while it continued.[1]

But in brief, on Friday the 2d of December 1653, there came a 'Report from the Tithes-Committee,' recommending that Ministers of an incompetent, simoniacal, loose, or otherwise scandalous nature, plainly unfit to preach any Gospel to immortal creatures, should have a Travelling Commission of chosen Puritan Persons appointed, to travel into all Counties, and straightway inspect them, and eject them, and clear Christ's Church of them:—whereupon there ensued high debatings: Accept the Report, or not accept it? High debatings, for the space of ten days; with Parliamentary manœuverings, not necessary to specify here. Which rose ever higher; and on Saturday the 10th, had got so high that, as I am credibly informed, certain leading persons went about colleaguing and consulting, instead of attending Public Worship on the Lord's-day:—and so, on Monday morning early, while the extreme Gospel Party had not yet assembled in the House, it was surreptitiously moved and carried, old Speaker Rouse somewhat treacherously assenting to it, 'That the sitting of this Parliament any longer, as now constituted, will not be for the good of the Commonwealth; and that therefore it is requisite to deliver-up unto the Lord General Cromwell the Powers which we received from him!' Whereupon, adds the same Rhadamanthine Record, the House rose; and the Speaker, with many of the Members of the House, departed out of the House to Whitehall: where they, being the greater number of the Members sitting in Parliament, did, by a Writing,' hastily redacted in the waiting-room there, and signed on separate bits of paper hastily wafered together, 'resign unto his Excellency their said Powers. And Mr. Speaker, attended by the Members, did present the same unto his Excellency accordingly,'—and retired into private life again.[2]

[1] Exact Relation of the Transactions of the late Parliament, by a Member of the same (London, 1654): reprinted in Somers Tracts, vi. 266–84.

[2] Commons Journals, vii. 363; Exact Relation, ubi supra; Whitlocke, p. 551, &c.

The Lord General Cromwell testified much emotion and surprise at this result;—emotion and surprise which Dryasdust knows well how to interpret. In fact, the Lord General is responsible to England and Heaven for this result; and it is one of some moment! He and the established Council of State, 'Council of Officers and' non-established 'Persons of Interest in the Nation,' must consider what they will now do!

Clearly enough to them, and to us, there can only one thing be done: search be made, Whether there is any King, *Könning*, Canning, or Supremely Able-Man that you can fall-in with, to take charge of these conflicting and colliding elements, drifting towards swift wreck otherwise;—any 'Parish Constable,' as Oliver himself defines it, to bid good men keep the peace to one another. To your unspeakable good-luck, such Supremely Able-Man, King, Constable, or by whatever name you will call him, is already found,—known to all persons for years past: your Puritan Interest is not yet necessarily a wreck; but may still float, and do what farther is in it, while he can float!

From Monday onwards, the excitement of the public mind in old London and whithersoever the news went, in those winter days, must have been great. The 'Lord General called a Council of Officers and other Persons of Interest in the Nation,' as we said; and there was 'much seeking of God by prayer,' and abstruse advising of this matter,—the matter being really great, and to some of us even awful! The dialogues, conferences and abstruse advisings are all lost; the result we know for certain. Monday was 12th of December; on Friday 16th, the result became manifest to all the world: That the ablest of Englishmen, Oliver Cromwell, was henceforth to be recognised for Supremely Able; and that the Title of him was to be LORD PROTECTOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND IRELAND, with 'Instrument of Government,' 'Council of Fifteen or of Twenty-one,' and other necessary less important circumstances, of the like conceivable nature.

The Instrument of Government, a carefully constitutional piece in Forty-two Articles; the Ceremony of Installation, transacted with due simplicity and much modest dignity, 'in the Chancery Court in Westminster Hall,' that Friday afternoon;—the chair of state, the Judges in their robes, Lord Mayors with caps of maintenance; the state-coaches, outriders, outrunners, and 'great shoutings of the people;' the procession from and to Whitehall, and 'Mr. Lockier the Chaplain's Exhortation' to us there: these, with the inevitable adjuncts of the case, shall be conceived by in-

genious readers, or read in innumerable Pamphlets and Books,[1] and omitted here. 'His Highness was in a rich but plain suit; black velvet, with cloak of the same: about his hat a broad band of gold.' Does the reader see him? A rather likely figure, I think. Stands some five feet ten or more; a man of strong solid stature, and dignified, now partly military carriage: the expression of him valour and devout intelligence,—energy and delicacy on a basis of simplicity. Fifty-four years old, gone April last; ruddy-fair complexion, bronzed by toil and age; light-brown hair and mustache are getting streaked with gray. A figure of sufficient impressiveness;—not lovely to the man-milliner species, nor pretending to be so. Massive stature; big massive head, of somewhat leonine aspect, 'evident workshop and storehouse of a vast treasury of natural parts.' Wart above the right eyebrow; nose of considerable blunt-aquiline proportions; strict yet copious lips, full of all tremulous sensibilities, and also, if need were, of all fiercenesses and rigours; deep loving eyes, call them grave, call them stern, looking from under those craggy brows, as if in lifelong sorrow, and yet not thinking it sorrow, thinking it only labour and endeavour:—on the whole, a right noble lion-face and hero-face; and to me royal enough.[2] The reader, in his mind, shall conceive this event and its figures.

Conceived too, or read elsewhere than here, shall Dryasdust's multifarious unmelodious commentaries be,—and likewise Anti-Dryasdust's; the two together cancelling one another; and amounting pretty well, by this time, to *zero* for us. 'Love of power,' as flunkies love it, remains the one credibility for Dryasdust; and will for ever remain. To the valet-soul how will you demonstrate that, in this world, there is or was anything heroic? You cannot do it; you need not try to do it.—I cite with some reluctance from a Manuscript Author, often enough referred to here, the following detached sentences, and so close this Seventh Part.

'Dryasdust knows not the value of a King,' exclaims he; 'the bewildered mortal has forgotten it. Finding Kings'-cloaks so cheap, hung out on every hedge, and paltry as beggars' gabardines, he says, "What use is in a King? This King's-cloak, if this be your King, is naught!"—

'Power? Love of power? Does "power" mean the faculty of giving places, of having newspaper paragraphs, of being waited on

[1] Whitlocke, pp. 552-61; Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 121, in Parliamentary History, xx.); &c. &c.

[2] Maidston's Letter to Winthrop, in Thurloe, i. 763-8; Cooper's Portraits; Mask of Cromwell's Face (in the Statuaries' Shops).

by sycophants? To ride in gilt coaches, escorted by the flunky-isms and most sweet voices,—I assure thee, it is not the Heaven of all, but only of many! Some born Kings I myself have known, of stout natural limbs, who, in shoes of moderately good fit, found quiet *walking* handier; and crowned themselves, almost too sufficiently, by putting on their own private hat, with some spoken or speechless, "God enable me to be King of what lies under this! For Eternities lie under it, and Infinitudes, and Heaven also and Hell. And it is as big as the Universe, this Kingdom; and I am to conquer it, or be forever conquered by it, now while it is called Today!"—

'The love of "power," if thou understand what to the manful heart "power" signifies, is a very noble and indispensable love. And here and there, in the outer world too, there is a due throne for the noble man;—which let him see well that he seize, and valiantly defend against all men and things. God gives it him; let no Devil take it away. Thou also art called by the God's-message: This, if thou canst read the Heavenly omens and dare do them, this work is *thine*. Voiceless, or with no articulate voice, Occasion, god-sent, rushes storming on, amid the world's events; swift, perilous; like a whirlwind, like a fleet lightning-steed: manfully thou shalt clutch it by the mane, and vault into thy seat on it, and ride and guide there, thou! Wreck and ignominious overthrow, if thou have dared when the Occasion was *not* thine: everlasting scorn to thee if thou dare not when it is;—if the cackling of Roman geese and Constitutional ganders, if the clack of human tongues and leading-articles, if the steel of armies and the crack of Doom deter thee, when the voice *was* God's!—Yes, this too is in the law for a man, my poor quack-ridden, bewildered Constitutional friends; and we ought to remember this withal. *Thou shalt* is written upon Life in characters as terrible as *Thou shalt not*,—though poor Dryasdust reads almost nothing but the latter hitherto.'

And so we close Part Seventh; and proceed to trace with all piety, what faint authentic vestiges of Oliver's Protectorate the envious Stupidities have not obliterated for us.

PART EIGHTH.

FIRST PROTECTORATE PARLIAMENT.

1654.

LETTERS CXCII.—CXCV.

The 3d of September ever since Worcester Battle has been kept as a Day of Thanksgiving; commemorative of the mercy at Dunbar in 1650, and of the crowning-mercy which followed next year; —a memorable day for the Commonwealth of England. By Article Seventh of the Instrument of Government, it is now farther provided that a Parliament shall meet on that auspicious Anniversary when it next comes round. September 3d, 1654, then shall the First Protectorate Parliament meet; successive Parliaments, one at least every Three years, are to follow, but this shall be the First. Not to be dissolved, or prorogued, for at least Five months. Free Parliament of Four-hundred; for England Three-hundred-and-forty, for Scotland Thirty, for Ireland Thirty; fairly chosen by Election of the People, according to rules anxiously constitutional, laid down in that same Instrument,—which we do not dwell upon here. Smaller Boroughs are excluded; among Counties and larger Boroughs is a more equable division of representatives according to their population: nobody to vote that has not some clearly visible property to the value of Two-hundred Pounds; but all that have can vote, and can be voted for,—except, of course, all such as have appeared against the Parliament in any of these Wars 'since the First of January 1642,' and 'not since given signal testimony' of their repenting that step. To appearance, a very reasonable Reform Bill;—understood to be substantially the same with that invaluable measure once nearly completed by the Rump: only with this essential difference, That the Rump Members are not now to sit by nature and without election; not now to decide, they, in case of extremity, Thou shalt

sit, Thou shalt not sit;—others than they will now decide that, in cases of extremity. How this Parliament, in its Five-months Session, will welcome the new Protector and Protectorate is naturally the grand question during those Nine or Ten Months that intervene.

A question for all Englishmen; and most of all for Oliver Protector;—who however, as we can perceive, does not allow it to overawe him very much; but diligently doing this day the day's duties, hopes he may find, as God has often favoured him to do, some good solution for the morrow, whatsoever the morrow please to be. A man much apt to be overawed by any question that is smaller than Eternity, or by any danger that is lower than God's Displeasure, would not suit well in Oliver's place at present! Perhaps no more perilous place, that I know clearly of, was ever deliberately accepted by a man. 'The post of honour,'—the post of terror and of danger and forlorn-hope: this man has all along been used to occupy such.

To see a little what kind of England it was, and what kind of incipient Protectorate it was, take, as usual, the following small and few fractions of Authenticity, of various complexion, fished from the doubtful slumber-lakes and dust-vortexes, and hang them out at their places in the void night of things. They are not very luminous; but if they were well let alone, and the positively tenebrific were well forgotten, they might assist our imaginations in some slight measure.

Sunday 18*th December* 1653. A certain loud-tongued, loud-minded Mr. Feak, of Anabaptist-Leveller persuasion, with a Colleague, seemingly Welsh, named Powel, have a Preaching-Establishment, this good while past, in Blackfriars; a Preaching-Establishment every Sunday, which on Monday Evening becomes a National-Charter Convention as we should now call it: there Feak, Powel and Company are in the habit of vomiting forth from their own inner-man, into other inner-men greedy of such pabulum, a very flamy fuliginous set of doctrines,—such as the human mind, superadding Anabaptistry to Sansculottism, can make some attempt to conceive. Sunday the 18th, which is two days after the Lord Protector's Installation, this Feak-Powel Meeting was unusually large; the Feak-Powel inner-man unusually charged. Elements of soot and fire really copious; fuliginous-flamy in a very high degree! At a time, too, when all Doctrine does not satisfy itself with spouting, but longs to become instant Action. 'Go and tell your Protector,' said the Anabaptist Prophet, That he has deceived the Lord's People; 'that he is a perjured

villain,'—'will not reign long,' or I am deceived; 'will end worse than the last Protector did,' Protector Somerset who died on the scaffold, or the tyrant Crooked Richard himself! Say, I said it!—A very foul chimney indeed, here got on fire. And 'Major-General Harrison, the most eminent man of the Anabaptist Party, being consulted whether he would own the new Protectoral Government, answered frankly, No;'—was thereupon ordered to retire home to Staffordshire, and keep quiet.[1]

Does the reader bethink him of those old Leveller Corporals at Burford, and Diggers at St. George's Hill five years ago; of Quakerisms, Calvinistic Sansculottisms, and one of the strangest Spiritual Developments ever seen in any country? The reader sees here one foul chimney on fire, the Feak-Powel chimney in Blackfriars; and must consider for himself what masses of combustible material, noble fuel and base soot and smoky explosive fire-damp, in the general English Household it communicates with! Republicans Proper, of the Long Parliament; Republican Fifth-Monarchists of the Little Parliament; the solid Ludlows, the fervent Harrisons: from Harry Vane down to Christopher Feak, all manner of Republicans find Cromwell unforgivable. To the Harrison-and-Feak species Kingship in every sort, and government of man by man, is carnal, expressly contrary to various Gospel Scriptures. Very horrible for a man to think of governing men;—whether he ought even to govern cattle, and drive them to field and to needful penfold, 'except in the way of love and persuasion,' seems doubtful to me! But fancy a Reign of Christ and his Saints; Christ and his Saints, just about to come,—had not Oliver Cromwell stept in and prevented it! The reader discerns combustibilities enough; conflagrations, plots, stubborn disaffections and confusions, on the Republican and Republican-Anabaptist side of things. It is the first Plot-department, which my Lord Protector will have to deal with, all his life long. This he must wisely damp-down, as he may. Wisely: for he knows what is noble in the matter, and what is base in it; and would not sweep the fuel and the soot both out of doors at once.

Tuesday 14th February 1653-4. 'At the Ship-Tavern in the Old Bailey, kept by Mr. Thomas Amps,' we come upon the second life-long Plot-department: Eleven truculent, rather threadbare persons, sitting over small drink there, on the Tuesday night, considering how the Protector might be assassinated. Poor broken Royalist men; payless Old-Captains, most of them, or suchlike; with their steeple-hats worn very brown, and jack-boots slit,—and

[1] Thurloe, i. 641;—442, 591, 621.

projects that cannot be executed. Mr. Amps knows nothing of them, except that they came to him to drink; nor do we. Probe them with questions; clap them in the Tower for a while:[1] Guilty, poor knaves; but not worth hanging:—disappear again into the general mass of Royalist Plotting, and ferment there.

The Royalists have lain quiet ever since Worcester; waiting what issue matters would take. Dangerous to meddle with a Rump Parliament, or other steadily regimented thing; safer if you can find it fallen out of rank; hopefulest of all, when it collects itself into a Single Head. The Royalists judge, with some reason, that if they could kill Oliver Protector, this Commonwealth were much endangered. In these Easter weeks too, or Whitsun weeks, there comes 'from our Court' (Charles Stuart's Court) 'at Paris,' great encouragement to all men of spirit in straitened circumstances. A Royal Proclamation "By the King," drawn up, say some, by Secretary Clarendon; setting forth that 'Whereas a certain base mechanic fellow, by name Oliver Cromwell, has usurped our throne,' much to our and other people's inconvenience, whosoever will kill the said mechanic fellow 'by sword, pistol or poison,' shall have 500*l.* a-year settled upon him, with colonelcies in our Army, and other rewards suitable, and be a made man,—'on the word and faith of a Christian King.'[2] A Proclamation which cannot be circulated except in secret; but is well worth reading by all loyal men. And so Royalist Plots also succeed one another, thick and threefold through Oliver's whole life;—but cannot take effect. Vain for a Christian King and his cunningest Chancellors to summon all the Sinners of the Earth, and whatsoever of necessitous Truculent-Flunkyism there may be, and to bid, in the name of Heaven and of Another place, for the Head of Oliver Cromwell: once for all, they cannot have it, that Head of Cromwell;—not till *he* has entirely done with it, and can make them welcome to their benefit from it! We shall come upon these Royalist Plots, Rebellion Plots and Assassin Plots, in the order of time; and have to mention them, though with brevity. Oliver Protector, I suppose, understands and understood his Protectorship moderately well, and what Plots and other Hydra-coils were inseparable from it; and contrives to deal with these too, like a conscientious man, and not like a hungry slave.

Secretary Thurloe, once St. John's Secretary in Holland, has come now, ever since the Little-Parliament time, into decided action as Oliver's Secretary, or the State Secretary; one of the ex-

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 135).

[2] Thurloe, ii. 248. 'Given at Paris, 3d May (23d April by old style) 1654.'

pertest Secretaries, in the real meaning of the word Secretary, any State or working King could have. He deals with all these Plots; it is part of his function, supervised by his Chief. Mr. John Milton, we all lament to know, has fallen blind in the Public Service; lives now in Bird-cage Walk, still doing a little when called upon; bating no jot of heart or hope. Mr. Milton's notion is, That this Protectorate of his Highness Oliver was a thing called for by the Necessities and the Everlasting Laws; and that his Highness ought now to quit himself like a Christian Hero in it, as in other smaller things he has been used to do.[1]

March 20th, 1653–4. By the Instrument of Government, the Lord Protector with his Council,[2] till once the First Parliament were got together, was empowered not only to raise moneys for the needful supplies, but also 'to make Laws and Ordinances for the peace and welfare of these Nations;' which latter faculty he is by no means slack to exercise. Of his 'Sixty Ordinances' passed in this manner before the Parliament met, which are well approved of by good judges, we cannot here afford to say much: but there is one bearing date as above, which must not be omitted. First Ordinance relating to the Settlement of a Gospel Ministry in this Nation; Ordinance of immense interest to Puritan England at that time. An object which has long been on the anvil, this same 'Settlement;' much laboured at, and striven for, ever since the Long Parliament began: and still, as all confess, no tolerable result has been attained. Yet is it not the greatest object; properly the soul of all these struggles and confused wrestlings and battlings, since we first met here? For the thing men are taught, or get to *believe*, that is the thing they will infallibly *do;* the kind of 'Gospel' you settle, kind of 'Ministry' you settle, or do not settle, the root of all is there! Let us see what the Lord Protector can accomplish in this business.

[1] Defensio Secunda.

[2] Fifteen in number, which he may enlarge to Twenty-one, if he see good. Not removable any of them, except by himself with advice of the rest. A very remarkable Majesty's Ministry:—of which, for its own sake and the Majesty's, take this List, as it stood in 1654: Philip Viscount Lisle (Algernon Sidney's Brother); Fleetwood; Lambert; Montague (of Hinchinbrook); Desborow (Protector's Brother-in-law); Ashley Cooper (Earl of Shaftesbury afterwards); Walter Strickland (Member for Minehead in the Long Parliament, once Ambassador in Holland); Colonel Henry Lawrence (for Westmoreland in the Long Parliament, of whom we have transiently heard,—became *President* of the Council); Mayor (of Hursley); Francis Rouse (our old friend); pious old Major-General Skippon; Colonels Philip Jones and Sydenham, Sirs Gilbert Pickering and Charles Wolseley, of whom my readers do not know much. Fifteen Councillors in all. To whom Nathaniel Fiennes (son of Lord Say and Sele) was afterwards added; with the Earl of Mulgrave; and another, Colonel Mackworth, who soon died (Thurloe, iii. 581). Thurloe is Secretary; and blind Milton, now with assistants, is Latin Secretary.

Episcopacy being put down, and Presbytery not set up, and Church-Government for years past being all a Church-Anarchy, the business is somewhat difficult to deal with. The Lord-Protector, as we find, takes it up in simplicity and integrity, intent upon the real heart or practical outcome of it; and makes a rather satisfactory arrangement. Thirty-eight chosen Men, the acknowledged Flower of English Puritanism, are nominated by this Ordinance of the 20th of March,[1] nominated a Supreme Commission for the Trial of Public Preachers. Any person pretending to hold a Church-living, or levy tithes or clergy-dues in England, has first to be tried and approved by these men. Thirty-eight, as Scobell teaches us: nine are Laymen, our friend old Francis Rouse at the head of them; twenty-nine are Clergy. His Highness, we find, has not much inquired of what Sect they are; has known them to be Independents, to be Presbyterians, one or two of them to be even Anabaptists;—has been careful only of one characteristic, That they were men of wisdom, and had the root of the matter in them. Owen, Goodwin, Sterry, Marshall, Manton, and others not yet quite unknown to men, were among these Clerical *Triers:* the acknowledged Flower of Spiritual England at that time; and intent, as Oliver himself was, with an awful earnestness, on actually having the Gospel taught to England.

This is the First branch or limb of Oliver's scheme for Church-Government, this Ordinance of the 20th March 1653–4. A second, which completes what little he could do in the matter at present, developed itself in August following. By this August Ordinance,[2] a Body of Commissioners, distinguished Puritan Gentry, distinguished Puritan Clergy, are nominated in all Counties of England, from Fifteen to Thirty in Each County; who are to inquire into 'scandalous, ignorant, insufficient,' and otherwise deleterious alarming Ministers of the Gospel; to be a tribunal for judging, for detecting, ejecting them (only in case of ejection, if they have wives, let some small modicum of living be allowed them): and to sit there, judging and sifting, till gradually all is sifted clean, and can be kept clean. This is the Second branch of Oliver's form of Church-Government: this, with the other Ordinance, makes at last a kind of practicable Ecclesiastical Arrangement for England.

A very republican arrangement, such as could be made on the sudden; contains in it, however, the germ or essence of all conceivable arrangements, that of worthy men to judge of the worth of men;—and was found in practice to work well. As, indeed,

[1] Scobell, ii. 279–80.

[2] 28th August 1654 (Scobell, ii. 335–47).

any arrangement will work well, when the men in it have the root of the matter at heart; and, alas, all arrangements, when the men in them have not, work ill and not well! Of the Lay Commissioners, from fifteen to thirty in each County, it is remarked that not a few are political enemies of Oliver's: friends or enemies of his, Oliver hopes they are men of pious probity, and friends to the Gospel in England. My Lord General Fairfax, the Presbyterian; Thomas Scott, of the Long Parliament, the fanatical Republican; Lords Wharton, Say, Sir Arthur Haselrig, Colonel Robert Blake, Mayor of Hursley, Dunch of Pusey, Montague of Hinchinbrook, and other persons known to us,—are of these Commissioners. Richard Baxter, who seldom sat, is one of the Clergy for his County: he testifies, not in the willingest manner, being no friend to Oliver, That these Commissioners, of one sort and the other, with many faults, did sift out the deleterious alarming Ministers of the Gospel, and put-in the salutary in their stead, with very considerable success,—giving us 'able, serious Preachers, who lived a godly life, of what tolerable opinion soever they were;' so that 'many thousands of souls blessed God' for what they had done; and grieved sore when, with the return of the Nell-Gwynn Defender, and his Four Surplices or what remained of them, it was undone again.[1] And so with these *Triers* and these Expurgators both busy, and a faithful eye to watch their procedure, we will hope the Spiritual Teaching-Apparatus of England stood now on a better footing than usual, and actually succeeded in teaching somewhat.

Of the Lord Protector's other Ordinances; Ordinance 'declaring the Law of Treason,' Ordinances of finance, of Amnesty for Scotland, of Union with Scotland, and other important matters, we must say nothing. One elaborate Ordinance, in 'sixty-seven Articles,' for 'Reforming the Court of Chancery,' will be afterwards alluded to with satisfaction, by the Lord Protector himself. Elaborate Ordinance; containing essential improvements, say some;—which has perhaps saved the Court of Chancery from abolition for a while longer! For the rest, 'not above Two-hundred Hackney-coaches' shall henceforth be allowed to ply in this Metropolis and six miles round it; the ever-increasing number of them, blocking up our thoroughfares, threatens to become insupportable.[2]

April 14th, 1654. This day, let it be noted for the sake of poor Editors concerned with undated Letters, and others, his Highness removed from his old Lodging in the Cockpit, into new properly

[1] Baxter's Life, part i. p. 72.

[2] Scobell, ii. 313; Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 139).

Royal Apartments in Whitehall, now ready for him,[1] and lived there henceforth, usually going out to Hampton Court on the Saturday afternoon. He has 'assumed somewhat of the state of a King;' due ceremonial, decent observance beseeming the Protector of the Commonwealth of England; life-guards, ushers, state-coaches,—in which my erudite friend knows well what delight this Lord Protector had! Better still, the Lord Protector has concluded good Treaties; received congratulatory Embassies,—France, Spain itself have sent Embassies. Treaty with the Dutch, with Denmark, Sweden, Portugal:[2] all much to our satisfaction. Of the Portuguese Treaty there will perhaps another word be said. As for the Swedish, this, it is well known, was managed by our learned friend Bulstrode at Upsal itself; whose Narrative of that formidable Embassy exists, a really curious life-picture by our Pedant friend; whose qualities are always fat and good;—whose parting from poor Mrs. Whitlocke at Chelsea, in those interesting circumstances, may be said to resemble that of Hector from Andromache, in some points.

And now for our Four small Letters, for our First Protectorate Parliament, without waste of another word!

LETTER CXCII.

For my loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley, in Hampshire: These.

'Whitehall,' 4th May 1654.

DEAR BROTHER,

I received your loving Letter; for which I thank you: and surely were it fit to proceed in that Business, you should not in the least have been put upon anything but the trouble; for indeed the land in Essex, with some money in my hand, should have gone towards it.

But indeed I am so unwilling to be a seeker after the world, having had so much favour from the Lord in giving me so much without seeking; and 'am' so unwilling that men should think me so, which they will though you only appear in it (for they will, by one means or other, know it),—that

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 139).

[2] Dutch Treaty signed, 5th April 1654; Swedish, 28th April; Portuguese, 10th July; Danish Claims settled, 31st July (Godwin, iv. 49-56).

indeed I dare not meddle nor proceed therein. Thus I have told you my plain thoughts.

My hearty love I present to you and my Sister, my blessing and love to dear Doll and the little one. With love to all, I rest, your loving brother, OLIVER P.[1]

A 'business' seemingly of making an advantageous purchase of land for Richard; which Mayor will take all the trouble of, and even advance the money for; but which Oliver P., for good reasons given, 'dare not meddle with.' No man can now guess what land it was,—nor need much. In the Pamphletary dust-mountains is a confused story of Cornet Joyce's,[2] concerning Fawley Park in Hampshire; which, as the dim dateless indications point to the previous winter or summer, and to the 'Lord General Cromwell' as looking towards that property for his Son Richard,—may be the place, for aught we know! The story sets forth, with the usual bewildered vivacity of Joyce: How Joyce, the same who took the King at Holmby, and is grown now a noisy Anabaptist and Lieutenant-Colonel,—how Joyce, I say, was partly minded and fully entitled to purchase Fawley Park, and Richard Cromwell was minded and not fully entitled: how Richard's Father thereupon dealt treacherously with the said Joyce; spake softly to him, then quarrelled with him, menaced him (owing to Fawley Park); nay ended by flinging him into prison, and almost reducing him to his needle and thimble again,—greatly to the enragement and distraction of the said Joyce. All owing to Fawley Park, thinks Joyce and prints;—so that my Lord Protector, if this Park be the place, is very wise 'not to meddle or proceed therein.' And so we leave it.

LETTER CXCIII.

MONK, in these summer months, has a desultory kind of Rebellion in the Highlands, Glencairn's or Middleton's Rebellion, to deal with; and is vigorously coercing and strangling it. Colonel Alured, an able officer, but given to Anabaptist notions, has been sent into Ulster to bring over certain forces to assist Monk. His loose tongue, we find, has disclosed designs or dispositions in him

[1] Noble, i. 330; Harris, p. 515:—one of the Pusey Letters.

[2] True Narrative of the Causes of the Lord-General Cromwell's anger and indignation against Lieutenant-Colonel George Joyce: reprinted (without date) in Harleian Miscellany, v. 557, &c.—Joyce 'is *in* jail,' 19th September 1653 (Thurloe, i. 470).

which seem questionable. The Lord Protector sees good to revoke his Commission to Alured, and order him up to Town.

'*To the Lord Fleetwood, Lord Deputy of Ireland : These.*'

'Whitehall,' 16th May 1654.

SIR,

By the Letter I received from you, and by the information of the Captain you sent to me, I am sufficiently satisfied of the evil intentions of Colonel Alured; and by some other considerations amongst ourselves, tending to the making-up a just suspicion,—by the advice of friends here, I do revoke Colonel Alured from that Employment.

Wherefore I desire you to send for him to return to you to Dublin; and that you cause him to deliver up the Instructions and Authorities into your hands, which he hath in reference to that Business; as also such moneys and accounts concerning the same,—according to the Letter, herein enclosed, directed to him, which I entreat you to deliver when he comes to you.

I desire 'you' also, to the end the Service may not be neglected, nor 'for' one day stand, it being of so great concernment, To employ some able Officer to assist in Colonel Alured's room, until the men be shipped-off for their design. We purpose also, God willing, to send one very speedily who, we trust, shall meet them at the place, to command in chief. As for provision of victual and other necessaries, we shall hasten them away; desiring that these Forces may by no means stay in Ireland; because we purpose they shall meet their provision in the place they are designed 'for.'

If any farther discovery be with you about any other passages on Colonel Alured's part, I pray examine them, and speed them to us; and send Colonel Alured over hither with the first opportunity. Not having more upon this subject at present, I rest, your loving father, OLIVER P.

'P.S.' I desire you that the Officer, whom you appoint to assist the shipping of the Forces, may have the money in Colonel Alured's hands, for carrying on the Service; and also

that he may leave what remains at Carrickfergus for the Commander-in-chief, who shall call for it there.[1]

This is the Enclosure above spoken of:

LETTER CXCIV.

'To Colonel Alured: These.'

'Whitehall,' 16th May, 1654.

SIR,

I desire you to deliver-up into the hands of Lieutenant-General Fleetwood such Authorities and Instructions as you had for the prosecution of the Business of the Highlands in Scotland; and 'that' you forthwith repair to me to London; the reason whereof you shall know when you come hither, which I would have you do with all speed. I would have you also give an account to the Lieutenant-General, before you come away, how far you have proceeded in this Service, and what money you have in your hands, which you are to leave with him. I rest, your loving friend,

OLIVER P.[2]

This Colonel Alured is one of several Yorkshire Alureds somewhat conspicuous in these wars; whom we take to be Nephews or Sons of the valuable Mr. Alured or Ald'red who wrote to 'old Mr. Chamberlain,'—in the last generation, one morning, during the Parliament of 1628, when certain honourable Gentlemen held their Speaker down,—a Letter which we thankfully read.[3] One of them, John, was a Member in this Long Parliament; a Colonel too, and King's Judge; who is now dead. Here is another, Colonel Matthew Alured, a distinguished soldier and republican; who is not dead; but whose career of usefulness is here ended. 'Repairing forthwith to London,' to the vigilant Lord Protector, he gives what account he can of himself; none that will hold water, I perceive; lingers long under a kind of arrest 'at the Mews' or elsewhere; soliciting either freedom and renewed favour, or a fair trial and punishment; gets at length committal to the Tower, trial by Court Martial,—dismissal from the service.[4] A fate like

[1] Thurloe, ii. 285. [2] Ibid. ii. 286. [3] Vol. i. p. 62 et seq.
[4] Whitlocke, pp 499, 510; Thurloe, ii. 294, 313, 414; Burton's Diary (London, 1828), iii. 46; Commons Journals, vii. 678.

that of several others in a similar case to his.—Poor Alured! But what could be done with him? He had Republican Anabaptist notions; he had discontents, enthusiasms, which might even ripen into tendencies to correspond with Charles Stuart. Who knows if putting him in a stone waistcoat, and general strait-waistcoat of a mild form, was not the mercifulest course that could be taken with him?

He must stand here as the representative to us of one of the fatalest elements in the new Lord Protector's position: the Republican discontents and tendencies to plot, fermenting in his own Army. Of which we shall perhaps find elsewhere room to say another word. Republican Overton, Milton's friend, whom we have known at Hull and elsewhere; Okey, the fierce dragoon Colonel and zealous Anabaptist; Alured, whom we see here; Ludlow, sitting sulky in Ireland: all these are already summoned up, or about being summoned, to give account of themselves. Honourable, brave and faithful men: it is, as Oliver often says, the saddest thought of his heart that he must have old friends like them for enemies! But he cannot help it; they will have it so. They must go their way, he his.

Much need of vigilance in this Protector! Directly on the back of these Republican commotions come out Royalist ones; with which, however, the Protector is less straitened to deal. Lord Deputy Fleetwood has not yet received his Letter at Dublin, when here in London emerges a Royalist Plot; the first of any gravity; known in the old Books and State-Trials as *Vowel and Gerard's Plot*, or *Somerset Fox's Plot*. Plot for assassinating the Protector, as usual. Easy to do it, as he goes to Hampton Court on a Saturday,—Saturday the 20th of May, for example. Provide thirty stout men; and do it then. Gerard, a young Royalist Gentleman, connected with Royalist Colonels afterwards Earls of Macclesfield,—he will provide Five-and-twenty; some Major Henshaw, Colonel Finch, or I know not who, shall bring the other Five. 'Vowel a Schoolmaster at Islington, who taught many young gentlemen,' strong for Church and King, cannot act in the way of shooting; busies himself consulting, and providing arms. 'Billingsley the Butcher in Smithfield,' he, aided by Vowel, could easily 'seize the Troopers' horses grazing in Islington fields;' while others of us unawares fall upon the soldiers at the Mews? Easy then to proclaim King Charles in the City; after which Prince Rupert arriving with 'Ten-thousand Irish, English and French,' and all the Royalists rising,—the King should have his own again, and we were all made men; and Oliver once well killed, the Common-

wealth itself were as good as dead! Saturday the 20th of May; then, say our Paris expresses, then!—

Alas, in the very birthtime of the hour, 'five of the Conspirators are seized in their beds;' Gerard, Vowel, all the leaders are seized; Somerset Fox confesses for his life; whosoever is guilty can be seized: and the Plot is like water spilt upon the ground![1] A High Court of Justice must decide upon it; and with Gerard and Vowel it will probably go hard.

LETTER CXCV.

REFERS to a small private or civic matter: the Vicarage of Christ-Church, Newgate Street, the patronage of which belongs to 'the Mayor, Commonalty and Citizens of London as Governors of the Royal Hospital of St. Bartholomew' ever since Henry the Eighth's time.[2] The former Incumbent, it would seem, had been removed by the Council of State; some Presbyterian probably, who was, not without cause, offensive to them. If now the Electors and the State could both agree on Mr. Turner,—it would 'silence' several questions, thinks the Lord Protector. Whether they did agree? Who 'Mr. Turner,' of such 'repute for piety and learning,' was? These are questions.

To the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Vyner, Knight, Lord Mayor of London: These.

'Whitehall,' 5th July 1654.

MY LORD MAYOR,

It is not my custom now, nor shall be, without some special cause moving, to interpose anything to the hindrance of any in the free course of their presenting persons to serve in the Public Ministry.

But, well considering how much it concerns the public peace, and what an opportunity may be had of promoting the interest of the Gospel, if some eminent and fit person of a pious and peaceable spirit and conversation were placed in Christ-Church,—and though I am not ignorant what interest the State may justly challenge to supply that place, which by

[1] French Le Bas dismissed for his share in it; Appendix, No. 28.

[2] Elmes's Topographical Dictionary of London, in voce.

an Order of State is become void, notwithstanding any resignation that is made :

Yet forasmuch as your Lordship and the rest of the Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital are about to present thereunto a person of known nobility and integrity before you, namely Mr. Turner, I am contented, if you think good so to improve the present opportunity as to present *him* to the place, to have all other questions silenced ;—which will not alone be the fruit thereof ; but I believe also the true good of the Parish therein concerned will be thereby much furthered. I rest, your assured friend, OLIVER P.

'P.S.' I can assure you few men of his time in England have a better repute for piety and learning than Mr. Turner.[1]

I am apt to think the Mr. Turner in question may have been Jerom Turner, of whom there is record in Wood :[2] a Somersetshire man, distinguished among the Puritans ; who takes refuge in Southampton, and preaches with zeal, learning, piety and general approbation during the Wars there. He afterwards removed 'to Neitherbury, a great country Parish in Dorsetshire,' and continued there, 'doing good in his zealous way.' If this were he, the Election did not take effect according to Oliver's programme ;—perhaps Jerom himself declined it ? He died, still at Neitherbury, next year ; hardly yet past middle age. 'He had a strong memory, which he maintained good to the last by temperance,' says old Antony : 'He was well skilled in Greek and Hebrew, was a fluent preacher, but too much addicted to Calvinism,'—which is to be regretted. '*Pastor vigilantissimus, doctrinâ et pietate insignis :*' so has his Medical Man characterised him ; one 'Dr. Loss of Dorchester,' who kept a Note-book in those days. *Requiescat requiescant.*

The High Court of Justice has sat upon Vowel and Gerard ; found them both guilty of High Treason ; they lie under sentence of death, while this Letter is a-writing ; are executed five days hence, 10th July 1654 ; and make an edifying end.[3] Vowel was hanged at Charing Cross in the morning ; strong for Church and

[1] Lansdowne Mss. 1236, fol. 104. The Signature alone of the Letter is Oliver's ; but he has added the Postscript in his own hand.

[2] Athenæ, iii. 404.

[3] State-Trials (London, 1810), v. 516-39.

King. The poor young Gerard, being of gentle blood and a soldier, petitioned to have beheading; and had it, the same evening, in the Tower. So ends Plot First. Other Royalists, Plotters or suspect of Plotting,—Ashburnham, who rode with poor Charles First to the Isle of Wight on a past occasion; Sir Richard Willis, who, I think, will be useful to Oliver by and by,—these and a list of others[1] were imprisoned; were questioned, dismissed; and the Assassin Project is rather cowed-down for a while.

Writs for the New Parliament are out, and much electioneering interest over England: but there is still an anecdote connected with this poor Gerard and the 10th of July, detailed at great length in the old Books, which requires to be mentioned here. About an hour after Gerard, there died, in the same place, by the same judicial axe, a Portuguese Nobleman, Don Pantaleon Sa, whose story, before this tragic end of it, was already somewhat twisted-up with Gerard's. To wit, on the 23d of November last, this same young Major Gerard was walking in the crowd of Exeter 'Change, where Don Pantaleon, Brother of the Portuguese Ambassador, chanced also to be. Some jostling of words, followed by drawing of rapiers, took place between them; wherein as Don Pantaleon had rather the worse, he hurried home to the Portuguese Embassy; armed some twenty of his followers, in headpieces, breastpieces, with sword and pistol, and returned to seek revenge. Gerard was gone; but another man, whom they took for him, these rash Portugals slew there; and had to be repressed, after much other riot, and laid in custody, by the watch or soldiery. Assize-trial, in consequence, for Don Pantaleon; clear Trial in the 'Upper Bench Court,' jury half foreigners; and rigorous sentence of death;—much to Don Pantaleon's amazement, who pleaded and got his Brother to plead the rights of Ambassadors, all manner of rights and considerations; all to no purpose. The Lord Protector would not and could not step between a murderer and the Law: poor Don Pantaleon perished on the same block with Gerard; two tragedies, once already in contact, had their fifth-act together. Don Pantaleon's Brother, all sorrow and solicitation being fruitless, signed the Portuguese Treaty that very day, and instantly departed for his own country, with such thoughts as we may figure.[2]

[1] Newspapers, 1st–8th June 1654 (in Cromwelliana, p. 143).

[2] Whitlocke, pp. 550, 577.

SPEECH II.

But now the New Parliament has got itself elected; not without much interest:—the first Election there has been in England for fourteen years past. Parliament of Four-hundred, thirty Scotch, thirty Irish; freely chosen according to the Instrument, according to the Bill that was in progress when the Rump disappeared. What it will say to these late inarticulate births of Providence, and high transactions? Something edifying, one may hope.

Open Malignants, as we know, could not vote or be voted for, to this Parliament; only active Puritans or quiet Neutrals, who had clear property to the value of 200*l.* Probably as fair a Representative as, by the rude method of counting heads, could well be got in England. The bulk of it, I suppose, consists of constitutional Presbyterians and use-and-wont Neutrals; it well represents the arithmetical account of heads in England: whether the real divine and human value of thinking-souls in England,—that is a much deeper question; upon which the Protector and this First Parliament of his may much disagree. It is the question of questions, nevertheless; and he that can answer it best will come best off in the long-run. It was not a successful Parliament this, as we shall find. The Lord Protector and it differed widely in certain fundamental notions they had!—

We recognise old faces, in fair proportion, among those Four-hundred;—many new withal, who never become known to us. Learned Bulstrode, now safe home from perils in Hyperborean countries, is here; elected for several places, the truly valuable man. Old-Speaker Lenthall sits, old Major-General Skippon, old Sir William Masham, old Sir Francis Rouse. My Lord Herbert (Earl of Worcester's son) is here; Owen, Doctor of Divinity, for Oxford University;—a certain not entirely useless Guibon Goddard, for the Town of Lynn, to whom we owe some Notes of the procedure. Leading Officers and high Official persons have been extensively elected; several of them twice and thrice: Fleetwood, Lambert, the Claypoles, Dunches, both the young Cromwells; Montague for his County, Ashley Cooper for his. On the other hand, my Lord Fairfax is here; nay Bradshaw, Haselrig, Robert Wallop, Wildman, and Republicans are here. Old Sir Harry Vane; not young Sir Harry, who sits meditative in the North. Of Scotch Members we mention only Laird Swinton, and the Earl of Hartfell; of the Irish, Lord Broghil and Commissary-General

Reynolds, whom we once saw fighting well in that country.[1]—And now hear the authentic Bulstrode; and then the Protector himself.

'*September* 3*d*, 1654.—The Lord's-day, yet the day of the Parliament's meeting. The Members met in the afternoon at sermon, in the Abbey Church at Westminster: after sermon they attended the Protector in the Painted Chamber; who made a Speech to them of the cause of their summons,' Speech unreported; 'after which, they went to the House, and adjourned to the next morning.

'*Monday September* 4*th*.—The Protector rode in state from Whitehall to the Abbey Church in Westminster. Some hundreds of Gentlemen and Officers went before him bare; with the Lifeguard; and next before the coach, his pages and lackeys richly clothed. On the one side of his coach went Strickland, one of his Council, and Captain of his Guard, with the Master of the Ceremonies; both on foot. On the other side went Howard,[2] Captain of the Life-guard. In the coach with him were his son Henry, and Lambert; both sat bare. After him came Claypole, Master of the Horse; with a gallant led horse richly trapped. Next came the Commissioners of the Great Seal,' Lisle, Widdrington and I; 'Commissioners of the Treasury, and divers of the Council in coaches; last the ordinary Guards.

'He alighting at the Abbey Church door,' and entering, the Officers of the Army and the Gentlemen went first; next them four maces; then the Commissioners of the Seal, Whitlocke carrying the Purse; after, Lambert carrying the Sword bare: the rest followed. His Highness was seated over against the Pulpit; the Members of the Parliament on both sides.

'After the sermon, which was preached by Mr. Thomas Goodwin, his Highness went, in the same equipage, to the Painted Chamber. Where he took seat in a chair of state set upon steps,' raised chair with a canopy over it, under which his Highness sat covered, 'and the Members upon benches round about sat all bare. All being silent, his Highness,' rising, 'put off his hat, and made a large and subtle speech to them.'[3]

Here is a Report of the Speech, 'taken by one who stood very near,' and 'published[4] to prevent mistakes.' As we, again, stand at some distance,—two centuries with their chasms and ruins,—our hearing is nothing like so good! To help a little, I have,

[1] Letter CVII. vol. ii. p. 71.

[2] Colonel Charles, ancestor of the Earl of Carlisle.

[3] Whitlocke, p. 582.

[4] By G. Sawbridge, at the *Bible* on Ludgate Hill, London, 1654.

with reluctance, admitted from the latest of the Commentators a few annotations; and intercalated them the best I could; suppressing very many. Let us listen well; and again we shall understand somewhat.

GENTLEMEN,

You are met here on the greatest occasion that, I believe, England ever saw; having upon your shoulders the Interests of Three great Nations with the territories belonging to them;—and truly, I believe I may say it without any hyperbole, you have upon your shoulders the Interests of all the Christian People in the world. And the expectation is, that I should let you know, as far as I have cognisance of it, the occasion of your assembling together at this time.

It hath been very well hinted to you this day,[1] that you come hither to settle the Interests above mentioned: for your work here, in the issue and consequences of it, *will* extend so far, 'even to all Christian people.' In the way and manner of my speaking to you, I shall study plainness; and to speak to you what is truth, and what is upon my heart, and what will in some measure reach to these great concernments.

After so many changes and turnings, which this Nation hath laboured under,—to have such a day of hope as this is, and such a door of hope opened by God to us, truly, I believe, some months since, would have been beyond all our thoughts! I confess it would have been worthy of such a meeting as this is, To have remembered[2] that which was the rise 'of,' and gave the first beginning to, all these Troubles which have been upon this Nation: and to have given you a series of the Transactions,—not of men, but of the Providence of God, all along unto our late changes: as also the ground of our first undertaking to oppose that usurpation and tyranny[3] which was upon us, both in civils and spirituals; and the several grounds particularly applicable to the several changes that have been. But I have two or three reasons which divert me from such a way of proceeding at this time.

[1] in the Sermon we have just heard.
[2] commemorated.
[3] of Charles, Wentworth, Laud and Company.

If I should have gone in that way, 'then' that which lies upon my heart 'as to these things,'—which is 'so' written there that if I would blot it out I could not,—would 'itself' have spent this day: the providences and dispensations of God have been so stupendous. As David said in the like case, *Psalm* xl. 5, "Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to-us-ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered."—Truly, another reason, unexpected by me, you had today in the Sermon:[1] you had much recapitulation of Providence; much allusion to a state and dispensation in respect of discipline and correction, of mercies and deliverances, 'to a state and dispensation similar to ours,'—to, in truth, the only parallel of God's dealing with us that I know in the world, which was largely and wisely held forth to you this day: To Israel's bringing-out of Egypt through a wilderness by many signs and wonders, towards a Place of Rest,—I say *towards* it.[2] And that having been so well remonstrated to you this day, is another argument why I shall not trouble you with a recapitulation of those things;—though they are things which I hope will never be forgotten, because written in better Books than those of paper;—written, I am persuaded, in the heart of every good man!

'But' a third reason was this: What I judge to be the end of your meeting, the great end, which was likewise remembered to you this day;[3] to wit, Healing and Settling. The remembering of Transactions too particularly, perhaps instead of healing,—at least in the hearts of many of you,—might set the wound fresh a-bleeding. 'And' I must profess this unto you, whatever thoughts pass upon me: That if this day, if this meeting, prove *not* healing, what shall we do! But, as I said before, I trust it is in the minds of you all, and much more in the mind of God, to cause healing. It must be first in His mind:—and He being pleased to put it into yours,

[1] This Sermon of Goodwin's is not in the collected Edition of his Works; not among the King's Pamphlets; not in the Bodleian Library. We gather what the subject was, from this Speech, and know nothing of it otherwise.

[2] not yet at it; *nota bene*.

[3] in the Sermon.

this will be a Day indeed, and such a Day as generations to come will bless you for!—I say, for this and the other reasons, I have forborne to make a particular remembrance and enumeration of things, and of the manner of the Lord's bringing us through so many changes and turnings as have passed upon us.

Howbeit I think it will be more than necessary to let you know, at least so well as I may, in what condition this Nation, or rather these Nations were, when the present Government[1] was undertaken. And for order's sake: It's very natural to consider what our condition was, in Civils; 'and then also' in Spirituals.

What was our condition! Every man's hand almost was against his brother;—at least his heart 'was;' little regarding anything that should cement, and might have a tendency in it to cause us to grow into one. All the dispensations of God; His terrible ones, when He met us in the way of His judgment[2] in a Ten-years Civil War; and His merciful ones: they did not, they did not work upon us![3] 'No.' But we had our humours and interests;—and indeed I fear our humours went for more with us than even our interests. Certainly, as it falls out in such cases, our passions were more than our judgments.—Was not everything almost grown arbitrary? Who of us knew where or how to have right 'done him,' without some obstruction or other intervening? Indeed we were almost grown arbitrary in everything.

What was the face that was upon our affairs as to the Interest of the Nation? As to the Authority in the Nation; to the Magistracy; to the Ranks and Orders of men,—whereby England hath been known for hundreds of years? [*The Levellers!*] A nobleman, a gentleman, a yeoman; 'the distinction of these:' that is a good interest of the Nation, and a great one! The 'natural' Magistracy of the Nation, was it not almost trampled under foot, under despite and contempt, by men of Levelling principles? I beseech you, For the orders of

[1] Protectorate.
[2] punishment for our sins.
[3] Reiteration of the word is not an uncommon mode of emphasis with Oliver.

men and ranks of men, did not that Levelling principle tend to the reducing of all to an equality? Did it 'consciously' think to do so; or did it 'only unconsciously' practise towards that for property and interest? 'At all events,' what was the purport of it but to make the Tenant as liberal a fortune as the Landlord? Which, I think, if obtained, would not have lasted long! The men of that principle, after they had served their own turns, would *then* have cried-up property and interest fast enough!—This instance is instead of many. And that the thing did 'and might well' extend far, is manifest; because it was a pleasing voice to all Poor Men, and truly not unwelcome to all Bad Men. [*Far-extended classes, these two both!*] To my thinking, this is a consideration which, in your endeavours after settlement, you will be so well minded of, that I might have spared it here: but let that pass.—

'Now as to Spirituals.' Indeed in Spiritual things the case was more sad and deplorable 'still;'—and that was told to you this day eminently. The prodigious blasphemies; contempt of God and Christ, denying of Him, contempt of Him and His ordinances, and of the Scriptures: a spirit visibly acting[1] those things foretold by Peter and Jude; yea those things spoken of by Paul to Timothy! Paul declaring some things to be worse than the Antichristian state (of which he had spoken in the *First to Timothy*, Chapter fourth, verses first and second, 'under the title of the Latter times'), tells us what should be the lot and portion of the *Last* Times. He says (*Second to Timothy*, Chapter third, verses second, third, fourth), "In the Last Days perilous times shall come; men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful," and so on. But in speaking of the Antichristian state, he told us (*First to Timothy*, Chapter fourth, verses first and second), that "in the *latter* days" that state shall come in; 'not the *last* days but the latter,'—wherein "there shall be a departing from the faith, and a giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of

[1] a general temper visibly bringing out in practice.

devils, speaking lies in hypocrisy," and so on. This is only his description of the *latter* times, or those of Antichrist; and we are given to understand that there are *last* times coming, which will be worse![1]—And surely it may be feared, these are *our* times. For when men forget all rules of Law and Nature, and break all the bonds that fallen man hath on him; 'obscuring' the remainder of the image of God in their nature, which they cannot blot out, and yet shall endeavour to blot out, "having a form of godliness without the power," —'surely' these are sad tokens of the last times!

And indeed the character wherewith this spirit and principle is described in that place 'of Scripture,' is so legible and visible, that he who runs may read it to be amongst us. For by such "the grace of God is turned into wantonness," and Christ and the Spirit of God made a cloak for all villany and spurious apprehensions. [*Threatening to go a strange course, those Antinomian, Levelling, day-dreaming Delusionists of ours!*] And though nobody will own these things publicly as to practice, the things being so abominable and odious; yet 'the consideration' how this principle extends itself, and whence it had its rise, makes me to think of a Second sort of Men, 'tending in the same direction;' who, it's true, as I said, will not practise nor own these things, yet can tell the Magistrate "That he hath nothing to do with men holding such notions: These, 'forsooth,' are matters of conscience and opinion: they are matters of Religion; what hath the Magistrate to do with these things? He is to look to the outward man, not to the

[1] There is no express mention of Antichrist either here or elsewhere in the Text of Timothy at all; but, I conclude, a full conviction on the part of Cromwell and all sound Commentators that Antichrist is indubitably shadowed forth there. Antichrist means, with them and him, the Pope; to whom Laud, &c., with his 'four surplices at Allhallowtide' and other clothweb and cobweb furniture are of kindred. "We have got rid of Antichrist," he seems to intimate, "we have got pretty well done with Antichrist: and are we now coming to something *worse?* To the Levellers, namely! The *Latter* times are over, then; and we are coming now into the *Last* times?" It is on this contrast of comparative and superlative, *Latter* and *Last*, that Oliver's logic seems to ground itself: Paul says nothing of Antichrist, nor anything directly of the one time being worse or better than the other only the one time is 'latter,' the other is 'last.'—This paragraph is not important; but to gain any meaning from it whatever, some small changes have been necessary. I do not encumber the reader with *double* samples of what at best is grown obsolete to him: such as wish to see the original unadulterated unintelligibility, will find it, in clear print, p. 321, vol. xx. of Parliamentary History, and satisfy themselves whether I have read well or ill.

inward,"—'and so forth.' And truly it so happens that though these things do break out visibly to all, yet the principle wherewith these things are carried on so forbids the Magistrate to meddle with them, that it hath hitherto kept the offenders from punishment.[1]

Such considerations, and pretensions to "liberty of conscience," 'what are they leading us towards!' Liberty of Conscience, and Liberty of the Subject,—two as glorious things to be contended for, as any that God hath given us; yet both these abused for the patronising of villanies! Insomuch that it hath been an ordinary thing to say, and in dispute to affirm, "That the restraining of such pernicious notions was not in the Magistrate's power; he had nothing to do with it. Not so much as the printing of a Bible in the Nation for the use of the People, 'was competent to the Magistrate,' lest it should be imposed upon the consciences of men,"—for "they would receive the same traditionally and implicitly from the Magistrate, if it were thus received!" The afore-mentioned abominations did thus swell to this height among us.

'So likewise' the axe was laid to the root of the Ministry.[2] It was Antichristian, it was Babylonish, 'said they.' It suffered under such a judgment, that the truth is, as the extremity was great according to the former system,[3] I wish it prove not as great according to this. The former extremity 'we suffered under' was, That no man, though he had never so good a testimony, though he had received gifts from Christ, might preach, unless ordained. So now 'I think we are at the other extremity, when' many affirm, That he who is ordained hath a nullity, or Antichristianism, stamped 'thereby' upon his calling; so that he ought not to preach, or not

[1] The latest of the Commentators says: 'This drossy paragraph has not much Political Philosophy in it, according to our modern established Litany of "toleration," "freedom of opinion." "no man responsible for what opinions he may form," &c., &c.; but it has some honest human sagacity in it, of a much more perennial and valuable character. Worth looking back upon, worth looking up towards,—as the blue skies and stars might be, if through the great deep element of "temporary London Fog" there were any chance of seeing them!—Strange exhalations have risen upon us, and the Fog is very deep: nevertheless very indubitably the stars still *are*."

[2] Preaching Clergy.

[3] 'on that hand' in orig. He alludes to the Presbyterian system.

be heard.—I wish it may not be too justly said, That there was severity and sharpness 'in our old system'! Yea, too much of an imposing spirit in matters of conscience; a spirit unchristian enough in any times, most unfit for these 'times;' —denying liberty 'of conscience' to men who have earned it with their blood; who have earned civil liberty, and religious also, for those [*Stifled murmurs from the Presbyterian Sect*] who would thus impose upon them!—

We may reckon among these our Spiritual evils, an evil that hath more refinedness in it, more colour for it, and hath deceived more people of integrity than the rest have done;— for few have been catched by the former mistakes except such as have apostatised from their holy profession, such as, being corrupt in their consciences, have been forsaken by God, and left to such noisome opinions. But, I say, there is another error of more refined sort; 'which' many honest people whose hearts are sincere, many of them belonging to God, 'have fallen into:' and that is the mistaken notion of the Fifth Monarchy—

[Yes, your Highness!—But will his Highness and the old Parliament be pleased here to pause a little, till a faithful Editor take the great liberty of explaining somewhat to the modern part of the audience? Here is a Note saved from destruction; not without difficulty. To his Highness and the old Parliament it will be inaudible; to them, standing very impassive,—serene, immovable in the fixedness of the old Eternities,—it will be no hardship to wait a little! And to us who still live and listen, it may have its uses.

'The common mode of treating Universal History,' says our latest impatient Commentator, 'not yet entirely fallen obsolete in this country, though it has been abandoned with much ridicule everywhere else for half a century now, was to group the Aggregate Transactions of the Human Species into Four Monarchies: the Assyrian Monarchy of Nebuchadnezzar and Company; the Persian of Cyrus and ditto; the Greek of Alexander; and lastly the Roman. These I think were they, but am no great authority on the subject. Under the dregs of this last, or Roman Empire, which is maintained yet by express name in Germany, *Das heilige Römische Reich*, we poor moderns still live. But now say Major-

General Harrison and a number of men, founding on Bible Prophecies, Now shall be a Fifth Monarchy, by far the blessedest and the only real one,—the Monarchy of Jesus Christ, his Saints reigning for Him here on Earth,—if not He himself, which is probable or possible,—for a thousand years, &c. &c.— — O Heavens, there are tears for human destiny; and immortal Hope itself is beautiful because it is steeped in Sorrow, and foolish Desire lies vanquished under its feet! They who merely laugh at Harrison take but a small portion of his meaning with them. Thou, with some tear for the valiant Harrison, if with any thought of him at all, tend thou also valiantly, in thy day and generation, whither he was tending; and know that, in far wider and diviner figure than that of Harrison, the Prophecy is very sure,—that it *shall* be sure while one brave man survives among the dim bewildered populations of this world. Good shall reign on this Earth: has *not* the Most High said it? To approve Harrison, to justify Harrison, will avail little for thee; go and *do likewise*. Go and do better, thou that disapprovest him. Spend thou thy life for the Eternal: we will call thee also brave, and remember thee for a while!'

So much for 'that mistaken notion of the Fifth Monarchy:' and now his Highness, tragically audible across the Centuries, continues again:]

—Fifth Monarchy. A thing pretending more spirituality than anything else. A notion I hope we all honour, and wait, and hope for 'the fulfilment of:' That Jesus Christ *will* have a time to set up His Reign in our hearts; by subduing those corruptions and lusts and evils that are there; which now reign more in the world than, I hope, in due time they shall do. And when more fulness of the Spirit is poured forth to subdue iniquity, and bring-in everlasting righteousness, then will the approach of that glory be. [*Most true;—and not till then!*] The carnal divisions and contentions among Christians, so common, are not the symptoms of that Kingdom!—But for men, on this principle, to betitle themselves, that they are the only men to rule kingdoms, govern nations, and give laws to people, and determine of property and liberty and everything else,—upon such a pretension as this is:—truly they had need to give clear manifestations of God's presence with them, before wise men will receive or submit to their conclusions! Nevertheless, as many of these men have good mean-

ings, which I hope in my soul they have, it will be the wisdom of all knowing and experienced Christians to do as Jude saith. 'Jude,' when he reckoned-up those horrible things, done upon pretences, and haply by some upon mistakes: "Of some," says he, "have compassion, making a difference; others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire."[1] I fear they will give too often opportunity for this exercise! But I hope the same will be for their good. If men do but 'so much as' pretend for justice and righteousness, and be of peaceable spirits, and will manifest this, let them be the subjects of the Magistrate's encouragement. And if the Magistrate, by punishing visible miscarriages, save them by that discipline, God having ordained him for that end,—I hope it will evidence *love* and not hatred, 'so' to punish where there is cause. [*Hear!*]

Indeed this is that which doth most declare the danger[2] of that spirit. For if these were but notions,—I mean these instances I have given you of dangerous doctrines both in Civil things and Spiritual; if, I say, they were but notions, they were best let alone. Notions will hurt none but those that have them. But when they come to such practices as telling us, 'for instance,' That Liberty and Property are not the badges of the Kingdom of Christ; when they tell us, not that we are to regulate Law, but that Law is to be abrogated, indeed subverted; and perhaps wish to bring in the Judaical Law—

[Latest Commentator *loquitur:* 'This, as we observed, was the cry that Westminster raised when the Little Parliament set about reforming Chancery. What countenance this of the Mosaic Law might have had from Harrison and his minority, one does not know. Probably they did find the Mosaic Law, in some of its enactments, more cognate to Eternal Justice and "the mind of God" than Westminster-Hall Law was; and so might reproachfully or admonitorily appeal to it on occasion, as they had the clearest title and call to do: but the clamour itself, as significant of any practical intention, on the part of that Parliament, or of any considerable

[1] Jude, 22, 23. A passage his Highness frequently refers to.

[2] This fact, that they come so often to 'visible miscarriages,' these Fifth-Monarchists and Speculative Levellers, who 'have good meanings.'

Sect in England, to bring-in the Mosaic Law, is very clearly a long-wigged one, rising from the Chancery regions, and is descriptive of nothing but of the humour that prevailed there. His Highness alludes to it in passing; and from him it was hardly worth even that allusion.']

—Judaical Law; instead of our known laws settled among us: this is worthy of every Magistrate's consideration. Especially where every stone is turned to bring in confusion. I think, I say, this will be worthy of the Magistrate's consideration. [*Shall he step beyond his province, then, your Highness? And interfere with freedom of opinion?—"I think, I say, it will be worth his while to consider about it!"*]

Whilst these things were in the midst of us; and whilst the Nation was rent and torn in spirit and principle from one end to the other, after this sort and manner I have now told you; family against family, husband against wife, parents against children; and nothing in the hearts and minds of men but "Overturn, overturn, overturn!" (a Scripture phrase very much abused, and applied to justify unpeaceable practices by all men of discontented spirits),—the common Enemy sleeps not: our adversaries in civil and religious respects did take advantage of these distractions and divisions, and did practise accordingly in the three Nations of England, Scotland and Ireland. We know very well that Emissaries of the Jesuits never came in such swarms as they have done since those things[1] were set on foot. And I tell you that divers Gentlemen here can bear witness with me How that they, 'the Jesuits,' have had a Consistory abroad which rules all the affairs of things ["*Affairs of things:*" *rough and ready!*] in England, from an Archbishop down to the other dependents upon him. And they had fixed in England,—of which we are able to produce the particular Instruments in most of the limits of their Cathedrals 'or pretended Dioceses,'—an Episcopal Power [*Regular Episcopacy of their own!*], with Archdeacons, &c. And had persons authorised to exercise and distribute those things [*I begin to love that rough-and-ready method, in comparison with some others!*]; who pervert and deceive the people.

[1] Speculations of the Levellers, Fifth-Monarchists, &c. &c.

And all this, while we were in that sad, and as I said deplorable condition.

And in the meantime all endeavours possible were used to hinder the work 'of God' in Ireland, and the progress of the work of God in Scotland; by continual intelligences and correspondences, both at home and abroad, from hence into Ireland, and from hence into Scotland.[1] Persons were stirred up, from our divisions and discomposure of affairs, to do all they could to ferment the War in both these places. To add yet to our misery, whilst we were in this condition, we were in a 'foreign' War. Deeply engaged in War with the Portuguese;[2] whereby our Trade ceased: the evil consequences by that War were manifest and very considerable. And not only this, but we had a War with Holland; consuming our treasure; occasioning a vast burden upon the people. A War that cost this Nation full as much as the 'whole' Taxes came unto; the Navy being a Hundred-and-sixty Ships, which cost this Nation above 100,000*l.* a-month; besides the contingencies, which would make it 120,000*l.* That very one War [*sic*] did engage us to so great a charge.—At the same time also we were in a War with France. [*A Bickering and Skirmishing and Liability to War;*[3]*—Mazarin as yet thinking our side the weaker.*] The advantages that were taken of the discontents and divisions among ourselves did also ferment that War, and at least hinder us of an honourable peace; every man being confident we could not hold-out long. And surely they did not calculate amiss, if the Lord had not been exceedingly gracious to us! I say, at the same time we had a War with France. [*Yes, your Highness said so,—and we admit it!*] And besides the sufferings in respect to the Trade of the Nation, it's most evident that the Purse of the Nation could not have been able much longer to bear it,—by reason of the advantages taken by other States to improve their own, and spoil our Manufacture of Cloth, and hinder the vent thereof; which is the great staple commodity of this Nation. [*And has continued to be!*] Such was our condition: spoiled in our Trade,

[1] Middleton-Glencairn Revolts, and what not.

[2] Who protected Rupert in his quasi-piracies, and did require chastisement from us.

[3] See Appendix, No. 28.

and we at this vast expense; thus dissettled at home, and having these engagements abroad.

Things being so,—and I am persuaded it is not hard to convince every person here they were so,—what a heap of confusions were upon these poor Nations! And either things must have been left to sink into the miseries these premises would suppose, or else a remedy must be applied. [*Apparently!*] A remedy hath been applied: that hath been this Government;[1] a thing I shall say little unto. The thing is open and visible to be seen and read by all men; and therefore let it speak for itself. [*Even so, your Highness; there is a silence prouder and nobler than any speech one is used to hear.*] Only let me say this,—because I can speak it with comfort and confidence before a Greater than you all: That in the intention of it, as to the approving of our hearts to God, let men judge as they please, it was calculated 'with our best wisdom' for the interest of the People. For the interest of the People alone, and for their good, without respect had to any other interest. And if that be not true [*With animation!*], I shall be bold to say again, Let it speak for itself. Truly I may,—I hope, humbly before God, and modestly before you,—say somewhat on the behalf of the Government. [*Recite a little what it "speaks for itself," after all?*] Not that I would discourse of the particular heads of it, but acquaint you a little with the effects it has had: and this not for ostentation's sake, but to the end I may at this time deal faithfully with you, and acquaint you with the state of things, and what proceedings have been entered into by[2] this Government, and what the state of our affairs is. This is the main end of my putting you to this trouble.

The Government hath had some things in desire; and it hath done some things actually. It hath desired to reform the Laws. I say to reform them [*Hear!*]:—and for that end it hath called together Persons, without offence be it spoken,

[1] He means, and his hearers understand him to mean, '*Form* of Government' mainly; but he diverges now and then into our modern acceptation of the word 'Government,' Administration or Supreme Authority.

[2] 'been upon' in orig.

of as great ability and as great interest as are in these Nations,[1] to consider how the Laws might be made plain and short, and less chargeable to the People; how to lessen expense, for the good of the Nation. And those things are in preparation, and Bills prepared; which in due time, I make no question, will be tendered to you. 'In the mean while' there hath been care taken to put the administration of the Laws into the hands of just men [*Matthew Hale, for instance*]; men of the most known integrity and ability. The Chancery hath been reformed—

[From the Moderns: 'Only to a very small extent and in a very temporary manner, your Highness! His Highness returns upon the Law, on subsequent occasions, and finds the reform of it still a very pressing matter. Difficult to sweep the intricate foul chimneys of Law his Highness found it,—as we after two centuries of new soot and accumulation now acknowledge on all hands, with a sort of silent despair, a silent wonder each one of us to himself, "What, in God's name, is to become of all that?"']

—hath been reformed; I hope, to the satisfaction of all good men: and as for the things, 'or causes,' depending there, which made the burden and work of the honourable Persons intrusted in those services too heavy for their ability, it[2] hath referred many of them to those places where Englishmen love to have their rights tried, the Courts of Law at Westminster.

This Government hath, 'farther,' endeavoured to put a stop to that heady way (likewise touched of 'in our Sermon' this day) of every man making himself a Minister and Preacher. [*Commission of Triers; Yea!*] It hath endeavoured to settle a method for the approving and sanctioning of men of piety and ability to discharge that work. And I think I may say it hath committed the business to the trust of Persons, both of the Presbyterian and Independent judgments, of as known ability, piety and integrity, as any, I believe, this Nation hath. And I believe also that, in that care they have taken, they have laboured to approve themselves to Christ, to the Nation and to their own consciences. And indeed I

[1] Ordinance for the Reform of Chancery: antea, p. 386. [2] The Government.

think, if there be anything of quarrel against them,—though I am not here to justify the proceedings of any,—it is that they, 'in fact,' go upon such a character as the Scripture warrants: To put men into that great Employment, and to approve men for it, who are men that have "received gifts from Him that ascended up on high, and gave gifts" for the work of the Ministry, and for the edifying of the Body of Christ. The Government hath also taken care, we hope, for the expulsion [*Commission of Expurgation, too.*] of all those who may be judged any way unfit for this work; who are scandalous, and the common scorn and contempt of that function.

One thing more this Government hath done: it hath been instrumental to call a free Parliament;—which, blessed be God, we see here this day! I say, a free Parliament. [*Mark the iteration!*] And that it may continue so, I hope is in the heart and spirit of every good man in England,—save such discontented persons as I have formerly mentioned. It's that which as I have desired above my life, so I shall desire to keep it above my life. [*Verily?*]—

I did before mention to you the plunges we were in with respect to Foreign States; by the War with Portugal, France, the Dutch, the Danes, and the little assurance we had from any of our neighbours round about. I perhaps forgot, but indeed it was a caution upon my mind, and I desire now it may be so understood, That if any good hath been done, it was the Lord, not we His poor instruments.—

[Pity if this pass entirely for 'cant,' my esteemed modern friends! It is not cant, nor ought to be. O Higginbotham, there is a *Selbsttödtung*, a killing of Self, as my friend Novalis calls it, which is, was, and forever will be, 'the beginning of all morality,' of all real work and worth for man under this Sun.]

—I did instance the Wars; which did exhaust your treasure; and put you into such a condition that you must have sunk therein, if it had continued but a few months longer: this I can affirm, if strong probability may be a fit ground. And now you have, though it be not the first in time,—Peace with Swedeland; an honourable peace; through the endeavours of an honourable Person here present as the in-

strument. [*Whitlocke seen blushing!*] I say you have an honourable peace with a Kingdom which, not many years since, was much a friend to France, and lately perhaps inclinable enough to the Spaniard. And I believe you expect not much good from any of your Catholic neighbours [*No; we are not exactly their darlings!*]; nor yet that they would be very willing you should have a good understanding with your Protestant friends. Yet, thanks be to God, that Peace is concluded; and as I said before, it is an honourable Peace.

You have a Peace with the Danes,—a State that lay contiguous to that part of this Island which hath given us the most trouble. [*Your Montroses, Middletons came always, with their Mosstroopers and Harpy hosts, out of the Danish quarter.*] And certainly if your enemies abroad be able to annoy you, it is likely they will take their advantage (where it best lies) to give you trouble from that country. But you have a Peace there, and an honourable one. Satisfaction to your Merchants' ships; not only to their content, but to their rejoicing.[1] I believe you will easily know it is so,—'an honourable peace.' You have the Sound open; which used to be obstructed. That which was and is the strength of this Nation, the Shipping, will now be supplied thence. And whereas you were glad to have anything of that kind[2] at secondhand, you have now all manner of commerce there, and at as much freedom as the Dutch themselves, 'who used to be the carriers and venders of it to us;' and at the same rates and tolls;—and I think, by that Peace, the said rates now fixed-upon cannot be raised to you 'in future.'

You have a Peace with the Dutch: a Peace unto which I shall say little, seeing it is so well known in the benefit and consequences thereof. And I think it was as desirable, and as acceptable to the spirit of this Nation, as any one thing that lay before us. And, as I believe nothing so much grati-

[1] 'Danish claims settled,' as was already said somewhere, 'on the 31st of July:' Dutch and English Commissioners did it, in Goldsmiths' Hall; met on the 27th of June; if the business were not done when August began, they were then to be 'shut up without fire, candle, meat or drink,'—and to do it out very speedily! They allowed our Merchants 98,000*l.* for damages against the Danes. (Godwin, iv. 49,—who cites Dumont, Traité 24.)

[2] Baltic Produce, namely.

fied our enemies as to see us at odds 'with that Commonwealth;' so I persuade myself nothing is of more terror or trouble to them than to see us thus reconciled. 'Truly' as a Peace with the Protestant States hath much security in it, so it hath as much of honour and of assurance to the Protestant Interest abroad; without which no assistance can be given thereunto. I wish it may be written upon our hearts to be zealous for that Interest! For if ever it were like to come under a condition of suffering, it is now. In all the Emperor's Patrimonial Territories, the endeavour is to drive the Protestant part of the people out, as fast as is possible; and they are necessitated to run to Protestant States to seek their bread. And by this conjunction of Interests, I hope you will be in a more fit capacity to help them. And it begets some reviving of their spirits, that you will help them as opportunity shall serve. [*We will!*]

You have a Peace likewise with the Crown of Portugal; which Peace, though it hung long in hand, yet is lately concluded. It is a Peace which, your Merchants make us believe, is of good concernment to their trade; the rate of insurance to that Country having been higher, and so the profit which could bear such rate,[1] than to other places. And one thing hath been obtained in this treaty, which never 'before' was, since the Inquisition was set up there: That our people which trade thither have Liberty of Conscience,—'liberty to worship in Chapels of their own.'

Indeed, Peace is, as you were well told today, desirable with all men, as far as it may be had with conscience and honour! We are upon a Treaty with France. And we may say this, That if God give us honour in the eyes of the Nations about us, we have reason to bless Him for it, and so to own it. And I dare say that there is not a Nation in Europe but is very willing to ask a good understanding with you.

I am sorry I am thus tedious: but I did judge that it was somewhat necessary to acquaint you with these things. And things being so,—I hope you will not be unwilling to hear a little again of the Sharp as well as of the Sweet! And I should

[1] 'their assurance being greater, and so their profit in trade thither,' in orig.

not be faithful to you, nor to the interest of these Nations which you and I serve, if I did not let you know *all*.

As I said before, when this Government was undertaken, we were in the midst of those 'domestic' divisions and animosities and scatterings; engaged also with those 'foreign' enemies round about us, at such a vast charge,—120,000*l.* a-month for the very Fleet. Which sum was the very utmost penny of your Assessments. Ay; and then all your treasure was exhausted and spent when this Government was undertaken: all *accidental* ways of bringing-in treasure 'were,' to a very inconsiderable sum, consumed;—the 'forfeited' Lands sold, the sums on hand spent; Rents, Fee-farms, Delinquents' Lands, King's, Queen's, Bishops', Dean-and-Chapters' Lands, sold. These were *spent* when this Government was undertaken. I think it's my duty to let you know so much. And that's the reason why the Taxes do yet lie so heavy upon the People;—of which we have abated 30,000*l.* a-month for the next three months. Truly I thought it my duty to let you know, That though God hath dealt thus 'bountifully' with you,[1] yet these are but entrances and doors of hope. Whereby, through the blessing of God, you *may* enter into rest and peace. But you are not yet entered! [*Looking up, with a mournful toss of the head, I think.*—"*Ah, no, your Highness; not yet!*"]

You were told today of a People brought out of Egypt towards the Land of Canaan; but through unbelief, murmuring, repining, and other temptations and sins wherewith God was provoked, they were fain to come back again, and linger many years in the Wilderness before they came to the Place of Rest. *We* are thus far, through the mercy of God. We have cause to take notice of it, That we are not brought into misery, 'not totally wrecked;' but 'have,' as I said before, a door of hope open. And I may say this to you: If the Lord's blessing and His presence go along with the management of affairs at this Meeting, you will be enabled to put the top-stone to the work, and make the Nation happy. But this must be by knowing the true state of affairs! [*Hear!*] You

[1] In regard to our Successes and Treaties, &c. enumerated above.

are yet, like the People under Circumcision, but raw.[1] Your Peaces are but newly made. And it's a maxim not to be despised, "Though peace be made, yet it's interest that keeps peace;"—and I hope you will not trust such peace except so far as you see interest upon it. 'But all settlement grows stronger by mere continuance.' And therefore I wish that you may go forward, and not backward; and 'in brief' that you may have the blessing of God upon your endeavours! It's one of the great ends of calling this Parliament, that the Ship of the Commonwealth may be brought into a safe harbour; which, I assure you, it will not be, without your counsel and advice.

You have great works upon your hands. You have Ireland to look unto. There is not much done to the Planting thereof, though some things leading and preparing for it are. It is a great business to settle the Government of that Nation upon fit terms, such as will bear that work[2] through.—You have had laid before you some considerations, intimating your peace with several foreign States. But yet you have not made peace with *all*. And if they should see we do not manage our affairs with that wisdom which becomes us,—truly we may sink under disadvantages, for all that's done. [*Truly, your Highness!*] And our enemies will have their eyes open, and be revived, if they see animosities amongst us; which indeed will be their great advantage.

I do therefore persuade you to a sweet, gracious and holy understanding of one another, and of your business. [*Alas!*] Concerning which you had so good counsel this day; which as it rejoiced my heart to hear, so I hope the Lord will imprint it upon your spirits,—wherein you shall have my Prayers. [*Prayers, your Highness?—If this be not "cant," what a noble thing is it, O reader! Worth thinking of, for a moment.*]

Having said this, and perhaps omitted many other material things through the frailty of my memory, I shall exercise

[1] See, in Joshua, v. 2-8, the whole Jewish Nation circumcised at once. So, too, your Settlements of Discord are yet but indifferently cicatrised.

[2] Of planting Ireland with persons that will plough and pray, instead of quarrel and blarney!

plainness and freeness with you; and say, That I have not spoken these thing as one who assumes to himself dominion over you; but as one who doth resolve to be a fellow-servant with you to the interest of these great affairs, and of the People of these Nations. I shall trouble you no longer; but desire you to repair to your House, and to exercise your own liberty in the choice of a Speaker, that so you may lose no time in carrying on your work.'[1]

At this Speech, say the old Newspapers, 'all generally seemed abundantly to rejoice, by extraordinary expressions and hums at the conclusion,'—Hum-m-m![2] 'His Highness withdrew into the old House of Lords, and the Members of Parliament into the Parliament House. His Highness, so soon as the Parliament were gone to their House, went back to Whitehall, privately in his barge, by water.'

This Report of Speech Second, 'taken by one that stood near,' and 'published to prevent mistakes,' may be considered as exact enough in respect of matter, but in manner and style it is probably not so close to the Original Deliverance as the foregoing Speech was. He 'who stood near' on this occasion seems to have had some conceit in his abilities as a Reporter; has pared-off excrescences, peculiarities,—somewhat desirous to present the Portrait of his Highness without the warts. He, or his Parliamentary-History Editor and he, have, for one thing, very arbitrarily divided the Discourse into little fractional paragraphs; which a good deal obstruct the sense here and there; and have accordingly been disregarded in our Transcript. Our changes, which, as before, have been insignificant, are indicated wherever they seem to have importance or physiognomic character,—indicated too often, perhaps, for the reader's convenience. As to the meaning, I have not anywhere remained in doubt, after due study. The rough Speech when read faithfully becomes transparent, every word of it; credible, calculated to produce conviction, every word of it;—and that I suppose is or should be, as our impatient Commentator says, 'the definition of a *good Speech*. Other "good speeches,"' continues he, 'ought to be spoken in Bedlam;—unless, indeed, you will concede them Drury Lane, and admittance

[1] Old Pamphlet cited above: reprinted in Parliamentary History, xx. 318–33.

[2] Cromwelliana, p. 147; see also Guibon Goddard, Member for Lynn (in Burton, i. Introd. p. xviii.).

one shilling. Spoken in other localities than these, without belief on the speaker's part, or hope or chance of producing belief on the hearer's—Ye Heavens, as if the good-speeching individual were some frightful Wood-and-leather Man, made at Nürnberg, and tenanted by a Devil; set to *increase* the Sum of Human Madness, instead of lessening it—!'—But we here cut-short our impatient Commentator.—The Reporter of Cromwell, we may say for ourselves, like the painter of him, has not to suppress the warts, the natural rugged physiognomy of the man; which only very poor tastes would exchange for any other. He has to wash the natural face *clean*, however; that men may see *it*, and not the opaque mass of mere soot and featureless confusions which, in two Centuries of considerable Stupidity in regard to that matter, have settled there.

SPEECH III.

THIS First Protectorate Parliament, we said, was not successful. It chose, judiciously enough, old Lenthall for Speaker; appointed, judiciously enough, a Day of general Fasting:—but took, directly after that, into constitutional debate about Sanctioning the Form of Government (which nobody was specially asking it to 'sanction'); about Parliament and Single Person; powers of Single Person and of Parliament; Coördination, Subordination; and other bottomless subjects;—in which getting always the deeper the more it puddled in them, inquiry or intimation of inquiry rose not obscurely in the distance, Whether this Government should *be* by a Parliament and Single Person? These things the honourable gentlemen, with true industry, debated in Grand Committee, 'from eight in the morning till eight at night, with an hour for refreshment about noon,' debates waxing ever hotter, question ever more abstruse,—through Friday, Saturday, Monday; ready, if Heaven spared them, to debate it farther for unlimited days. Constitutional Presbyterian persons, Use-and-wont Neuters; not without a spicing of sour Republicans, as Bradshaw, Haselrig, Scott, to keep the batch in leaven.

His Highness naturally perceived that this would never do, not this;—sent therefore to the Lord Mayor, late on Monday night I think, to look after the peace of the City; to Speaker Lenthall, that he must bring his people to the Painted Chamber before going farther: and early on Tuesday morning, poor Mr. Guibon Goddard, Member for Lynn, just about to proceed again, from the

Eastern parts, towards his sublime constitutional day's-work, is overwhelmed by rumours, 'That the Parliament is dissolved; that, for certain, the Council of State, and a Council of War, had sat together all the Sabbath-day before, and had then contrived this Dissolution!'

'Notwithstanding,' continues Guibon, 'I was resolved to go to Westminster, to satisfy myself of the truth; and to take my share of what I should see or learn there. Going by water to Westminster, I was told that the Parliament-doors were locked up, and guarded with soldiers, and that the Barges were to attend the Protector to the Painted Chamber. As I went, I saw two Barges at the Privy Stairs.' River and City in considerable emotion. 'Being come to the Hall, I was confirmed in what I had heard. Nevertheless I did purpose not to take things merely upon trust; but would receive an actual repulse, to confirm my faith. Accordingly, I attempted up the Parliament stairs; but a guard of Soldiers was there, who told me, "There was no passage that way; the House was locked up, and command given to give no admittance to any;—if I were a Member, I might go into the Painted Chamber, where the Protector would presently be." The Mace had been taken away by Commissary-General Whalley. The Speaker and all the Members were walking up and down the Hall, the Court of Requests, and the Painted Chamber; expecting the Protector's coming. The passages there likewise were guarded with soldiers.'[1]

No doubt about it, therefore, my honourable friend! Dissolution, or something, is not far. Between nine and ten, the Protector arrived, with due escort of Officers, halberts, Life-guards; took his place, covered, under 'the state' as before, we all sitting bareheaded on our benches as before; and with fit salutation spake to us;—as follows. 'Speech of an hour and a half long;' taken in characters by the former individual who 'stood near;' audible still to modern men. Tuesday morning 12th September 1654; a week and a day since the last Speech here.

In this remarkable Speech, the occasion of which and the Speaker of which are very extraordinary, an assiduous reader, or 'modern hearer,' will find Historical indications, significant shadowings-forth both of the Protectorate and the Protector; which, considering whence they come, he will not fail to regard as documentary in those matters. Nay perhaps, here for the first time, if he read with real industry, there may begin to paint itself for him, on the void Dryasdust Abyss, hitherto called History of Oliver, some dim

[1] Ayscough MSS., printed in Burton's Diary, i. Introd. p. xxxiii.

adumbration of How this business of Assuming the Protectorate may actually have been. It was, many years ago, in reading these Speeches, with a feeling that they must have been credible when spoken, and with a strenuous endeavour to find what their meaning was, and try to believe it, that to the present Editor the Commonwealth, and Puritan Rebellion generally, first began to be conceivable. Such was his experience.—

But certainly the Lord Protector's place, that September Tuesday 1654, is not a bed of roses! His painful asseverations, appeals and assurances have made the Modern part of his audience look, more than once, with questioning eyes. On this point, take from a certain Commentator sometimes above cited from, and far oftener suppressed, the following rough words:

'"Divers persons who do know whether I lie in that," says the Lord Protector. What a position for a hero, to be reduced continually to say He does not lie!—Consider well, nevertheless, What else could Oliver do? To get on with this new Parliament was clearly his one chance of governing peaceably. To wrap himself up in stern pride, and refuse to give any explanation: would that have been the wise plan of dealing with them? Or the stately and not-so-wise plan? Alas, the *wise* plan, when all lay yet as an experiment, with so dread issues in it to yourself and the whole world, was not very discoverable. Perhaps not quite reconcilable with the *stately* plan, even if it had been discovered!'

And again, with regard to the scheme of the Protectorship, which his Highness says was done by "the Gentlemen that undertook to frame this Government," after divers days consulting, and without the least privity of his: 'You never guessed what they were doing, your Highness? Alas, his Highness guessed it,—and yet must not say, or think, he guessed it. There is something sad in a brave man's being reduced to explain himself from a barrel-head in this manner! Yet what, on the whole, will he do? Coriolanus curled his lip, and scowled proudly enough on the sweet voices: but Coriolanus had likewise to go over to the Volscians; Coriolanus had not the slightest chance to govern by a free Parliament in Rome! Oliver was not prepared for these extremities; if less would serve. Perhaps in Oliver there is something of better than "silent pride"? Oliver will have to explain himself before God Most High, ere long;—and it will not stead him there, that he went wrong because his pride, his "personal dignity," his &c. &c. were concerned.— —Who would govern men! "Oh, it were better to be a poor fisherman," exclaimed Danton, "than to meddle with governing of men!" "I would rather

keep a flock of sheep!" said Oliver. And who but a Flunky would not, if his real trade lay in keeping sheep?'—

On the whole, concludes our Commentator: 'As good an explanation as the case admits of,—from a barrel-head, or "raised platform under a state." Where so much that is true cannot be said; and yet nothing that is false shall be said,—under penalties forgotten in our Time! With regard to those asseverations and reiterated appeals, note this also: An oath was an oath then; not a solemn piece of blasphemous cant, as too often since. No *contemporary* that I have met with, who had any opportunity to judge, disbelieved Oliver in these protestations; though many believed that he was unconsciously deceiving himself. Which, of course, we too, where needful, must ever remember that he was liable to do; nay, if you will, that he was continually doing. But to this Commentator, at this stage in the development of things, "Apology" seems not the word for Oliver Cromwell;—not that, but a far other word! The Modern part of his Highness's audience can listen now, I think, across the Time-gulfs, in a different mood;—with candour, with human brotherhood, with reverence and grateful love. Such as the noble never claim in vain from those that have any nobleness. This of tasking a great soul continually to prove to us that he was not a liar, is too unwashed a way of welcoming a Great Man! Scrubby Apprentices of tender years, to them it might seem suitable;—still more readily to Apes by the Dead Sea!' Let us have done with it, my friend; and listen to the Speech itself, of date, Painted Chamber, 12th September 1654, the best we can!

GENTLEMEN,

It is not long since I met you in this place, upon an occasion which gave me much more content and comfort than this doth. That which I have now to say to you will need no preamble, to let me into my discourse: for the occasion of this meeting is plain enough. I could have wished with all my heart there had been no cause for it.

At our former meeting I did acquaint you what was the first rise of this Government, which hath called you hither, and by the authority of which you have come hither. Among other things which I then told you of, I said, You were a Free Parliament. And 'truly' so you are,—whilst you own the Government and Authority which called you hither. But

certainly that word 'Free Parliament' implied a reciprocity,[1] or it implied nothing at all! Indeed there was a reciprocity implied and expressed; and I think your actions and carriages ought to be suitable! But I see it will be necessary for me now a little to magnify my Office. Which I have not been apt to do. I have been of this mind, I have been always of this mind, since I first entered upon my Office, If God will not bear it up, let it sink! [*Yea!*] But if a duty be incumbent upon me to bear my testimony unto it (which in modesty I have hitherto forborne), I am in some measure necessitated thereunto. And therefore that will be the prologue to my discourse.

I called not myself to this place. I say again, I called not myself to this place! Of that God is witness:—and I have many witnesses, who, I do believe, could lay down their lives bearing witness to the truth of that. Namely, That I called not myself to this place! [*His Highness is growing emphatic.*] And being in it, I bear not witness to myself 'or my office;' but God and the People of these Nations have also borne testimony to it 'and me.' *If* my calling be from God, and my testimony from the People,—God and the People shall take it from me, else I will not part with it. [*Do you mark that, and the air and manner of it, my honourable friends!*] I should be false to the trust that God hath placed in me, and to the interest of the People of these Nations, if I did.

"That I called not myself to this place," is my first assertion. "That I bear not witness to myself, but have many witnesses," is my second. These two things I shall take the liberty to speak more fully to you of.—To make plain and clear what I have here asserted, I must take liberty to look 'a little' back.

I was by birth a Gentleman; living neither in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity. I have been called to several employments in the Nation: To serve in Parliament, 'and others;' and,—not to be over-tedious,—I did endeavour to discharge the duty of an honest man, in those services, to God and His People's Interest, and to the Commonwealth;

[1] 'reciprocation' in orig.

having, when time was, a competent acceptation in the hearts of men, and some evidences thereof. I resolve, not to recite the times and occasions and opportunities, which have been appointed me by God to serve Him in; nor the presence and blessings of God therein bearing testimony to me. [*Well said, and well forborne to be said!*]

Having had some occasions to see, together with my brethren and countrymen, a happy period put to our sharp Wars and contests with the then common Enemy, I hoped, in a private capacity, to have reaped the fruit and benefit, together with my brethren, of our hard labours and hazards: the enjoyment, to wit, of Peace and Liberty, and the privileges of a Christian and a Man, in some equality with others, according as it should please the Lord to dispense unto me. And when, I say, God had put an end to our Wars, or at least brought them to a very hopeful issue, very near an end,—after Worcester Fight,—I came up to London to pay my service and duty to the Parliament which then sat: hoping that all minds would have been disposed to answer what seemed to be the mind of God, namely, To give peace and rest to His People, and especially to those who had bled more than others in the carrying-on of the Military affairs,—I was much disappointed of my expectation. For the issue did not prove so. [*Suppressed murmurs from Bradshaw and Company.*] Whatever may be boasted or misrepresented, it was not so, not so!

I can say, in the simplicity of my soul, I love not, I love not,—I declined it in my former Speech,[1]—I say, I love not to rake into sores, or to discover nakednesses! The thing I drive at is this: I say to you, I hoped to have had leave, 'for my own part,' to retire to a private life. I begged to be dismissed of my charge; I begged it again and again;—and God be Judge between me and all men if I lie in this matter! [*Groans from Dryasdust, scarcely audible, in the deep silence.*] That I lie not in matter of fact is known to very many [*"Hum-m-m!" Look of "Yea!" from the Military Party*]: but whether I tell a lie in my heart, as labouring to represent to

[1] Antea, Speech I., p. 347.

you what was not upon my heart, I say the Lord be Judge.[1] Let uncharitable men, who measure others by themselves, judge as they please. As to the matter of fact, I say, It is true. As to the ingenuity and integrity of my heart in that desire,—I do appeal as before upon the truth of that also!— — But I could not obtain 'what I desired,' what my soul longed for. And the plain truth is, I did afterwards apprehend some were of opinion (such the difference of their judgment from mine), That it could not well be.[2]

I confess I am in some strait to say what I could say, and what is true, of what then followed. I pressed the Parliament, as a Member, To period themselves;—once and again, and again, and ten, nay twenty times over. I told them, —for I knew it better than any one man in the Parliament could know it; because of my manner of life, which had led me everywhere up and down the Nation,[3] thereby giving me to see and know the temper and spirits of all men, and of the best of men,—that the Nation loathed their sitting. [*Haselrig, Scott and others looking very grim.*] I knew it. And, so far as I could discern, when they *were* dissolved, there was not so much as the barking of a dog, or any general and visible repining at it! [*How astonishing there should not have been!*] You are not a few here present who can assert this as well as myself.

And that there was high cause for their dissolution, is most evident: not only in regard there was a just fear of that Parliament's perpetuating themselves, but because it 'actually' was their design. 'Yes;' had not their heels been trod upon by importunities from abroad, even to threats, I believe there never would have been 'any' thoughts of rising, or of going out of that Room, to the world's end. I myself was sounded, and, by no mean persons [*O Sir Harry Vane!*], tempted; and proposals were made me to that very end: That the Parliament[4] might be thus perpetuated; that the vacant places might be

[1] He: Believe *you* about that as you see good.

[2] That I could not be spared from my post.

[3] While soldiering, &c.: the original has, 'which was to run up and down the Nation.'

[4] 'it' in orig.

supplied by new elections;—and so continue from generation to generation.

I have declined, I have declined very much, to open these things to you. [*What noble man would not, your Highness?*] But, having proceeded thus far, I must tell you 'this also:' That poor men, under this arbitrary power, were driven, like flocks of sheep, by forty in a morning; to the confiscation of goods and estates; without any man being able to give a reason why two of them had deserved to forfeit a shilling!' I tell you the truth. And my soul, and many persons' whom I see in this place, were exceedingly grieved at these things; and knew not which way to help them, except by our mournings, and giving our negatives when occasion served.—I have given you but a taste of miscarriages 'that then were.' I am confident you have had opportunities to hear much more of them; for nothing was more obvious. It's true this will be said, That there was a remedy endeavoured: To put an end to this Perpetual Parliament, by giving us a future Representative. How that was gotten, by what importunities that was obtained, and how unwillingly yielded unto, is well known.

'But,' what *was* this remedy? It was a seeming willingness to give us Successive Parliaments. And what was 'the nature of' that Succession? It was, That when one Parliament had left its seat, another was to sit down immediately in the room thereof, without any caution to avoid what was the real danger, namely, Perpetuating of the same 'men in' Parliaments. Which is a sore, now, that will ever be running, so long as men are ambitious and troublesome,—if a remedy be not found.

Nay, at best what will such a remedy amount to? It is a conversion of a Parliament that would have been and was Perpetual, to a Legislative Power Always Sitting! [*Which, however, consists of different men, your Highness!*] And so the liberties and interests and lives of people *not* judged by any certain known Laws and Power, but by an arbitrary Power; which is incident and necessary to Parliaments.

[1] Antea, p. 324.

[*So!*] By an arbitrary Power, I say:[1] to make men's estates liable to confiscation, and their persons to imprisonment,—sometimes 'even' by laws made after the fact committed; often by the Parliament's assuming to itself to give judgment both in capital and criminal things, which in former times was not known to exercise such a judicature.[2] This, I suppose, was the case 'then before us.' And, in my opinion, the remedy was fitted to the disease! Especially coming in the rear of a Parliament which had so exercised its power and authority as that Parliament had done but immediately before.

Truly I confess,—upon these grounds, and with the satisfaction of divers other persons who saw nothing could be had otherwise,—that Parliament was dissolved [*Not a doubt of it!*]: and we, desiring to see if a few might have been called together for some short time who might put the Nation into some way of certain settlement,—did call those Gentlemen [*The Little Parliament; we remember them!*] out of the several parts of the Nation. And as I have appealed to God before you already,[3]—though it be a tender thing to make appeals to God, yet in such exigencies as these I trust it will not offend His Majesty; especially to make them before Persons that know God, and know what conscience is, and what it is to "lie before the Lord"! I say, As a principal end in calling that Assembly was the settlement of the Nation, so a chief end to myself was to lay down the Power which was in my hands. [*Hum-m-m!*] I say to you again, in the Presence of that God who hath blessed, and been with me in all my

[1] Such as the Long Parliament did continually exert.

[2] Intricate paragraphs, this and the foregoing; treating of a subject complex in itself, and very delicate to handle before such an audience. His Highness's logic perhaps hobbles somewhat: but this strain of argument, which to us has fallen so dim and obsolete, was very familiar to the audience he was now addressing,—the staple indeed of what their debates for the last three days had been (Burton, i. Introd. pp. 25–33; Whitlocke, p. 587, &c.). 'Perpetuating of the same men in Parliament:' that clearly is intolerable, says the first Paragraph. But not only so, says the second Paragraph, 'a Legislative Assembly always sitting,' though it consist of new men, is likewise intolerable: any Parliament, as the Long Parliament has too fatally taught us, if left to itself, is, by its nature, arbitrary, of unlimited power, liable to grow tyrannous;—ought therefore only to sit at due intervals, and to have other Powers (Protectorate, for example) ready to check it on occasion. All this the ancient audience understands very well; and the modern needs only to understand that they understood it.

[3] 'I know, and I hope I may say it,' follows in orig.,—deleted here, for light's sake, though characteristic.

adversities and successes: That was, as to myself, my greatest end! [*Your Highness—?—And "God" with you ancients is not a fabulous polite Hearsay, but a tremendous all-irradiating Fact of Facts, not to be "lied before" without consequences?*] A desire perhaps, I am afraid, sinful enough, To be quit of the Power God had most clearly by His Providence [1] put into my hands, before He called me to lay it down; before those honest ends of our fighting were attained and settled.—I say, the Authority I had in my hand being so boundless as it was,—for, by Act of Parliament, I was General of all the Forces in the three Nations of England, Scotland and Ireland; in which unlimited condition I did not desire to live a day,—we called that Meeting, for the ends before expressed.

What the event and issue of that Meeting was, we may sadly remember. It hath much teaching in it,[2] and I hope will make us all wiser for the future! But, 'in short,' that Meeting not succeeding, as I already said unto you, and giving such a disappointment to our hopes, I shall not now make any repetition thereof: only the result was, That they came and brought to me a Parchment, signed by very much the major part of them; expressing their re-delivery and resignation of the power and authority that had been committed them back again into my hands. And I can say it, in the presence of divers persons here, who do know whether I lie in that [*Hum-m-m!*], That I did not know one tittle of that Resignation 'of theirs,' till they all came and brought it, and delivered it into my hands. Of this also there are in this presence many witnesses. [*Yes, many are convinced of it,—some not.*] I received this Resignation; having formerly used my endeavours and persuasions to keep them together. Observing their differences, I thought it my duty to give advice to them, that so I might prevail with them for union. But it had the effect I told you; and I had my disappointment.

When this proved so, we were exceedingly to seek how to settle things for the future. My 'own' Power was again, by

[1] 'most providentially' in orig.: has not the modern meaning; means only as in the Text.

[2] Warning us not to quarrel, and get into insoluble theories, as they did.

this resignation, 'become' as boundless and unlimited as before; all things being subjected to arbitrariness; and myself, 'the only constituted authority that was left,' a person having power over the three Nations, without bound or limit set;—and all Government, upon the matter, being dissolved; all *civil* administration at an end,[1]—as will presently appear. [*"A grave situation: but who brought us to it?" murmur my Lord Bradshaw and others.*]

The Gentlemen that undertook to frame this Government,[2] did consult divers days together (men of known integrity and ability), How to frame somewhat that might give us settlement. They did consult;—and that I was not privy to their councils they know it. [*Alas!*]—When they had finished their model in some measure, or made a good preparation of it, they became communicative. [*Hum-m-m!*] They told me except I would undertake the Government, they thought things would hardly come to a composure or settlement, but blood and confusion would break in upon us. [*A plain truth they told.*] I refused it again and again; not complimentingly,—as they know, and as God knows! I confess, after many arguments, they urging on me, "That I did not hereby receive anything which put me into a *higher* capacity than before; but that it *limited* me; that it bound my hands to act nothing without the consent of a Council, until the Parliament, and then limited 'me' by the Parliament, as the Act of Government expresseth,"—I did accept it. I might repeat again to you, if it were needful, but I think it hardly is: I was arbitrary in power; having the Armies in the three Nations under my command;—and truly not very ill beloved by them, nor very ill beloved by the People. By the good People. And I believe I should have been more beloved if they had known the truth, as things *were*, before God and in themselves, and also before divers of those Gentlemen whom I but now mentioned unto you. [*His Highness is rallying; getting out of the Unutterable into the Utterable!*] I did, at the entreaty of divers Persons of Honour and Quality, at the entreaty of very many of the chief Officers of the Army then

[1] *Civil* Office-bearers feeling their commission to be ended.

[2] Plan or Model of Government.

present,—'at their entreaty' and at their request, I did accept of the place and title of PROTECTOR: and was, in the presence of the Commissioners of the Great Seal, the Judges, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, the Soldiery, divers Gentlemen, Citizens, and divers other people and persons of quality, and so forth,—accompanied to Westminster Hall; where I took the Oath to this Government. [*Indisputably: draw your own inferences from it!*] This was not done in a corner: it was open and public!—This Government hath been exercised by a Council;[1] with a desire to be faithful in all things:—and, among all other trusts, to be faithful in *calling this Parliament.*

And thus I have given you a very bare and lean Discourse:[2] which truly I have been necessitated to 'do,'—and contracted in 'the doing of,' because of the unexpectedness of the occasion, and because I would not quite weary you nor myself. But this is a narrative that discovers to you the series of Providences and of Transactions leading me into the condition wherein I now stand. The next thing I promised 'to demonstrate to' you, wherein, I hope, I shall be briefer—Though I am sure the occasion does require plainness and freedom!—'But as to this first thing,'[3] That I brought not myself into this condition: surely in my own apprehension I did not! And whether I did not, the things being true which I have told you, I shall submit to your judgment. And there shall I leave it. Let God do what He pleaseth.

The other thing, I say, that I am to speak of to you is, "That I have not 'borne,' and do not bear, witness to myself." I am far from alluding to Him that said so![4] Yet truth, concerning a member of His, He will own, though men

[1] According to the 'Instrument' or Program of it.

[2] Narration.

[3] This paragraph is characteristic. One of Oliver's *warts.* His Highness, in haste to be through, is for breaking-off into the 'next thing,' with hope of greater 'brevity;' but then suddenly bethinks him that he has not yet quite completely winded-off the '*first* thing,' and so returns to that. The paragraph, stark nonsense in the original (where they that are patient of such can read it, Parliamentary History, xx. 357), indicates, on intense inspection, that this is the purport of it. A glimpse afforded us, through one of Oliver's confused regurgitations and incondite *mis*utterances of speech, into the real inner man of him. Of which there will be other instances as we proceed.

[4] 'Then answered Jesus, and said unto them,——If I bear witness of myself, my witness is not true. There is Another that beareth witness of me.' (John, v. 31, 32.)

do not.—But I think, if I mistake not, I have a cloud of witnesses. I think so; let men be as froward as they will. [*My honourable friends!*] I have witness Within,—Without,—and Above! But I shall speak of my witnesses Without; having fully spoken of the Witness who is Above, and 'who is' in my own conscience, before. Under the other head[1] I spoke of these; because that subject had more obscurity in it, and I in some sort needed appeals;—and, I trust, might lawfully make them (as lawfully as take an oath), where the things were not so apt to be made evident 'otherwise.' [*In such circumstances, Yea!*]—I shall enumerate my witnesses as well as I can.

When I had consented to accept of the Government, there was some Solemnity to be performed. And that was accompanied by some persons of considerableness in all respects: there were the persons before mentioned to you,[2] these accompanied me, at the time of my entering upon this Government, to Westminster Hall to receive my Oath. There was an express[3] consent on the part of these and other interested persons. And 'there was also' an implied consent of many; showing their good liking and approbation thereof. And, Gentlemen, I do not think you are altogether strangers to it in your countries. Some did not nauseate it; very many did approve it.

I had the approbation of the Officers of the Army, in the three Nations of England, Scotland and Ireland. I say, of the Officers: I had that by their 'express' Remonstrances,[4] and under signature. But there went along with that express consent of theirs, an implied consent also 'of a body' of persons who had 'had' somewhat to do in the world; who had been instrumental, by God, to fight down the Enemies of God and of His People in the three Nations. [*The Soldiery of the Commonwealth. Persons of "some considerableness," these too!*] And truly, until my hands were bound, and I 'was' limited

[1] 'upon the other account' in orig. [2] 'before expressed' in orig.

[3] 'explicit' and 'implicit' in the original; but we must say 'express' and 'implied,'—the word 'implicit' having now got itself tacked to 'faith' (*implicit-faith*), and become thereby hopelessly degraded from any independent meaning.

[4] Means 'Public Letters of Adherence.'

(to my own great satisfaction, as many can bear me witness); while I had in my hands so great a power and arbitrariness,—the Soldiery were a very considerable part of these Nations, especially all Government being dissolved. I say, when all Government was thus dissolved, and nothing to keep things in order but the Sword! And yet they,—which many Histories will not parallel,—even they were desirous that things might come to a consistency; and arbitrariness be taken away; and the Government be put into 'the hands of' a person limited and bounded, as in the Act of Settlement, whom they distrusted the least, and loved not the worst. [*Hear!*] There was another evidence 'of consent, implied if not express.'

I would not forget the honourable and civil entertainment, with the approbation I found in the great City of London;[1] —which the City knows whether I directly or indirectly sought. And truly I do not think it folly to remember this. For it was very great and high; and very public; and 'included' as numerous a body of those that are known by names and titles,—the several Corporations and Societies of Citizens in this City,—as hath at any time been seen in England. And not without some appearance of satisfaction also.—And I had not this witness only. I have had from the greatest County in England, and from many Cities and Boroughs and Counties, express approbations. 'Express approbations' not of men gathered here and there, but from the County General Assizes;—the Grand Jury, in name of the Noblemen, Gentlemen, Yeomen and Inhabitants of that County, giving very great thanks to me for undertaking this heavy burden at such a time; and giving very great approbation and encouragement to me to go through with it.[2] These are plain; I have them to show. And by these, in some measure, it will appear "I do not bear witness to myself."

This is not all. The Judges,—truly I had almost forgotten

[1] Dinner, with all manner of gala, in the common Royal Style; 8th February 1653-4 (Whitlocke, 2d edition, p. 581).

[2] 'Humble Petition and Representation of the Grand Jury at the Assizes held at York, March 1653 (1654), in name of' &c. &c.: Newspapers: Perfect Diurnal, 3d-10th April 1654 (King's Pamphlets, large 4to, no. 82, § 12), and others.—Similar recognition 'by the Mayor' &c. &c. 'of the ancient City of York' (ibid.).

it [*Another little window into his Highness!*],—the Judges, thinking that there had now come a dissolution to all Government, met and consulted; and did declare one to another, That they could not administer justice to the satisfaction of their consciences, until they had received Commissions from me. And they did receive Commissions from me; and by virtue of those Commissions they have acted:—and all Justices of the Peace that have acted have acted by virtue of like Commissions. Which was a little more than an implied approbation! And I believe all the Justice administered in the Nation hath been by this authority. Which also I lay before you; desiring you to think, Whether all those persons now mentioned must not come to you for an Act of Oblivion and General Pardon, for having acted under and testified to this Government, if it be disowned by you!—

And I have two or three witnesses more,—equivalent to all these I have yet mentioned, if I be not mistaken, and greatly mistaken! If I should say, All *you* that are here are my witnesses,—I should say no untruth! I know that you are the same persons here that you were in your countries[1]—But I will reserve this for a little; this will be the *issue*, 'the general outcome and climax,' of my Proof. [*Another little window:—almost a half-soliloquy; you see the Speech getting ready in the interior of his Highness.*] I say I have two or three witnesses, of still more weight than all I have counted and reckoned yet. All the People in England are my witnesses; and many in Ireland and Scotland! All the Sheriffs in England are my witnesses: and all that have come-in upon a Process issued out by Sheriffs are my witnesses. [*My honourable friends, how did* YOU *come in?*] Yea, the Returns of the Elections to the Clerk of the Crown,—not a thing to be blown away by a breath,—the Return on behalf of the Inhabitants in the Counties, Cities and Boroughs, all are my witnesses of approbation to the Condition and Place I stand in.

And I shall now make *you* my last witnesses! [*Here comes it, "the issue of my Proof!"*] And shall ask you, Whether you came not hither by my Writs directed to the several

[1] Where you had to acknowledge me before election, he means, but does not yet see good to say.

Sheriffs 'of Counties,' and through the Sheriffs to the other Officers of Cities and Liberties? To which 'Writs' the People gave obedience; having also had the Act of Government communicated to them,—to which end great numbers of copies 'thereof' were sent down to be communicated to them. And the Government[1] 'was' also required to be distinctly read unto the People at the place of election, to avoid surprises, 'or misleadings of them through their ignorance;'—where also they signed the Indenture,[2] with proviso, "That the Persons so chosen should *not* have power to alter the Government as now settled in one Single Person and a Parliament!" [*My honourable friends—?*]—And thus I have made good my second Assertion, "That I bear not witness to myself;" but that the good People of England and you all are my witnesses.

Yea, surely!—And 'now' this being so,—though I told you, in my last Speech "that you were a free Parliament," yet I thought it was understood withal that I was the Protector, and the Authority that called you! That I was in possession of the Government by a good right from God and men! And I believe if the learnedest men in this Nation were called to show a precedent, equally clear, of a Government so many ways approved of, they would not in all their search find it.—I did not in my other Speech take upon me to justify the 'Act of' Government in every particular; and I told you the reason, which was plain: The Act of Government was public, and had long been published, 'in order' that it might be under the most serious inspection of all that pleased to peruse it.

This is what I had to say at present for approving[3] myself to God and my conscience in my actions throughout this undertaking; and for giving cause of approving myself to every one of your consciences in the sight of God.—And if the fact be so, why should we sport with it? With a business so serious! May not this character, this stamp [*Stamp put upon a man by the Most High and His providences*], bear equal poise

[1] Act or Instrument of Government. [2] Writ of Return.

[3] 'By what I have said, I have approved,' &c. in orig.: but rhetorical charity required the change.

with any Hereditary Interest that could furnish, or hath furnished, in the Common Law or elsewhere, matter of dispute and trial of learning? In the like of which many have exercised more wit, and spilt more blood, than I hope ever to live to see or hear of again in this Nation! [*Red and White Roses, for example; Henry of Bolingbroke, and the last 'Protector.'*]—I say, I do not know why I may not balance this Providence, in the sight of God, with *any* Hereditary Interest [*Nor do I!*]; as a thing *less* subject to those cracks and flaws which that 'other' is commonly incident unto; the disputing of which has cost more blood in former times in this Nation than we have leisure to speak of now!—

Now if this be thus, and I am deriving a title from God and men upon such accounts as these are—Although some men be froward, yet that *your* judgments who are Persons sent from all parts of the Nation under the notion of *approving* this Government—[*His Highness, bursting with meaning, completes neither of these sentences; but pours himself, like an irregular torrent, through other orifices and openings.*]—For you to disown or not to own it: for you to act with Parliamentary Authority especially in the disowning of it; contrary to the very fundamental things, yea against the very root itself of this Establishment: to sit and not own the Authority by which you sit,— —is that which I believe astonisheth more men than myself; and doth as dangerously disappoint and discompose the Nation as any thing 'that' could have been invented by the greatest enemy to our peace and welfare, or 'that' could well have happened. [*Sorrow, anger and reproach on his Highness's countenance, the voice risen somewhat into* ALT, *and rolling with a kind of rough music in the tones of it!*]

It is true, as there are some things in the Establishment which are Fundamental, so there are others which are not, but are Circumstantial. Of these no question but I shall easily agree to vary, to leave out, 'according' as I shall be convinced by reason. But some things are Fundamentals! About which I shall deal plainly with you: These may *not* be parted with; but will, I trust, be delivered over to Posterity, as the fruits of our blood and travail. The Government by a

Single Person and a Parliament is a Fundamental! It is the *esse*, it is constitutive. And as for the Person,—though I may seem to plead for myself, yet I do not: no, nor can any reasonable man say it. If the things throughout this Speech be true, I plead for this Nation, and for all honest men therein who have borne their testimony as aforesaid, and not for myself! And if things should do otherwise than well (which I would not fear), and the Common Enemy and discontented persons take advantage of these distractions, the issue will be put up before God: let Him own it, or let Him disown it, as He pleases!—

In every Government there must be Somewhat Fundamental [*Will speak now of Fundamentals*], Somewhat like a *Magna Charta*, which should be standing, be unalterable. Where there is a stipulation on one side, and that fully accepted, as appears by what hath been said,—surely a return [1] ought to be; else what does that stipulation signify? If I have, upon the terms aforesaid, undertaken this great Trust, and exercised it; and by it called *you*,—surely it ought 'by you' to be owned.—That Parliaments should not make themselves perpetual is a Fundamental. [*Yea; all know it: taught by the example of the Rump!*] Of what assurance is a *Law* to prevent so great an evil, if it lie in the same Legislature to *un*law it again? [*Must have a Single Person to check your Parliament.*] Is such a Law like to be lasting? It will be a rope of sand; it will give no security; for the same men may unbuild what they have built.

'Again,' is not Liberty of Conscience in Religion a Fundamental? So long as there is Liberty of Conscience for the Supreme Magistrate to exercise his conscience in erecting what Form of Church-Government he is satisfied he should set up ["HE *is to decide on the Form of Church-Government, then?*" *The Moderns, especially the Voluntary Principle, stare*],—why should he not give the like liberty to others? Liberty of Conscience is a natural right; and he that would have it, ought to give it; having 'himself' liberty to settle what he likes for the Public. ["*Where, then, are the limits of Dis-*

[1] reciprocal engagement.

sent?" An abstruse question, my Voluntary friends; especially with a Gospel really BELIEVED !] Indeed that hath been one of the vanities of our Contest. Every Sect saith: "Oh, give me liberty!" But give it him, and to his power he will not yield it to anybody else. Where is our ingenuousness? 'Liberty of Conscience'—truly that is a thing ought to be very reciprocal! The Magistrate hath *his* supremacy; he may settle Religion, 'that is, Church-Government,' according to his conscience. And 'as for the People'—I may say it to you, I can say it: All the money of this Nation would not have tempted men to fight upon such an account as they have here been engaged in, if they had not had hopes of Liberty 'of Conscience' better than Episcopacy granted them, or than would have been afforded by a Scots Presbytery,—or an English either, if it had made such steps, and been as sharp and rigid, as it threatened when first set up!'[1] This, I say, is a Fundamental. It ought to be so. It is for us and the generations to come. And if there be an absoluteness in the Imposer [*As you seem to argue*], without fitting allowances and exceptions from the rule ["*Fitting:" that is a wide word!*],—we shall have the People driven into wildernesses. As they were, when those poor and afflicted people, who forsook their estates and inheritances here, where they lived plentifully and comfortably, were necessitated, for enjoyment of their Liberty, to go into a waste howling wilderness in New England;—where they have, for Liberty's sake, stript themselves of all their comfort; embracing rather loss of friends and want than be so ensnared and in bondage. [*Yea!*]

Another 'Fundamental' which I had forgotten is the Militia. That is judged a Fundamental if anything be so. That *it* should be well and equally placed is very necessary. For, put the absolute power of the Militia into 'the hands of' one 'Person,'—without a check, what doth it serve? 'On the other hand,' I pray you, what check is there upon your Perpetual Parliaments, if the Government be wholly stript of this

[1] Liberty of Conscience must not be refused to a People who have fought and conquered 'upon such an account' as ours was! For more of Oliver's notions concerning the Magistrate's power in Church matters, see his Letter to the Scotch Clergy, Letter CXLVIII. vol. ii. p. 217.

of the Militia? 'This as we now have it' is[1] equally placed, and men's desires were to have it so;—namely, in one Person, and in the Parliament 'along with him,' while the Parliament sits. What signified a provision against perpetuating of Parliaments, if this power of the Militia be solely in *them?* Think, Whether without some check, the Parliament have it not in their power to alter the Frame of Government altogether,—into Aristocracy, Democracy, into Anarchy, into anything, if this 'of the Militia' be fully in them! Yea, into all confusion; and that without remedy! If this one thing be placed in one 'party,' that one, be it Parliament, be it Supreme Governor, hath power to make what he pleases of all the rest. ["*Hum-m-m!*" *from the old Parliament.*]—Therefore if you would have a balance at all; if you agree that some Fundamentals must stand, as worthy to be delivered over to Posterity,—truly I think it is not unreasonably urged that 'this power of' the Militia should be disposed as we have it in the Act of Government;—should be placed so equally that no one party neither in Parliament nor out of Parliament have the power of ordering it. 'Well;'—the Council are the Trustees of the Commonwealth, in all *intervals* of Parliament; and have as absolute a negative upon the Supreme Officer in the said intervals, as the Parliament hath while it is sitting. [*So that we are safe—or safish, your Highness? No one party has power of the Militia at any time.*] The power of the Militia cannot be made use of; not a man can be raised, nor a penny charged upon the People, nothing can be done, without consent of Parliament; and in the intervals of Parliament, without consent of the Council. Give me leave to say, There is very little power, none but what is coördinate, 'placed' in the Supreme Officer; and yet enough in him in that particular. He is bound in strictness by the Parliament, and out of Parliament by the Council, who do as absolutely bind him as the Parliament while sitting doth.—

As for that of Money—I told you some things were Circumstantials [*Comes to the Circumstantials*];—as, for example, this is: That we should have 200,000*l.* to defray Civil Offices,

[1] 'It is' in orig.

—to pay the Judges and other Officers; to defray the charges of the Council in sending their embassies, in keeping intelligence, and doing what is necessary; and to support the Governor in Chief:[1] 'All this is, by the Instrument, supposed and intended. But it is not of the *esse* so much; nor 'is it' limited 'so strictly' as 'even' the number of Soldiers is,—20,000 Foot and 10,000 Horse. [*Guard even afar off against any sinking below the minimum in that!*] Yet if the spirits of men were composed, 5,000 Horse and 10,000 Foot might serve. These things are 'Circumstantial,' are between the Chief Officer and the Parliament, to be moderated, 'regulated,' as occasion shall offer.

Of this sort there are many Circumstantial things, which are not like the laws of the Medes and Persians. But the things which shall be necessary to deliver over to Posterity, these should be unalterable. Else every succeeding Parliament will be disputing to alter the Government; and we shall be as often brought into confusion as we have Parliaments, and so make our remedy our disease. The Lord's Providence, evil 'effects' appearing, and good appearing, and better judgment 'in ourselves,' will give occasion for ordering of things to the best interest of the People. Those 'Circumstantial' things are the matter of consideration between you and me.

I have indeed almost tired myself. What I have farther to say is this [*Does not yet say it*]—I would it had not been needful for me to call you hither to expostulate these things with you, and in such a manner as this! But Necessity hath no law. Feigned necessities, imaginary necessities,—'certainly these' are the greatest cozenage that men can put upon the Providence of God, and make pretences to break known rules by. 'Yes;' but it is *as* legal, 'contrary to God's free Grace,' as carnal, and as stupid [*A tone of anger*], to think that there are no Necessities which are manifest 'and real,' because necessities may be abused or feigned! And truly that were my case[2] if I should so think 'here;' and I hope none of you so

[1] Instrument of Government, Art. 27 (Somers Tracts, vi. 294).
[2] To be legal, and carnal and stupid.

think. I have to say [*Says it now*]: The wilful throwing-away of this Government, such as it is, so owned by God, so approved by men, so witnessed to (in the Fundamentals of it) as was mentioned above, 'were a thing which,'—and in reference 'not to *my* good, but' to the good of these Nations and of Posterity,—I can sooner be willing to be rolled into my grave and buried with infamy, than I can give my consent unto! [*Never!—Do you catch the tone of that voice, reverberating, like thunder from the roof of the Painted Chamber, over the heads of Bradshaw, Haselrig, Scott and Company; the aspect of that face, with its lion-mouth and mournful eyes,—kindled now and radiant all of it, with sorrow, with rebuke and wrathful defiance?—Bradshaw and Company look on it unblanched; but will be careful not to provoke such a one. There lie penalties in him!*]

You have been called hither to save a Nation,—Nations. You had the best People, indeed, of the Christian world put into your trust, when you came hither. You had the affairs of these Nations delivered over to you in peace and quiet; you were, and we all are, put into an undisturbed possession, nobody making title to us. Through the blessing of God, our enemies were hopeless and scattered. We had peace at home; peace with almost all our Neighbours round about,—apt 'otherwise' to take advantages where God did administer them. 'These things we had, few days ago, when you came hither. And now?'—to have our peace and interest, whereof those were our hopes the other day, thus shaken, and put under such a confusion; and ourselves [*Chiefly "I"*] rendered hereby almost the scorn and contempt of those strangers [*Dutch Ambassadors and the like*] who are amongst us to negotiate their masters' affairs! To give *them* opportunity to see our nakedness as they do: "A people that have been unhinged this twelve-years day,[1] and are unhinged still,"—as if scattering, division and confusion came upon us like things we desired: '*these*,' which are the greatest plagues that God ordinarily lays upon Nations for sin!

I would be loath to say these are matters of our desire.[2]

[1] An old phrase; 'day' emphatic.

[2] Politely oblique for 'your desire.'

But if not, then why not matters of our *care*,—as wisely as by our utmost endeavours we might, to *avoid* them! Nay if, by such actings as these 'now' are, these poor Nations shall be thrown into heaps and confusion, through blood, and ruin, and trouble[1]—And upon the saddest account that ever was, if breaking 'and confusion' should come upon us;—all because we would not settle when we could, when God put it into our hands! Your affairs now almost settled everywhere: and to have all recoil upon us; and ourselves 'to be' shaken in our affections, loosened from all known and public interests:—as I said before, who shall answer for these things to God?

Who can answer for these things to God, or to men? 'To men'—to the People who sent you hither; who looked for refreshment from you; who looked for nothing but peace and quietness, and rest and settlement? When we come to give an account to them, we shall have it to say, "Oh, we quarrelled for the *Liberty of England;* we contested, and 'went to confusion' for that!"—'Now,' Wherein, I pray you, for the "Liberty of England"? I appeal to the Lord, that the desires and endeavours we have had— —Nay the things will speak for themselves. The "Liberty of England," the Liberty of the People; the avoiding of tyrannous impositions either upon men as men, or Christians as Christians;—is made so safe by this Act of Settlement, that it will speak for itself. And when it shall appear to the world what 'really' hath been said and done by all of us, and what our real transactions were—For God can discover; no Privilege [*What! Not even Privilege of Parliament?*] will hinder the Lord from discovering! No Privilege, or condition of man can hide from the Lord; He can and will make all manifest, if He see it for His glory![2]—And when these 'things, as I say,' shall be manifested; and the People will come and ask, "Gentlemen, what condition is this we are in? We hoped for light; and behold darkness, obscure darkness! We hoped for rest

[1] 'what shall we then say?' his Highness means, but does not complete the sentence, —as is sometimes his habit.

[2] 'Privilege' of Parliament, in those days, strenuously forbids *reporting;* but it will not serve in the case referred to!

after ten-years Civil War, but are plunged into deep confusion again!"—Ay; we know these consequences will come upon us, if God Almighty shall not find out some way to prevent them.

I had a thought within myself, That it would not have been dishonest nor dishonourable, nor against true Liberty, no not 'the Liberty' of Parliaments, 'if,' when a Parliament was so chosen 'as you have been,' in pursuance of this Instrument of Government, and in conformity to it, and with such an approbation and consent to it,—some Owning of your Call and of the Authority which brought you hither, had been required before your entrance into the House. [*Deep silence in the audience.*] This was declined, and hath not been done, because I am persuaded scarce any man could doubt you came with contrary minds. And I have reason to believe the people that sent you least of all doubted thereof. And therefore I must deal plainly with you: What I forbore upon a just confidence at first, you necessitate me unto now! [*Paleness on some faces.*] Seeing the Authority which called you is so little valued, and so much slighted,—till some such Assurance be given and made known, that the Fundamental Interest shall be settled and approved according to the proviso in the 'Writ of' Return, and such a consent testified as will make it appear that the same is accepted, I HAVE CAUSED A STOP TO BE PUT TO YOUR ENTRANCE INTO THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE. [*You understand that, my honourable friends?*]

I am sorry, I am sorry, and I could be sorry to the death, that there is cause for this! But there is cause: and if things be not satisfied which are reasonably demanded, I, for my part, will do that which becomes *me*, seeking my counsel from God.—There is therefore Somewhat [*A bit of written Parchment!*] to be offered to you; which I hope will answer, being understood with the qualifications I have told you,—'namely, of' reforming as to Circumstantials, and agreeing in the Substance and Fundamentals, 'that is to say,' in the Form of Government now settled, which is expressly stipulated in your Indentures "not to be altered." The making of your minds known in that by giving your assent and sub-

scription to it, is the means that will let you in, to act those things as a Parliament which are for the good of the People. And this thing [*The Parchment!*], 'when once it is' shown to you and signed as aforesaid, doth determine the controversy; and may give a happy progress and issue to this Parliament. [*Honourable gentlemen look in one another's faces,—find general blank.*]

The place where you may come thus and sign, as many as God shall make free thereunto, is in the Lobby without the Parliament Door. [*My honourable friends, you know the way, don't you?*]— —

The 'Instrument of' Government doth declare that you have a legislative power without a negative from me. As the Instrument doth express it, you may make any Laws; and if I give not my consent, within twenty days, to the passing of your Laws, they are *ipso facto* Laws, whether I consent or no, —if not contrary to the 'Frame of' Government. You have an absolute Legislative Power in all things that can possibly concern the good and interest of the public; and I think you may make these Nations happy by this Settlement. And I, for my part, shall be willing to be bound more than I am, in anything concerning which I can become convinced that it may be for the good of the People, or tend to the preservation of the Cause and Interest so long contended for.[1]

Go your ways, my honourable friends, and sign, so many of you as God hath made free thereunto! The place, I tell you, is in the Lobby without the Parliament Door. The 'Thing,' as you will find there, is a bit of Parchment with these words engrossed on it: '*I do hereby freely promise, and engage myself, to be true and faithful to the Lord Protector and the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland; and shall not (according to the tenor of the Indenture whereby I am returned to serve in this present Parliament) propose, or give my consent, to alter the Government as it is settled in a Single Person and a Parliament.*'[2] Sign that, or go home again to your countries.

Let honourable gentlemen therefore consider what they will do!

[1] Old Pamphlet, brother to the foregoing; reprinted in Parliamentary History, xx. 349-69.

[2] Whitlocke, p. 587.

—'About a Hundred signed directly, within an hour.' Guibon Goddard and all the Norfolk Members (except one, who was among the direct Hundred) went and 'had dinner together,' to talk the matter over;—mostly thought it would be better to sign; and did sign, all but some two. The number who have signed this first day, we hear, is a Hundred-and-twenty, a Hundred-and-thirty, nay a Hundred-and-forty.[1] Blank faces of honourable gentlemen begin to take meaning again,—some mild, some grim. Tomorrow being Fastday, there is an adjournment. The recusants are treated 'with all tenderness;' most of them come-in by degrees: 'Three-hundred before the month ends.'

Deep Republicans, Bradshaw, Haselrig, Thomas Scott and the like, would not come-in; still less would shallow noisy ones, as Major Wildman;—went home to their countries again, their blank faces settling into permanent grim. My Lord Protector molested no man for his recusancy; did indeed take that absence as a comparative favour from the parties. Harrison and other suspect persons are a little looked after: the Parliament resumes its function as if little had happened. With a singular acquiescence on the part of the Public, write our correspondents, Dutch and other. The Public, which I have known rebel against crowned Kings for twitching the tippet of a Parliament, permits this Lord Protector to smite it on the cheek, and say, "Have a care, wilt thou!" Perhaps this Lord Protector is believed to mean better than the King did? There is a difference in the objects of men, as the Public understands;—a difference in the men too for rebelling against! At any rate, here is singular submission everywhere; and my Lord Protector getting ready a powerful Sea-Armament, neither his Parliament nor any other creature can yet guess for what.[2]

Goddard's report of this Parliament is distinct enough; brief, and not without some points of interest; 'the misfortune is,' says one Commentator, 'he does not give us *names*.' Alas, a much greater misfortune is, the Parliament itself is hardly worth naming! It did not prove a successful Parliament;—it held-on by mere Constitution-building; and effected, so to speak, nothing. Respectable Pedant persons; never doubting but the Ancient sacred Sheepskins would serve for the New Time, which also has its sacredness; thinking, full surely, constitutional logic was the thing England now needed of them! Their History shall remain blank, to the end of the world. I have read their Debates, and counsel

[1] Goddard, Whitlocke, Letter in Thurloe.

[2] Dutch Ambassadors, French, &c., in Thurloe, ii. 606, 613, 638 (15th, 18th Sept.; 9th Oct.). See also Appendix, No. 28.

no other man to do it. Wholly upon the 'Institution of Government,' modelling, new-modelling of that: endless anxious spider-webs of constitutional logic; vigilant checks, constitutional jealousies, &c. &c. To be forgotten by all creatures.

They had a Committee of Godly Ministers sitting in the Jerusalem Chamber; a kind of miniature Assembly of Divines; intent upon 'Scandalous Ministers and Schoolmasters,' upon tender consciences, and the like objects: but there were only Twenty in this Assembly; they could hardly ever get fairly under way at all;—and have left in English History no trace that I could see of their existence, except a very reasonable Petition, noted in the Record, That the Parliament would be pleased to advance them a little money towards the purchase of fire and candle,—in these cold dark months. The Parliament, I hope, allowed them coals and a few tallow-lights; but neither they nor it could accomplish anything towards the Settling of a Godly Ministry in England: my Lord Protector and *his* Commissions will have to settle that too; an object dear to all good men. This Parliament spent its time in constitutional jangling, in vigilant contrivance of balances, checks, and that species of entities. With difficulty could, at rare intervals, a hasty stingy vote, not for the indispensable Supplies, but for some promise of them, be wrung from it. An unprofitable Parliament.

For the rest, they had Biddle the Socinian before them; a poor Gloucester Schoolmaster once, now a very conspicuous Heresiarch, apparently of mild but entirely obstinate manners,—poor devil: him they put into the Gatehouse; him and various others of that kidney. Especially 'Thearuo John, who laid about him with a drawn sword at the door of the Parliament House one day,'[1]—a man clearly needing to be confined. 'Thearuo John:' his name had originally been John Davy, if I recollect; but the Spirit, in some preternatural hour, revealed to him that it ought to be as above. Poor Davy: his labours, life-adventures, financial arrangements, painful biography in general, are all unknown to us; till, on this 'Saturday 30th December 1654,' he very clearly 'knocks loud at the door of the Parliament House,' as much as to say, "What is this *you* are upon?" and 'lays about him with a drawn sword;'—after which all again becomes unknown. Seemingly a kind of Quaker. Does the reader know James Nayler, and the devout women worshipping him? George Fox, in his suit of leather, independent of mankind, looks down into the soft Vale of Belvoir,

[1] Whitlocke, p. 592. See Goddard (in Burton, i. Introd. cxxvi).

native 'Vale of Bever:' Do not the whispering winds and green fields, do not the still smoke-pillars from these poor cottages under the eternal firmaments, say in one's heart, "George, canst thou do nothing for us? George, wilt thou not help us from the wrath to come?" George finds in the Vale of Bever 'a very tender people.' In fact, most singular Quakerisms, frightful Socinianisms, and other portents, are springing up rife in England.

Oliver objected, now and always, to any very harsh punishment of Biddle and Company, much as he abhorred their doctrines. Why burn, or brand, or otherwise torment them, poor souls? They, wandering as we all do seeking for a door of hope into the Eternities, have, being tempted of the Devil as we all likewise are, *missed* the door of hope; and gone tumbling into dangerous gulfs, —dangerous, but not yet beyond the mercy of God. Do not burn them. They meant, some of them, *well;* bear, visibly to me, the scars of stern true battle against the Enemy of Man. Do not burn them;—lock them up, that they may not mislead others. On frugal wholesome diet in Pendennis Castle, or Elizabeth Castle in Jersey, or here in the Clink Prison at London, they will not cost you much, and may arrive at some composure. Branding and burning is an ugly business;—as little of that as you can.

Friday 29th September 1654. His Highness, say the old Lumber-Books, went into Hyde Park; made a small picnic dinner under the trees, with Secretary Thurloe, attended by a few servants;—was, in fact, making a small pleasure excursion, having in mind to try a fine new team of horses, which the Earl or Duke of Oldenburg had lately sent him. Dinner done, his Highness himself determined to drive,—two in hand, I think, with a postillion driving other two. The horses, beautiful animals, tasting of the whip, became unruly; galloped, would not be checked, but took to plunging; plunged the postillion down; plunged or shook his Highness down, 'dragging him by the foot for some time,' so that 'a pistol went off in his pocket,' to the amazement of men. Whereupon? Whereupon —his Highness got up again, little the worse; was let blood; and went about his affairs much as usual![1] Small anecdote, that figures, larger than life, in all the Books and Biographies. I have known men thrown from their horses on occasion, and less noise made about it, my erudite friend! But the essential point was, his Highness wore a pistol.—Yes, his Highness is prepared to defend himself; has men, and has also truculent-flunkies, and devils and devil's-servants of various kinds, to defend himself against;—and wears pistols, and what other furniture outward and inward

[1] Thurloe, i. 652–3; Ludlow, ii. 508.

may be necessary for the object. Such of you as have an eye that way can take notice of it!—

Thursday 16*th November* 1654. On the other hand, what a glimpse into the interior domesticities of the Protector Household have we in the following brief Note! Amid the darkness and buzzard dimness, one light-beam, clear, radiant, mournfully beautiful, like the gleam of a sudden star, disclosing for a moment many things to us! On Friday, Secretary Thurloe writes incidentally: 'My Lord Protector's Mother, of Ninety-four years old, died last night. A little before her death she gave my Lord her blessing, in these words: "The Lord cause His face to shine upon you; and comfort you in all your adversities; and enable you to do great things for the glory of your Most High God, and to be a relief unto His People. My dear Son, I leave my heart with thee. A good night!" '[1]—and therewith sank into her long sleep. Even so. Words of ours are but idle. Thou brave one, Mother of a Hero, farewell!—Ninety-four years old; the royalties of Whitehall, says Ludlow very credibly, were of small moment to her: 'at the sound of a musket she would often be afraid her Son was shot; and could not be satisfied unless she saw him once a day at least.'[2] She, old, weak, wearied one, she cannot help him with his refractory Pedant Parliaments, with his Anabaptist plotters, Royalist assassins, and world-wide confusions; but she bids him, Be strong, be comforted in God. And so Good night! And in the still Eternities and divine Silences—Well, *are* they not divine?—

December 26*th*, 1654. The refractory Parliament and other dim confusions still going on, we mark as a public event of some significance, the sailing of his Highness's Sea-Armament. It has long been getting ready on the Southern Coast; sea-forces, land-forces; sails from Portsmouth on Christmas morrow, as above marked.[3]—None yet able to divine whither bound; not even the Generals, Venables and Penn, till they reach a certain latitude. Many are much interested to divine! Our Brussels Correspondent writes long since, 'The Lord Protector's Government makes England more formidable and considerable to all Nations than ever it has been in my days.'[4]

[1] Thurloe to Pell, 17th November 1654: in Vaughan's Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell (London, 1839), i. 81.

[2] Ludlow, ii. 488.

[3] Penn's Narrative, in Thurloe, iv. 28.

[4] Thurloe, i. 169 (11th March 1653–4).

LETTERS CXCVI. CXCVII.

HERE are Two small Letters, harmlessly reminding us of far interests and of near;—otherwise yielding no new light; but capable of being read without commentary. Read them; and let us hasten to dissolve the poor Constitutioning Parliament, which ought not to linger on these pages, or on any page.

LETTER CXCVI.

To Richard Bennet, Esq., Governor of Virginia: These.

Whitehall, 12th January 1654.

SIR,

Whereas the differences between the Lord Baltimore and the Inhabitants of Virginia, concerning the Bounds by them respectively claimed, are depending before our Council, and yet undetermined; and whereas we are credibly informed, you have notwithstanding gone into his Plantation in Maryland, and countenanced some people there in opposing the Lord Baltimore's Officers; whereby, and with other forces from Virginia, you have much disturbed that Colony and People, to the endangering of tumults and much bloodshed there, if not timely prevented:

We therefore, at the request of the Lord Baltimore, and 'of' divers other Persons of Quality here, who are engaged by great adventures in his interest, do, for preventing of disturbances or tumults there, will and require you, and all others deriving any authority from you, To forbear disturbing the Lord Baltimore, or his Officers or People in Maryland; and to permit all things to remain as they were before any disturbance or alteration made by you, or by any other upon pretence of authority from you, till the said Differences above mentioned be determined by us here, and we give farther order therein. We rest your loving friend,

OLIVER P.[1]

[1] Thurloe, i. 724. The Signature only is Oliver's: signature, and sense. Thurloe has jotted on the back of this: 'A duplicate also hereof was writ, signed by his Highness.'

Commissioners, it would appear, went out to settle the business; got it, we have no doubt, with due difficulty settled. See Letter CCIII.—26th September 1655, 'To the Commissioners of Maryland.'

LETTER CXCVII.

HERE again, while the Pedant Parliament keeps arguing and constitutioning, are discontents in the Army that threaten to develop themselves. Dangerous fermentings of Fifth-Monarchy and other bad ingredients, in the Army and out of it; encouraged by the Parliamentary height of temperature. Charles Stuart, on the word of a Christian King, is extensively bestirring himself. Royalist preparations, provisions of arms; Anabaptist Petitions: abroad and at home very dangerous designs on foot: but we have our eye upon them.

The Scotch Army seems, at present, the questionablest. 'The pay of the men is thirty weeks in arrear,' for one thing; the Anabaptist humour needs not that addition! Colonel Alured, we saw, had to be dismissed the Service last year; Overton and others were questioned, and not dismissed. But now some desperate scheme has risen among the Forces in Scotland, of deposing General Monk, of making Republican Overton Commander,—and so marching off, all but the indispensable Garrison-troops, south into England, *there* to seek pay and other redress.[1] This Parliament, now in its Fourth Month, supplies no money; nothing but constitutional debatings. My Lord Protector had need be watchful! He again, in this December, summons Overton from Scotland; again questions him;—sees good, this time, to commit him to the Tower,[2] and end his military services. The Army, in Scotland and elsewhere, with no settlement yet to its vague fermenting humours, and not even money to pay its arrears, is dangerous enough.

Of Adjutant-General Allen whom this Letter concerns, it may be proper to say that Ludlow in mentioning him has mistaken his man. The reader recollects, a good while ago, Three Troopers, notable at the moment, who appeared once before the Long Parliament, with a Petition from the Army, in the year Forty-seven? Their names were Allen, Sexby, Sheppard: Ludlow will have it,

[1] Postea, Speech IV.; and Thurloe, iii. 110, &c.

[2] 16th January 1654-5 (Overton's Letter, Thurloe, iii. 110.)

the Trooper Allen was this Adjutant-General Allen;[1] which is a mistake of Ludlow's. Trooper Sexby we did since see, as Captain Sexby, after Preston Fight; and shall again, in sad circumstances see: but of Trooper Allen there is no farther vestige anywhere except this imaginary one; of Trooper Sheppard not even an imaginary vestige. They have vanished, these two; and Adjutant-General Allen, vindicating his identity such as it is, enters here on his own footing. A resolute devout man, whom we have seen before; the same who was deep in the Prayer-Meeting at Windsor years ago:[2] this is his third, and we hope his last appearance on the stage of things.

Allen has been in Ireland, since that Prayer-Meeting; in Ireland and elsewhere, resolutely fighting, earnestly praying, as from of old; has had many darkenings of mind; expects, for almost a year past, 'little good from the Governments of this world,' one or the other. He has honoured, and still would fain honour, 'the Person now in chief place,' having seen in him much 'uprightheartedness to the Lord;' must confess, however, 'the late Change hath more stumbled me than any ever did;'—and, on the whole, knows not what he will resolve upon.[3] We find he has resolved on quitting Ireland, for one thing; has come over to 'his Father-in-law Mr. Huish's in Devonshire:'—and, to all appearance, is not building established-churches there! 'Captain Unton Crook,' of whom we shall hear afterwards, is an active man, son of a learned Lawyer;[4] very zealous for the Protector's interest;—zealous for his own and his Father's promotion, growls Ludlow. Desborow, who fitted-out the late mysterious Sea-Armament on the Southern Coast (not too judiciously, I doubt), is Commander-in-chief in those parts.

'For Captain Unton Crook, at Exeter: These.'

Whitehall, 20th January 1654.

SIR,

Being informed by a Letter of yours and General Desborow, also by a Letter from the High Sheriff of Devon, that Adjutant-General Allen doth very ill offices by

[1] Ludlow, i. 189: 'Edward Sexby,' 'William Allen;' but in the name of the third Trooper, which is not 'Philips' but *Sheppard*, he is mistaken (Commons Journals, 30th April 1647); and as to 'Adjutant-General Allen' and the impossibility f his identity with this William Allen, see vol. i. pp. 227, 271.

[2] Vol. i. p. 271.

[3] Two intercepted Letters of Allen's (Thurloe, ii. 214-5), 'Dublin, 6th April 1654.'

[4] Made Sergeant Creok in 1655 (Heath, p. 693).

multiplying dissatisfaction in the minds of men to the present Government, I desire you and the High Sheriff to make diligent inquiry after him, and try to make-out what can be made in this kind, and to give me speedy notice thereof. Not doubting of your care herein, I rest your loving friend,

OLIVER P.

If he be gone out of the Country, learn whither he is gone, and send me word by next post.[1]

Allen was not gone out of the Country; he was seized by Crook 'in his Father-in-law Mr. Huish's house,' on the 31st of January 1654–5; his papers searched, and himself ordered to be and continue prisoner, at a place agreed upon,—Sand in Somersetshire,—'under his note of hand.' So much we learn from the imbroglios of *Thurloe;*[2] where also are authentic Depositions concerning Allen, 'by Captains John Copleston and the said Unton Crook;' and two Letters of Allen's own,—one to the Protector; and one to 'Colonel Daniel Axtel' (the Regicide Axtel), 'Dr. Philip Carteret, or either of them,' enclosing that other Letter, and leaving it to them to present it or not, he himself thinking earnestly that they should. Both of these Letters, as well as Unton Crook's to the Protector, and the authentic Deposition of Copleston and Crook against Allen, are dated February 7th, 1654–5.

The witnesses depose,[3] That he has bragged to one 'Sir John Davis Baronet,' of an interview he had with the Protector not long since,—wherein he, Allen, told the Protector a bit of his mind; and left him in a kind of huff, and even at a nonplus; and so came off to the West Country in a triumphant manner. Farther he talks questionable things of Ireland, of discontents there, and in laud of Lieutenant-General Ludlow; says, There is plenty of discontent in Ireland; he himself means to be there in February, but will first go to London again. The Country rings with rumour of his questionable speeches. He goes to 'meetings' about Bristol, whither many persons convene,—for Anabaptist or other purposes. Such meetings are often on week-days. Questionabler still, he rides thither 'with a vizard or mask over his face;' 'with glasses over his eyes,'—barnacles, so to speak! Nay, questionablest of all, riding, 'on Friday the 5th of last month,' month of

[1] Lansdowne MSS. 1236, fol. 102. Superscription torn off;—only the Signature is in Oliver's hand: Address supplied here by inference.

[2] iii. 143; see pp. 140–1.

[3] Thurloe, iii. 140.

January 1654–5, 'to a meeting at Luppit near Honiton, Devon,' there rode also (but not I think to the same place!) a Mr. Hugh Courtenay, once a flaming Royalist Officer in Ireland, and still a flaming zealot to the lost Cause; who spake nothing all that afternoon but mere treason, of Anabaptists that would rise in London, of &c. &c. Allen, as we say, on the last morning of January was awoke from sleep in his Father-in-law Mr. Huish's, by the entrance of two armed troopers; who informed him that Captain Crook and the High Sheriff were below, and that he would have to put-on his clothes, and come down.

Allen's Letter to the Lord Protector, from Sand in Somersetshire, we rather reluctantly withhold, for want of room. A stubborn, sad, stingily respectful piece of writing: Wife and baby terribly ill off at Sand; desires to be resigned to the Lord, 'before whom both of us shall ere long nakedly appear;'—petitions that at least he might be allowed 'to attend ordinances;' which surely would be reasonable! Are there not good horses that require to be ridden with a dexterous bridle-hand,—delicate, and yet hard and strong? Clearly a strenuous Anabaptist, this Allen; a rugged, true-hearted, not easily governable man; given to Fifth-Monarchy and other notions, though with a strong head to control them. Fancy him duly cashiered from the Army, duly admonished and dismissed into private life. Then add the Colonel Overtons and Colonel Alureds, and General Ludlows and Major-General Harrisons, and also the Charles Stuarts and Christian Kings;—and reflect once more what kind of task this of my Lord Protector's is, and whether he needs refractory Pedant Parliaments to worsen it for him.

SPEECH IV.

Finding this Parliament was equal to nothing in the Spiritual way but tormenting of poor Heretics, receiving Petitions for a small advance towards coal and candle; and nothing in the Temporal but constitutional air-fabrics and vigilant checkings and balancings,—under which operations such precious fruits at home and abroad were ripening,—Oliver's esteem for this Parliament gradually sank to a marked degree. Check, check,—like maladroit ship-carpenters hammering, adzing, sawing at the Ship of the State, instead of diligently caulking and paying it; idly gauging and computing, nay recklessly tearing-up and remodelling;—when the poor Ship could hardly keep the water as yet, and the

Pirates and Sea-Krakens were gathering round! All which most dangerous, not to say half-frantic operations, the Lord Protector discerning well, and swallowing in silence as his best was,—had for a good while kept his eye upon the Almanac, with more and more impatience for the arrival of the Third of February. That will be the first deliverance of the poor labouring Commonwealth, when at the end of Five Months we send these Parliament philosophers home to their Countries again. Five Months by the Instrument they have to sit;—O fly, lazy Time; it is yet but Four Months and — — Somebody suggested, Is not the Soldier-month counted by Four Weeks? Eight-and-twenty days are a Soldier's Month: they have, in a sense, already sat five months, these vigilant Honourable Gentlemen!

Oliver Protector, on Monday morning, 22d of January 1654–5, surprises the Constitutioning Parliament with a message to attend him in the Painted Chamber, and leave 'Settling of the Government' for a while. They have yet voted no Supplies; nor meant to vote any. They thought themselves very safe till February 3d, at soonest. But my Lord Protector, from his high place, speaks, and dissolves.

Speech Fourth, 'printed by Henry Hills, Printer to his Highness the Lord Protector,' is the only one of these Speeches concerning the reporting, printing or publishing of which there is any visible charge or notice taken by the Government of the time. It is ordered in this instance, by the Council of State, That nobody except Henry Hills or those appointed by him shall presume to print or reprint the present Speech, or any part of it. Perhaps an official precaution considered needful; perhaps also only a matter of copyright; for the Order is so worded as not to indicate which. At all events, there is no trace of the Report having been anywhere interfered with; which seems altogether a spontaneous one; probably the product of Rushworth or some such artist.[1]

The Speech, if read with due intensity, can be understood; and what is equally important, be believed; nay, be found to contain in it a manful, great and valiant meaning,—in tone and manner very resolute, yet very conciliatory; intrinsically not ignoble but noble. For the rest, it is, as usual, sufficiently incondite in phrase and conception; the hasty outpouring of a mind which is *full* of such meanings. Somewhat difficult to read. Practical Heroes, unfortunately, as we once said, do not speak in blank-verse; their trade does not altogether admit of that! Useless to look here for a Greek Temple with its porticoes and entabla-

[1] See Burton's Diary.

tures, and *styles*. But the Alp Mountain, with its chasms and cataracts and shaggy pine-forests, and huge granite masses rooted in the Heart of the World: this too is worth looking at, to some. I can give the reader little help; but will advise him to try.

GENTLEMEN,

I perceive you are here as the House of Parliament, by your Speaker whom I see here, and by your faces which are in a great measure known to me. [*Doubtless we are here, your Highness!*]

When I first met you in this room, it was to my apprehension the hopefulest day that ever mine eyes saw, as to the considerations of this world. For I did look at, as wrapt-up in you together with myself, the hopes and the happiness of, —though not of the greatest,—yet a very great 'People;' and the best People in the world. And truly and unfeignedly I thought 'it' so: as a People that have the highest and clearest profession amongst them of the greatest glory, namely Religion: as a People that have been, like other Nations, sometimes up and sometimes down in our honour in the world, but yet never so low but we might measure with other Nations:—and a People that have had a stamp upon them from God [*Hah!*]; God having, as it were, summed-up all our former honour and glory in the things that *are* of glory to Nations, in an Epitome, within these Ten or Twelve years last past! So that we knew one another at home, and are well known abroad.

And if I be not very much mistaken, we were arrived,—as I, and truly I believe as many others, did think,—at a very safe port; where we might sit down and contemplate the Dispensations of God and our Mercies; and might know our Mercies not to have been like to those of the Ancients,—who did make-out their peace and prosperity, as they thought, by their own endeavours; who could not say, as we, That all ours were let-down to us from God Himself! Whose appearances and providences amongst us are not to be outmatched by any Story. [*Deep silence; from the old Parliament, and from us.*] Truly this was our condition. And I know nothing else we had to do, save as Israel was commanded in that most

excellent Psalm of David: "The things which we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us, we will not hide them from our children; showing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and His strength, and His wonderful works that He hath done. For He established a Testimony in Jacob, and appointed a Law in Israel; which He commanded our fathers that they should make known to their children; that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born, who should arise and declare them to *their* children: that they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep His commandments."[1]

This I thought had been a song and a work worthy of England, whereunto you might happily have invited them,—had you had hearts unto it. [*Alas!*] You had this opportunity fairly delivered unto you. And if a history shall be written of these Times and Transactions, it will be said, it will not be denied, that these things that I have spoken are true! [*No response from the Moderns: mere silence, stupor, not without sadness.*] This talent was put into your hands. And I shall recur to that which I said at the first: I came with very great joy and contentment and comfort, the first time I met you in this place. But we and these Nations are, for the present, under some disappointment!—If I had proposed to have played the Orator,—which I never did affect, nor do, nor I hope shall [*Hear!*],—I doubt not but upon easy suppositions, which I am persuaded every one among you will grant, we did meet upon such hopes as these.

I met you a second time here: and I confess, at that meeting I had much abatement of my hopes; though not a total frustration. I confess that that which damped my hopes so soon was somewhat that did look like a parricide. It is obvious enough unto you that the 'then' management of affairs did savour of a Not owning,—too-too much savour, I say, of a Not owning of the Authority that called you hither. But God left us not without an expedient that gave a second possibility—Shall I say possibility? It seemed to me a prob-

[1] Psalm lxxviii. 3–7.

ability,—of recovering out of that dissatisfied condition we were all then in, towards some mutuality of satisfaction. And therefore by that Recognition [*The Parchment we had to sign: Hum-m!*], suiting with the Indenture that returned you hither; to which afterwards was also added your own Declaration,[1] conformable to, and in acceptance of, that expedient:—thereby, 'I say,' you had, though with a little check, another opportunity renewed unto you to have made this Nation as happy as it could have been if everything had smoothly run on from that first hour of your meeting. And indeed,—you will give me liberty of my thoughts and hopes,—I did think, as I have formerly found in that way that I have been engaged in as a soldier, That some affronts put upon us, some disasters at the first, have made way for very great and happy successes;[2] and I did not at all despond but the stop put upon you, in like manner, would have made way for a blessing from God. That Interruption being, as I thought, necessary to divert you from violent and destructive proceedings; to give time for better deliberations;—whereby leaving the Government as you found it, you might have proceeded to have made those good and wholesome Laws which the People expected from you, and might have answered the Grievances, and settled those other things proper to you as a Parliament: for which you would have had thanks from all that intrusted you. [*Doubtful "Hum-m-m!" from the old Parliament.*]

What hath happened since that time I have not taken public notice of; as declining to intrench on Parliament privileges. For sure I am you will all bear me witness, That from your entering into the House upon the Recognition, to this very day, you have had no manner of interruption or hindrance of mine in proceeding to what blessed issue the heart of a good man could propose to himself,—to this very day 'none.' You see you have me very much locked up, as to what you have transacted among yourselves, from that time to this. [*"None dare report us, or whisper what we do."*] But some things I shall take liberty to speak of to you.

[1] Commons Journals (vii. 368), 14th Sept. 1654.

[2] Characteristic sentence, and sentiment;—not to be meddled with.

As I may not take notice what you have been doing; so I think I have a very great liberty to tell you That I do not know what you have been doing! [*With a certain tone; as one may hear!*] I do not know whether you have been alive or dead. I have not once heard from you all this time; I have not: and that you all know. If that be a fault that I have not, surely it hath not been mine!—If I have had any melancholy thoughts, and have sat down by them,—why might it not have been very lawful for me to think that I was a Person judged unconcerned in all these businesses? I can assure you I have not so reckoned myself! Nor did I reckon myself unconcerned in you. And so long as any just patience could support my expectation, I would have waited to the uttermost to have received from you the issue of your consultations and resolutions.—I have been careful of your safety, and the safety of those that you represented, to whom I reckon myself a servant.—

But what messages have I disturbed you withal? What injury or indignity hath been done, or offered, either to your persons or to any privileges of Parliament, since you sat? I looked at myself as strictly obliged by my Oath, since your recognising the Government in the authority of which you were called hither and sat, To give you all possible security, and to keep you from any unparliamentary interruption. Think you I could not say more upon this subject, if I listed to expatiate thereupon? But because my actions plead for me, I shall say no more of this. [*Old Parliament dubiously rolls its eyes.*]—I say, I have been caring for *you*, for your quiet sitting; caring for your privileges, as I said before, that they might not be interrupted; have been seeking of God, from the great God a blessing upon you, and a blessing upon these Nations. I have been consulting if possibly I might, in anything, promote, in my place, the real good of this Parliament, of the hopefulness of which I have said so much unto you. And I did think it to be my business rather to see the utmost issue, and what God would produce by you, than unseasonably to intermeddle with you.

But, as I said before, I have been caring for you, and for

the peace and quiet of these Nations: indeed I have; and that I shall a little presently manifest unto you. And it leadeth me to let you know somewhat,—which, I fear, I fear, will be, through some interpretation, a little too justly put upon *you;* whilst you have been employed as you have been, and,—in all that time expressed in the Government, in that Government, I say in that Government,—have brought forth nothing that you yourselves say *can* be taken notice of without infringement of your privileges![1] I will tell you somewhat, which, if it be not news to you, I wish you had taken very serious consideration of. If it be news, I wish I had acquainted you with it sooner. And yet if any man will ask me why I did it not, the reason is given already: Because I did make it my business to give you no interruption.

There be some trees that will not grow under the shadow of other trees: There be some that choose,—a man may say so by way of allusion,—to thrive under the shadow of other trees. I will tell you what hath thriven,—I will not say what you have *cherished*, under your shadow; that were too hard. Instead of Peace and Settlement,—instead of mercy and truth being brought together, and righteousness and peace kissing each other, by 'your' reconciling the Honest People of these Nations, and settling the woful distempers that are amongst us; which had been glorious things and worthy of Christians to have proposed,—weeds and nettles, briers and thorns have thriven under your shadow! Dissettlement and division, discontent and dissatisfaction; together with real dangers to the whole,—have been more multiplied within these five months of your sitting, than in some years before! Foundations have also been laid for the future renewing of the Troubles of these Nations by all the enemies of them aboard and at home. Let not these words seem too sharp: for they are true as any mathematical demonstrations

[1] An embarrassed sentence; characteristic of his Highness. "You have done nothing noticeable upon this 'Somewhat' that I am about to speak of,—nor, indeed, it seems upon *any* Somewhat;—and *this* was one you may, without much 'interpretation,' be blamed for doing nothing upon." 'Government' means Instrument of Government: 'the time expressed' therein is Five Months,—now, by my way of calculating it, expired! Which may account for the embarrassed iteration of the phrase, on his Highness's part.

are or can be. I say, the enemies of the peace of these Nations aboard and at home, the discontented humours throughout these Nations,—which 'products' I think no man will grudge to call by that name, of briers and thorns,—*they* have nourished themselves under your shadow! [*Old Parliament looks still more uneasy.*]

And that I may clearly be understood: They have taken their opportunities from your sitting, and from the hopes they had, which with easy conjecture they might take up and conclude that there would be no Settlement; and they have framed their designs, preparing for the execution of them accordingly. Now whether,—which appertains not to me to judge of, on their behalf,—they had any occasion ministered for this, and from whence they had it, I list not to make any scrutiny or search. But I will say this: I think they had it not from me. I am sure they had not 'from me.' From whence they had, is not my business now to discourse: but *that* they had, is obvious to every man's sense. What preparations they have made, to be executed in such a season as they thought fit to take their opportunity from: that I know, not as men know things by conjecture, but by certain demonstrable knowledge. That they have been for some time past furnishing themselves with arms; nothing doubting but they should have a day for it; and verily believing that, whatsoever their former disappointments were, they should have more done for them by and from our own divisions, than they were able to do for themselves. I desire to be understood That, in all I have to say of this subject, you will take it that I have no reservation in my mind,—as I have not,—to mingle things of guess and suspicion with things of fact: but 'that' the things I am telling of are fact; things of evident demonstration.

These weeds, briers and thorns,—they have been preparing, and have brought their designs to some maturity, by the advantages given to them, as aforesaid, from your sittings and proceedings. ["*Hum-m-m!*"] But by the Waking Eye that watched over that Cause that God will bless, they have been, and yet are, disappointed. [*Yea!*] And having mentioned

that Cause, I say, that slighted Cause,—let me speak a few words in behalf thereof; though it may seem too long a digression. Whosoever despiseth it, and will say, It is *non Causa pro Causâ*, 'a Cause without Cause,'—the All-searching Eye before mentioned will find out that man; and will judge him, as one that regardeth not the works of God nor the operations of His hands! [*Moderns look astonished.*] For which God hath threatened that He will cast men down, and not build them up. That 'man who,' because he can dispute, will tell us he knew not when the Cause began, nor where it is; but modelleth it according to his own intellect; and submits not to the Appearances of God in the World; and therefore lifts up his heel against God, and mocketh at all His providences; laughing at the observations, made up not without reason and the Scriptures, and by the quickening and teaching Spirit which gives life to these other;—calling such observations "enthusiasms:" such men, I say, no wonder if they "stumble and fall backwards, and be broken and snared and taken,"[1] by the things of which they are so wilfully and maliciously ignorant! The Scriptures say, "The Rod has a voice, and He will make Himself known by the judgments which He executeth." And do we not think He will, and does, by the providences of mercy and kindness which He hath for His People and their just liberties; "whom He loves as the apple of His eye"? Doth He not by them manifest Himself? And is He not thereby also seen giving kingdoms for them, "giving men for them, and people for their lives,"—as it is in Isaiah Forty-third?[2] Is not this as fair a lecture and as clear speaking, as anything our dark reason, left to the letter of the Scriptures, can collect from them? By this voice has God spoken very loud on behalf of His People, by judging their enemies in the late War, and restoring them a liberty to worship, with the freedom of their consciences, and freedom in estates and persons when they do so. And thus we have found the Cause of God by the works of God; which

[1] Isaiah, xxviii. 13. A text that had made a great impression upon Oliver: see Letter to the General Assembly, vol. ii. p. 178.

[2] Isaiah, xliii. 3, 4: Another prophecy of awful moment to his Highness: see Speech I. vol. ii. p. 262.

are the testimony of God. Upon which rock whosoever splits shall suffer shipwreck. But it is your glory,—and it is mine, if I have any in the world concerning the Interest of those that have an interest in a better world,—it is my glory that I know a Cause which yet we have *not* lost; but do hope we shall take a little pleasure rather to lose our lives than lose! [*Hah!*]—But you will excuse this long digression.— —

I say unto you, Whilst you have been in the midst of these Transactions, that Party, that Cavalier Party,—I could wish some of them had thrust-in here, to have heard what I say,—have been designing and preparing to put this Nation in blood again, with a witness. But because I am confident there are none of that sort here, therefore I shall say the less to that. Only this I must tell you: They have been making great preparations of arms; and I do believe it will be made evident to you that they have raked-out many thousands of arms, even all that this City could afford, for divers months last past. But it will be said, "May we not arm ourselves for the defence of our houses? Will anybody find fault for that?" Not for that. But the reason for *their* doing so hath been as explicit, and under as clear proof, as the fact of doing so. For which I hope, by the justice of the land, some will, in the face of the Nation, answer it with their lives: and then the business will be pretty well out of doubt.—Banks of money have been framing, for these and other suchlike uses. Letters have been issued with Privy-seals, to as great Persons as most are in the Nation, for the advance of money,—which 'Letters' have been discovered to us by the Persons themselves. Commissions for Regiments of horse and foot, and command of Castles, have been likewise given from Charles Stuart, since your sitting. And what the general insolences of that Party have been, the Honest People have been sensible of, and can very well testify.

It has not only been thus. But as in a quinsy or pleurisy, where the humour fixeth in one part, give it scope, all 'disease' will gather to that place, to the hazarding of the whole: and it is natural to do so till it destroy life in that person on whomsoever this befalls. So likewise will *these* diseases take

accidental causes of aggravation of their distemper. And this was that which I did assert, That they have taken accidental causes for the growing and increasing of those distempers,—as much as would have been in the natural body if timely remedy were not applied. And indeed things were come to that pass,—in respect of which I shall give you a particular account,—that no mortal physician, if the Great Physician had not stepped in, could have cured the distemper. Shall I lay this upon your account, or my own? I am sure I can lay it upon God's account: That if He had not stepped in, the disease had been mortal and destructive!

And what is all this? 'What are these new diseases that have gathered to this point?' Truly I must needs still say: "A company of men like briers and thorns;" and worse, if worse can be. Of another sort than those before mentioned to you. These also have been and yet are endeavouring to put us into blood and into confusion; more desperate and dangerous confusion than England ever yet saw. [*Anabaptist Levellers.*] And I must say, as when Gideon commanded his son to fall upon Zeba and Zalmunna, and slay them, they thought it more noble to die by the hand of a man than of a stripling,—which shows there is some contentment in the hand by which a man falls: so it is some satisfaction if a Commonwealth must perish, that it perish by men, and not by the hands of persons differing little from beasts! That if it must needs suffer, it should rather suffer from rich men than from poor men, who, as Solomon says, "when they oppress, leave nothing behind them, but are as a sweeping rain." Now such as these also are grown up under your shadow. But it will be asked, What have they done? I hope, though they pretend "Commonwealth's Interest," they have had no encouragement from you; but have, as in the former case, rather taken it than that you have administered any cause unto them for so doing. 'Any cause' from delays, from hopes that this Parliament would not settle, from Pamphlets mentioning strange Votes and Resolves of yours; which I hope did abuse you! But thus you see that, whatever the grounds were, these have been the effects. And thus I have laid these

things before you; and you and others will be easily able to judge how far you are concerned.

"What these men have done?" They also have laboured to pervert, where they could, and as they could, the Honest-meaning People of the Nation. They have laboured to engage some in the Army:—and I doubt that not only they, but some others also, very well known to you, have helped to this work of debauching and dividing the Army. They have, they have! [*Overton, Allen and Company, your Highness?*] I would be loath to say Who, Where, and How? much more loath to say they were any of your own number. But I can say: Endeavours have been 'made' to put the Army into a distemper, and to feed that which is the worst humour in the Army. Which though it was not a mastering humour, yet these took advantage from delay of the Settlement, and the practices before mentioned, and the stopping of the pay of the Army, to run us into Free-quarter, and to bring us into the inconveniences most to be feared and avoided.—What if I am able to make it appear in fact, That some amongst you have run into the City of London, to persuade to Petitions and Addresses to you for reversing your own Votes that you have passed? Whether these practices were in favour of your Liberties, or tended to beget hopes of Peace and Settlement from you; and whether debauching the Army in England, as is before expressed, and starving it, and putting it upon Free-quarter, and occasioning and necessitating the greatest part thereof in Scotland to march into England, leaving the remainder thereof to have their throats cut there; and kindling by the rest a fire in our own bosoms, were for the advantage of affairs here, let the world judge!

This I tell you also: That the correspondence held with the Interest of the Cavaliers, by that Party of men called Levellers, who call themselves Commonwealth's-men, 'is in our hands.' Whose Declarations were framed to that purpose, and ready to be published at the time of their 'projected' common Rising; whereof, 'I say,' we are possessed; and for which we have the confession of themselves now in custody; who confess also they built their hopes upon the assurance

they had of the Parliament's not agreeing to a Settlement :— whether these humours have not nourished themselves under your boughs, is the subject of my present discourse ; and I think I shall say not amiss, if I affirm it to be so. [*His Highness looks animated!*] And I must say it again, That that which hath been their advantage, thus to raise disturbance, hath been by the loss of those golden opportunities which God had put into your hands for Settlement. Judge you whether these things were thus, or not, when you first sat down. I am sure things were not thus ! There was a very great peace and sedateness throughout these Nations ; and great expectations of a happy Settlement. Which I remembered to you at the beginning in my Speech ; and hoped that you would have entered on your business as you found it. ["*Hum-m-m ! We had a Constitution to make!*"]

There was a Government 'already' in the possession of the People,—I say a Government in the possession of the People, for many months. It hath now been exercised near Fifteen Months ; and if it were needful that I should tell you *how* it came into their possession, and how willingly they received it ; how all Law and Justice were distributed from it, in every respect, as to life, liberty and estate ; how it was owned by God, as being the dispensation of His providence after Twelve Years War ; and sealed and witnessed unto by the People,— I should but repeat what I said in my last Speech unto you in this place : and therefore I forbear. When you were entered upon this Government ; ravelling into it—You know I took no notice what you were doing—[*Nor will now, your Highness ; let the Sentence drop!*]—If you had gone upon that foot of account, To have made such good and wholesome provisions for the Good of the People of these Nations 'as were wanted ;' for the settling of such matters in things of Religion as would have upheld and given countenance to a Godly Ministry, and yet 'as' would have given a just liberty to Godly men of different judgments,—'to' men of the same faith with them that you call the Orthodox Ministry in England, as it is well known the Independents are, and many under the form of Baptism, who are sound in the faith, and

though they may perhaps be different in judgment in some lesser matters, yet as true Christians both looking for salvation only by faith in the blood of Christ, men professing the fear of God, and having recourse to the name of God as to a strong tower,—I say you might have had opportunity to have settled peace and quietness amongst all professing Godliness; and might have been instrumental, if not to have healed the breaches, yet to have kept the Godly of all judgments from running one upon another; and by keeping them from being overrun by a Common Enemy, 'have' rendered them and these Nations both secure, happy and well satisfied. [*And the Constitution? Hum-m-m!*]

Are these things done; or any things towards them? Is there not yet upon the spirits of men a strange itch? Nothing will satisfy them unless they can press their finger upon their brethren's consciences, to pinch them there. To do this was no part of the Contest we had with the Common Adversary. For 'indeed' Religion was not the thing at first contested for 'at all:'[1] but God brought it to that issue at last; and gave it unto us by way of redundancy; and at last it proved to be that which was most dear to us. And wherein consisted this more than In obtaining that liberty from the tyranny of the Bishops to all species of Protestants to worship God according to their own light and consciences? For want of which many of our brethren forsook their native countries to seek their bread from strangers, and to live in howling wildernesses [*Our poor brethren of New England!*]; and for which also many that remained here were imprisoned, and otherwise abused and made the scorn of the Nation. Those that were sound in the faith, how proper was it for them to labour for liberty, for a just liberty, that men might not be trampled upon for their consciences! Had not they 'themselves' laboured, but lately, under the weight of persecution? And was it fit for them to sit heavy upon others? Is it ingenuous to ask liberty, and not to give it? What greater hypocrisy than for those who were oppressed by the Bishops to become the greatest oppressors themselves, so soon as their yoke was

[1] Power of the Militia was the point upon which the actual War began. A statement not false; yet truer in form than it is in essence.

removed? I could wish that they who call for liberty now also had not too much of that spirit, if the power were in their hands!—As for profane persons, blasphemers, such as preach sedition; the contentious railers, evil-speakers, who seek by evil words to corrupt good manners; persons of loose conversation,—punishment from the Civil Magistrate ought to meet with these. Because, if they pretend conscience; yet walking disorderly and not according but contrary to the Gospel, and even to natural lights,—they are judged of all. And their sins being open, make them subjects of the Magistrate's sword, who ought not to bear it in vain.—The discipline of the Army *was* such, that a man would not be suffered to remain there, of whom we could take notice he was guilty of such practices as these.—

And therefore how happy would England have been, and you and I, if the Lord had led you on to have settled upon such good accounts as these are, and to have discountenanced such practices as the other, and left men in disputable things free to their own consciences! Which was well provided for by the 'Instrument of' Government; and liberty left to provide against what was apparently evil. Judge you, Whether the contesting for things that were provided for by this Government hath been profitable expense of time, for the good of these Nations! By means whereof you may see you have wholly elapsed your time, and done just nothing!—I will say this to you, in behalf of the Long Parliament: That, had such an expedient as this Government been proposed to them; and could they have seen the Cause of God thus provided for; and been, by debates, enlightened in the grounds 'of it,' whereby the difficulties might have been cleared 'to them,' and the reason of the whole enforced, and the circumstances of time and persons, with the temper and disposition of the People, and affairs both abroad and at home when it was undertaken might have been well weighed 'by them:' I think in my conscience,—well as they were thought to love their seats,—they would have proceeded in another manner than you have done! And *not* have exposed things to these difficulties and hazards they now are at; nor given occasion

to leave the People so dissettled as they now are. Who, I dare say, in the soberest and most judicious part of them, did expect, not a questioning, but a doing of things in pursuance of the 'Instrument of' Government. And if I be not misinformed, very many of you came up with this satisfaction; having had time enough to weigh and consider the same.

And when I say "such an expedient as this Government," —wherein I dare assert there is a just Liberty to the People of God, and the just Rights of the People in these Nations provided for,—I can put the issue thereof upon the clearest reason; whatsoever any go about to suggest to the contrary. But this not being the time and place of such an averment, 'I forbear at present.' For satisfaction's sake herein, enough is said in a Book entituled '*A State of the Case of the Commonwealth*,' published in January 1653.[1] And for myself, I desire not to keep my place in this Government an hour longer than I may preserve England in its just rights, and may protect the People of God in such a just Liberty of their Consciences as I have already mentioned. And therefore if this Parliament have judged things to be otherwise than as I have stated them,—it had been huge friendliness between persons who had such a reciprocation in so great concernments to the public, for *them* to have convinced me in what particulars therein my error lay! Of which I never yet had a word from you! But if, instead thereof, your time has been spent in setting-up somewhat else, upon another bottom than this stands 'upon,'—it looks as if the laying grounds for a *quarrel* had rather been designed than to give the People *settlement*. If it be thus, it's *well* your labours have not arrived to any maturity at all! [*Old Parliament looks agitated;—agitated, yet constant!*]

This Government called you hither; the constitution thereof being limited so,—a Single Person and a Parliament. And this was thought most agreeable to the general sense of the Nation;—having had experience enough, by trial, of other conclusions; judging this most likely to avoid the extremes

[1] Read it he who wants satisfaction: 'Printed by Thomas Newcomb, London, 1653-4;' —'wrote with great spirit of language and subtilty of argument,' says the Parliamentary History (xx. 419).

of Monarchy on the one hand, and of Democracy on the other:—and yet not to found *Dominium in Gratiâ* 'either.' [*Your Highness does not claim to be here as Kings do, By Grace, then? No!*] And if so, then certainly to make the Authority more than a mere notion, it was requisite that it should be as it is in this 'Frame of' Government; which puts it upon a true and equal balance. It has been already submitted to the judicious, true and honest People of this Nation, Whether the balance be not equal? And what their judgment is, is visible,—by submission to it; by acting upon it; by restraining their Trustees from meddling with it. And it neither asks nor needs any better ratification! [*Hear!*] But when Trustees in Parliament shall, by experience, find any evil in any parts of this 'Frame of' Government, 'a question' referred by the Government itself to the consideration of the Protector and Parliament,—of which evil or evils Time itself will be the best discoverer:—how can it be reasonably imagagined that a Person or Persons, coming in by election, and standing under such obligations, and so limited, and so necessitated by oath to govern for the People's good, and to make *their* love, under God, the best underpropping and only safe footing:—how can it, I say, be imagined that the present or succeeding Protectors will refuse to agree to alter any such thing in the Government as may be found to be for the good of the People? Or to recede from anything which he might be convinced casts the balance too much to the Single Person? And although, for the present, the keeping-up and having in his power the Militia seems the hardest 'condition,' yet if the power of the Militia should be yielded up at such a time as this, when there is as much need of it to keep this Cause (now most evidently impugned by all Enemies), as there was to *get* it 'for the sake of this Cause:'—what would become of us all! Or if it should not be equally placed in him and the Parliament, but yielded up *at any time*,—it determines his power either for doing the good he ought, or hindering Parliaments from perpetuating themselves; from imposing what Religion they please on the consciences of men, or what Government they please upon the Nation.

Thereby subjecting us to dissettlement in every Parliament, and to the desperate consequences thereof. And if the Nation *shall* happen to fall into a blessed Peace, how easily and certainly will their charge be taken off, and their forces be disbanded! And then where will the danger be to have the Militia thus stated?—What if I should say: if there *be* a disproportion, or disequality as to the power, it is on the other hand!—

And if this be so, Wherein have you had cause to quarrel? What demonstrations have you held forth to settle me to your opinion? I would you had made me so happy as to have let me know your grounds! I have made a free and ingenuous confession of my faith to *you*. And I could have wished it had been in your hearts to have agreed that some friendly and cordial debates might have been toward mutual conviction. Was there none amongst you to move such a thing? No fitness to listen to it? No desire of a right understanding? It it be not folly in me to listen to Town-talk, such things *have* been proposed; and rejected, with stiffness and severity, once and again. Was it not likely to have been more advantageous to the good of this Nation? I will say this to you for myself; and to that I have my conscience as a thousand witnesses, and I have my comfort and contentment in it; and I have the witness 'too' of divers here, who I think truly 'would' scorn to own me in a lie: That I would not have been averse to any alteration, of the good of which I might have been convinced. Although I could not have agreed to the taking it off the foundation on which it stands; namely, the acceptance and consent of the People. [*"Our sanction not needed, then!"*]

I will not presage what you have been about, or doing, in all this time. Nor do I love to make conjectures. But I must tell you this: That as I undertook this Government in the simplicity of my heart and as before God, and to do the part of an honest man, and to be true to the Interest,—which in my conscience 'I think' is dear to many of you; though it is not always understood what God in His wisdom may hide

from us, as to Peace and Settlement:—so I can say that no particular interest, either of myself, estate, honour or family, are, or have been, prevalent with me to this undertaking. For if you had, upon the old Government,[1] offered me this one, this one thing,—I speak as thus advised, and before God; as having been to this day of this opinion; and this hath been my constant judgment, well known to many who hear me speak:—if, 'I say,' this one thing had been inserted, this one thing, That the Government should have been placed in my Family hereditarily, I would have rejected it![2] And I could have done no other according to my present conscience and light. I will tell you my reason;—though I cannot tell what God *will* do with me, nor with you, nor with the Nation, for throwing away precious opportunities committed to us.

This hath been my principle; and I liked it, when this Government came first to be proposed to me, That it puts us off that hereditary way. Well looking that God hath declared what Government He delivered to the Jews; and 'that He' placed it upon such Persons as had been instrumental for the Conduct and Deliverance of His People. And considering that Promise in *Isaiah*, "That God would give Rulers as at the first, and Judges as at the beginning," I did not know but that God might 'now' begin,—and though, at present, with a most unworthy person; yet, as to the future, it might be after this manner; and I thought this might usher it in! [*A noble thought, your Highness!*] I am speaking as to my judgment against making Government hereditary. To have men chosen, for their love to God, and to Truth and Justice; and not to have it hereditary. For as it is in the *Ecclesiastes:* "Who knoweth whether he may beget a fool or a wise man?" Honest or not honest, whatever they be, they must come in, on that plan; because the Government is made a patrimony!—And this I perhaps do declare with too much earnestness; as being my own concernment;—and know not what place it may have in your hearts, and in those of the Good People in

[1] Means 'the existing Instrument of Government' without modification of yours.

[2] The matter in debate, running very high at this juncture, in the Parliament, was with regard to the Single Person's being *hereditary*. Hence partly the Protector's emphasis here.

the Nation. But however it be, I have comfort in this my truth and plainness.

I have thus told you my thoughts; which truly I have declared to you in the fear of God, as knowing He will not be mocked; and in the strength of God, as knowing and rejoicing that I am supported in my speaking;—especially when I do not form or frame things without the compass of integrity and honesty; 'so' that my own conscience gives me not the lie to what I say. And then in what I say, I can rejoice.

Now to speak a word or two to you. Of that, I must profess in the name of the same Lord, and wish there had been no cause that I should have thus spoken to you! I told you that I came with joy the first time; with some regret the second; yet now I speak with most regret of all! I look upon you as having among you many persons that I could lay-down my life individually for. I could, through the grace of God, desire to lay-down my life for you. So far am I from having an unkind or unchristian heart towards you in your particular capacities! I have this indeed as a work most incumbent upon me; 'this of speaking these things to you.' I consulted what might be my duty in such a day as this; casting up all considerations. I must confess, as I told you, that I did think occasionally, This Nation had suffered extremely in the respects mentioned; as also in the disappointment of their expectations of that justice which was due to them by your sitting thus long. 'Sitting thus long;' and what have you brought forth? I did not nor cannot comprehend what it is. I would be loath to call it a Fate; that were too paganish a word. But there hath been Something in it that we had not in our expectations.

I did think also, for myself, That I am like to meet with difficulties; and that this Nation will not, as it is fit it should not, be deluded with *pretexts* of Necessity in that great business of raising of Money. And were it not that I can make some dilemmas upon which to resolve some things of my conscience, judgment and actions, I should sink at the very prospect of my encounters. Some of them are general, some are more special. [*Hear the "dilemmas."*] Supposing this Cause

or this Business must be carried on, it is either of God or of man. If it be of man, I would I had never touched it with a finger. [*Hear!*] If I had not had a hope fixed in me that this Cause and this Business was of God, I would many years ago have run from it. If it be of God, He will bear it up. [*Yea!*] If it be of man, it will tumble; as everything that hath been of man since the world began hath done. And what are all our Histories, and other Traditions of Actions in former times, but God manifesting Himself, that He hath shaken, and tumbled down and trampled upon, everything that He had not planted? [*Yes, your Highness; such is, was and forever will be, the History of Man, deeply as we poor Moderns have now forgotten it: and the Bible of every Nation is its Own History; if it have, or had, any real Bible!*] And as this is, so 'let' the All-wise God deal with it. If this be of human structure and invention, and if it be an old Plotting and Contriving to bring things to this Issue, and that they are not the Births of Providence,—then they will tumble. But if the Lord take pleasure in England, and if He will do us good,—He is very able to bear us up! Let the difficulties be whatsoever they will, we shall in His strength be able to encounter with them. And I bless God I have been inured to difficulties; and I never found God failing when I trusted in Him. I can laugh and sing, in my heart, when I speak of these things to you or elsewhere. And though some may think it is an hard thing To raise Money without Parliamentary Authority upon this Nation; yet I have another argument to the Good People of this Nation, if they would be safe, and yet have no better principle: Whether they prefer the having of their will though it be their destruction, rather than comply with things of Necessity? That will excuse me. But I should wrong my native country to suppose this.

For I look at the People of these Nations as the blessing of the Lord: and they are a People blessed by God. They have been so; and they will be so, by reason of that immortal seed which hath been, and is, among them: those Regenerated Ones in the land, of several judgments; who are all the Flock of Christ, and lambs of Christ. 'His,' though perhaps

under many unruly passions, and troubles of spirit; whereby they give disquiet to themselves and others: yet they are not so to God; since to us He is a God of other patience; and He will own the least of Truth in the hearts of His People. And the People being the blessing of God, they will not be so angry but they will prefer their safety to their passions, and their real security to forms, when Necessity calls for Supplies. Had they not well been acquainted with this principle, they had never seen this day of Gospel Liberty.

But if any man shall object, "It is an easy thing to talk of Necessities when men create Necessities: would not the Lord Protector make himself great and his family great? Doth not he make these Necessities? And then he will come upon the People with his argument of Necessity!"—This were something hard indeed. But I have *not* yet known what it is to "make Necessities," whatsoever the thoughts or judgments of men are. And I say this, not only to this Assembly, but to the world, That the man liveth not who can come to me and charge me with having, in these great Revolutions, "made Necessities." I challenge even all that fear God. And as God hath said, "My glory I will not give unto another," let men take heed and be twice advised how they call His Revolutions, the things of God, and His working of things from one period to another,—how, I say, they call them Necessities of men's creation! For by so doing, they do vilify and lessen the works of God, and rob Him of His glory; which He hath said He will not give unto another, nor suffer to be taken from Him! We know what God did to Herod, when he was applauded and did not acknowledge God. And God knoweth what He will do with men, when they call His Revolutions human designs, and so detract from His glory. These issues and events have not been forecast; but 'were' sudden Providences in things: whereby carnal and worldly men are enraged; and under and at which, many, and I fear some good men, have murmured and repined, because disappointed of their mistaken fancies. But still all these things have been the wise disposings of the Almighty; though instruments have had their passions and

frailties. And I think it is an honour to God to acknowledge the Necessities to have been of God's imposing, when truly they have been so, as indeed they have. Let us take our sin in our actions to ourselves; it's much more safe than to judge things so contingent, as if there were not a God that ruled the Earth!

We know the Lord hath poured this Nation from vessel to vessel, till He poured it into your lap, when you came first together. I am confident that it came so into your hands; and was not judged by you to be from counterfeited or feigned Necessity, but by Divine Providence and Dispensation. And this I speak with more earnestness, because I speak for God and not for men. I would have any man to come and tell of the Transactions that have been, and of those periods of time wherein God hath made these Revolutions; and find where he can fix a feigned Necessity! I could recite particulars, if either my strength would serve me to speak, or yours to hear. If you would consider[1] the great Hand of God in His great Dispensations, you would find that there is scarce a man who fell off, at any period of time when God had any work to do, who can give God or His work at this day a good word.

"It was," say some, "the cunning of the Lord Protector,"—I take it to myself,—"it was the craft of such a man, and his plot, that hath brought it about!" And, as they say in other countries, "There are five or six cunning men in England that have skill; they do all these things." Oh, what blasphemy is this! Because men that are without God in the world, and walk not with Him, know not what it is to pray or believe, and to receive returns from God, and to be spoken unto by the Spirit of God,—who speaks without a Written Word sometimes, yet according to it! God hath spoken heretofore in divers manners. Let Him speak as He pleaseth. Hath He not given us liberty, nay is it not our duty, To go to the Law and the Testimony? And there we shall find that there *have* been impressions, in extraordinary cases, as well without the Written Word as with it. And therefore there is

[1] 'if that you would revolve' in orig.

no difference in the thing thus asserted from truths generally received,—except we will exclude the Spirit; without whose concurrence all other teachings are ineffectual [*Yea, your Highness; the true God's-Voice, Voice of the Eternal, is in the heart of every Man;—there, wherever else it be.*] He doth speak to the hearts and consciences of men; and leadeth them to His Law and Testimony, and there 'also' He speaks to them: and so gives them double teachings. According to that of Job: "God speaketh once, yea twice;" and to that of David: "God hath spoken once, yea twice have I heard this." These men that live upon their *mumpsimus* and *sumpsimus* [*Bulstrode looks astonished*], their Masses and Service-books, their dead and carnal worship,—no marvel if they be strangers to God, and to the works of God, and to spiritual dispensations. And because *they* say and believe thus, must we do so too? We, in this land, have been otherwise instructed; even by the Word, and Works, and Spirit of God.

To say that men bring forth these things when God doth them,—judge you if God will bear this? I wish that every sober heart, though he hath had temptations upon him of deserting this Cause of God, yet may take heed how he provokes and falls into the hands of the Living God by such blasphemies as these! According to the Tenth of the *Hebrews:* "If we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remains no more sacrifice for sin." 'A terrible word.' It was spoken to the Jews, who, having professed Christ, apostatised from Him. What then? Nothing but a fearful "falling into the hands of the Living God!"—They that shall attribute to this or that person the contrivances and production of those mighty things God hath wrought in the midst of us; and 'fancy' that they have not been the Revolutions of Christ Himself, "upon whose shoulders the Government is laid,"—they speak against God, and they fall under His hand without a Mediator. That is, if we deny the Spirit of Jesus Christ the glory of all His works in the world; by which He rules kingdoms, and doth administer, and is the rod of His strength,—we provoke the Mediator: and He may say: I will leave you to God, I will not intercede

for you ; let Him tear you to pieces ! I will leave thee to fall into God's hands ; thou deniest me my sovereignty and power committed to me ; I will not intercede nor mediate for thee ; thou fallest into the hands of the Living God !—Therefore whatsoever you may judge men for, howsoever you may say, "This is cunning, and politic, and subtle,"—take heed again, I say, how you judge of His Revolutions as the product of men's inventions !—I may be thought to press too much upon this theme. But I pray God it may stick upon your hearts and mine. The worldly-minded man knows nothing of this, but is a stranger to it ; and thence his atheisms, and murmurings at instruments, yea repining at God Himself. And no wonder ; considering the Lord hath done such things amongst us as have not been known in the world these thousand years, and yet notwithstanding is not owned by us !—

There is another Necessity, which you have put upon us, and we have not sought. I appeal to God, Angels and Men, —if I shall 'now' raise money according to the Article in the Government, 'whether I am not compelled to do it !' Which 'Government' had power to call you hither ; and did ;—and instead of seasonably providing for the Army, you have laboured to overthrow the Government, and the Army is now upon Free-quarter ! And you would never so much as let me hear a tittle from you concerning it. Where is the fault ? Has it not been as if you had a purpose to put this extremity upon us and the Nation ? I hope, this was not in your minds. I am not willing to judge so :—but such is the state into which we are reduced. By the designs of some in the Army who are now in custody, it was designed to get as many of them as possible,—through discontent for want of money, the Army being in a barren country, near thirty weeks behind in pay, and upon other specious pretences,—to march for England out of Scotland ; and, in discontent, to seize their General there [*General Monk*], a faithful and honest man, that so another [*Colonel Overton*] might head the Army. And all this opportunity taken from your delays. Whether will this be a thing of feigned Necessity ? What could it signify, but "The Army are in discontent already ; and we will make them live

upon stones; we will make them cast off their governors and discipline"? What can be said to this? I list not to unsaddle myself, and put the fault upon your backs. Whether it hath been for the good of England, whilst men have been talking of this thing or the other [*Building Constitutions*], and pretending liberty and many good words,—whether it has been as it should have been? I am confident you cannot think it has. The Nation will not think so. And if the worst should be made of things, I know not what the Cornish men nor the Lincolnshire men may think, or other Counties; but I believe they will all think *they are not safe.* A temporary suspension of "caring for the greatest liberties and privileges" (if it were so, which is denied) would not have been of such damage as the not providing against Free-quarter hath run the Nation upon. And if it be my "liberty" to walk abroad in the fields, or to take a journey, yet it is not my wisdom to do so when my house is on fire!—

I have troubled you with a long Speech; and I believe it may not have the same resentment [1] with all that it hath with some. But because that is unknown to me, I shall leave it to God;—and conclude with this: That I think myself bound, as in my duty to God, and to the People of these Nations for their safety and good in every respect,—I think it my duty to tell you that it is not for the profit of these Nations, nor for common and public good, for you to continue here any longer. And therefore I do declare unto you, That I do dissolve this Parliament.[2]

So ends the First Protectorate Parliament; suddenly, very unsuccessfully. A most poor hidebound Pedant Parliament; which reckoned itself careful of the Liberties of England; and was careful only of the Sheepskin Formulas of these; very blind to the Realities of these! Regardless of the facts and clamorous necessities of the Present, this Parliament considered that its one duty was to tie-up the hands of the Lord Protector well; to give him no supplies, no power; to make him and keep him the bound vassal and errand-man of this and succeeding Parliaments. This once well done, they thought all was done:—Oliver thought far

[1] Means 'sense excited by it.'

[2] Old Pamphlet: reprinted in Parliamentary History, xx. 404-431.

otherwise. Their painful new-modelling and rebuilding of the Instrument of Government, with an eye to the sublime object, was pointing towards completion, little now but the key-stones to be let in :—when Oliver suddenly withdrew the centres! Constitutional arch and ashlar-stones, scaffolding, workmen, mortar-troughs and scaffold-poles sink in swift confusion; and disappear, regretted or remembered by no person,—not by this Editor for one.

By the arithmetical account of heads in England, the Lord Protector may surmise that he has lost his Enterprise. But by the real divine and human worth of thinking-souls in England, he still believes that he has it; by this, and by a higher mission too; —and "will take a little pleasure to lose his life" before he loses it! He is not here altogether to count heads, or to count costs, this Lord Protector; he is in the breach of battle; placed there, as he understands, by his Great Commander: whatsoever his difficulties be, he must fight them, cannot quit them; must fight there till he die. This is the law of his position, in the eye of God, and also of men. There is no return for him out of this Protectorship he has got into! Called to this post as I have been, placed in it as I am, "To quit it, is what I will be willing to be rolled into my grave, and buried with infamy, before I will consent unto!"—

ADJOINED TO VOLUME TWO.

LIST OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

LISTS OF THE EASTERN-ASSOCIATION COMMITTEES.

LIST OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

In the old *Parliamentary History*,[1] and in other Books, is given, 'compiled from the Chancery Records and Commons Journals,' a List of the Long-Parliament Members, arranged according to their Counties and Boroughs; which is very welcome to the historical inquirer. But evidently, for every purpose of historical inquiry connected with this Period, there is needed farther,—if not some well-investigated brief 'Biographical Dictionary of the Long-Parliament Members,' such as the pious historical student is free to imagine for himself, but will not soon get,—at least and lowest, some Alphabetical List of their Names; the ready index and memento of a great many things to us. As no such List was anywhere discoverable, I had to construct one for my own behoof; a process by no means difficult in proportion to its usefulness, the facts being already all given in the extant List by Places, and only requiring to be rearranged for the new object of a List by Names. This latter List, after long doing duty in the manuscript state, is now, for the use of others, appended here in print,—there being accidentally a corner of room for it in this New Edition.

It is not vitally connected with Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches; yet neither is it quite without relation to the man. Here are the Names of some five or six hundred men, whom Oliver Cromwell sat in view of, and worked along with, through certain years of time in this world; their Names and Localities, if we have nothing more. More is attainable concerning several of them, and is very well worth attaining; but little more, to the general reader, is yet attained. Featureless, to the general reader; little other than ticketed shadows, a strange sanhedrim of phantoms, most of these men;—not unlikely all of them to become shadows and invisible, except where kindled by some contact with this the luminous and living one! Here are their Names, at whatever worth the reader may put upon them: 'adjoined' to the Name of Oliver in this place, but capable of being disjoined again; and perhaps worth printing, there being a corner of room for them.

What is a more questionable point, this List I am aware is not quite free from errors; one or two of which it has even fallen in my own way not only

[1] London, 1763, ix. 12-57.

to surmise, but to prosecute to their source, and correct. Numerous I do not suppose them to be, nor important: but I cannot certify that there are none; nor help farther in removing what there may be. The List itself, once printed, offers to all studious persons the opportunity to help; which certainly it would be a beneficence of its sort if some strict antiquary, or series of antiquaries, would effectually do. The constituent elements of the 'most remarkable Parliament that ever sat,'—which indeed is definable as the Father of Parliaments, which first rendered Parliaments supreme, and has since set the whole world upon chase of Parliaments, a notable speculation very lively in most parts of Europe at this day,—deserve at least to have their names accurately given. They deserve, and perhaps they will one day get, much more; they deserve a History, constitutional, biographical, political, practical, picturesque, better than most Entities that yet have one among us; and, in all points of view, they will be found *not* imaginary but real, and well worth remembering and attending to. Meanwhile, in the absence of all History, constitutional or other, of the Long Parliament, let this imperfect foreshadow of the incipiency of one be welcome.

The Asterisk *, prefixed to a Member's name, denotes that he was a "Recruiter") see *Letters and Speeches*, vol. i. p. 212), not an original Member! 'disab.' means *disabled*, declared incapable of sitting henceforth, for some reason, generally for *Royalism*, for desertion to the King; the year when, is also indicated. 'King's judge' is one nominated to that office, and only in part or not at all risking to perform it; 'regicide' is one who performed and completed it, who signed the Death-warrant: both titles, I find, are now and then, especially in the cases where nothing not already known was to learned from them, omitted in this List. Other contractions will probably require no explanation.

Abbot, George, Esq. (dead '45)	Guildford.
*Abbot, George, Esq	Tamworth.
Acton, Sir Edward, Knight (disab. '44)	Bridgnorth.
Aldburgh, Richard, Esq. (disab. '42, Yorkshire petition)	Aldborough, Yorkshire.
*Aldworth, Richard, Esq.	Bristol.
Alford, Sir Edward, Knight (disab. '44)	Arundel.
Alford, Sir Edward, Knight (void, though twice)	Tewkesbury.
Alford, John, Esq.	Shoreham.
Allanson, Sir William, Knight (King's judge)	York.
*Allen, Francis, Esq. (King's judge)	Cockermouth.
*Allen, Matthew, Esq	Weymouth.
Allestre, William, Esq. (Recorder; disab.).	Derby.
Alured, John, Esq. (regicide)	Heydon, Yorkshire.
Anderson, Sir Henry, Knight (disab. '44)	Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Andover, Charles, Viscount (e. s. of E. of Berkshire; made Peer '40, in his father's lifetime)	Oxford.
*Andrews, Robert, Esq	Weobly, Herefordshire.
*Anlaby, John, Esq. (King's judge)	Scarborough.
*Annesley, Arthur, Esq	Radnorshire.

*Apsley, Edward, Esq.	Steyning.
Armyn, Sir William, Bart. (King's judge)	Grantham.
*Armyn, William, Esq. (since '45)	Cumberland.
*Arthington, Henry, Esq.	Pontefract.
Arundel, John, Esq. (disab. '44)	(St. Michaels, but preferred) Bodmin.
*Arundel, John, Esq.	West Looe.
Arundel, Richard, Esq. (disab. '44)	Lostwithiel.
*Arundel, Thomas, Esq. (died)	West Looe.
Arundel, Thomas, Esq.	West Looe.
*Ash, James, Esq	Bath.
Ashburnham, John, Esq. (disab. '44)	Hastings.
Ashburnham, William, Esq. (army-plot, '41 expelled)	Ludgershall, Wilts.
Ashe, Edward, Esq	Heytesbury, Wilts.
Ashe, John, Esq.	Westbury, Wilts.
Ashton, Ralph, Esq	Clithero.
Ashton, Sir Ralph, Baronet	Lancashire.
Ashurst, William, Esq.	Newton, Lancashire.
*Atkins, Thomas, Esq. (King's judge)	Norwich.
Ayscough, Sir Edward, Knight	Lincolnshire.
*Ayscough, William, Esq.	Thirsk.
*Bacon, Francis, Esq.	Ipswich.
*Bacon, Nathaniel, Esq	Cambridge University.
*Bagot, Sir Harvey, Knight (disab. '42)	Staffordshire.
Bagshaw, Edward, Esq. (disab. '44)	Southwark.
*Baker, John, Esq.	East Grinstead.
Baldwin, Charles, Esq. (disab. '44)	Ludlow.
*Ball, John, Esq. (dead '48)	Abingdon.
Bampfield, Sir John, Baronet	Penryn.
Barker, Anthony, Esq. (void)	Wallingford.
Barker, John, Esq., Alderman	Coventry.
Barnardiston, Sir Nathaniel, Knight	Suffolk.
*Barnardiston, Sir Thomas, Knight	Bury St. Edmunds.
Barnham, Sir Francis, Knight (dead '46)	Maidstone.
*Barrington, Sir John, Baronet (King's judge)	Newton, Hants.
Barrington, Sir Thomas, Baronet (dead '44)	Colchester.
*Barrow, Morris, Esq	Eye, Suffolk.
Barwis, Richard, Esq. (died)	Carlisle.
Basset, William, Esq. (disab. '44)	Bath.
Baynton, Sir Edward, Knight (King's judge)	Chippenham.
Baynton, Sir Edward, Knight	Devizes.
Bedingfield, Sir Anthony, Knight	Dunwich.
Bell, William, Esq.	Westminster.
Bellasis, Henry, Esq. (disab. '42, Yorkshire petition)	Yorkshire.
Bellasis, John, Esq. (disab. '42, Yorkshire petition; made Lord '44)	Thirsk.
Bellingham, Sir Henry, Bart. (disab. '45)	Westmoreland.
*Bellingham, James, Esq.	Westmoreland.

Bence, Squire, Esq.	Aldborough, Suffolk.
*Bence, Alexander, Esq. (succeeded Rainsborough)	Aldborough, Suffolk.
*Bendlows, Sir Robert, Knight.	Lancaster.
*Bennet, Thomas, Esq. (dead '44)	Hindon, Wilts.
Benson, Henry, Esq. (expelled '41, for selling protections)	Knaresborough.
Berkeley, Sir Henry, Knight (void)	Ilchester.
*Biddulph, Michael, Esq	Lichfield.
*Bingham, John, Esq	Shaftesbury.
*Birch, John, Esq. (the Colonel; Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*, part ii. p. 34)	Leominister.
*Birch, Thomas, Esq. (from Oct. '49)	Liverpool.
Bishop, Sir Edward, Knight (void)	Bramber.
*Blackiston, John, Esq. (regicide)	Newcastle-on-Tyne.
*Blagrave, Daniel, Esq. (regicide)	Reading.
*Blake, Robert, Esq. (the Admiral)	Taunton.
Bludworth, Sir Thomas, Knight (disab.)	Reigate.
Bodville, John, Esq. (disab. '44)	Anglesea.
Bond, Dennis, Esq. (King's judge)	Dorchester.
*Bond, John, LL.D.	Melcomb Regis.
*Boone, Thomas, Esq. (King's judge)	Clifton, Dartmouth, Hardness (Devonshire, united).
*Booth, George, Esq. (May '46)	Cheshire.
*Booth, John, Esq.	Portsmouth.
*Borde, Herbert, Esq. (died)	Steyning.
Borlace, John, Esq. (disab. '44)	Corfe Castle.
Borlace, John, Esq. (void)	Marlow.
*Boscawen, Hugh, Esq.	Cornwall.
*Bosville, Godfrey, Esq. (King's judge)	Warwick.
*Boughton, Thomas, Esq.	Warwickshire.
*Bourchier, Sir John, Knight (regicide)	Ripon.
Bowyer, Sir Thomas, Baronet (disab. '42, for Chichester garrison)	Bramber.
Bowyer, Sir William (died '40)	Staffordshire.
*Bowyer, John, Esq.	Staffordshire.
Boyle, Richard, Viscount Dungarvon, (e. s. of E. of Cork, whom he succeeded in '43; disab. '43)	Appleby.
*Boynton, Sir Matthew, Baronet (dead '47)	Scarborough.
Boys, Sir Edward, Knight (dead '46)	Dover.
*Boys, John, Esq.	Kent.
Brereton, Sir William, Bart. (King's judge)	Cheshire.
Brett, Henry, Esq. (disab.)	Gloucester.
*Brewster, Robert, Esq	Dunwich.
Bridgeman, Orlando, Esq. (Lawyer, see *D'Ewes*, 118; disab. for assisting Lord Strange '42)	Wigan.
*Briggs, Sir Humphrey, Knight	Great Wenlock.
Brooke, Sir John, Knight (disab. '43, for raising money in Lincolnshire)	Appleby.

*Brooke, Peter, Esq.	Newton, Lancashire.
Brown, Sir Ambrose, Baronet	Surrey.
*Brown, Richard, Esq.	Romney.
*Brown, Major-Gen. Richard (disab. '49)	Wycombe.
Brown, Samuel, Esq.	Clifton, Dartmouth, Hardness (united).
*Browne, John, Esq. (King's judge)	Dorsetshire.
Broxholme, John, Esq. (dead '47)	Lincoln.
Buckhurst, Lord Richard (e. s. of E. of Dorset, disab. '44)	(Steyning, Sussex, but prefers) East Grinstead.
*Bulkeley, John, Esq.	Newton, Hants.
Buller, Francis, Esq.	East Looe.
Buller, George, Esq. (died)	Saltash.
Buller, Sir Richard, Knight (dead '46)	Fowey.
*Burgoyne, Sir John, Baronet	Warwickshire.
*Burgoyne, Sir Roger, Baronet	Bedfordshire.
Burrel, Abraham, Esq. (King's judge)	Huntingdon.
Button, John, Esq.	Lymington.
Byshe, Edward, junior, Esq.	Bletchingley.
Cage, William, Esq. (dead '44)	Ipswich.
Campbell, James, Esq.	Grampound.
Campion, Henry, Esq.	Lymington.
Capel, Arthur, Esq. (created Lord '41)	Hertfordshire.
Carew, Sir Alexander (treachery of Plymouth; beheaded '44)	Cornwall.
*Carew, John, Esq. (regicide)	Tregony, Cornwall.
*Carew, William, Esq.	Milborn Port.
Carnaby, Sir William, Knight (disab. '42)	Morpeth.
Catalyn, Richard, Esq. (disab. '44)	Norwich.
Cave, Sir Richard, Knight (disab. '42)	Lichfield.
Cawley, William, Esq. (regicide)	Midhurst, Sussex.
Cecil, Robert, Esq. (2d. s. of E. of Salisbury)	Old Sarum.
*Celye, Thomas, Esq.	Bridport, Dorsetshire.
*Chadwell, William, Esq. (disab. '44)	St. Michaels, Cornwall.
*Challoner, James, Esq. (King's judge)	Aldborough, Yorkshire.
*Challoner, Thomas, Esq. (regicide)	Richmond, Yorkshire.
*Charlton, Robert, Esq.	Bridgnorth.
Chaworth, Dr. (not duly)	Midhurst, Sussex.
Cheeke, Sir Thomas, Knight	(Beeralston, Devon, but preferred) Harwich.
*Chettle, Francis, Esq.	Corfe Castle.
Cheyne, William, Esq. (died)	Amersham.
Chichely, Thomas, Esq. (disab. '42)	Cambridgeshire.
Cholmley, Sir Hugh (disab. '43)	Scarborough.
*Cholmley, Thomas, Esq.	Carlisle.
Chomley, Sir Henry, Knight	Northallerton.
*Clark, Samuel, Esq.	Exeter.
*Clement, Gregory, Esq. (regicide; disab. '52)	Camelford.

Clifton, Sir Gervase, Baronet (disab.)	East Retford.
Clinton, Lord Edward (e. s. of E. of Lincoln	St. Michaels, Cornwall.
*Clive, Robert, Esq	Bridgnorth.
Clotworthy, Sir John, Knight (disab. one of the 11)	(Bossiney, Cornwall, but prefers) Malden, Essex.
Coke, Henry, Esq. (disab. '42)	Dunwich
Coke, Sir John, Knight	Derbyshire.
Colepepper, Sir John, Knight (disab. '44; made Lord 21 Oct. '44	Kent.
Combe, Edward, Esq. (void)	Warwickshire.
Compton, Lord James (e. s. of E. of Northampton; disab.)	Warwickshire.
Coningsby, Fitzwilliam, Esq. (disab. '41, monopolist)	Herefordshire.
*Coningsby, Humphrey, Esq. (disab. '46)	Herefordshire.
*Constable, Sir William, Baronet (regicide; instead of Benson the jobber, and in preference to Deerlove, '42)	Knaresborough.
Constantine, William, Esq. (disab. '43)	Poole.
Cook, Sir Robert, Knight (died)	Tewkesbury.
Cook, Thomas, Esq. (disab. '44	Leicester.
*Copley, Lionel, E q. (disab. with the 11)	Bossiney.
*Corbet, John, Esq. (King's judge)	Bishop's Castle, Salop.
*Corbet, Sir John, Baronet	Shropshire.
Corbet, Miles, Esq. (regicide)	Yarmouth.
Cornwallis, Sir Frederick, Baronet (disab. '42 for sending officers from Holland)	Eye, Suffolk.
Coryton, William, Esq. (not duly)	Launceston, alias Dunchevit.
*Coventry, John, Esq. (2d s. of late Lord Keeper, disab. '42)	Evesham.
Cowcher, John, Esq	Worcester.
Cradock, Matthew, Esq. (died '40)	London.
Cranbourne, Viscount Charles (e. s. of E. of Salisbury)	Hertford.
Crane, Sir Robert, Baronet (dead '44)	Sudbury.
Craven, John, Esq. (void; made Baron Craven 21 March '43)	Tewkesbury.
Creswell, Sergeant Richard	Evesham.
Crew, John, Esq	Brackley.
Crispe, Sir Nicholas, Knight (expelled '41 for monopoly in copperas)	Winchelsea.
*Crompton, Thomas, Esq	Staffordshire.
Cromwell, Oliver, Esq	Cambridge.
*Cromwell, Richard, Esq	Portsmouth.
Crooke, Sir Robert, Knight (disab. '43)	Wendover, Bucks.
*Crowther, William, Esq	Weobly.
*Crynes, Elizeus, Esq	Tavistock.
Curwen, Sir Patricius, Baronet (disab. '44)	Cumberland.

Curzon, Sir John, Baronet	Derbyshire.
*Dacres, Sir Thomas, Knight (instead of Capel)	Hertfordshire.
*Dacres, Thomas, Esq.	Kellington.
Dalston, Sir George, Knight (disab. '44)	Cumberland.
Dalston, Sir William, Baronet (disab. '44	Carlisle.
Danby, Sir Thomas, Knight (disab. '42 Yorkshire petition)	Richmond, Yorkshire.
*Danvers, Sir John, Knight (E. Danby's brother; regicide)	Malmesbury.
*Darley, Henry, Esq.	Malton.
*Darley, Richard, Esq. (King's judge)	Northallerton.
Davies, Matthew, Esq. (disab. '43)	Christchurch, Hants.
*Davies, William, Esq.	Carmarthen.
Deering, Sir Edward, Baronet (disab. '42, for printing his speeches)	Kent.
*Deerlove, William, Esq. (void)	Knaresborough.
Denton, Sir Alexander, Knight (disab. '44)	Buckingham.
*Devereux, George, Esq.	Montgomery.
D'Ewes, Sir Simond, Baronet	Sudbury.
Digby, Lord George (e. s. of E. of Bristol; till 10 June '41, writ to House of Peers)	(Milborn Port, but preferred) Dorsetshire.
Digby, John, Esq. (disab. '42)	Milborn Port.
Dives, Sir Lewis, Knight (disab.)	Bridport.
*Dixwell, John, Esq. (regicide)	Dover.
*Dobins, Daniel, Esq.	Bewdley.
*Dodderidge, John, Esq.	Barnstaple.
*Dormer, John, Esq. (in '46)	Buckingham.
*Dove, John, Esq. (King's judge)	Salisbury.
*Downes, John, Esq. (regicide)	Arundel.
*Dowse, Edward, Esq. (dead '48)	Portsmouth.
*Doyley, John, Esq.	Oxford.
Drake, Sir William, Knight	Amersham, Bucks.
*Drake, Francis, Esq.	Amersham.
*Drake, Sir Francis, Baronet	Beeralston.
Dryden, Sir John, Baronet	Northamptonshire.
Dunch, Edmund, Esq.	Wallingford.
Dutton, John, Esq. (disab.)	Gloucestershire.
*Earle, Erasmus, Esq.	Norwich.
Earle, Thomas, Esq.	Wareham, Dorset.
Earle, Sir Walter, Knight	Weymouth.
Eden, Thomas, LL.D. (dead in '44)	Cambridge University.
Edgcombe, Piers, Esq. (disab. '44)	Camelford.
Edgecumbe, Richard, Esq. (disab.)	Newport, Cornwall.
*Edwards, Humphrey, Esq. (regicide)	Shropshire.
*Edwards, Richard, Esq. (Nov. '50)	Bedford.
*Edwards, Richard, Esq.	Christchurch, Hants.
*Edwards, William, Esq.	Chester.
*Egerton, Sir Charles, Knight	Ripon.
*Elford, John, Esq.	Tiverton.

Ellis, William, Esq.	Boston.
*Ellison, Robert, Esq.	Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Erisy, Richard, Esq.	St. Mawes, Cornwall.
Eure, Sergeant Samuel (disab. '44)	Leominster.
*Evelyn, George, Esq.	Reigate.
Evelyn, Sir John, Knight	Bletchingley, Surrey.
Evelyn, Sir John, Knight	Ludgershall, Wilts.
Eversfield, Sir Thomas, Knight (disab. '44).	Hastings.
Exton, Edward, Esq.	Southampton.
*Fagg, John, Esq. (King's judge)	Rye.
Fairfax, Lord Ferdinando (died '47)	Yorkshire.
*Fairfax, Sir Thomas, Knight (from 7 Feb. '49)	Cirencester.
Falkland, Lord (disab. '42, killed at Newbery, Sept. '43)	Newport, Wight.
Fanshaw, Sir Thomas, K. B. (disab. '43)	Hertford.
Fanshaw, Sir Thomas, Knight (disab. '42)	Lancaster.
*Fell, Thomas, Esq. (after Fanshaw)	Lancaster.
Fenwick, John, Esq. (disab. '44)	Morpeth.
*Fenwick, George, Esq. (King's judge)	Morpeth.
Fenwick, Sir John, Knight (disab. '44)	(Cockermouth, but preferred) Northumberland.
*Fenwick, William, Esq.	Northumberland.
Fernfold, Sir Thomas (dead '45)	Steyning.
Ferrers, Richard, Esq. (disab.)	Barnstaple.
Fettiplace, John, Esq. (disab. '44)	Berkshire.
*Fielder, John, Esq.	St. Ives, Cornwall.
Fiennes, Hon. James (e. s. of "Old Subtlety," Say and Seale)	Oxfordshire.
*Fiennes, Hon. John (3d s. of Subtlety)	Morpeth.
Fiennes, Hon. Nathaniel (2d s. of Subtlety).	Banbury.
Finch, Sir John, Knight (dead '44)	Winchelsea.
Fitzwilliam, Hon. William (e. s. of Lord Visc. Fitzwilliam; till Jan. '44)	Peterborough.
*Fleetwood, Charles, Esq.	Marlborough.
*Fleetwood, George, Esq. (regicide; succeeded Goodwin, '45)	Buckinghamshire.
Fleetwood, Sir Miles, Knight (died)	Hindon, Wilts.
Fountaine, Thomas, Esq. (in place of Hampden; dead '46)	Wendover.
*Fowel, Edmund, Esq.	Tavistock.
Fowel, Sir Edmund, Knight	Ashburton.
*Foxwist, William, Esq.	Carnarvon.
Franklyn, John, Esq. (dead '45)	Marlborough.
Franklyn, Sir John, Knight (dead in '48)	Middlesex.
*Frye, John, Esq. (King's judge; against the Trinity; disab. '51)	Shaftesbury.
Gallop, George, Esq.	Southampton.
Gamul, Francis, Esq. (disab. '44; see *Rushworth*, iv. 3)	Chester.
*Gardiner, Samuel, Esq.	Evesham.

*Garland, Augustin, Esq. (regicide)	Queenborough.
Garton, Henry, Esq. (dead '41)	Arundel.
Gawdy, Framlingham, Esq.	Thetford.
*Gawen, Thomas, Esq.	Launceston, alias Dunchevit.
*Gell, Thomas, Esq.	Derby.
George, John, Esq. (disab.)	Cirencester.
Gerrard, Francis, Esq.	Seaford (Cinque Ports).
Gerrard, Sir Gilbert, Baronet	Middlesex.
Glanville, Sergeant John (instead of Humphrey Hooke, monopolist)	Bristol.
Glanville, William, Esq. (disab. '44)	Camelford.
Glynn, John, Esq. (Recorder; disab., one of the 11)	Westminster.
Godolphin, Francis, Esq. (disab.)	St. Ives, Cornwall.
Godolphin, Francis, Esq. (disab. '44)	Helston, Cornwall.
Godolphin, Sidney, Esq. (killed at Saltash '42)	Helston.
*Gold, Nicholas, Esq. (died)	Fowey.
Goodwin, Arthur, Esq. (died May '45)	Buckinghamshire.
Goodwin, Ralph, Esq. (disab. '44; Secretary to Rupert)	Ludlow.
Goodwin, Robert, Esq.	East Grinstead.
Goodwyn, John, Esq.	Halsemere, Surrey.
Gorges, Sir Theobald, Knight (disab. '44)	Cirencester.
Goring, Colonel George (disab. '42, for surrendering Portsmouth)	Portsmouth.
*Got, Samuel, Esq.	Winchelsea.
*Gourdon, Brampton, jun., Esq.	Sudbury.
Gourdon, John, Esq. (King's judge)	Ipswich.
Grantham, Thomas, Esq.	Lincoln.
*Gratwick, Roger, Esq. (King's judge)	Hastings.
*Green, Giles, Esq.	Corfe Castle.
Greenville, Sir Bevil (disab. '42; killed at Lansdown, July '43)	Cornwall.
Grey, Henry de (commonly called Lord Ruthen; House of Peers, on father E. Kent's death, in '43)	Leicestershire.
Grey, Lord Thomas, of Groby (e. s. of E. of Stamford; regicide)	Leicester.
Griffith, Sir Edward, Knight (disab. '44)	Downton, Wilts.
Griffith, John, sen., Esq. (died '42)	Beaumaris.
Griffith, John, jun., Esq. (disab. '42)	Carnarvonshire.
Grimston, Harbottle, Esq. (afterwards Sir)	Colchester.
Grimston, Sir Harbottle, Baronet (dead '47)	Harwich.
*Grove, Thomas, Esq.	Milborn Port.
Hales, Sir Edward, Baronet (disab.)	Queenborough, Kent.
Hallows, Nathaniel, Esq. (Alderman)	Derby.
Hampden, John, Esq. (slain June '43)	(Wendover, but preferred) Buckinghamshire.
Harding, Sir Richard, Knight (disab. '44)	Bedwin, Wilts.
*Harley, Edward, Esq. (till '47; one of the 11)	Herefordshire.

Harley, Sir Robert, K.B	Herefordshire.
*Harley, Robert, Esq	Radnor.
Harman, Richard, Esq. (dead '46)	Norwich.
*Harrington, Sir James, Knight (King's judge)	Rutlandshire.
*Harrington, John, Esq. (void)	Somersetshire.[1]
*Harris, John, Esq	Launceston, alias Dunchevit.
Harris, John, Esq. (disab. '44)	Liskeard.
Harrison, Sir John, Knight (disab. '43)	Lancaster.
*Harrison, Thomas, Esq. (Major-General, regicide)	Wendover.
Harrison, William, Esq. (disab. '43)	Queenborough.
Hartnoll, George, Esq. (disab.)	Tiverton.
*Harvey, Edmund, Esq. (instead of Smith; King's judge)	Bedwin, Wilts.
*Harvey, Edward, Esq	Higham Ferrers.
Harvey, John, Esq. (dead '45)	Hythe.
Haselrig, Sir Arthur, Bart. (King's judge)	Leicestershire.
Hatcher, Thomas, Esq	Stamford.
Hatton, Sir Christopher (disab. '42, array; made Baron '43)	(Castle Rising, but preferred) Higham Ferrers.
Hatton, Sir Robert (in place of Sir Christopher; disab. '42)	Castle Rising.
*Hay, Herbert, Esq	Arundel.
*Hay, William, Esq	Rye.
Hayman, Sir Henry, Baronet	Hythe.
Hayman, Sir Peter, Knight (dead '41)	Dover.
Heblethwaite, Thomas, Esq. (disab. '44)	Malton.
*Hele, Sir Thomas (disab.)	Plimpton, Devon.
Herbert, Edward, Esq. (till Jan. '41, made Attorney-General)	Old Sarum.
Herbert, Sir Henry, Knight (disab. '42, array)	Bewdley.
*Herbert, Henry, Esq	Monmouthshire.
*Herbert, John, Esq	Monmouthshire.
*Herbert, Hon. James (2d s. of E. of Pembroke)	Wiltshire.
Herbert, Lord Phil. (e. s. of E. of Pembroke)	Glamorganshire.
Herbert, Richard, Esq. (disab. '42, array)	Montgomery.
Herbert, William, Esq. (disab., killed at Edgehill)	Cardiff.
Herbert, William, Esq. (disab. '44)	(Woodstock, but preferred) Monmouthshire.
Heveningham, William, Esq. (King's judge)	Stockbridge, Hants.
*Hill, Roger, Esq. (King's judge)	Bridport.
Hippesley, Gabriel, Esq. (void)	Marlow.
Hippesley, Sir John, Knight	Cockermouth.

[1] Sat afterwards for Castle Carey, as appears; and took some dim meagre Notes which are still in existence among the Brit. Mus. MSS.

*Hobart, Sir John, Baronet (dead '47)	Norfolk.
Hobby, Peregrine, Esq. (in place of Borlace)	Marlow.
*Hodges, Luke, Esq. (died)	Bristol.
Hodges, Thomas, Esq	Cricklade.
*Hodges, Thomas, Esq	Ilchester.
Holborn, Robert, Esq. (disab. '42)	St. Michaels.
*Holcrofte, John, Esq	Wigan.
Holland, Cornelius, Esq. (King's judge; in place of Roe)	New Windsor.
Holland, Sir John, Baronet	Castle Rising, Norfolk.
Holles, Denzil, Esq. (till '47; one of the 11)	Dorchester.
*Holles, Francis, Esq	Lostwithiel.
Holles, Gervase, Esq. (disab. '42)	Great Grimsby.
Hooke, Humphrey, Esq. (monopolist, not duly: Evans's *Bristol*, p. 181)	Bristol.
Hopton, Sir Ralph, K.B. (disab. '42)	Wells.
*Horner, George, Esq. (void; Harrington's partner)	Somersetshire.
*Hoskins, Bennet, Esq	Hereford.
Hotham, John, Esq. (beheaded 1 Jan. '44)	Scarborough.
Hotham, Sir John, Baronet (beheaded 2 Jan. '44)	Beverley.
*Houghton, Sir Richard, Baronet (from '45)	Lancashire.
*Howard, Lord Edward, of Escrick (in '49; disab. '51)	Carlisle.
Howard, Sir Robert, K.B. (disab. '42)	Bishop's Castle, Salop.
Howard, Thomas, Esq. (in place of Barker; disab. '44; *D'Ewes*, 219)	Wallingford.
Hoyle, Thomas, Esq. (Alderman)	York.
*Hudson, Edmund, Esq. (disab. '47)	Lynn.
Hungerford, Anthony, Esq. (disab.)	Malmesbury.
Hungerford, Sir Edward, K.B	Chippenham.
*Hungerford, Henry, Esq	Bedwin, Wilts.
Hunt, Robert, Esq. (void, but re-elected; disab. '44)	Ilchester.
*Hunt, Thomas, Esq	Shrewsbury.
*Hussey, Thomas, Esq. (after Jervoise died)	Whitchurch, Hants.
*Hutchinson, John, Esq. (the Colonel; regicide)	Nottinghamshire.
Hutchinson, Sir Thomas, Knight (dead '44)	Nottinghamshire.
Hyde, Edward, Esq. (Clarendon; disab. '42)	Saltash.
Hyde, Sergeant Robert (disab. '42)	Salisbury.
*Ingoldsby, Richard, Esq. (the signer)	Wendover.
Ingram, Sir Arthur, Knight, (died)	Kellington.
Ingram, Sir Thomas, Knight (disab. '42, for Yorkshire petition)	Thirsk.
Irby, Sir Anthony, Knight	Boston.
*Ireton, Henry, Esq	Appleby.
Jacob, Sir John, Knight (expelled '41, monopolist of tobacco)	Rye.

Jane, Joseph, Esq. (disab. '44)	Liskeard.
Jenner, Robert, Esq	Cricklade.
Jennings, Sir John, Knight (died '42)	St. Albans.
*Jennings, Richard, Esq. (succeeds Sir John)	St. Albans.
Jephson, William, Esq	Stockbridge, Hants.
Jermyn, Henry, Esq. (disab. '43; Lord Jermyn)	Bury St. Edmunds.
Jermyn, Sir Thomas, Knight (disab. '44)	Bury St. Edmunds.
Jervoise, Richard, Esq. (dead '45)	Whitchurch, Hants.
Jervoise, Sir Thomas, Knight	Whitchurch, Hants.
Jesson, William, Esq. (Alderman)	Coventry.
Jones, Arthur, Lord Ranelagh (disab.)	Weobly.
*Jones, John, Esq. (regicide)	Merionethshire.
*Jones, Colonel Philip (in Feb. '50)	Brecknockshire.
*Jones, William, Esq	Beaumaris.
*Kekewich, George, Esq	Liskeard.
*Kemp, John, Esq	Christchurch, Hants.
Killegrew, Henry, Esq. (disab. '44)	West Looe.
King, Richard, Esq. (disab. '43)	Melcomb Regis.
Kirkby, Roger, Esq. (disab. '42)	Lancashire.
*Kirkham, Roger, Esq. (dead '46)	Old Sarum.
Kirle, Walter, Esq	Leominster.
Kirton, Edward, Esq. (disab. '42)	Milborn Port.
Knatchbull, Sir Norton, Baronet	Romney.
Knightley, Richard, Esq	Northampton.
Knowles, Sir Francis, sen., Knight (died '48)	Reading.
Knowles, Sir Francis, jun., Knight (died '45)	Reading.
Lane, Thomas, Esq	Wycombe.
*Langton, William, Esq	Preston.
*Lascelles, Francis, Esq. (King's judge)	Thirsk.
*Lawrence, Henry, Esq	Westmoreland.
*Lechmere, Nicholas, Esq	Droitwich.
Lee, Richard, Esq	Rochester.
Lee, Sir Richard, Baronet (disab. '42)	Shropshire.
*Leech, Nicholas, Esq. (dead '47)	Newport, Cornwall.
Leeds, Thomas, Esq. (disab. '42)	Steyning.
Legh, Peter, Esq. (dead '41)	Newton, Lancashire.
Legrose, Sir Charles, Knight	Orford, Suffolk.
*Leigh, Edward, Esq	Stafford.
Leigh, Sir John, Knight	Yarmouth, Wight.
*Leman, William, Esq	Hertford.
*Lenthall, John, Esq. (King's judge)	Gloucester
Lenthall, William, Esq. (Speaker)	Woodstock.
Leveson, Sir Richard, K.B. (disab. '42)	Newcastle-under-Line.
*Lewis, Ludovicus, Esq	Brecon.
Lewis, Sir William, Baronet (disab., one of the 11, in '47)	Petersfield.
Lewkenor, Christopher, Esq. (disab. '42)	Chichester.
Lisle, John, Esq. (King's judge)	Winchester.

Lisle, Lord Philip (e. s. of Robert E. of Leicester; King's judge)	(St. Ives, Cornwall, but preferred) Yarmouth, Wight.
Lister, Sir John, Knight (died)	Hull.
*Lister, Thomas, Esq. (King's judge)	Lincoln.
*Lister, Sir William, Knight	East Retford.
Littleton, Sir Edward, Baronet (disab. '44).	Staffordshire.
Littleton, Thomas, Esq. (disab. '44)	Great Wenlock.
Litton, Sir William, Knight	Hertfordshire.
*Livesey, Sir Michael, Baronet (regicide)	Queenborough.
Lloyd, Francis, Esq. (disab. '44)	Carmarthen.
*Lloyd, John, Esq	Carmarthenshire.
Lloyd, Walter, Esq. (disab. '44)	Cardiganshire.
*Long, Lislebone, Esq	Wells.
Long, Richard, Esq. (monopolist, not duly).	Bristol.
*Long, Walter, Esq. (instead of Ashburnham; one of the 11, in '47)	Ludgershall, Wilts.
*Love, Nicholas, Esq. (King's judge)	Winchester.
Low, George, Esq. (disab. '44)	Calne.
Lower, Thomas, Esq. (disab. '44)	East Looe.
Lowry, John, Esq. (King's judge; see *Harris*, Appendix)	Cambridge.
Lucas, Henry, Esq	Cambridge University.
*Luckyn, Capel, Esq	Harwich.
*Lucy, Sir Richard, Baronet	Old Sarum.
Lucy, Sir Thomas, Knight (died '40)	Warwick.
*Ludlow, Edmund, Esq	Hindon, Wilts.
Ludlow, Sir Henry, Knight (dead '44)	Wiltshire.
*Ludlow, Lieut.-General Edmund (regicide)	Wiltshire.
Luke, Sir Oliver, Knight	Bedfordshire.
Luke, Sir Samuel, Knight (died)	Bedford.
Lumley, Sir Martin, Baronet	Essex.
Lutterel, Alexander, Esq. (dead '44)	Minehead.
Lyster, Sir Martin, Knight	Brackley, Northamptonshire.
*Mackworth, Thomas, Esq	Ludlow.
Mallory, Sir John, Knight (disab. '43)	Ripon.
Mallory, William, Esq. (disab. '42, Yorkshire petition)	Ripon.
Manaton, Ambrose, Esq. (disab. '44)	Launceston, alias Dunchevit.
Mansfield, Charles, Viscount (e. s. of E. of Newcastle, disab. '44)	East Retford.
Marlot, William, Esq. (dead '46)	Shoreham.
Marten, Henry, Esq. (regicide)	Berkshire.
*Martin, Christopher, Esq	Plimpton.
*Martin, Sir Nicholas, Knight	Devonshire.
*Masham, Sir William, Baronet (King's judge)	Essex.
*Masham, William, Esq	Shrewsbury.
*Massey, Edward, Esq. (the soldier; disab., one of the 11)	Wootton Basset.
Masters, Sir Edward, Knight (dead '48)	Canterbury.

*Matthews, Roger, Esq. (disab. '44)	Clifton, Dartmouth, Hardness (united).
Mauleverer, Sir Thomas, Bart. (regicide)	Boroughbridge.
May, Thomas, Esq. (not May historian; disab. '42)	Midhurst.
*Maynard, Sir John, K.B. (disab., one of the 11)	Lostwithiel.
Maynard, John, Esq. (refusing *Newport*, *Cornwall*, whereupon Prynne)	Totness.
*Mayne, Simon, Esq. (regicide)	Aylesbury.
Melton, Sir John (died '40)	Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Merrick, Sir John, Knight	Newcastle-under-Line.
Meux, Sir John, Knight (disab. '44)	Newton, Hants.
Middleton, Sir Thomas, Knight	Denbighshire.
*Middleton, Thomas, Esq	Flint.
Middleton, Thomas, Esq	Horsham.
Mildmay, Sir Henry, Knight (King's judge)	Malden.
*Millington, Gilbert, Esq. (regicide; *D'Ewes*, 211, 13 Dec. '41)	Nottingham.
Monson, William, Viscount Monson in Ireland (King's judge)	Reigate.
Montague, Sir Sidney, Knight (disab. '42)	Huntingdonshire.
*Montague, Edward, Esq. (Colonel, E. of Sandwich;—after his father Sir Sidney)	Huntingdonshire.
Montague, Edward, Esq. (succeeds Lord M. of Boughton, in '44; till then) [1]	Huntingdon.
*Moody, Miles, Esq. (dead '46)	Ripon.
Moor, Richard, Esq. (dead '44)	Bishop's Castle.
Moor, Thomas, Esq	Heytesbury.
*Moor, Thomas, Esq	Ludlow.
Moore, John, Esq. (regicide)	Liverpool.
More, Sir Poynings, Baronet (dead '49)	Haslemere.
Morgan, William, Esq. (dead '49)	Brecknockshire.
Morley, Herbert, Esq. (King's judge)	Lewes.
Morley, Sir William, Knight (disab. '42, for garrison there)	Chichester.
Mostyn, John, Esq. (disab. '44)	Flintshire.
Mountford, Sir Edward, Knight (dead '44)	Norfolk.
*Moyle, John, Esq	East Looe.
Moyle, John, jun. Esq. (dead '46)	St. Germains.
Musgrave, Sir Philip, Baronet (disab. '43, array)	Westmoreland.
Napier, Sir Gerard, Knight (disab. '44)	Melcomb Regis.
Napier, Sir Robert, Baronet	Peterborough.
Nash, John, Esq	Worcester.
*Needham, Sir Robert, Knight	Haverford West.
*Nelthorp, James, Esq. (King's judge)	Beverley.
*Nelthorp, John, Esq	Beverley.

[1] A "George Montague" is also indisputably a member (Commons Journals, iv. 60), I know not for what place.

*Nevil, —, Esq. (from '49)	East Retford.
*Neville, Henry, Esq. (from '50)	Berkshire.
Newport, Francis, Esq. (disab. '44)	Shrewsbury.
Newport, Sir Richard, Knight (disab.; made Lord '42)	Shropshire.
Nicholas, Edward, Esq. (Secretary after Falkland; disab.)	Newton, Hants.
Nichols, Anthony, Esq. (disab., one of the 11)	Bodmin.
Nichols, Sergeant Robert (King's judge)	Devizes.
*Nixon, John, Esq. (Alderman)	Oxford.
Noble, Michael, Esq	Lichfield.
Noel, Hon. Baptist (e. s. of Viscount Camden; disab.)	Rutlandshire.
North, Sir Dudley, Baronet	Cambridgshire.
North, Sir Roger, Knight (disab. ?)	Eye, Suffolk.
Northcote, Sir John, Baronet	Ashburton.
*Norton, Sir Gregory, Baronet (regicide)	Midhurst.
*Norton, Richard, Esq. (Colonel)	Hampshire.
Nutt, John, Esq. (King's judge)	Canterbury.
Ogle, Sir William, Knight (disab. '43)	Winchester.
Oldsworth, Michael, Esq	(Plimpton, Devon, but preferred) Salisbury.
Onslow, Arthur, Esq. (void, but reëlected)	Bramber.
Onslow, Sir Richard, Knight	Surrey.
Osborne, Sir Edward, Knight (void)	Berwick.
*Owen, Arthur, Esq	Pembrokeshire.
Owen, Sir Hugh, Knight	Pembroke.
Owfield, Sir Samuel, Knight (dead '41)	Gatton.
*Owfield, William, Esq	Gatton.
Owner, Edward, Esq	Yarmouth.
*Oxenden, Henry, Esq	Winchelsea.
*Packer, Robert, Esq	Wallingford.
Packington, Sir John, Baronet (disab. '42; array)	Aylesbury.
*Palgrave, Sir John, Baronet	Norfolk.
Palmer, Geoffrey, Esq. (disab. '42)	Stamford.
*Palmer, John, M.D	Bridgwater.
*Palmer, Sir Roger, Knight (succeeded Legh in '42; disab. '44)	Newton, Lancashire.
Palmes, Sir Guy, Knight (disab. '43)	Rutlandshire.
Parker, Sir Philip, Knight	Suffolk.
Parker, Sir Thomas, Knight	Seaford (Cinque Ports).
Parkhurst, Sir Robert, Knight (died)	Guildford.
Parry, George, LL.D. (disab. '44)	St. Mawes.
Parteriche, Sir Edward, Baronet	Sandwich.
Paulet, Sir John, Knight (disab. '42)	Somersetshire.
Peard, George, Esq. (died)	Barnstaple.
*Peck, Henry, Esq	Chichester.
Pelham, Henry, Esq. (speaker in tumults of 11)	Grantham.

*Pelham, John, Esq	Hastings.
*Pelham, Peregrine, Esq. (regicide; *Heath*, p. 364)	Hull.
Pelham, Sir Thomas, Baronet	Sussex.
*Pembroke, Philip, Earl of (in Pile's place, '49, House of Lords being abolished; died '50)	Berkshire.
Pennington, Isaac, Esq. (King's judge)	London.
Pennyman, Sir William, Bart. (disab. '42)	Richmond, Yorkshire.
*Penrose, John, Esq	Helston.
Percival, John, Esq. (dead '44)	Lynn.
*Percival, Sir Philip, Knight (dead '47)	Newport, Cornwall.
Perfoy, William, Esq. (regicide)	Warwick.
Peyton, Sir Thomas, Baronet (disab. '44)	Sandwich.
Philips, Edward, Esq. (instead of Berkeley, '40; disab. '44)	Ilchester.
Pickering, Sir Gilbert, Baronet (Poet Dryden's; King's judge)	Northamptonshire.
Pickering, Robert, Esq. (void '46)	East Grinstead.
Piercy, Henry, Esq. (Earl of Northumberland's brother; expelled, Army-plot, '41; made Baron '43)	(Portsmouth, but preferred) Northumberland.
Pierpoint, Francis, Esq. (3d s. of Earl of Kingston)	Nottingham.
Pierpoint, William, Esq. (2d s. of do.)	Great Wenlock, Salop.
*Pigot, Gervase, Esq	Nottinghamshire.
*Pile, Sir Francis, Baronet (died '49)	Berkshire.
Playters, Sir William, Baronet	Orford, Suffolk.
Pleydall, William, Esq. (disab. '44)	Wootton Basset.
Pole, Sir William, Knight (disab. '43)	Honiton.
Polewheel, John, Esq. (disab. '44)	Tregony.
Pollard, Sir Hugh, Knight (expelled '41, for plot of bringing up army)	Beeralston.
Poole, Edward, Esq	Wootton Basset.
Poole, Sir Nevil, Knight	Malmesbury.
*Pope, Roger, Esq. (dead '47)	Merionethshire.
Popham, Alexander, Esq	Bath.
*Popham, Edward, Esq. (from '45)	Minehead.
Popham, Sir Francis (dead '44)	Minehead.
Porter, Endymion, Esq. (disab. '43)	Droitwich.
Portman, Sir William, Baronet (disab. '44)	Taunton.
Potter, Hugh, Esq. (disab.)	Plimpton.
Potts, Sir John, Baronet (died)	Norfolk.
*Povey, Thomas, Esq	Liskeard.
Price, Charles, Esq. (disab.)	Radnorshire.
Price, Herbert, Esq. (disab.)	Brecon.
Price, Sir John, Baronet (disab. '45)	Montgomeryshire.
*Price, Sir Richard, Baronet	Cardiganshire.
Price, William, Esq. (disab. '44)	Merionethshire.
Prideaux, Edmund, Esq	Lyme Regis.

*Priestley, William, Esq.	St. Mawes.
Prynne, William, Esq.	Newport,[1] Cornwall.
Pury, Alderman Thomas (took notes, see Burton's *Diary*, where the name is, by mistake, printed "Davy").	Gloucester.
*Pury, Thomas, jun. Esq. (of Gloucester)	Monmouth.
*Pye, Sir Robert, Knight	Woodstock.
*Pym, Charles, Esq.	Beeralston.
Pym, John, Esq. (died Dec. '43)	Tavistock.
Pyne, John, Esq.	Poole.
*Radcliff, John, Esq.	Chester.
Rainsborough, Captain (died '41)	Aldborough, Suffolk.
*Rainsborough, Colonel Thomas (killed at Doncaster, 29 Oct. '48)	Droitwich.
Rainsford, Sir Henry, Knight (dead '41)	Andover.
*Rainsford, Henry, Esq.	St. Ives, Cornwall.
*Raleigh, Carew, Esq.	Kellington, Cornwall.
Ramsden, Sir John (disab. for Selby fight, '44	Northallerton.
Rashleigh, Jonathan, Esq. (disab. '44)	Fowey.
Ravenscroft, Paul, Esq.	Horsham.
Reynolds, Robert, Esq. (King's judge)	Hindon, Wilts.
*Rich, Charles, Esq.	Sandwich.
*Rich, Nathaniel, Esq. (from Feb. '49)	Cirencester.
Rich, Robert Lord (e. s. of Robert E. of Warwick; called to Peers, Jan. 27, '41; *Rushworth*, iv. 4)	Essex.
Rigby, Alexander, Esq. (King's judge)	Wigan.
Rivers, —, Esq. (dead '41)	Lewes.
*Robinson, Luke, Esq.	Scarborough.
*Rochester, Charles Lord Viscount (e. s. of E. of Somerset)	St. Michaels.
Rodney, Sir Edward (disab. '42)	Wells.
Roe, Sir Thomas, Knight (not duly)	New Windsor.
Roe, Sir Thomas, Knight (dead in '44)	Oxford University.
Rogers, Hugh, Esq.	Calne.
Rogers, Richard, Esq. (disab. '42)	Dorsetshire.
Rolle, John, Esq.	Truro.
*Rolle, Sir Samuel, Knight (died)	Devonshire.
Rose, Richard, Esq.	Lyme Regis.
*Rossiter, Edward, Esq.	Great Grimsby.
Rouse, Francis, Esq.	Truro.
Rudyard, Sir Benjamin, Knight.	Wilton.
*Russel, Francis, Esq.	Cambridgeshire.
Russel, Lord William (e. s. of E. of Bedford; till '41)	Tavistock.
*Russel, John, Esq. (disab. '44)	Tavistock.
St. Hill, Peter, Esq. (disab. '44)	Tiverton.

[1] "Newport, soon after the Parliament sat;" not "Bristol in '45," as the Parliamentary History gives it.

St. John, Sir Beauchamp, Knight	Bedford.
St. John, Oliver, Esq. (Sol.-Gen. in '40)	Totness.
Salisbury, John, jun. Esq. (disab. '44)	Flint.
*Salisbury, William, Earl of (in '49)	Lynn.
Salway, Humphrey, Esq. (King's judge)	Worcestershire.
*Salway, Richard, Esq. (King's judge)	Appleby.
Sanders, —, Esq. (not duly)	Gatton.
Sandys, Samuel, Esq. (disab. '42)	Droitwich.
Sandys, Thomas, Esq.	Gatton.
Sandys, William, Esq. (expelled '41, as monopolist)	Evesham.
*Saville, Sir William, Baronet (disab. '42, Yorkshire petition)	Old Sarum.
*Say, William, Esq. (regicide)	Camelford.
*Sayer, John, Esq.	Colchester.
*Scawen, Robert, Esq.	Berwick.
*Scot, Thomas, Esq. (dead '47)	Aldborough, Yorkshire.
*Scott, Thomas, Esq. (regicide)	Aylesbury.
*Scudamore, James, Esq. (disab.)	Hereford.
Seabourne, Richard, Esq. (disab. '46)	Hereford.
Searle, George, Esq.	Taunton.
Selden, John, Esq.	Oxford University.
Seymour, Edward, Esq. (disab. '44)	Devonshire.
Seymour, Sir Francis, Knight (made Lord, '41)	Marlborough.
*Seymour, Sir John, Knight	Gloucestershire.
*Shapcot, Robert, Esq.	Tiverton.
*Shelley, Henry, Esq. (after Rivers)	Lewes.
Shuckburgh, Richard, Esq. (disab.; instead of Combe)	Warwickshire.
Shuttleworth, Richard, Esq.	Clithero.
Shuttleworth, Richard, Esq.	Preston.
Siddenham, Sir Ralph (in place of Clotworthy; disab. '42)	Bossiney.
*Sidney, Algernon, Esq. (after Herbert; King's Judge)	Cardiff.
*Skeffington, Sir Richard, Knight (dead '47)	Staffordshire.
*Skinner, Augustin, Esq. (King's judge)	Kent.
*Skippon, Philip, Esq. (the soldier; King's judge)	Barnstaple.
*Skutt, George, Esq.	Poole.
Slanning, Sir Nicholas, Knight (disab. '42; killed at Bristol)	(Plimpton, Devon, but preferred) Penryn.
Slingsby, Sir Henry, Baronet (disab. '42, Yorkshire petition; beheaded '58)	Knaresborough.
*Smith, John, Esq. (succeeds Lord Andover; soon disab.)	Oxford.
*Smith, Philip, Esq.	Marlborough.
Smith, Thomas, Esq. (disab. '44)	Chester.

*Smith, Thomas, Esq. (disab. '42)	Bridgwater.
Smith, Sir Walter, Knight (disab. '44)	Bedwin, Wilts.
*Smith, William, Esq. (disab.)	Winchelsea.
*Smyth, Henry, Esq. (regicide)	Leicestershire.
*Snelling, George, Esq.	Southwark.
Sneyd, Ralph, jun. Esq. (disab. '43, taken prisoner at Stafford)	Stafford.
Snow, Simon, Esq.	Exeter.
Soame, Sir Thomas, Knight	London.
*Spelman, John, Esq.	Castle Rising, Norfolk.
*Spring, Sir William, Bart. (after Jermyn)	Bury St. Edmunds.
*Springet, Herbert, Esq.	Shoreham.
Spurstow, William, Esq. merchant (dead '46)	Shrewsbury.
Stamford, Sir Thomas (not duly)	Cockermouth.
Standish, Thomas, Esq. (dead '44)	Preston.
Stanhope, Ferdinando, Esq. (4th s. of E. of Chesterfield; disab. '43)	Tamworth.
Stanhope, William, Esq. (disab.)	Nottingham.
*Stapleton, Bryan, Esq	Aldborough, Yorkshire.
Stapleton, Sir Philip, Knight (disab., one of the 11; died '47)	Boroughbridge.
*Stapleton, Henry, Esq	Boroughbridge.
Staply, Anthony, Esq. (regicide)	Sussex.
*Starre, Colonel — (dead '47)	Shaftesbury.
Stawell, Sir John, K.B. (disab. '42)	Somersetshire.
Stephens, Edward, Esq. (two elections; not duly, then lost, at last duly; died)	Tewkesbury.
*Stephens, John, Esq	Tewkesbury.
Stephens, Nathaniel, Esq.	Gloucestershire.
*Stephens, William, LL.D.	Newport, Wight.
Stepney, Sir John, Baronet (disab.)	Haverford West.
*Stockdale, Thomas, Esq	Knaresborough.
Stonehouse, Sir George, Bart. (disab. '44)	Abingdon.
*Stoughton, Nicholas, Esq. (dead '45)	Guildford.
Strangways, Giles, Esq. (disab. '44)	Bridport.
Strangways, Sir John, Knight (disab. Sept. '42)	Weymouth.
Strickland, Sir Robert, Knight (disab. '43)	Aldborough, Yorkshire.
*Strickland, Walter, Esq. (from '45)	Minehead.
Strickland, Sir William, Knight	Heydon, Yorkshire.
*Strode, Sir Richard, Knight	Plimpton.
*Strode, William, Esq.	Ilchester.
Strode, William, Esq. (died '45)	(Tamworth, but prefers) Beeralston.
Sutton, Robert, Esq. (disab.; made Baron Lexington, 21 Nov. '45)	Nottinghamshire.
*Swynfen, John, Esq.	Stafford.
*Sydenham, William, jun. Esq.	Melcomb Regis.
Tate, Zouch, Esq. (Self-denying Ordinance)	Northampton.

Taylor, William, Esq. (instead of a monopolist; disab. '45. Siege of Bristol)	Bristol.
Taylor, William, Esq. (in place of Waller; expelled May '41, on Stafford's account)	New Windsor.
*Temple, James, Esq. (regicide)	Bramber.
*Temple, Sir John, Knight	Chichester.
*Temple, Peter, Esq. (regicide)	Leicester.
Temple, Sir Peter, Baronet (King's judge)	Buckingham.
*Temple, Thomas, Esq.	Huntingdon.
*Terrick, Samuel, Esq	Newcastle-under-Line.
Theloall, Simon, jun. Esq	Denbigh.
*Thistlethwaite, Alexander, Esq.	Downton, Wilts.
Thomas, Edward, Esq.	Okehampton, Devonshire.
*Thomas, Isaiah, Esq	Bishop's Castle.
*Thomas, John, Esq.	Helston.
Thomas, William, Esq. (disab. '44)	Carnarvon.
*Thompson, George, Esq.	Southwark.
*Thornhaugh, Francis, Esq. (dead '48)	East Retford.
*Thorpe, Sergeant Francis (King's judge)	Richmond, Yorkshire.
*Thynn, Thomas, Esq	Saltash.
Thynne, Sir James, Knight (disab.)	Wiltshire.
Toll, Thomas, Esq.	Lynn.
*Tolson, Richard, Esq.	Cumberland.
Tomkins, Thomas, Esq. (disab. '44)	Weobly.
*Trefusis, Nicholas, Esq	Cornwall.
Trenchard, John, Esq. (King's judge)	Warcham, Dorsetshire.
*Trenchard, Sir Thomas, Knight	Dorsetshire.
Trevanion, John, Esq. (disab.; killed at Bristol)	Lostwithiel.
Trevor, Sir John, Knight	Grampound.
*Trevor, John, Esq	Flintshire.
*Trevor, Sir Thomas, Knight	Tregony.
Trevor, Thomas, Esq. (till '44, then void)	Monmouth.
Tufton, Sir Humphrey, Knight	Maidstone.
Tulsey, Henry, Esq. (dead '42)	Christchurch, Hants.
Turner, Samuel, M.D. (disab. '44)	Shaftesbury.
*Twisden, Thomas, Esq.	Maidstone.
Upton, Arthur, Esq. died '41)	Clifton, Dartmouth, Hardness (united).
*Upton, John, Esq.	Fowey.
Uvedale, Sir William, Knight (disab.)	Petersfield.
*Vachel, Tanfield, Esq.	Reading.
Valentine, Benjamin, Esq	St. Germains.
Vane, George, Esq. (disab.)	Kellington.
Vane, Sir Henry, Knight	Wilton.
Vane, Sir Henry, jun. Knight	Hull.
Vassal, Samuel, Esq., merchant	London.
*Vaughan, Charles, Esq.	Honiton.
*Vaughan, Edward, Esq.	Montgomeryshire.
Vaughan, Sir Henry, Knight (disab.)	Carmarthenshire.

Vaughan, John, Esq. (disab. '45)	Cardigan.
Venables, Peter, Esq. (disab. '44)	Cheshire.
*Venn, John, Esq. (regicide)	London.
Verney, Sir Edmund, Knight Marshal (killed at Edgehill, Oct. '42, where he bore the King's standard)	Wycombe.
Verney, Sir Ralph, Knight (disab. '45)	Aylesbury.
Vernon, Henry, Esq. (not duly)	Andover.
Vivian, Sir Richard, Knight (disab. '44)	Tregony.
*Walker, Clement, Esq	Wells.
Walker, Robert, Esq. (disab. '43)	Exeter.
Waller, Edmund, Esq. (in place of Lord Lisle; disab. '43)	St. Ives, Cornwall.[1]
*Waller, Thomas, Esq	Bodmin.
Waller, Thomas, Esq. (not duly)	New Windsor.
Waller, Sir William, Knight (instead of Vernon; one of the 11)	Andover.
Wallop, Sir Henry, Knight (dead '44)	Hampshire.
*Wallop, Robert, Esq. (King's judge)	Andover.
Walsingham, Sir Thomas, Knight	Rochester.
Walton, Valentine, Esq. (regicide)	Huntingdonshire.
*Warmouth, —, Esq. (void)	Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Warton, Michael, Esq. (disab. '44)	Beverley.
Warwick, Philip, Esq. (disab. '44)	(Romney, but preferred) Radnor.
Wastell, John, Esq	Malton.
Watkins, William, Esq. (void in '44)	Monmouth.
*Wayte, Thomas, Esq. (regicide)	Rutlandshire.
*Weaver, John, Esq. (King's judge)	Stamford.
Weaver, Richard, Esq. (dead May '42)	Hereford.
*Weaver, Edmund, Esq. (after '46)	Hereford.
Webb, Thomas, Esq. (expelled '42, monopolist)	Romney.
Wenman, Thomas, Lord Viscount, in Ireland	Oxfordshire.
Wentworth, Sir George, of Wooley, Knight (disab. '42, Yorkshire petition)	Pontefract.
Wentworth, Sir George, Knight (Strafford's brother, disab. '44)	Pontefract.
*Wentworth, Sir Peter, K.B. (King's judge)	Tamworth.
Wentworth, Lord Thomas (Earl of Cleveland's eldest son; to House of Peers, 25 Nov. '40, by writ)	Bedfordshire.
*West, Edmund, Esq.	(Wendover, but preferred) Buckinghamshire.
*Weston, Benjamin, Esq. (King's judge)	Dover.
Weston, Nicholas, Esq. (disab. '42, for Goring's business)	Portsmouth.
Weston, Richard, Esq. (disab.)	Stafford.
*Westrow, Thomas, Esq	Hythe (Cinque Ports).

[1] 'Agmondesham,' says Biogr. Britan. (vi. 4103).

Whaddon, John, Esq. ..... Plymouth.
Wheeler, William, Esq. ..... Westbury, Wilts.
Whistler, John, Esq. (disab.). ..... Oxford.
Whitacre, Lawrence, Esq. (Borough being restored to its rights) ..... Okehampton, Devon.
Whitaker, William, Esq. (dead '46) ..... Shaftesbury.
White, John, Esq. (died '45) ..... Southwark.
White, John, Esq. (disab. '44) ..... Rye.
*White, William, Esq. (Secretary to Sir T. Fairfax) ..... Pontefract.
Whitehead, Richard, Esq ..... Hampshire.
Whitlocke, Bulstrode, Esq. (in place of Hippesley) ..... Marlow.
Whitmore, Sir Thomas, Knight (disab. '44). Bridgnorth.
Widdrington, Sir Thomas, Knight (*Rushworth*, ii. 179) ..... Berwick.
Widdrington, Sir William, Baronet (disab. '42; killed at Worcester) ..... Northumberland.
*Willes, Henry, Esq. ..... Saltash.
Williams, Sir Charles (dead 41) ..... Monmouthshire.
Wilmot, Henry, Esq. (expelled, Army-plot '41; made Baron '43) ..... Tamworth.
*Wilson, Rowland, Esq. (Alderman of London; King's judge) ..... Calne.
Windebank, Sir Francis, Knight (Secretary; fled '41) ..... Corfe Castle.
Wingate, Edward, Esq ..... St. Albans.
*Winwood, Richard, Esq. ..... New Windsor.
Wise, —, Esq. (died before '41) ..... Devonshire.
Wogan, John, sen. Esq. (dead '44) ..... Pembrokeshire.
*Wogan, Thomas, Esq. (regicide) ..... Cardigan.
Woodhouse, Sir Thomas, Baronet ..... Thetford.
Worsley, Sir Henry, Baronet ..... Newport, Wight.
Wray, Sir Christopher, Knight (dead '45)... Great Grimsby.
Wray, Sir John, Baronet ..... Lincolnshire.
*Wray, William, Esq. ..... Great Grimsby.
Wroth, Sir Peter, Knight (dead '44) ..... Bridgwater.
*Wroth, Sir Thomas, Knight (King's judge) Bridgwater.
*Wylde, Edmund, Esq. (King's judge) ..... Droitwich.
Wylde, Sergeant John ..... Worcestershire.
Wyndham, Edmund, Esq. (expelled '41, monopolist ..... Bridgwater.
*Wynn, Sir Richard, Knight ..... Carnarvonshire.
Wynn, Sir Richard, Baronet, (dead '49) .... Liverpool.
Yelverton, Sir Christopher, Knight ..... Bossiney.
Young, Sir John, Knight ..... Plymouth.
Young, Walter, Esq. ..... Honiton.

LISTS OF THE EASTERN-ASSOCIATION COMMITTEES.

THE Committee Lists of the Eastern Association are taken from Husband's *Second Collection*,[1] where, in three successive general Acts, dated 1st April 1643, 7th May (and 1st June) 1643, and 3d August 1643,—followed by a few partial amendments and enlargements for specific places at different dates,—the Committees of all Parliamentary or Anti-Royalist Counties and principal Boroughs, as settled at that stage of the contest, are named. Earlier and earliest Committees are in Husband's *First Collection*[2] and elsewhere; but these, as transient and now abrogated combinations, do not concern us here.

The Committee of April is named for managing the *Sequestration of Delinquents' Estates;* those of May and August for raising money by other methods, chiefly by *Weekly Assessments;* and each has its specific Act and instructions; but as the essential business of all these Committees was to carry on the War by furnishing the sinews of war, and as, with trifling variations, the same persons sat on all, it may well be imagined their functions, even to the members themselves, became gradually much blended; and for us they have become inextricably blended, or not worth the huge labour of attempting to extricate and distinguish. Committees, all, essentially of Finance and general Administration; appointed, we may say, to care generally that the Parliamentary Cause suffer no damage by lack of money or otherwise, —against whom, and their despotic procedure, rise loud complaints and denunciations in the old Pamphlets of a royalist or neutral stamp. An assiduous hand, searching on my behalf through every corner of these Lists and Supplementary Lists, as they lie in bewildering disorder, scattered over the vast surface of *Husband*,—has painfully added to each Name an exact note of the several Committees on which he sat: but, not to encumber the Printer and the Reader with what would little if in any degree profit, I have omitted these specialties at present,—all but the following two:

Under date 10th August 1643 (with Supplementary or subsequent Acts, in some cases) is a particular settling and assorting of the Association Committees as a distinct body; with instructions and directions; directing, for one thing, how they are to choose the Central Committee which sits at Cambridge;—indicating to us who they now are, and most probably who they were hitherto, that showed themselves most and took the chief management: these, as in some sort peculiar, I have found good to note: all that sit on this Committee are distinguished by an asterisk (*); those that sit on this only, or are new men at the passing of the Act, have their names printed in *italics*. And observe here: *Among* those of the asterisk the 'Deputy Lieutenants,' appointed long before and with superior powers, of whom there is sometimes mention in *Oliver's Letters* and elsewhere, will be found; but not in a distinguishable state: their names as a body, though 'read publicly' in 1642, and even ordered to be printed,[3] do not occur in *Husband*. This is the *first* spe-

[1] Collection of all the Public Orders, Ordinances, &c. of Parliament, from March 1642-3 to December 1646: Printed for Edward Husband (London, folio, 1646).

[2] An exact Collection of all Remonstrances &c. &c. (London, small 4to, 1643): Printed for Edward Husbands (*sic*), p. 891 &c.

[3] Names 'read before the House,' 17th March 1641-2 (Commons Journals, ii. 483); ordered 'to be printed,' 6th Oct. following (ib. 797): not given in either case.

cialty of indication attempted here. Then *secondly*, under date 15th Feb. 1644-5, on Fairfax's appointment to be Commander-in-chief, there occurs a revision or new-model of Committees, in the Association as everywhere else, for raising assessments to support Fairfax: such men as were *added* for serving on this Committee, are designated by an (*f.*). Farther distinctions, as threatening rather to confuse than illuminate the reader, are not given at present.

Our only change from those Lists of Husband's is the arrangement, an important and indispensable one, in alphabetical order; and the correction of what mistakes were palpable,—the number and nature of which still testify how hurriedly that old Parliamentary operation, in all stages of it, was done. The spelling especially, with its incessant variations, has been an intricate business, not to be settled sometimes except partly by guess. Our 'Esq.,' 'Gent.,' and occasional omission of all Title, are correctly what we find in the old Book.

Under the given circumstances, Husband's List may be taken as substantially correct: but of course those Committees, even for specified objects, were liable, at all times, both to be supplemented and to be sifted down; which renders their exact composition a fluctuating object, dependent on date in some measure.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Cambridgeshire Committees (*Husband*, ii.), in 1643: 1st April (with Supplement, 15th September), p. 16, p. 322;—7th May (with Supplements and Revisals, 21st June, 3d August, 20th September), p. 169, p. 225. p. 6 Appendix, p. 329; Association especially, 10th August (and 4th September), p. 284, p. 308. For support of Fairfax in 1644-5, and to the end of the War: 15th February 1644-5, p. 603.

Those that sat exclusively on this Fairfax Committee have an (*f.*) appended; those of 10th August (among whom are the Deputy-Lieutenants) are marked with an asterisk (*), and such of them as were then *new* are in italics: (*e.*) means, For Ely only; (*t.*), For Town and University only.

Aldmond, Edward. (*t. f.*)
*Becket, Thomas, Esq.
*Bendish, Thomas, Esq.
Blackley, James. (*t. f.*)
**Browne*, —
Browning, Edward, Esq.
Butler, Henry, Esq.
Butler, Nevill, Esq.
*Castle, Robert, Esq.
*Castle, Thomas, Esq.
Chennery,[1] John, Esq. (*f.*)
Clapthorn, George, Esq.
Clark, Edward, Esq.
*Clark, Robert, Esq.
**Clench, Edward, Esq.*
Clopton, Walter, Esq.
**Cooke, Thomas, Esq.*
*Cromwell, Oliver, Esq.
*Cutts, Sir John, Kt.
Dalton, Michael, jun. Esq.
Dalton, Michael, sen. Esq. (*f.*)
Desborow, Isaac.
Diamond, Tristram, Gent. (*e. f.*)
*Ducket, Thomas, Esq.
Eden, Dr. (*f.*)
Fiennes, Ald. (*t. f.*)
Fisher, William, Esq.
**Foxton, Richard, Esq.*
French, Thomas, (*t.*)
*Hobart, John, Esq.
Hynde, Robert.
Janes, William, Esq. (*f.*)
Leeds, Edward, Esq.
Lowry, John. (*t.*)

[1] Spelt also *Chymery*.

Male, Edmund.
*March, Humberston, Esq.
*Marsh, William, Esq.
*Martin, Sir Thomas, Kt.
*Mayor for the time being. (*t.*)
North, Sir Dudley, Kt.
Parker, Thomas, Esq.
Partridge, Sir Edward, Kt. (*e. f.*)
Pepys, Samuel, Esq.
Pepys, Talbot, Recorder. (*t.*)
*Pope, Dudley, Esq.
Raven, John, Esq. (*f.*)
Reynolds, James, Esq. (*f.*)
Reynolds, Sir James. (*f.*)
Robson, Robert. (*t.*)
*Russel, Francis, Esq.
Russel, Killiphet, Esq. (*f.*)
*Sandys,[1] Sir Miles, Kt.
Sherwood, John. (*t.*)
Smith, Henry.
*Spalding, Samuel. (*t.*)
Staughton, Robert.
Story, Philip, Esq.
Stone, Richard, M.D. (*e. f.*)
Symonds, Thomas, Esq.
*Thompson, James, Esq.
Towers, John, Esq.
Walker, Thomas.
*Welbore, John, Esq.
Welbore, William. (*t.*)
Wendy, Francis, Esq.
Wright, John.

ESSEX.

Essex Committees (*Husband*, ii.), in 1643: 1st April (with Supplement, 1st June), p. 17, p. 194;—7th May (with Supplements and Revisals, 1st June, 3d August, 29th September), p. 170, p. 194, p. 7 Appendix, p. 328;—Association especially, 10th August, p. 284. For support of Fairfax in 1644-5, and to the end of the War: 15th February 1644-5, p. 603.

The (*f.*) designates the exclusively *Fairfax* men; the asterisk (*) those of 10th August, the then *new* ones of whom are in italics; (*c.*) means, For Colchester.

Adams, Thomas, of Thaxted, Gent.
Allen, Isaac, of Haseley, Esq.
*Alliston,[2] John, Gent.
*Atwood, John, Esq.
*Atwood, William, Esq.
Aylet, Jeremy, Esq.
Aylett, Thomas, of Kelldon, Gent.
Bacon, Nathaniel, Esq.
*Barnardiston, Arthur, Esq.
Barrington, Henry, Gent. (*c.*)
Barrington, Robert, Esq. (*f.*)
Barrington, Sir John, Kt.
Barrington, Sir Thomas, Bart.
Berkhead, Edward, Esq.
Bourn, Robert, Esq.
Brook, John, Esq.
Burket, John, Esq.
Buxton, Robert, Gent. (*c.*)
*Calthorp, Robert, Esq.
Cheeke, Sir Thomas, Kt.
Clapton, Thomas, Esq.
Clotheroe, Captain.
Collard, William, Esq.
Cook, William, Ald. (*c.*)
Cooke, Thomas, Esq.
Cooke, Thomas, Gent.
Crane, Robert, Esq.
Eden, John, Esq.
*Eldred, John, Esq.
*Everard, Sir Richard, Bart.
Farr, Henry, Esq.
Fenning, John, Gent.
Friborne, Samuel, Esq.
Gambeil,[3] James, Esq. (*f.*)
Goldingham, William, Esq.
Grimston, Harbottle, Esq. (also *c.* Recorder.)
Grimston, Sir Harbottle, Bart.
*Harlackenden, Richard, Esq.
Harlackenden, William, Gent.
Harrison, Ralph, Ald. (*c.*)
Harvey, John, Esq. (*f.*)
Hawkin, Richard, of Harwich, Gent.
Herne, James, Esq.

[1] Spelt also *Sands*, *Sandes*, *Sandis*.
[2] Spelt also *Allston*, *Elliston*, &c. &c.
[3] Spelt also *Cambell*.

Hicks, Sir William, Bart.
*Holcroft, Sir Henry, Kt.
Honywood, Sir Thomas, Kt.
Jocelyn, John, Esq. (also *c.* Deputy Recorder.)
Johnson, Thomas. (*c.*)
Kemp, Sir Robert, Kt. (*f.*)
Langley, John, of Colchester, Esq. (also *c.*)
Langton, John, Gent. (*c.*)
Lumley, Sir Martin, Bart.
Luther, Anthony, Esq.
Maidstone, Robert, Gent.
Martin, Sir William, Kt.
Masham, Sir William, Bart.
Masham, William, Esq.
Matthews, Joachim, Esq. (*f.*)
Mayor for the time being. (*c.*)
Mead, John, Esq.
*Middleton, Timothy, Esq.
Mildmay, Cary, Esq.
Mildmay, Henry, of Graves, Esq.
Mildmay, Sir Henry, of Wanstead, Bart.
Nicholson, Francis, Gent.
**Palmer, Edward, Esq.*
Pike, John, Esq.
Plume,[1] Samuel, Gent.
Raymond, Oliver, Esq.
*Reade, Dr. of Birchanger.
*Rowe, Sir William, Kt.
*Sayer, John, Esq.
Shaw, John, jun. Gent. (*f.*)
Sheffield, Samson, Esq. (*f.*)
Smith, Robert, Esq.
*Sorrell,[2] John, Esq.
Stonehard, Francis, Esq.
Talcot, Robert, of Colchester, Gent.
Talcot, Thomas, Gent. (*f.*)
Thomas, Captain.
Thorogood, George, Esq.
Thorogood, John, of Walden, Gent.
*Tindall, Deane, Esq.
Topsfield, —, Esq. (*f.*)
Turner, William, of Wimbish, Gent.
*Umphrevill,[3] William, Esq.
Vesey, Robert, Gent.
Wade, Thomas, Ald. (*c. f.*)
Walton, George, Esq.
Ward, Ald. (*c.*)
Watkins, John, Esq.
Whitcombe, Peter, Esq.
Williamson, Francis, of Walden, Gent.
Wincall, Isaac, Gent.
Wiseman, Henry, Esq.
Wiseman, Richard, Gent.
Wiseman, Robert, of Mayland, Esq.
*Wright,[4] John, Esq.
**Young, John, Gent.*
Young, Robert, Esq.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Hertfordshire Committees (*Husband*, ii.), in 1643: 1st April (with Supplements, 1st June, 21st June), p. 18, p. 194, p. 225;—7th May (with Supplements and Revisals, 3d August, 20th September), p. 171, p. 8 Appendix, p. 329;—Association specially, 10th August, p. 284. For support of Fairfax in 1644-5, and to the end of the War; 15th February 1644-5, p. 604.

The (*f.*) designates the exclusively Fairfax men; the asterisk (*) those of 10th August; (*a.*) means, For St. Albans.

Atkins, Edward, Esq., Sergeant-at-law.
*Barber, Gabriel, Esq.
Carter, William, of Offley, Gent.
Cecil, Robert, Esq.
Combes, Toby, Esq.
Cranbourne, Charles Lord Viscount.
Dacres, Sir Thomas, Kt.
Fairecloth, Litton, Esq.
*Freeman, Ralph, Esq.
*Garret,[5] Sir John, Bart.
Harrison, Sir John.

[1] Spelt also *Plum*, *Plumme*, *Plain*, *Playne*, *Plague*.
[2] " " *Serrill* and *Correll*.
[3] Spelt also *Humfreville*, &c.
[4] " " *Weight*.
[5] " " *Gerrat* and *Jerratt*.

*Heydon, John, Esq.
Humberston, John, sen. Gent.
Jennings, Richard, Esq.
*King, Dr. John, M.D.
*Leman,[1] William, Esq.
Litton, Rowland, Esq. (*f.*)
Litton, Sir William, Kt.
Lucy, Sir Richard, Bart. (*f.*)
Marsh, John, Gent.
Mayor for the time being. (*a.*)
Mayor of Hertford for the time being.
Meade, Thomas, Gent.
*Mewtys, Henry, Esq.
Norton, Gravely, Esq.
Pemberton, John, Esq.
*Pemberton, Ralph, Esq. (*a.*)
*Porter, Richard, Esq.
*Priestley, William, Esq.
Puller, Isaac, Gent.
*Read, Sir John, Bart.
*Robotham, John, Esq. (*a.*)
Sadler, Thomas, Esq.
*Scroggs, John, Esq.
Tooke, John, Esq.
*Tooke, Thomas, Esq.
*Washington, Adam, Esq.
*Wilde, Alexander, Esq.
Wingate, Edward, Esq.
*Witterong,[2] Sir John, Kt.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

Huntingdonshire Committees (*Husband*, ii.), in 1643: 1st April (with Supplement, 8th July), p. 18, p. 229;—7th May (with Supplements and Revisals, 3d August, 20th September), p. 171, p. 8 Appendix, p. 329;—Association specially, 10th August, p. 284. For support of Fairfax in 1644-5, and to the end of the War: 15th February 1644-5, p. 604.

The (*f.*) designates the exclusively Fairfax men; the asterisk (*) those of 10th August, the then *new* ones of whom are in italics.

Armyn, Sir William, Bart. (*f.*)
Bonner, John, Gent. (*f.*)
Bulkley, John, Esq.
*Burrell, Abraham, Esq.
Castle, John, Esq.
Cotton, Sir Thomas, Bart.
*Cromwell, Oliver, Esq.
Desborow, Isaac, Gent.
Drury, William. (*f.*)
**Fullwood, Gervaise, Gent.*
**Harvey, Robert, Gent.*
Hewet, Sir John, Kt.
Ingram, Robert, Gent.
*Joceline, Terrill, Esq.
King, William, Gent.
*Montague, Edward, Esq.
Montague, George, Esq. (*f.*)
Offley, John, Gent.
Petton, John, Gent.
*Temple, Thomas, Esq.
**Vintner, Robert, Gent.*
Walton, Valentine, Esq. (*f.*)
*Winch, Onslow, Esq.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Lincolnshire Committees (*Husband*, ii.), in 1643: 1st April, p. 18;—7th May (with Supplements and Revisals, 1st June, 3d August, 20th September), p. 171, p. 194, p. 9 Appendix, p. 329. 3d July 1644 (County now got; corresponds to 10th August 1643, for the other Counties), p. 515. For support of Fairfax in 1644-5, and to the end of the War: 15th February 1644-5 (with Supplements, 3d April, 11th August), p. 604, p. 633, p. 707.

The (*f.*) designate the exclusively Fairfax men: the asterisk (*) those of 3d July 1644, the then *new* ones of whom are in italics; (*L.*) means, For Lincoln.

[1] Spelt also *Leaman*, *Lemon*, &c. &c.

[2] " " *Whitterong*, *Whitteronge*, *Witterwrong*, *Witewrong*, *Witterounge*, and *Witteroung*.

Anderson, Edmund, Esq.
Archer, John, Esq.
Armyn, Sir William, Bart.
**Ashton, Peter, Esq.*
**Askham, Thomas.*
Ayscough, Sir Edward, Kt.
Ayscough, Edward, Esq.
Bernard, John, Gent.
Bowtal, Barnaby, Esq.
Brassbridge, Ald. (*f. l.*)
*Browne, John, Gent.
Brownlow, Sir John, Bart.
Brownlow, Sir William, Bart.
Broxholme, John, Esq. (also *l.*)
Bryan, Richard, Esq.
*Bury,[1] William, Esq.
*Cave, Morris, Esq.
Cawdron, Robert, Esq.
*Cholmley, Montague, Esq.
*Coppledike, Thomas, Esq.
*Cornwallis, Thomas, Esq.
*Cust, Samuel, Esq.
Davison, William, Gent. (*f.*)
Dawson, Stephen, Ald. (*l.*)
*Disney, John, sen. Esq.
*Disney, Mollineux, Esq.
Disney, Thomas, Esq. (*f.*)
**Disney, William, Esq.*
*Ellis, Edmund, Esq.
Ellis, William, Esq.
*Emmerson, Alexander, Esq.
*Empson, Charles, Esq.
Empson, Francis, Gent. (*f.*)
*Erle, Sir Richard, Bart.
Escote, Captain.
Filkin, Richard, Gent. (*f.*)
*Fines, Francis, Esq.
Fisher, Francis, Esq. (*f.*)
Grantham, Thomas, Esq. (also *l.*)
**Godfrey, William, Esq.*
*Hall, Charles, Esq.
Hall, —, of Kettlethorpe, Esq.
Hall, Thomas, Gent.
Harrington, James, Esq. (*f.*)
Harrington, John, Esq.
Hatcher, Thomas, Esq.
Hitchcott, Edmund, Esq.
Hickman, Willoughby, Esq.
Hobson, John, Gent. (*f.*)
*Hobson, William, Esq.
Hudson, Christopher, Esq.
Irby, Sir Anthony, Knight.
*Irby, Thomas, Esq.
Johnson, Martin, Gent.
King, Edward, Esq.
**Knight, Isaac.*
Leigh, Samuel, Esq.
Lister, Thomas, Esq.
*Lister, William, Esq.
*Luddington, William, Esq.
Marshal, William, Mayor (*l.*)
*Massinbeard,[2] Draynard, Esq.
*Massinbeard,[2] Henry, Esq.
Massingden, —, Esq.
Mayor of Boston for the time being.
Mayor of Lincoln for the time being. (*l.*)
*Miscendyne, Francis, Esq.
Moorcroft, Robert, Ald. (*l.*)
Munckton, Michael, Gent. (*f.*)
*Nelthorp, Edward, Esq.
Nelthorp, John, Esq. (*f.*)
*Nethercote, Thomas, Gent.
Owfield, Sir Samuel, Kt.
Owfield, William, Esq. (*f.*)
*Parkins, Wyat, Gent.
*Pelham, Henry, Esq.
**Pierpoint, Francis, Esq.*
Rawson, Nehemiah, Gent.
*Rossiter, Edward, Esq. (the Col.)
Rossiter, Thomas, Esq. (*f.*)
Samuel, Arthur, Esq. (*f.*)
Savile, Thomas, Esq.
*Savile, William, Esq.
Sheffield, John, Esq.
Skipworth, Edward, Esq.
Tharrald, Nathaniel, Gent.
*Thompson, William, Gent.
Tilson, Edmund, Esq.
*Trollop, James, Gent.
Trollop, Sir Thomas, Bart.
*Walcott, Humphrey, Esq.
Watson, William, Ald. (*l.*)
Welby, Thomas, Gent.

[1] Spelt also *Burg* and *Berry*.
[2] " " *Massingbeard, Massingberde, Massingburgh, Massinbred,* and *Massinberg*.

*Welcome, Thomas, Esq.
Whitchcot, Edward, Esq.
Whitchcot, Sir Hamond, Kt.
Whiting, John, Gent. (*f.*)
Willesby. John, Esq.
Williamson, Richard, Esq. (*f.*)
Williamson, Thomas, Esq. (*f.*)
Willoughby, Hickman, Esq.
Willoughby, Lord Francis, of Parham.
Wincopp,[1] John, Gent.
*Woolley, William, Esq.
Wrath, John, Esq.
Wray, Sir Christopher, Kt.
Wray, Sir John, Bart.
Wray, John, Esq.

NORFOLK.

Norfolk Committees (*Husband*, ii.), in 1643: 1st April (with Supplement, 18th April), p. 19, p. 38;—7th May (with Supplements and Revisals, 1st June, 3d August, 20th September), p. 171, p. 194, p. 9 Appendix, p. 328:—Association specially, 10th August, p. 283. For support of Fairfax in 1644-5, and to the end of the War: 15th February 1644-5, p. 605.

The (*f.*) designates the exclusively Fairfax men; the asterisk (*) those of 10th August, the then *new* ones of whom are in italics; (*n.*) means, For Norwich.

*Ashley, Sir Edward, Kt.
*Ashley, Sir Isaac, Kt.
Bailiffs of Yarmouth.
Bainham, Robert, Esq. (*f.*)
Baker, Thomas, Esq. (*n.*)
Barkham, Sir Edward, Bart.
Barret, Christopher, Esq. (*n.*)
Barret, Thomas, Sheriff. (*n. f.*)
Beddingfield, Philip, Esq.
Berkham, John.
Berney,[2] Sir Richard, Bart.
Blofield, Jeremy, of Alby.
*Brewster, John, Esq.
Brewster, Samuel, Gent. (*n. f.*)
Brown, John, of Sparks.
**Burnam, Edmund, Ald.* (*n.*)
Buxton, John, Esq. (*f.*)
Calthorp, James, Esq.
Calthorp, Philip, Esq.
Chamberlain, Edward, Esq. (*f.*)
Church, Bernard, Sheriff. (*n. f.*)
Clarke, of Gaywood.
Collier, John, Gent. (*n. f.*)
Collyns, of Blackborne Abbey.
Coney, William.
*Cooke,[3] John, Esq.
*Cooke, William, Esq.
Corbet, Miles, Esq.
Dagly, Robert, of Alsham.
Day, Sucklin.
Doylie, Sir William, Kt. (*f.*)
Earl, Erasmus, Esq. (*f.*)
Felsham, Robert, of Sculthrop.
Fountain, Briggs, Esq.
Fryer,[4] Tobias, Esq.
Gasley, William, of Holcan.
Gawdy, Edward, Esq. (*f.*)
Gawdy, Framlingham, Esq. (*f.*)
*Gawdy, Sir Thomas, Kt.
*Gawsell,[5] Gregory, Esq.
Gibbon,[6] John, Esq.
Gibbon,[6] Sir Thomas, Kt.
Gooch, Robert, of Elham.
Gower, Robert, of Yarmouth, Gent. (*f.*)
**Greenwood, John, Sheriff.* (*n.*)
Grey, James de, Esq. (*f.*)
Grey, John, Gent. (*n. f.*)
Harman, Richard, Esq.
Harvye, Richard.
Heveningham, William, Esq.
Heyward, Edward, Esq. (*f.*)
*Hobart, Sir John, Bart.
*Hobart, Sir Miles, Kt.
Holland, Sir John, Bart.
Houghton, John, Esq.

[1] Spelt also *Wincock* and *Wincocks*.
[2] " " *Berne*, *Bernay*, and *Barney*.
[3] " " *Crook* and *Coke*.
[4] Spelt also *Frere*, *Friar*, and *Fryar*.
[5] " " *Causell*, *Gousall*, and *Gausey*.
[6] " " *Guibon*.

Houghton, Robert, Esq. (*f.*)
*Huggen,[1] Sir Thomas, Kt.
Hunt, George, Esq. (*f.*)
Jaye, John, of Ersham.
*Jermy, Francis, Esq.
Jermy, Robert, Esq.
Johnson, Thomas, Gent.
Ket, Robert, of Wicklewood.
Kettle, Henry, of Thetford. (*f.*)
King, Henry, Gent.
Lincoln, Thomas, of Thetford, Esq., Ald.
*Lindsey, Matthew, Ald. (*n.*)
Long, Robert, Esq. (*f.*)
May, John, of Lynn, Ald. (*f.*)
Mayor of Lynn for the time being.
Mayor of Norwich for the time being. (*n.*)
Money, Samuel, of Binnam.
Mountford, Sir Edmund, Kt.
Owner, Edward, Esq. (*f.*)
*Palgrave, Sir John, Bart.
Parkes,[2] Samuel, Gent.
*Parmenter, Adrian, Esq. (*n.*)
Paston, Sir William, Bart. (*f.*)
*Peckoner,[3] Matthew, Ald. (*n.*)
Pell, Sir Valentine, Kt. Vicecomes. (*f.*)
Percivall, John, Esq. of Lynn.
Pots, Sir John, Bart.
Raymes,[4] John, Esq. of Oxtron.
Rich, Robert, Esq.
Rower, Robert, Gent.
*Russell, Thomas, Esq.
Salter, John, Gent. (*n. f.*)
Scamler, Adam, Esq. (*f.*)
Scamler, James, Esq.
Scottow, Timothy, Gent. (*n. f.*)
*Sedley,[6] Martin, Esq.
Sheppard, Robert, Esq.
Sheriffs of Norwich.
Sherwood, Livewell, Ald. (*n.*)
Shouldham, Francis, of Fulmerston.
Skippon, Philip, Esq. (*f.*)
*Smith, Samuel, Esq.
*Sotherton, Thomas, Esq.
*Spelman, John, Esq.
Springall, Thomas, of St. Mary's.
Steward, —, Esq. (*n. f.*)
Swalter, John, of Southcreak.
*Symonds, William, of Norwich, Ald. (*n.*)
Taylor, Henry, Esq. (*f.*)
*Thacker, John, Ald. (*n.*)
Thorisby, Edmund, Esq. (*f.*)
Tofts, John, Gent. (*n. f.*)
Tofts, Thomas, Ald. (*n. f.*)
Toll, Thomas, Esq.
*Tooley, John, Esq. (*n.*)
Townsend, Roger, Esq. (*f.*)
Utber, Thomas.
Vincent, John, of Crinisham.
Walpool, John, Esq.
Walter, of Deram.
Ward, Hamon, Esq. (*f.*)
Warner, Richard, of Little Brand.
Wasted, Thomas, Gent. (*n. f.*)
*Watts, Henry, Ald. (*n.*)
Web, John, Esq. (*f.*)
Weld, Thomas, Esq.
*Wilton,[8] Robert, Esq.
Windham, Sir George, Kt. (*f.*)
*Windham, Thomas, Esq.
With, of Brodish.
*Wood, Robert, Esq.
Woodhouse, Sir Thomas, Bart.
**Wright,[7] Thomas, Esq.*

SUFFOLK.

Suffolk Committees (*Husband*, ii.), in 1643: 1st April (with Supplement, 29th September), p. 19, p. 321;—7th May (with Supplements and Revisals, 1st June, 3d August, 20th September), p. 172, p. 193, p. 10 Appendix, p. 328:—Association specially, 10th August,

[1] Spelt also *Hogan*, *Hoogan*, *Hoggin*.
[2] " " *Parks*, *Parker*, *Packle*,
[3] " " *Peckover* and *Peckford*.
[4] " " *Reygnes*, *Keyves*, *Reimes* and *Regin*.
[6] Spelt also *Sidley* and *Redley*.
[6] " " *Wilson*.
[7] " " *Weight*.

p. 284. For support of Fairfax in 1644-5, and to the end of the War: 15th February 1644-5, p. 605.

The (*f.*) designates the exclusively Fairfax men; the asterisk (*) those of the 10th August; (*i.*) means, For Ipswich; (*e.*) Bury St. Edmunds; (*a.*) Aldborough.

Alderman of Bury St. Edmunds (*e.*)
Aldus, John, Gent. (*i.*)
*Appleton, Isaac, Esq.
Bacon, Sir Butts, Bart.
*Bacon, Sir Edmund, Bart.
*Bacon, Francis, Esq.
*Bacon, Nathaniel, of Freeston, Esq.
*Bacon, Nathaniel, of Ipswich, Esq.
Bacon, Nicholas, Esq.
Bacon, Thomas, Esq. (*f.*)
Bailiffs of Aldborough. (*a.*)
Bailiffs of Ipswich. (*i.*)
*Baker, Thomas, Esq.
Barnardiston, Sir Nathaniel, Kt.
*Barnardiston, Sir Thomas, Kt.
*Barrow, Maurice, Esq.
Basse,[1] John, Esq.
Bence, Alexander, Esq. (*f.*)
Bence, Squire, Esq.
Blosse, Thomas, Esq. (*f.*)
*Bloyse, William, Esq.
Bokenham, Wiseman, Esq.
Brandling, John. (*i.*)
Brewster, Francis, Esq.
*Brewster,[2] Robert, Esq.
Bright, —, Gent. (*e.*)
Brook, Sir Robert, Kt.
Brooke, John, Esq. (*f.*)
Cage,[3] William, Esq.
Chaplin, Thomas, Gent. (*e.*)
Chapman, Thomas, Esq. (*e.*)
Cheney, Henry. (*a. f.*)
Clinch, John, sen. Esq.
Clinch, John, of Culpho, Esq.
*Cole, Thomas, Esq.
Cotton, John, Esq. (*f.*)
D'Ewes, Sir Simond, Bart. (*f.*)
Duke, Sir Edward, Kt.
Duncombe,[4] Robert, Gent. (*i.*)
Fisher, Peter. (*i.*)
Gale, Jacob, Gent. (*i.*)
Gibbs, Thomas, Ald. (*e.*)
Gurdon, Brampton, Esq.
Gurdon, Brampton, jun. Esq.
Gurdon, John, Esq.
*Harvey, Edmund, Esq.
Heveningham, William, Esq.
*Hobart, James, Esq.
Hodges, John, Esq. (*f.*)
Johnson,[5] Thomas, Gent. (*a.*)
*Lawrence, William, Esq.
*Lucas, Gibson, Esq.
Moody, Samuel. (*e.*)
North, Henry, sen. Esq.
North, Henry, jun. Esq.
North, Sir Roger, Kt.
Parker, Sir Philip, Kt.
Parker, Sir William, Kt.
Pemberton, Joseph, Gent. (*i.*)
Pepys, Richard, Esq.
Playters, Sir William, Bart.
Puplet,[6] Richard, Gent. (*i.*)
Read, Edward, Esq.
Reynolds, Robert, Esq.
River,[7] William, of Bilson, Esq.
Rous, Sir John, Kt.
Sicklemer, John, Gent. (*i.*)
*Soame, Sir William, Kt.
*Spring, Sir William, Bart.
*Terrell,[8] Thomas, Esq.
*Vaughan, Theophilus, of Beccles, Esq.
Wentworth, Sir John, Kt.

1 Spelt also *Bates*, *Base*, and *Bace*.
2 " " *Brechoster*.
3 " " *Gage*.
4 " " *Duncam* and *Duncon*.
5 Spelt also *Jackson*.
6 " " *Pupler*, *Purplet*, *Pulpit*.
7 " " *Rivet* and *Ryvet*.
8 " " *Tirrill*.

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